

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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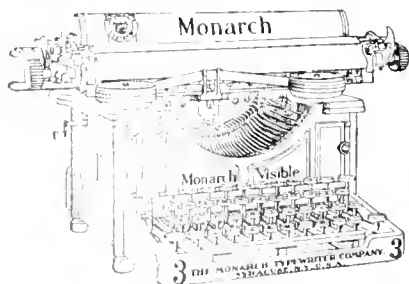
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER 1907

No 6

The New President of Toronto University

THE formal installation of Dr. Robert H. Falconer, M.A., B.D., LL.D., Litt.D., of Halifax, as President of the University of Toronto on September 26 and 27, 1907, may be said to have marked a distinct epoch in the history of Ontario's leading University. We begin to hear a great deal nowadays of the cry "Canada for the Canadians," in the various professions, arts, sciences, and in commerce, and it is significant that a Canadian should have been chosen at this time to fill the most delicate and difficult educational office in Canada, especially in view of the fact that no less than eighty were considered for the post, among them several British and American educationalists of distinction. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's recent answer to the question why he had never written a story about Canada, gives a clue to the university situation in relation to the appointment of the new President. "The man," said Mr. Kipling, "who writes the story of Canada must be a part of the country and know it well, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. It is not enough for a man to say I will write a story of Canada; he must know and feel that he has a story to tell. He who writes your Canadian stories must be grown in Canada." In offering the Presidency of Toronto University to Dr. Falconer, the Board of Governors felt that he was the man to develop the ideal Canadian spirit in the University—nationalism, how-

ever, subject always to the severe atmosphere which becomes a great Institution of Learning.

What better or more striking proof could we have of the phenomenal growth of Canada during the last quarter of a century, than the fact that on the first of October of this year between 3,500 and 4,000 registered in the various faculties and affiliated colleges of the University of Toronto, making it perhaps the second largest educational institution of its kind in the British Empire. The great task and responsibility of formulating and directing the policy of this great University, of infusing vitality into all her activities, of giving her a distinct public and national character, and of unifying and raising her to the place she should occupy as one of the very first educational institutions on the North American continent, have fallen to the lot of President Falconer. In his more immediate relations with the under-graduate body it will be his opportunity to inspire the pick of young Canadian manhood and womanhood to lofty national and individual ideals; to place before them an aim other than that of merely following the curriculum and obtaining a degree, i.e., the love of learning, of inquiry, and of truth for their own sake; in short, to mould the life of the leaders of tomorrow—"a people," to use the President's own words, "whose face is to be radiant with moral health, whose

eye is to be clear, to see far and whose nerves are to be strong to guide the nation in the way of wisdom. Those who have come into close touch with Dr. Falconer are of the unanimous opinion that he possesses in a marked degree the qualifications necessary to success in the high field to which he has been called.

APPRECIATIONS OF PRESIDENT FALCONER.

The following appreciations of President Falconer by prominent Canadians will be of interest to readers of *Busy Man's Magazine*:

Professor Falconer has many distinct things in his favor," says Mr. Byron E. Walker, President of the Bank of Commerce. "He is a Canadian with an adequate knowledge of the country as a whole, and with a large conception of the duty of Canadians towards the future of the country. He is the right age, about forty—and will be very conscious that he has ten years of hard work ahead of him. He is spoken of by every correspondent I have heard from as the leading man in university and college life in the Maritime Provinces. He is a highly-cultured gentleman on the classical side; on the other hand, he does not lack sympathy with science and the technical departments of the University. I believe he will grow into his important work rapidly, and hope he will have the intelligent sympathy and support of every good friend of the University."

Principal Kilpatrick, of Knox College, Toronto: "I look upon the Principalship of Toronto University as one of the greatest positions in our country. It is a position of great influence for the university reflects the life and character of those who guide it. Principal Falconer is a man of splendid mental and moral qualities. He will set a high standard of moral conduct at the University; his mental attainments are also of a very high order. I look upon his appointment with great satisfaction, and look for him to render distinguished service in his new appointment."

Rev. Principal Forrest, of Dal-

housie University: "Toronto University could not have found a stronger man for the Presidency on either side of the Atlantic."

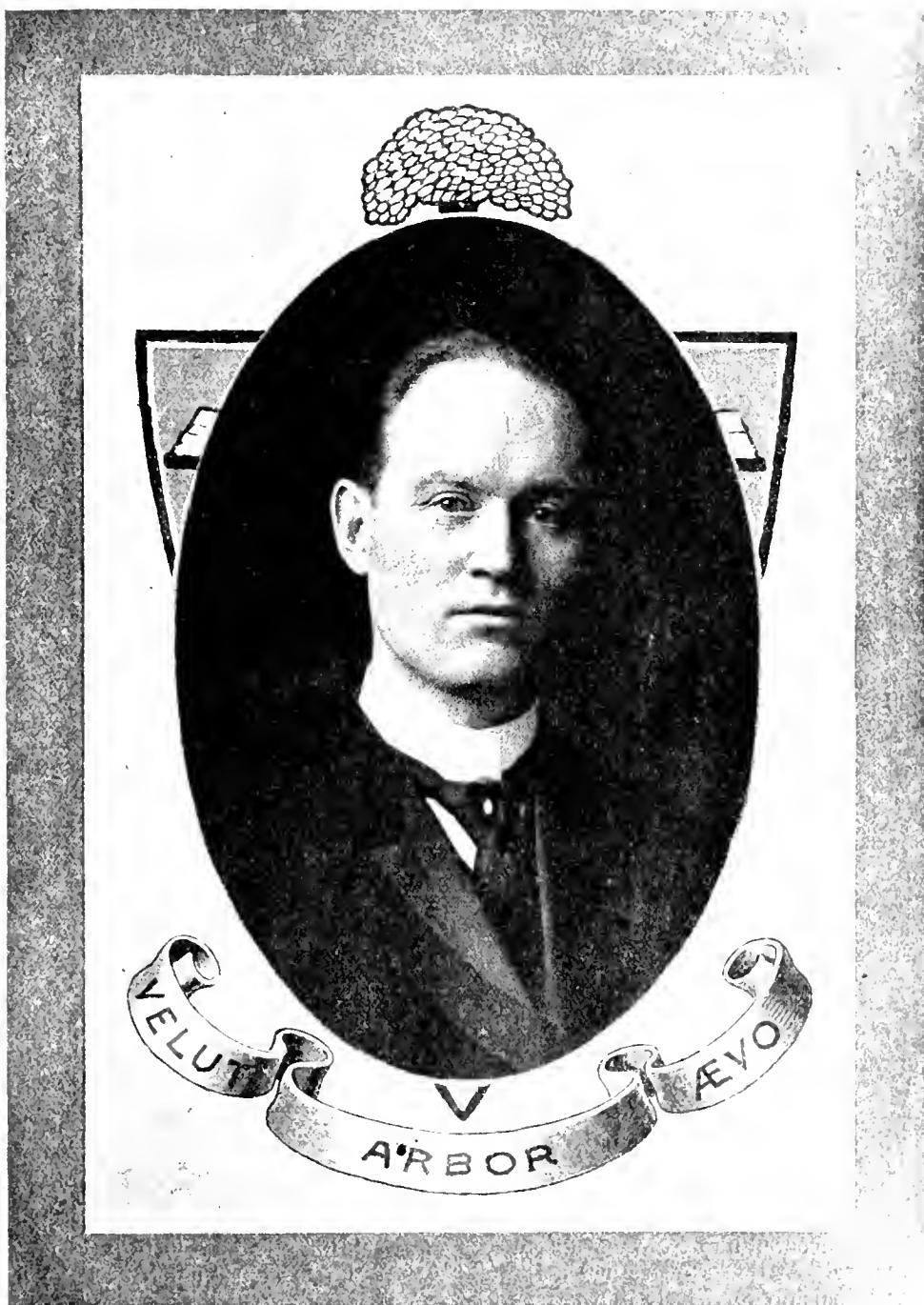
Rev. Principal Gordon, of Queen's University: "Dr. Falconer is of a charming personality, sweet in disposition and very approachable. He has marked ability in the expression of his thoughts by the pen and by the voice. Although just approaching his prime he is an author of very considerable note."

Venerable Archdeacon Armitage, of Halifax: "Rev. Dr. Falconer has exercised great influence in this community as a thinker, as a teacher, and as a citizen. While his loss will be chiefly felt in the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, where he was an inspiring leader, the whole community will suffer, for he is a broad-minded man and a public spirited citizen. He will bring to the University of Toronto a rich endowment of gifts, highly cultivated, splendid teaching powers, and a carefully trained intellect."

Rev. Dr. McLean, editor of *Wesleyan*: "Dr. Falconer's removal to Toronto University undoubtedly means a great gain to the nation. I have always regarded Dr. Falconer as a strong and clear headed theologian, a man of brilliant ideas, genuine modesty, and great force of character."

DR. FALCONER'S CAREER

Dr. Falconer was born in Prince Edward Island forty years ago. He is a son of the Rev. Alexander Falconer, D.D., of Pictou, N.S., who a year ago was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. In early life he spent several years in Trinidad, West Indies, where he attended Queen's Royal College. There he passed the Cambridge local examination with honors, in some subjects being bracketed equal with the first in the entire list. He also passed the matriculation of the University of London, and received both the Gilchrist Scholarship of £100 for three years, and the Colonial Scholarship of £150 for the same period. He then studied



ROBERT H. FALCONER, M.A., B.D., LL.D., LITT.D.,
President of The University of Toronto.

at Edinburgh University, where he received the degree of M.A. with honors in classics. Later he received the degree of B.D. and Litt.D. He also received the Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of London, with honors in classics and philosophy. Dr. Falconer then went to Germany, where he studied for three sessions at Leipzig, Berlin and Marburg. Since his return to Canada he has received three honorary degrees, the degree of Doctor of Laws from Fredericton University and St. Francis Xavier's College at its jubilee in 1905, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Knox College.

In 1892 Dr. Falconer was appointed lecturer in Greek Exegetics in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, and in 1895 was promoted to the professorship. On the retirement of Principal Pollock he was unanimously chosen for the principalship, and under his guidance the college has grown in influence and power. He has also been active in the affairs of Dalhousie University, and has lectured and conducted classes there. It is known that he had been agreed upon by the Dalhousie governors as the next president of that university in succession to President Forrest, who desires to retire. Among the friends of the Halifax institution he was looked upon as the one man who would be able to unite all sections in support of the university and make its future assured.

Soon after the death of Principal Caven of Knox College, Toronto, in 1905, an invitation, coupled with a most flattering financial offer, was sent to Dr. Falconer to become professor of New Testament Exegesis. With this position would have followed the principalship of Knox. The offer was declined, Dr. Falconer declaring that his duty to his own college prevented him from considering a change. At that time he had held the principalship for barely one year, following on the retirement of Dr. Pollock, and several other changes had disorganized the staff.

In academic circles, Dr. Falconer has come to be known as a man of

broad and exact scholarship. His capacity for work is unusual. Throughout his educational work he has shown great tact and the personal qualities that make for leadership. His breadth of view and catholicity of spirit are indicated by the fact that although a Presbyterian and the principal of a Presbyterian college, he was granted the degree of LL.D. by St. Francis Xavier's College. He has the confidence of the public in all parts of Nova Scotia to a degree not excelled even by Premier Murray or the Hon. William Fielding. At the same time, it is said, that no one knows what Dr. Falconer's politics are, and both parties praise him.

SPORTS AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Dr. Falconer looks not unlike a crack football player, but he disclaims proficiency in sports. Although he says he played football and cricket in his college days. He displays unmitigable interest in athletics, however. "The universities," in his opinion, "should be centres where sport is on a higher plane than elsewhere. They should set the standard, as it were, for the sports of the whole country." I believe in trusting the student; in leaving it to his honor to raise and maintain the standard of athletics in the universities of Canada.

"At the same time, athletics are only meant for recreation and for the building up of the body physically, in order that the mind may be strong and ready for the work of manhood. They should not be put in the first place and changed from mere recreation into an absorbing interest. There is a very large place in university life for athletics, and I believe they should be cultivated.

"We should get back to the old Greek spirit. The ancient Greek lived in the open air, and in his best period practised himself eagerly in the training of the body, though occasionally brutality and some degree of cruelty were manifested. But the Greek did not practise athletics for the mere sake of athletics, but solely in order to train himself for citizenship in the world, on the side of light and beauty

and reason against darkness and barbarism, and thus armed they rushed forward, repelled barbarism and saved our western civilization. The same spirit should animate the University of Toronto.

"In Canada to-day we need the strong body and the sound mind with the possession of moral control and buoyancy. Man should be endowed with that mastery of himself which enables him to control his own powers and his own body, and thus thoroughly trained in body and in mind he will go out to conquer."

WHAT THE UNIVERSITY CAN GIVE.

In the course of his inaugural address to the students of the University of Toronto on October 1, President Falconer outlined, in a forceful way, some of his ideals of university life. "With matriculation," said he, "the student is presented with the fateful gift of freedom—the opportunity of using freely all that he has; freedom, however, involving obligations, and

one of the achievements of a university education lies in the conviction of the reign and reach of law. . . . The university should teach the student how best to face the large problems of life, how to meet its duties in a brave and heroic spirit. . . . The capacity for forming friendship gives the ability to meet men and to know what men really are, a large part of the students' problem in life. He is neglecting the opportunity to prepare himself for his largest duties when he cuts himself off with solitude from friendship with his fellows. The student faces many of his strongest intellectual problems, not in the classrooms, but among his friends. He learns intellectually in his intercourse with them, and also to face his moral problems. It is one thing for a young man to sit alone and deal with the temptations of life. It is altogether another thing to face them with his fellows, and to live amongst them a life straight, honorable and pure."

Self Reliance Calls Out Initiative

* Responsibility is a great power developer. Where there is responsibility there is growth. People who are never thrust into responsible positions never develop their real strength. This is one reason why it is so rare to find very strong men and women among those who have spent their lives in subordinate positions, in the service of others. They go through life comparative weaklings because their powers have never been tested or developed by having great responsibility thrust upon them. Their thinking has been done for them. They have simply carried out somebody else's programme. They have never learned to stand alone, to think for themselves, to act independently. Because they have never been obliged to plan for themselves, they have never developed the best thing in them—their power of originality, inventiveness, initiative, independence, self-reliance, their possible grit and stamina. The power to create, to make combinations, to meet emergencies, the power which comes from continuous marshaling of one's forces to meet difficult situations, to adjust means to ends, that stamina or power which makes one equal to the great crisis in the life of a nation, is only developed by years of practical training under great responsibility.

There is nothing more misleading than the philosophy that if there is anything in a youth it will come out. It may come out, and it may not. It depends largely upon circumstances, upon the presence or absence of an ambition-arousing, a grit-awakening environment. The greatest ability is not always accompanied by the greatest confidence or the greatest ambition.—O. S. M., in Success.

In Memory of a Day

And what is so rare as a day in June—
 Except it be one in November!—
 When earth, sky, and heart glow, warm
 ly attune
 With the year's fading glory and
 splendor?
 And what is so kind as the clasp of
 warm hands
 When the heart pulses true to the
 meeting;
 And friendship, abeam, at the open door
 stands,
 Her eyes all aglow with love's greet-
 ing?
 And what is so sweet as an old-time
 song
 Sung by voices aquiver with feeling,
 Whilst tender old memories lovingly
 throng
 And tears down the furrows are
 stealing?
 And what is so pure as a good-by kiss,
 The "God bless you" so sweet to re-
 member?—
 For naught in the world of acclaim
 would I miss
 This one perfect day in November.
 Margaret N. Goodnow, in New England Magazine.

On the Open Trail

This paltry earth and the low-hung sky,
 Like a little tent around it,
 Too cramped I find to feel at home,
 Too cramped I always found it.

Since I was ever a vagabond,
 A vagrant-foot and rover,
 Oh, give me the width of the skies to
 roam
 When my earthly days are over.

Let me out where worlds the mile-stones
 are,
 Where the unresting stars walk my
 way;
 Out, out, where a man has elbow-room,
 To travel his old-time highway!

And when the journey is done, God
 grant
 That one lone Inn I find me,
 Where I may enter and greet but Him,
 And close the door behind me.
 Arthur J. Stringer, in Cassell's.

Youth and Age

Only yesterday,
 At each trifling sorrow
 I would fret and say,
 "Would God it were to-morrow!"
 Ah, could I but borrow
 The years I wished away!
 Death may come to-morrow—
 Would God 'twere yesterday!
 Charles Buxton Going, in Munsey's.

Keeper of the King's Seal

Tribune Magazine

LORD LOREBURN, who has just arrived in Canada from Liverpool and who will visit New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, and other points of interest in the United States before returning home, is the first lord high chancellor of Great Britain to set foot on the shores of the western hemisphere, the first lord high chancellor, indeed, to leave his native land during his term of office since the days when Cardinal Wolsey accompanied Henry VIII. to the field of the cloth of gold in France. For the chancellor is the keeper of the great seal, and so great is the importance attached to this emblem of sovereignty, without which no legal value can be given to any acts of state, or to any documents bearing the sign manual of the sovereign, that all sorts of ancient laws, still unrepealed, provide for its custody by the lord high chancellor, who is responsible for its safety.

An old statute declares that it may not be taken out of the kingdom, and one of the offenses for which Cardinal Wolsey was impeached and punished was that he had violated the law by taking the great seal with him to France when he accompanied Henry VIII. to his memorable meeting with Francis I. And there are also pains and penalties devised for the chancellor who allows the great seal out of his keeping. So that, what between the difficulty of letting this instrument of power out of his personal care and the impossibility of taking it abroad, the lord high chancellor has always been prevented during his term of office from leaving the country. There is much speculation as to what disposition Lord Loreburn has made of the great seal during his American tour. He certainly has not brought it with him, and if he has left it at home it must have been surrounded by the most elaborate precautions in order to prevent any one else from obtaining access to it.

As lord high chancellor Lord Loreburn occupies the highest secular office of the British empire, and is its principal temporal dignitary, ranking immediately after the princes and princesses of the blood royal, before even the premier and the archbishop of York, and yielding the "pas" only to the primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The chancellorship is not only the most illustrious but likewise one of the most ancient offices of the realm, the unbroken line of its holders dating back to 1068—that is to say, to two years after the Norman conquest. It carries with it a seat in the cabinet, a salary of \$50,000 a year, an hereditary peerage, the prolocutorship of the house of lords, and a retiring pension of \$30,000 a year for life, even if the woosack has only been occupied for a few days.

In addition to this the lord chancellor enjoys an enormous amount of patronage, having the appointment of all the judges, of high and low degree, from the lord chief justice down to the humblest justice of the peace and county magistrate, and the right of presentation to all the crown livings or ecclesiastical benefices. He is the supreme guardian, *ex officio*, of all infants, idiots, and lunatics, and as such, has the legal right to divest of the guardianship any persons who have been appointed as such by will, but who have shown themselves, in his opinion, to be unworthy of their trust. In that case he may either nominate other guardians or else decree the minor a ward of chancery, in which event any one endeavoring to wrong the ward or even to wed without the permission of the lord chancellor renders himself guilty of contempt of court.

Besides this, the lord high chancellor is, *ex officio*, a member of the privy council and president of all the courts of justice of the empire, which of course, renders it indispensable

that he should be a member of the legal profession. True, in olden times the woolsack was frequently occupied by ecclesiastics, and at one time the chancellorship and the primacy of the church were held by one and the same person, among the most notable instances of this kind being St. Thomas A. Beckett, Cardinal Wolsey, and Archbishop Warren. But since the days of John Williams, bishop of Lincoln, who succeeded the great Sir Francis Bacon as lord high chancellor, the office has invariably been filled by a more or less distinguished lawyer, often of the humblest extraction, the woolsack being regarded as the highest prize of the legal profession.

How great is the authority vested in the lord high chancellorship is perhaps best shown by that ancient statute, still in existence, which declares it to be his "high prerogative to judge according to equity, conscience, and reason where he finds the law of the land so defective as that the subject would be injured thereby," and he is the only dignitary of the realm, aside from the king, the queen, and the heir apparent, whose killing is not punished as ordinary murder but as high treason.

There seems to be a general impression, even in England, that the lord high chancellorship must necessarily be held by a Protestant. But Mr. Gladstone, who at one moment thought of nominating the late Lord Chief Justice Russell, who was a devout Roman Catholic, to the post, made a careful investigation of the matter and ascertained that there was no law or clause of the constitution in existence to prevent the woolsack being occupied by a member of the Church of Rome, or even a Jew. Indeed, had the late Sir George Jessell lived there is no doubt that he would in course of time have been elevated to the woolsack and to the keepership of the King's conscience, in spite of his being a professing Jew, and it was a matter of policy rather than anything else that prevented Lord Russell from being intrusted with the great seal. The title of "keeper of

the King's conscience," which is one of the official designations of the chancellor, of course dates back to the days prior to the reformation, when the post, as mentioned, was ordinarily occupied by some prelate, who was usually the sovereign's spiritual adviser.

The woolsack, of which mention is so frequently made, is the seat occupied by the lord high chancellor as prolocutor of the house of lords. It is a sort of broad, square flat divan, blue cloth covered, supposed to be packed tightly with wool. Contrary to the general opinion, there are several of these woolsacks placed in the centre of the house, midway between the throne and the cross benches. It is the one nearest the throne that is occupied by the lord high chancellor. The others are reserved for the use of the judges of the high court, who sit for the purpose of giving legal advice, but do not vote in the house of lords.

The woolsacks date from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when stringent laws were enacted to prevent the exportation of wool, which was then regarded as the chief source of the wealth of the nation, and that the importance of this staple product to the realm might be kept constantly in mind by the legislators, woolsacks were placed in the house of peers, whereon the judges sat. It must thoroughly be understood that the lord chancellor is not the present or even the speaker of the house of lords. He cannot be said to preside over its deliberations, and has no such authority to guide its discussions as that enjoyed by the speaker in the house of commons. He has no authority to prevent any peer who is addressing the house from wandering far away from the subject under discussion, nor to call him to order, nor yet to reduce him to silence. He takes part in all the votes, and is at liberty to speak upon any question that comes up, not in his capacity as chancellor, but as one of the peers of his rank in the nobility. On such occasions he delivers his remarks not from the woolsack but from the bench of barons,

or viscounts, or of earls, according to the grade of his peerage.

The lord chancellor is created neither by writ nor by patent, but by the mere delivery of the great seal into his custody by the King, who may likewise remove him from office by commanding his surrender of this instrument of sovereignty. It is used on all occasions when the will of the monarch is to be officially expressed. Its impress in wax is attached to every royal charter, warrant, or official document bearing the sign manual of the sovereign. It is used for all acts of state, for writs to summon parliament, for the ratification of foreign treaties; and all these documents have no legal value unless sealed with the great seal. That is why King James II. on his flight from England deliberately dropped the great seal into the Thames, knowing that there was nothing that he could possibly do that would cause so much inconvenience to the government which had disposed of him, as the absence of the great seal, and the impossibility therefore to summon parliament or to undertake any sovereign act until a new one was engraved. If he dropped it into the river rather than carry it away with him to France, it is because he believed that he was being closely pursued, and that he was almost certain of being captured before he reached the mouth of the river. The seal, it may be remembered, was recovered in the nets of a fisherman.

There have only been one or two occasions when the great seal was lost. Thus, Lord Chancellor Thurlow was robbed of the great seal through the burglary of his London residence in Great Ormonde Street, and it was never heard of again, the party spirit being so strong in those days that Lord Loughborough, who formed part of the administration, actually described the burglary and theft of the great seal to the opposition, as a maneuver destined to embarrass the government. Lord Chancellor Eldon was in the habit of sleeping with the great seal under his pillow, and when, on one occasion his

house was destroyed by fire, he hurried into the garden, and buried it for safety under a flower bed. "But," says Lord Campbell, in describing the incident, "what between his alarm on Lady Eldon's account and his admiration of the housemaids in their vestal attire, he could not remember the next morning the spot where he had hidden the great seal, and you never saw anything so ridiculous as the whole family engaged in probing and digging about the garden until the seal was found."

Royal purple bags of velvet, gold embroidered and adorned with the royal arms of Great Britain, hold the great seal in these days. The state furnishes a new bag of this kind every year at a cost of about \$400, and the old bag becomes the perquisite of the wife of the lord high chancellor. Lady Hardwicke, whose husband held the chancellorship for various terms covering a period of twenty years, caused these purses to be used as hangings for one of the state apartments at her country seat, declaring that twenty purses just sufficed for the purpose and would, moreover, constitute a proud heirloom to commemorate the founder of the family. On all state occasions the great seal is carried in its gorgeous bag by the lord high chancellor himself, who is arrayed in sweeping black silk robes, all covered with gold lace and embroidery, his hair, or the remnants thereof, being concealed by one of those full buttoned wigs such as were worn by King Charles II. of England and Louis XIV. of France. On minor occasions the great seal is borne before the lord high chancellor by a stout and portly clerk, arrayed in black knee breeches, black silk stockings, and pumps, lace cuffs and cravat, and a coat of seventeenth century architecture.

Lord Loreburn is certain to make many friends while in this country, being noted for a keen sense of humor, a complete absence of self-assertion and self-advertisement, with a kindly, genial manner wholly devoid of affectation—his temper being nevertheless extremely hot at times. He

comes from an old Scottish family, the Reids of Mouswald, is a bachelor, and while at Oxford distinguished himself not only as a scholar but also as an athlete, figuring for three years in the "Varsity" cricket eleven, and thrice representing Oxford in racquets as the champion of his alma mater. At a later period in his life—it was after he became attorney general—he played for the amateur championship at tennis, and was only beaten in the last game by Sir Edward Grey, now his colleague in the Liberal cabinet as secretary of the state for foreign affairs.

At one time—it was in the early days of the home rule controversy—

he was subjected to a good deal of baiting by the Tories in the house of commons. He conquered them, however, by a touch of human nature which appealed to them. One day, in the course of a most important speech, when pulling a bundle of notes and memoranda from his pocket while addressing the house, there rolled on to the ground, and right into the middle of the floor, a much smoked briar root pipe, which he immediately picked up with such an appearance of anxiety and concern lest it should have sustained any injury—interrupting his speech for the purpose—that the entire house commenced to cheer him uproariously and sympathetically.

The Race for the Canadian Rockies

New York Herald

THE largest single enterprise now under way by any railroad interests in America is the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific across Canada. A new transcontinental highway that will add 3,600 miles to a nation's railway mileage means brain and brawn. The eastern section of the road—that is, the half east of Winnipeg, which is being constructed as a national road by the Canadian government—will cost \$30,000 a mile and will include such engineering feats as the crossing of the St. Lawrence River at Quebec with the largest single span bridge in the world and the overthrow by a tunnelful of dynamite of a mountainside at La Tuque, in the northern Quebec wilderness. Nine hundred miles of this section are now under contract, one-fourth of which has been awarded to the Grand Trunk Pacific itself, whose right to tender was provided by the terms of charter.

The picturesque part of the new transcontinental, however, is its prairie and mountain mileage west of Winnipeg, all of which the company is building on its own responsibility, but with

government guarantee of its bonds. Track laying is already under way in the section between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and 1907 harvest freight will be moved over it to meet the lake boats of Port Arthur.

In terms of human interests the building of this prairie section means 100 new towns to be begun within a year; for there is to be a railway station every seven miles and wherever there is a railway station there will be a town. It means that in this northern land there is shortly to be, is being even now, enacted the great drama that has already made the plains to the south, and forty years ago the Western States, a man's land instead of a no-man's land. The company of the people is the sequel to the laying of the steel.

The course of the new transcontinental across the prairie was pretty well decided two years ago, the entire route from the Atlantic coast being chosen through new and as yet undeveloped country; but the mountain section, west of Edmonton, was until only a few months ago, a puzzle.

A second hunt for the northwest passage—a land hunt instead of water—had as its object to find where the road could most easily cross the Rockies.

There are in all some ten or twelve points where the Canadian Rockies can be crossed. Nature cut these passes through the mountains at fairly regular intervals. Two have already been used for railway routes in the southern part of the range, and others equally suitable are spread along the mountain line to the north. A choice of four or five was before the Grand Trunk Pacific, and this narrowed down, after its engineers had examined them all and had run their surveys through every feasible or possible route, to a choice of two. It was to be either the Pine River or the Yellowhead.

The hunt for the mountain passage became exciting. It turned out to be a race for another road with transcontinental ambitions headed at the same time and in the same direction and with the same end in view. It was a quiet, dogged, yet spectacular race, as surveyors' races always are. The Grand Trunk Pacific won, and in November last filed at Ottawa complete plans of a route through the Yellowhead from Edmonton to a point some fifteen miles on the other side of the Rockies.

Between the Prince Rupert that is to be and the Yellowhead, through which the transcontinental crosses the Rockies, is a tangled wilderness as yet unopened to settlement. It has been thoroughly surveyed, however, and in February preliminary plans were filed for the Pacific grade of the railway route. On the map the new Grand Trunk Pacific will show an almost straight line from Winnipeg save for its deflection on entering the Pass, where it turns slightly to the south, crosses the mountains, and then goes north again toward the Fraser River and the coast terminus. The road is under contract to build across British Columbia in four years.

But the Yellowhead is the objective point of two other roads now building across the prairies. The race

which the Grand Trunk Pacific won by reaching that point first was with the Canadian Northern, whose line is already built and running between the head of the lakes and Edmonton. It is aiming at the coast and has filed plans for a route through the Rockies. At the eastern end of this future system, which is the outcome of the dogged persistence of two men—Mackenzie and Mann—a line from Toronto to Sudbury in northern Ontario, is built, and there lacks only the link between that point and Port Arthur to give a third road covering more than half the continent.

Apparently with the intention of going into every field touched by its rival lines, the Canadian Pacific, first of Canadian transcontinentals, is now building a new main line, northwest from Winnipeg, the logical motive of which is an extension to and across the Rockies to the coast by way of the Yellowhead, the pass first proposed by the Canadian Pacific twenty-eight years ago, but then abandoned in favor of the southern route. For the time has come now when all the railroads must tap the north. There seems to be very good reason why the way of the Yellowhead should be chosen in the fact that it is the lowest of the passes across the continental divide, being only 3,250 feet instead of 5,000, and that it is for almost its entire distance a grade of three-tenths of one per cent., with only a few miles at one per cent.

Some of the largest engineering undertakings in the West are proposed on lines already in operation. The Canadian Pacific has planned an extensive betterment scheme this year, which involves the construction of one of the largest railroad bridges in the world and the reduction of the grade in the Rockies by tunneling. In the Crow's Nest section, among the foothills of the Rockies, a viaduct of a mile in length, carried on steel towers, 300 feet high, will straighten and shorten the road and will cut out a number of trestle bridges. Further into the Rockies proper, the section between Field and Hector, the most difficult section on the whole 3,000-

mile system, is to be reduced from a hard pulling grade of 4.5 per cent. to one of 2.2 per cent., by the construction of two tunnels under that portion of the mountain which now stands in the way.

More like pioneer farming than engineering is another railroad enterprise that is being undertaken by the Canadian Pacific on Vancouver Island, but its proportions entitle it to a place with the rest. It is the largest land clearing contract in Western America. A tract of 150,000 acres of railroad land which now is forest and stumps and dreary emptiness is to be cleared and made into farms at the rate of 10,000 acres a year and at a total cost of \$15,000,000. A stump jerking campaign of much the same order as those by which parts of Washington State have been cleared will be under way for the next fifteen years, and the result will be a new industrial territory on the very edge of the continent. This reclamation enterprise is the second undertaken by the Canadian Pacific, its irrigation works in Southern Alberta having been begun some years ago.

By purchasing and unifying numerous short lines already built and by filling in the gaps with new road of their own, the Hill, or Great Northern, interests are building up a through route from Winnipeg to the coast, connecting along the way with the eleven branch lines with which this far-reaching system already taps the Canadian wheat fields from the south. The apparent purpose of such a road is to carry a portion of the Canadian harvest by an American route; Mr. Hill declaring that the development of the northern country will give to all prospective lines as much business as they can handle and that the diversion of a part of it to the American route will be a relief. To carry out this plan 1,000 miles of road are being built.

The prairie of the last frontier is being gridironed west and north and northwest by railroad lines that as soon as the last spike is driven will bring in people and take out wheat. It is the taking out of the wheat, the problem of the transportation of fu-

ture harvests that has given rise to numerous propositions of railway undertakings in another direction—toward Hudson Bay. A seaboard on the great inland water that has hitherto been unused and useless is an attractive possibility, and the fact that it is altogether feasible explains why Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, said in Parliament recently that the matter of a Government aided railroad to the bay was under consideration and intimated that some definite action soon was not unlikely. A company was incorporated at the last session of Parliament with power to build from Edmonton to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, a distance of one thousand miles. The Canadian Northern is known to have similar ambitions, and, in fact, has a section of road already under construction that looks like the beginning of a Hudson Bay branch. The Manitoba Government, it has been reported, is entertaining plans to finance a road to the bay from Winnipeg. Surveys have been made for a line from James Bay, the southern inlet of Hudson Bay, to Chicago, chiefly as a fish carrying road. Out of these numerous projects or out of others that will follow there is pretty sure to materialize, and that soon, a railroad from some part of the settled West to some new port on the northern sea. It is in the talk stage at present, but great railway systems begin in talk.

But the path of the steel is reaching further still. Into the region until just now given quite over to the fur trapper and the Indians is going the transitman, and his going means something doing a few years hence. The Athabasca Railway Company is a new name that will in time be seen on north-bound freight cars. A charter has been given for 500 miles of road from Edmonton to Fort Smith, on the Slave River, and the chances are that construction straight into the heart of the northland will not be long delayed.

Yet further north, in the upper left hand corner of the continent, is the line of a railway that runs from Skagway, an Alaskan seaport, to White-

horse, in Canada's Yukon territory. The distance is one hundred and ten miles, over which trains have been running regularly since July, 1900, and for two-thirds of that distance the road was the most costly to build in America. The first fifteen miles rise to a height of nearly three thousand feet, and the construction of a winding, twisting roadbed through the Skagway Valley, and along the side of sheer walls of mountain rock, represents engineering that cost millions. There were other problems to overcome. Up in the high places was a good sized lake that must be crossed, but the railway builder of the North is ingenious, and instead of bridging the lake, well nigh an impossibility, he cut a new outlet for it, drained it dry, and built his road over the clay bed.

This is the White Pass and Yukon Railway. It is a narrow gauge and is operated under the disadvantage of terrific storms in the winter months, but it paid the whole cost of construction in its first year, and three years ago earned \$991,000, of which \$440,000 was profit. Twelve thousand passengers a year are carried, and they pay twenty cents a mile, while freight rates are proportionately high. Its traffic is almost entirely that of miners coming and going between the camps and the outside.

The northernmost railway on the American continent is that running south from Dawson, in the Yukon. It holds another record, too, as probably the most crooked road in America, winding in and out of the mountain gulches after the style of a rail fence, with a curvature approximating in places to twenty-eight degrees and a grade of three and five-tenths per cent. The Klondike Mines Railway has been in operation for only a year or two, but it has proved so acceptable a substitute for dog trains and pack horses, reducing the freight rates from forty to one and one-half cents a pound, that an extension is planned for the present season. Ultimately it will be extended into and through the new mining country to the south, to connect with the White Pass road

at Whitehorse, giving a direct route to the coast, or, going north from Edmonton, linking the Yukon directly with the western railway centres. One or the other of these plans will, it is almost certain, be carried into effect the next few years.

Both the Klondike Mines and the White Pass Railways are miners' roads, existing because of and for the sake of the numerous gold mining camps of the Yukon country, but tourist travel is being encouraged and in the summer months an increasing number of sightseers are doing the far north via the rail.

Diagonally across the northwest, cutting the great new land on the bias, will go a line now under project, whose ambitious purpose is to connect Dawson and Winnipeg. Survey parties have been quietly at work and a goodly portion of the total 1,700 miles is said to be already routed. Such a line, traversing the northern prairies, the Peace River district and Yukon mining country would hold a unique place among the railroads of the continent and would involve, at its northern end, some tremendous engineering problems. The interests behind this project have been kept somewhat secret, but it is believed that they are American and associated with the Northern Pacific.

Another road to the Yukon has filed its plans with the Canadian Railway Commission, involving a straight north route along the coast from Vancouver to Dawson. The surveys through British Columbia territory show immense cuttings and tunnels, with heavy bridging. It is altogether likely that when this road is built it will be by or for the Grand Trunk Pacific, in whose interest is thought to be a bill introduced this year at Washington authorizing the construction of a road from Skagway, in Alaska, to a point at or near to Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus.

For a year past survey work has been under way on two roads from the south-western coast of Alaska to the copper district of the interior. One was being financed by London capital-

ists, representing the same interests as those behind the White Pass and Yukon Railway, and the other by the Guggenheims and J. P. Morgan. The two routes were such as would closely parallel each other and, while entailing immense double expense, would open up practically the same country. The promoters have, therefore, consolidated, under Guggenheim control, and one road is now being built, instead of two. It will probably run from Catella, a seaport with good terminal facilities, in to the heart of the White River copper country, and possibly into the Canadian Yukon. About 400 miles of the road will be built this year, and the same man who built the White Pass and Yukon Road is engineering it.

One more railway enterprise comes from the top corner of the continent, and it exceeds them all in spectacular bigness and daring. It goes by the name of the Transatlantic-Siberia Railway, a phrasing that at once explains its route and indicates the im-

mensity of its undertaking. In the first week of the present year a survey party, with dog teams drawing their supplies, left Dawson for White River, and a fortnight later began the initial work of mapping out a railway route. The general route to be followed is along the White River and down the Tanana Valley, picking up the incidental traffic of the existing mining camps and heading toward Behring Strait. The plan of the men behind this project is to establish a route from Alaska to Siberia, across the strait, and to build an extension connecting with the great Russian system. If the project ever gets so far the American, Canadian and Russian Governments will be called upon to lend a hand. It is a bold scheme, but whether the Siberian end of it is ever carried out or not it is practically certain that some portion of the Alaskan section will be built shortly, opening up a mining region of unknown riches and another great section to settler and trader.

"We are altogether too prone to think evil of our neighbors and try to do them evil. We scowl too much; we smile too little."

"We have now the 'production play,' which is all scenery, costumes, mechanics, humbug and cheap literature."

"Well bred people nowadays dine at home before they go to a dinner party, and then rush off after dinner to an unloving game of bridge."

"When hate and indifference have killed love this earth will become as cold as the moon, and there will be nothing living but a few big, cold, slimy, bloodless slugs."

"When you have climbed to the top of the hill, if you keep on going you must go down the other side, or else turn around and go down the side you have climbed up, or else sit down on top and freeze."

"It is very difficult to keep on striking twelve every night. The bell tongue wears out after a while."—Richard Mansfield.

The Rise of Mr. Conde Nast

By Herbert McLeod in *Workers' Magazine*

TEN years ago Mr. Conde Nast went to New York City and started to work for \$12 a week; a few days ago, at the remarkably early age of thirty-four years, he resigned a position with a salary of \$40,000 a year. During his ten years of service he remained always "on salary"; that is to say, none of his astonishing income—he had been receiving \$40,000 a year for the last three years—has been due to dividends. Here is a man who does not have and has not had a bit of interest in the ownership of the concern that employed him. The decade of his labor has been with one firm—Collier's—and his rise from a job at a clerk's hire, \$12 a week, to a position with a salary nearly that of the president of the United States, has been due, surely, to business capacity of a rare order.

Mr. Nast is known to the publishing world as perhaps the greatest expert in the country on national advertising. Probably he has been, during the last three or four years, the highest salaried man of his age in the world. Young men, combining labor and capital, have frequently made a larger income than \$40,000 a year—so frequently indeed that the fact excites little comment. But labor alone at such an age has rarely produced this annual sum. There is a romance of business life in the story of such a success, and in the remarkable fact that a young man who had gone so far should give up such an income to venture for himself.

Mr. Charles Schwab remarked not long ago that a college education unfitted a man for business life or executive duties, and some years past Mr. Horace Greeley expressed more than contempt for a young man who would waste four years of valuable time in such a cause. Brilliant examples of success with and without college education exist everywhere,

and the question will probably never be settled. But whether or not these two authorities on success were right, in the instance of this particular young man their theories have been knocked higher than a kite; for Mr. Nast, with in their judgment, and handicap of the degrees of B.A., M.A., and LL.B., started his business career at 24, and in his early thirties has achieved a most notable success. He not only spent four years in college, he spent seven years of preparation, and all for a business career!

Yet this proves nothing. There are thousands of young men who come to Chicago and start in every year at \$12 a week—or less—and hundreds of them have excellent college training. The city spells opportunity to them, and, with all sorts of implements, from a pick to a diploma, they hope to carve out fortunes. Most of the thousands of yearly recruits are swallowed up in the rank and file of the business and professional armies of the country. There are few who make much of a success before 40, and, the Osler theory to the contrary notwithstanding, it is the middle aged man who is notable in business or professional life.

Mr. Nast really started a business training while he was in college. He seemed responsible enough to his fellow students to be made manager of one of the athletic associations, and during the third and fourth year of his life at Georgetown University he was business head of most of the student organizations. His reign over the athletic affairs of the institution led many of his associates to predict for him a brilliant career in any line of business.

At 22 Mr. Nast, M.A., fresh from the university, returned to his home in St. Louis. His parents wanted him to become a lawyer; the young man wanted to go into business, but decided that a training in law would

better equip him for whatever business he undertook. At the end of two years he was graduated from the law school of Washington University and admitted to the bar.

"Then I didn't know what to do," says Mr. Nast relating his experience in getting a start. "I was 24 years old and had little experience. I didn't mind working for \$10 a week, or nothing, for that matter, providing I was put in a position where I could learn, could gain some experience, but the possibility at my age of 24 of being pocketed for two or three years where, at the end of that time, I would have made no start, filled me with dismay, and I nearly wept over the seven years I had spent at college and law school. I knew that I didn't want to be a lawyer, but I had no idea how to get into business.

"It happened that my brother had put some money into a small printing establishment, and that fact gave me my first job. The manager of the place didn't know what to do with me and I was of no use in the shop, so he sent me out to solicit business from the merchants. I asked him where I had best go to find business. He said, 'You know a lot of people in this town; go to your friends.' I did not like to do that, so I made a chance solicitation here and there. It resulted in no business. Then I recalled that during the next month there was to be a merchants' exposition in St. Louis. The thought occurred to me that if I could only get a list of the exhibitors such a list ought to open up a fertile field, that most of them would want considerable printed matter. The list was at first refused me, but the next day I managed to get it.

"My anticipations regarding the fertility were more than realized; in fact, every merchant I called on that day treated me as if I were doing him a favor, whereas the day before I was treated as a nuisance. The next afternoon I brought into the printing shop literally an armful of orders and requests for estimates. The manager thought I was playing a joke on him, for here in one day's work was a volume of business that overtaxed the

plant, but when he realized the situation I felt sure I had 'made good' at my first job."

Here was a simple and easy thing to do, once the idea was secured, and yet how few get the simple ideas that are so valuable. Even the manager of the printing plant had not thought of this obvious source of business for him. That incident was the start of a wonderful business career. It was simply the principle of business getting effort where business is to be had.

An offer of partnership in the printing shop was made to Mr. Nast soon after his start, but he did not accept. Instead, he applied for a place in New York City. His application resulted in a position at \$12 a week, and he started east at once. At that time Collier's was almost unknown; it had a small circulation and a smaller advertising patronage. Mr. Nast was set to work getting advertising, and he found it an impossible task. He knew nothing of advertising at the start. No one wanted to use the publication; indeed, all weekly publications were out of favor. Everything seemed against him. The year before Mr. Nast started the whole year's revenue from advertising was about \$5,500.

Mr. Nast then decided on an entirely new method of soliciting advertising; he stopped asking advertisers to go into the paper. He sent the publication regularly to every one in the advertising business, and, for six months he kept away from any advertiser or agent. In the meantime, however, he was not idle. He began the preparation of series of letters, he studied the inside of the business, he learned how to overcome the serious difficulties, and when he went back to the advertisers he began to make real progress.

From this small start the business progressed rapidly. Mr. Nast evolved a system of looking after every "individual unit." There never was a piece of copy too small to be canvassed and as vigorously as the large. This was done through letters that have become famed as samples of

business literature. The Nast letters are known to every advertiser, agent, publisher, and editor in the country.

From an annual income from advertising of \$5,500, the advertising revenue rose for the tenth year of Mr. Nast's service as advertising manager to an income of \$1,000,000. During his last three years in that capacity the publication carried more national advertising than any other periodical in the world. The growth of this business was the business growth of Mr. Nast. He grew along with the business. And his success was not accidental. His ability appealed to every active man in the publishing business. When he was only 30 years old one of the New York newspaper publishers offered him \$30,000 a year

to go with him in a managerial capacity. Now Mr. Nast, at 34, has decided to go into business for himself.

Mr. Nast is an interesting personality. He has no pride of position—his sole idea about work is to get it done in the quickest possible way. He has one characteristic that few men have—ability to "shed" work. His one desire once he has put a plan into action is to turn it over to a lieutenant, he himself going on to some other work. He is alert, active, aggressive, a sure judge of men, and, being at the age when most men are beginning to be successful, it would be difficult to express, without superlatives, the opportunities and attainments that the future holds in store for him.

Richard A. Waite's Architectural Masterpiece

By New York Commercial

RICHARD A. WAITE, the architect, is again in the public eye, as he has practically completed a very original and unique design for the Robert Fulton Memorial, to be erected on the bank of the Hudson in New York. It is the outcome of extensive study and a long, successful architectural career. It is most fitting that such a memorial should be erected in New York, as Robert Fulton was the inventor of the steamship, proving in 1807 that steam could be applied to the propulsion of vessels with entire success. His first steamboat, "Clermont," made a progress on the Hudson of five miles an hour.

Mr. Waite was born in England, coming to the United States while a boy and enjoying the artistic advantages to be had in New York. From here he was called to Buffalo as architect of the fine German Insurance Building and of Pierce's Palace Hotel. He subsequently became the architect of Buffalo's Music Hall, Women's Union, Grosvenor Library, and other notable buildings. In 1880 he was

called to Canada and made a name for himself by his masterpiece, the Ontario Parliament Buildings at Toronto. The brilliant and prompt execution of this work gave Mr. Waite a high position as an architect. He also erected in Canada the Grand Trunk Building at Montreal. Few buildings in the world can show marble in such wealth and variety as in this building. It has been described as a "poem in marble." It was said at the time that Mr. Waite was the first American architect employed by His Majesty's government, and probably no other American architect has received so many important commissions from His Majesty's subjects.

In the construction of buildings for banks and insurance companies, Mr. Waite distinguished himself as designer of the buildings for the Western Insurance Co., at Toronto; the Canada Life Insurance Co., at Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal; the Standard Life Insurance Co., at Montreal, and the head offices of the same companies at Glasgow, Scotland; the Bank

of Hamilton, at Hamilton; and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at Toronto, as well as the Mail Building, at Toronto. Achievements such as these are phenomenal in their extent. For some time Mr. Waite has been living in the metropolis engaged upon designs and plans for even more important structures than have already been recorded to his credit. It was while engaged upon these pretentious plans that he was asked to consider the design for the Fulton memorial. The results have been such as to justify those who are most deeply interested in making this memorial the finest ever erected in the United States.

The memorial is, by this design, to comprise not only a shaft and statue of Fulton, but also a crypt for his remains which now lie in Trinity churchyard; also a museum devoted to Fulton memorials and exhibits of marine mechanism and construction, such as have marked the development of navigation and of which Fulton's practical application of steam was an epoch. It also includes a gallery of education important in connection with the study of navigation and marine construction. All these museum features are included in the base or pedestal of the monument proper.

It is, as a whole, a memorial of strongly marked character distinguished from all other known. The solid simplicity of the lofty base, the lightness and satisfying richness of the aspiring superstructure, the rich elegance of each portion separately and the harmony of all, combine to make it a structure unequalled of its kind. Granite and bronze are the materials it is proposed to use.

As the ideal spot for the site of such a monument, Dr. Waite names the foot of 106th Street, New York, where it enters Riverside Drive. He would place the centre of the monument directly in front of this street, which commends itself as one of the few fine, broad 100-foot streets of that region. As an approach from roadway and the avenues east it is almost ideal as affording a clear view, with a direct perspective from the knoll

in Central Park. At the intersection of 106th Street with Riverside Drive is an elevation that will admit of a spacious terrace with broad steps descending to crossings leading to the memorial. At this point the series of roadways slightly falling to the north and south are adorned by rows of trees, and when viewed from the terrace will present with dignity and beauty a foreground of nature's line.

On the water side at this point the park is spacious, of proper levels, no knolls to obstruct the view, and has the proper natural links to connect with the memorial, the proposed esplanade. This cannot be said of the sight further north on the river favored by the bill which passed the legislature. Then the essential point of depth of water for the great boats which will lay to for formal receptions and inspections at this gateway to the city, is covered by the fact of an ample and remarkable depth of channel off 106th Street. This point favored by Mr. Waite may also be fairly described as the residence centre of Manhattan, while the memorial will be a very proper distance from the Grant's Tomb and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

As to the sculptor's portion of the work, the composition is designed to be in Roman relief. The four ethnological groups, allegorical of commerce, are capable of artistic treatment, as are also the prows of the boats that show in the pediment. The figure of Fulton, the eight bas-relief panels illustrative of his life, the colossal group—Transportation—and panoramic scene of the first departure of the 'Clermont,' August 17, 1807, are to be executed in bronze.

The proportions of the Clermont have been carefully regarded as a unit or standard in some of the most interesting features of the monument. The extent of the memorial is almost surprising and can hardly be grasped by the reproductions herewith. The promenade encircling the monument is some 25 feet above the roadways and the top of the monument 145 feet from the curb-line of Riverside Drive;

to the outer face of the seawall plateau is 825 feet. This plateau with basins and piers presents a water-front of nearly six blocks, or, including the intervening streets a distance of some 1,500 feet.

The basins referred to are intended for the landing and anchorage of yachts of all kinds. The basins are approached by a special roadway for the convenience of those who drive and for automobiles. The ample size of the memorial can be judged from the fact that at the level of the gallery of celebrities, the diameter of the

building exceeds by 50 feet that of the Pantheon of Rome which, for 18 centuries has been regarded as the acme of circular structures. The steps which lead up from the esplanade to the park level have a width of 105 feet.

There is an air of originality in every detail of the memorial that indicates that the designer has gone straight to his aim, gathering his materials from unusual sources. As a result the whole expresses a graceful dignity without presumption and elegance without affectation.

Organized Labor

By Cardinal Gibbons in Putnam's Monthly

LABOR has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection and benefit. It is in accordance with natural right that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion. Our modern labor associations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England. In our days there is a universal tendency towards organization in every department of trade and business. In union there is strength in the physical, moral and social worlds; and just as the power and majesty of our republic are derived from the political union of the several States, so do men clearly perceive that the healthy combination of human forces in the economic world can accomplish results which could not be effected by any individual efforts. Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to-day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle is controlled by a corpora-

tion. When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to working men the right to band together, because of the abuses incident to such combinations, as to withhold the same right from capitalists because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals.

Another potent reason for encouraging labor unions suggests itself to my mind. Secret societies, lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments, have been the bane of continental Europe. The repressive policy of these governments, and their mistrust of the intelligence and virtue of the people, have given rise to those mischievous organizations; for men are apt to conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The public recognition among us of the right to organize implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the art of self-government and the art of self-discipline; it takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous societies;

it exposes to the light of public scrutiny the constitution and laws of the association and the deliberations of its members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens and with a laudable desire to merit the approval of their fellow-citizens. "It is better," as Matthew Arnold observes, 'that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class.'

God forbid that the prerogatives which I am maintaining for the working classes should be construed as implying the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. There should not, and need not, be any conflict between capital and labor, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and hands would be to the physical body. Such an antagonism recalls the fabled conspiracy on the part of the members of the body against the stomach. Whoever tries to sow discord between the capitalist and the laborer is an enemy of the social order. Every measure should be therefore discountenanced that sustains the one at the expense of the other. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions, by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent, is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view I venture to touch this most delicate subject, and if these lines contribute in some small measure to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil, I shall be amply rewarded.

That the "laborer is worthy of his hire" is the teaching of Christ as well as the dictate of reason itself. He is entitled to a fair and just

compensation for his services. He deserves something more, and that is kind and considerate treatment. There would be less ground for complaint against employers if they kept in view the golden maxim of the Gospel: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." Our sympathy with those in our employ, whether in the household, the mines, or the factory, is wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place, and by asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated in similar circumstances. We should remember that they are our fellow-beings, that they have feelings like ourselves, and they are stung by a feeling of injustice, repelled by an overbearing spirit, softened by kindness; and that it rests largely with us whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy. Surely men do not amass wealth for the sole pleasure of counting their bonds and of contemplating their gold in secret. No, they acquire it in the hope that it will contribute to their rational comfort and happiness.

Now, there is no enjoyment in life so pure and so substantial as that which springs from the reflection that others are made content and happy by our benevolence. And I am speaking here not of the benevolence of gratuitous bounty, but of fair dealing tempered with benignity. I am happy to say that just and considerate employers do not wholly belong to an ideal and imaginary world, but are easily found in our great centres of commerce; and if the actual condition of the average wage-worker in this country is a safe criterion by which to estimate the character and public spirit of American employers I believe that an impartial judgment will concede to the majority of them the honorable title of fair-dealing, benevolent men. In my visits to England, Scotland, Ireland, and the continent of Europe, I have studied the condition of the laboring classes, and I am persuaded that the American workman is better paid and fed, better clothed and housed, and usual-

ly better instructed, at least in the elements of useful knowledge, than his brethren across the Atlantic. I applaud the tender feelings and magnanimity of those many capitalists who so truly deserve it, but I am constrained, in the interests of truth, humanity and religion, to protest against the heartless conduct of others, whose number, for the honor of our country, is, I hope, comparatively small. When men form themselves into business corporations, their personality is overshadowed, their individual responsibility lessened. And for this reason many will assent in their corporate capacity, to measures from which the dread of public opinion, or the dictates of conscience, would prompt them as individuals to shrink. But perhaps the injury is all the more keenly felt by the victims of oppression when inflicted by a corporation, as it is easier to obtain redress from one responsible proprietor than from a body of men, most of whom may be unknown or inaccessible to the sufferers.

No friend of his race can contemplate without painful emotions those heartless monopolists exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts and monopolies, like the car of Juggernaut, crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They endeavor—not always, it is alleged, without success—to corrupt our national and State legislatures and municipal councils. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starving wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo, and are easily stifled by intimidation. In many places the corporations are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessities of life; bills are

contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and their forced insolvency places them at the mercy of their taskmasters. The supreme law of the land should be vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations as well as to the laboring classes against unscrupulous monopolies.

But, if labor organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled and dangers to guard against. As these societies are composed of members very formidable in numbers, varied in character, temperament and nationality, they are, in the nature of things, more unwieldy, more difficult to manage, more liable to disintegration than corporations of capitalists, and they have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact and superior executive ability, who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers. They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine.

They should also be jealous of the reputation and good name of the society as well as of its chosen leaders. For, while the organization is ennobled and commands the respect of the public by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach upon the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community. They should, therefore, be careful to exclude from their ranks that turbulent element composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism and nihilism; those land pirates who are preying on the industry, commerce and trade of the country; whose mission is to pull down and not to build up; who, instead of upholding the hands of the government

that protects them, are bent on its destruction, and instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, insult and defy her. If such revolutionists had their way despotism would supplant legitimate authority, license would reign without liberty, and gaunt poverty would stalk throughout the land.

We must guard against any word or act that is contrary to the law. Every American citizen has the right to be protected in his efforts to earn an honest livelihood. No man or combination of men should have the power to prevent him from following his vocation even by intimidation, for he may have not only himself but a wife and children for whom to provide. It is my opinion that the honest laborer who is willing to do work which is proper and in no way conflicts with the interests of the community should be given the opportunity to perform it, and to have the same protection from the authorities which is extended to any peaceful citizen, no matter how powerful or influential may be the person or society which opposes him.

I take it for granted that all unions and other societies of American laboring men are disposed to array themselves on the side of peace and order and are as strongly opposed to violations of the law as other citizens. Hence, they should exert their influence to see that the laws are upheld if they would maintain the respect with which they are regarded by their fellows. It is not only a question of patriotism but of self-interest which deeply concerns them.

The expulsion from membership in the unions of any men who had been guilty of outrages of one kind or another, against the peace of the community or the rights of their fellow-citizens would secure for the unions the respect and sympathy of the community, and would greatly further the best interests of organized labor.

I am persuaded that the system of boycotting, by which the members of labor unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious business

houses, is not only disapproved by an impartial public sentiment, but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when by a mandate of the society he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a prohibition assails the liberty of the purchaser, and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privileges guaranteed by the government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism were generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every centre of population would be divided into hostile camps, and the good feeling which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. "Live and let live," is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and by Christian charity.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic, and at best, a very questionable, remedy for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions, and lead to the destruction of property; and above all they result in inflicting grievous injury on the laborer himself by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which time his mind is clouded with discontent while brooding over his situation, and his family not infrequently suffer from the want of the necessities of life. The loss inflicted by strikes on the employers is not much more than half as great as that which is sustained by the employed, who can much less afford to bear it. It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace, and of the laboring classes, if the policy of arbitration, which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method; for, while

strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive. The result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of the argument.

And now, inspired by sincere affection for the hardy sons of toil, and with an earnest desire for their welfare, I address to them these few words of friendly exhortation:

Cultivate a spirit of industry, without which all the appliances of organized labor are unavailing. Activity is the law of all intellectual and animal life. The more you live in conformity with that law, the happier you will be. An active life, like the flowing stream, is an unfailing source of gladness, health and contentment, while an indolent life, like the stagnant pool, breeds discontent, disease and death. And no man enjoys with a keener relish the night's repose and the Sunday holiday rest than the working man. A life of patient industry is sure to be blessed with a competence, if it be not crowned with an abundant remuneration. The great majority of our leading men of wealth are indebted for their fortunes to their own untiring industry.

Take an active, personal interest in the business of your employer; be as much concerned about its prosperity as if it were your own. And are not your employers affairs in a measure yours? For your wages come from the profits of the concern and the more you contribute to its success, the better can he afford to compensate you for your services. He will be impelled by an enlightened self-interest, as well as by a sense of justice, to requite you for your services with a generous hand.

Foster habits of economy and self-

denial. No matter how modest your income may be, always live under it. You will thus protect your liberty and business integrity, and guard yourself against the slavery and humiliation of debt, which is too often the precursor of, and the incentive to, commercial dishonor. Most of the alleged wants of mankind are purely artificial, and contribute little or nothing to the sum of human happiness.

While honestly striving to better your condition, be content with your station in life, and do not yield to an inordinate desire to abandon your present occupation for what is popularly regarded as a more attractive vocation. Remember that, while the learned professions are overcrowded, there is always a demand for skilled and unskilled labor, and that it is far better to succeed in mechanical or manual work than to fail in professional life.

A feverish ambition to accumulate a fortune, which may be called our national distemper, is incompatible with peace of mind. Moderate means with a contented spirit are preferable to millions without it. If poverty has its inconveniences and miseries, wealth has often greater ones. A small income is suggestive of abstemious habits, and abstemious habits are conducive to health, while wealth is a powerful incentive to excessive indulgence, which is the fruitful source of complicated diseases.

Sobriety will be an angel of tranquillity and of comfort to yourself and family. While this virtue should be cultivated by all men, it ought to be especially cherished by the laboring classes, who are so much exposed to the opposite vice. Intemperance has brought more desolation to homes than famine or the sword, and is a more unrelenting tyrant than the most grasping monopolist.

The Effects of Mental Fatigue

By Luther H. Gulick, M.D., in *World's Work*

TO get a place at the front and to keep it takes all the energy a man can muster. It takes more than mere energy, too: it takes the wisest possible investment of that energy. A man must know when to spend himself and when to spare himself. Success lies as much in knowing the time to quit as in the ability to keep plugging on in the face of everything.

That is why the various problems of fatigue are important. Fatigue isn't nearly so simple and plain-as-day a subject as we are likely to think. When we "just feel tired," we haven't by any means finished the story; there are a great many varieties of feeling tired, and each variety has a different bearing upon the business of efficient living.

Take the most obvious case of all—"muscular" fatigue. In the laboratory you can stimulate a bit of muscle to contract over and over again until finally it stops giving you any response. But if you take the muscle out of the apparatus and give it a bath in a warm salt solution, it will begin reacting again with almost as much snap as it had in the first place. You have washed out the fatigue. It won't keep it up so long this time, however; and a second bath will have less effect than the first. Finally, you come to a point where even a bath doesn't help the situation. That is muscular exhaustion, and, physiologically speaking, it is an entirely different phenomenon.

As a matter of fact, however, the kind of fatigue that we ordinarily call "muscular" isn't in the muscle. We are simply using a handy term. When a nerve centre has worked a group of muscles until they refuse to respond any longer, the trouble is usually with the controlling battery and not with the thing it runs. If you put an electric current directly on the nerve that feeds the

"fatigued" muscle, at once the muscle will begin to work again.

The part of us that goes under first is the nervous part. We do not use up the energy of our muscles; we exhaust the battery they are "connected up" with.

Emotional fatigue is another variety. Several times in my life I have been through one hard experience after another—losses in the family, for example—and when the first shock came it seemed as if I couldn't endure it. Then the next came, and the next. I simply felt numb. I had nothing left to react with. That was emotional fatigue.

And we know how it works out in the opposite direction, too. We have seen it at Christmas time in the little folks. Long before the tree is unloaded of its treasures, they are usually so exhausted by their burden of happiness that they hardly show any interest in the latest additions to their pile of presents.

Children make excellent laboratory material in the field of emotional fatigue, because the majority of their emotions get full play as long as they last. I have seen children yield to blazing anger until they reached a point where, out of sheer exhaustion, the anger disappeared, even though the original cause of it was just as much in evidence as ever. This wasn't the kind of exhaustion that follows intense physical effort—the violent use of hands, muscles, motor areas. The emotional engine had simply worked off all its steam. It couldn't get into action again until the fire was stoked.

Will fatigue presents some of the biggest problems a man has to face. If it were not for will fatigue, we could all of us lead perfect lives. Any minute that I choose to do so, I can live perfectly. I can live perfectly for an hour, if I keep at it hard enough. But I am pretty sure that

I couldn't do it for a week. I have made the experiment more than once unsuccessfully. The strain is too great; my will gets tired, and then it "caves in." I slump down to a lower level for a while, and my volitional faculties take a rest.

So far as my knowledge of such things goes, there is nothing outside of us that forces us to do wrong. We fail from the inside; we haul down the flag deliberately, by our own consent, just because we have got tired of fighting; and then the enemy walks in. I am not now referring to the making of mistakes: our ignorance often compels us to do that. Making mistakes isn't an item that can be debited to conscience. But I mean the conscious and deliberate doing of a thing that we know isn't in line with sound morals.

Everybody is guilty of such faults; he does what he oughtn't to do; and he knows that he oughtn't to do it. He says: "What the —!"—and lets it go at that. He sits up late at night when he knows he ought to be in bed; he even enjoys it. He could do otherwise if he tried. He doesn't try; he's tired of trying. We get into the mood of wanting a holiday from all that sort of thing. I'm not defending this specific variety of holiday habit: I am simply noting its existence.

For therein lies the fallacy of the doctrine of perfect living. The will can't stand up to the doctrine. It "caves in." It yields to anger, to worry, to fear, to appetite—to whatever one's own specialty may be in these lines. Afterward comes a time when we feel ashamed of ourselves, and make up our minds—if we are normal human beings—to put up a stiffer fight next time. And perhaps we do. That's the way life goes.

But if it were not for fatigue of the will, we could stay all the time on our best level. We could always keep doing the highest things of which we are capable, without a let-down.

I do not wish to give the impression by all this that fatigue is an abnormal thing, an enemy seeking to make a shipwreck of us. On the contrary, it

is a perfectly inevitable and normal result of work; and work is one of life's choicest commodities.

Fatigue, indeed, is the price of growth. The muscle to be vigorous and strong must be put to hard use—must get tired. But it must also be given a fair chance to get rested and rebuild its broken-down tissues. Destruction, reconstruction—reconstruction on a larger scale—that is the fundamental law of healthful living, bodily or mental. If we were never tired, we should never be strong.

But it certainly is important that a man should know the dangers to which fatigue exposes him—where it makes him weak for the time being, where and how it reduces his power of resistance, what things it unfits him for, how it alters his personality. Since it is a thing which each of us has to deal with, whether he wants to or not, it's worth our while to deal with it intelligently.

A fatigued will exposes us on every side. When there is big business on hand, we cannot afford to have our powers of decision reduced and distorted. And they need not be if we have learned the lesson of will economy.

Will is a thing you can waste just like your cash. You can throw it away on little things that don't count, on petty decisions, trivialities; and when the moment comes for the important decision, it's exhausted, and either balks or goes wrong.

It happens occasionally, I hope, that after the close of the day's work somebody takes you out to dinner. What a relief it is—suppose it's an *a la carte* affair—to sit back in your chair, at perfect peace with the world, and watch your friend do the ordering. How you enjoy the privilege of not having to make up your mind again about anything. You look with pity upon him as he wanders in a daze of indecision among a score or two of interesting-looking eatables and drinkables.

Right in that matter, I take it, lies the great attraction for most of us in the *table d'hôte* meal: it relieves the mind of a problem which, after all

is said and done, isn't worth the bother of solution. Utterly free of responsibility, you simply watch the series of good things appearing, one after another; and you know that the process will go through satisfactorily.

The table d'hôte dinner isn't a perfect illustration of my point; but I chose it because it is in just such insignificant matters as that that the principle of will economy can be most easily applied. Similar occasions recur over and over again every day in a man's work.

Everyone knows how much will fatigue he often experiences in the effort of "getting down to business," most of all, if the special business on hand is hard or unattractive. You stop and carefully scrutinize a fly as it crawls zig-zag up the wall. You find yourself becoming interested in a conversation that is going on across the room. Then you decide to take a few minutes off and smoke, thinking that it will be easier after that—but it won't be and you know it. Then you remember an important note that ought to be got off at once. And so it goes on.

In the end you have lost far more than mere time. You have lost the energy of a good start; you have been making a long, slow, dribbling expenditure of your will power; and when you finally get to the job itself, you are already out of temper for it; your mind has grown soggy.

Of course such is not the result in every case. It takes some people a long time to get warmed up to an undertaking; they always have to go through that period of preliminary fuss and bother. When this is actually true, economy certainly requires such a man, once he is underway, to keep up steam on a long stretch; not to let down until he has a positive accomplishment to show. He cannot afford to have to put himself through those first costly and painful steps again; it's an inexcusable extravagance.

Most of us Americans, however, have the ability—if we will only take advantage of it—to jump into a job quickly and hard without dawdling

over the preliminaries. Therefore, it's the only right way for us to do. A man who takes his hard jobs on this principle will be likely to carry them through, for he makes the attack while his mind is fresh and clear, with a good cutting edge on it. Afterward, if he like, he can give himself the luxury of dawdling.

Economy of the will requires that, so far as possible, a man should push his job through to a finish when once he has undertaken it. To some sort of a finish: if not the whole job, then some complete separate part of it, something definite, that can count as a bundle by itself, and which, when it is tied up, is really out of the way. Don't break things off in the middle. Don't keep having to get at a thing. When you have to take your attention by the scruff of the neck every minute or two and force it back on the scent, you are making a terrible and useless drain on your will power.

Another practical conclusion is this: As far as possible, bunch the little things you have to do so as to make one larger job of them. If you can make a list of the minutiae that need attention, and then go at them with a running start, the end will be reached—not necessarily quicker yet certainly with a tremendous saving of energy. You don't need to issue your manifesto before annihilating each separate petty enemy; you can include them all in the same warrant.

The table d'hôte dinner is a good text to bear in mind. Keep decision power for things that are worth deciding. Then it won't fail you when you need it.

When a man is fatigued, he is literally a different person from his ordinary normal self. The qualities that go into his making-up are not the same qualities; his disposition, his tastes, his intellectual faculties, are all shifted. He still carries some of his "recognition marks" around with him—such trifles as bodily structure, hair, history, and clothes—but he ought not to use the same visiting card.

Into my own experience has come this case of a young college girl, and it is not an exceptional case, either:

Through her freshman year she did unusually good work; she stood in the upper quarter of her class—a normal, high-spirited, energetic young person of seventeen years.

During the summer following that first year, she worked very hard, rising every morning at five o'clock—for they had no domestic, and she always aimed to surprise her mother by getting the washing and ironing out of the way herself. She made all her own clothes for the year to come. During that whole vacation, she kept herself under this strain.

Then she went back to college. She had never been a timid girl; but now, oddly enough, she suddenly developed a terrible fear of going upstairs to her room alone. Some one always had to go with her. She would look under the bed, behind the door, in the closet. The thing kept her awake at night. She stood low in her classes, but that did not seem to make any difference to her; she appeared to have lost all interest in her marks. She neglected her studies in a way that completely bewildered her friends. She had made up her mind to enjoy herself at all costs; and she succeeded wretchedly. It was a miserable, unhappy year. You would not have recognized her as the girl of the year before.

Another summer came. She had a perfect vacation. Most of the time she lived out of doors in camp, sleeping well, eating heartily, dressing comfortably, taking plenty of moderate exercise with wholesome companions.

Back in college once more—she was a junior now—she took the lead in her class. There was not the slightest trace of that fear of the dark; she never thought of hesitating to go upstairs alone. She had a splendid time all throughout her junior year—and she did this without making any effort for it, either.

The difference between those two years was merely a difference in fatigue. Consecutive fatigue in the one case had "let down" the girl's whole personality—mentally, morally, physically; in the other case, the per-

sonality was lifted. In that junior year she was not only a better person—she was a different person. She possessed happiness, independence, and self-control. She belonged to another level of civilization, one which not only held the lower things in subjection, but added higher things thereto.

Fatigue has a definite order in which it knocks us to pieces. It begins at the top and works down. I have spoken of this before, but I want to emphasize it.

In minor ways, we observe the workings of the principle in ourselves every time we get thoroughly tired. The first thing that slips out of our control is the power or strength or skill that we have most recently acquired; earlier acquisitions stick by us longer. A tired man will stumble in speaking a foreign language, while still able to talk English readily. School-children at the multiplication-table stage of their education will, when tired, forget their advanced tables long before they slip up on the earlier ones—not because the later tables have not been successfully committed to memory, but because they have not sunk in so deeply; they are not "ingrained" yet. The earlier table rattles off with the facility of a perfect reflex; the later ones still involve a certain conscious effort.

I have seen the same thing repeatedly in musicians. After severe muscular exertion, they would still be able to play correctly difficult pieces that they had long been familiar with; but they failed entirely with simple things that they had been recently working on and constantly practising. Under similar circumstances, I have noticed dancers forget their more newly practised steps.

These people could all do something more difficult than the thing they were unable to do; but the more difficult thing had been learned earlier and had become thoroughly mechanized—more like an instinct, which never fails to "do the rest" when the button is touched.

Now take the racial side of it. Some of the elements that enter into

the making of us are as old as life itself—hunger, for example, the sexual instinct, self-interest, fear, and the like. Those are rock-bottom things. It is on the basis of them that countless generations of community life and parental responsibility have built up a superstructure of finer qualities: unselfishness, for example, devotion to an idea (such as the God-idea), chastity, self-control, judgment. These are acquisitions that have been fought and suffered for, and we only hold on to them by constant struggle.

But when we are fatigued, we don't struggle very ardently. All these less-secure holdings are promptly attacked and demoralized. Fatigue lowers our control-ability far sooner than it lowers our anger-ability.

Tired men go on speecs. That is one result of overwork.

Just as fatigue lessens our ability to withstand diseases—which attack the physical man—so it lessens our ability to withstand temptations, which attack the moral man. This is not because the temptations are more numerous, but because there is less energy of resistance. The fact that typhoid fever takes hold of people who are overworked is not because overworked people drink a greater number of typhoid bacilli in their milk, but because the white corpuscles in their blood are not vigorous enough. They are without resistance power.

The girl I was speaking of had gone back whole epochs in the history of civilization. The fear that had laid hold of her was the world-old racial fear—the fear of the dark. And she had nothing to withstand it with, having lost her self-control through fatigue. Instinct had supplanted reason in such matters.

Fatigue promptly attacks and undermines our sense of proportion. I know of no better illustration of this than the way we will leave our professional work. When I am really fatigued, it is very difficult for me to go home when the time comes. It is, of course, true that there are always little things remaining to be done; but when I am especially tired, I cannot distinguish between

those which are important enough to keep me and those which are not. I only see how many things there are still undone; and I tend to go on and on.

If I see a scrap of paper on the floor, I cannot help going out of my chair and taking time to pick up that wretched thing and put it in my waste basket. It assumes, somehow, the same importance in my mind with that of thinking out my to-morrow's schedule. I will stay and potter about little things that do not need attention. My sense of balance, of proportion and perspective, is gone. I've lost my eye for the cash value of things.

A man whose mind is in good condition can stand off from his work, look at it in the bulk, and say to this item, "You need doing right away"; to another, "You're unimportant, you can wait"; and to another, "Somebody else can look out for you." No fatigued person can see things straight.

And the moral of that is: Don't make any important decisions except when your mind is fresh.

With the best intentions in the world, many men commit an economic sin right here. They come to the office in the morning with a good bunch of enthusiasm and clear-headedness to their credit. They feel it; and so they say: "Come, let us be virtuous. Let us get rid of these million and one small left-overs. That will clear the way for the big matters on the docket." There's nothing that uses up nervous energy faster than a long series of fussy responsibilities. When it comes time later for the big things—the important decision, the diplomatic letter—these conscientious spend-thrifts have neither heart nor head left for them.

The big things should be done first.

Every man at his best is a man of mark, if he only knew it. When he is up to his top range he is a man with a special power and with a special opportunity. It is a pity that he should throw away that special power on the accomplishment of small, everyday respon-

sibilities that do not need special power—drudgery that could be put through with equal success when the first fine-cutting edge of his mind was

dulled—for when he has done this he has thrown away his special opportunity as well. The big thing is the opportunity for the big man.

In Blackwater Pot

By Charles G. D. Roberts in *Everybody's*

THE lesson of fear was one that Henderson learned late. He learned it well, however, when the time came. And it was Blackwater Pot that taught him.

Sluggishly, reluctantly, impotently, the spruce logs followed one another round and round the circuit of the great stone Pot. The circling water within was smooth, and deep, and black, but streaked with foam. At one side a deep rent in the rocky rim opened upon the sluicing current of the river, which rushed on, quivering and seething, to plunge with a roar into the terrific caldron, of the falls. Out of that thunderous caldron filled with huge tramlings and the shriek of tortured torrents, rose a white curtain of spray, which every now and then swayed upward and drenched the green birches that grew about the rim of the pot. For the break in the rim, which caught at the passing current and sucked it into the slow swirls of Blackwater Pot, was not a dozen feet from the lip of the falls.

Henderson sat at the foot of a ragged white birch that leaned from the upper rim of the pot. He held his pipe unlighted, while he watched the logs with a half fascinated stare. Outside, in the river, he saw them, in a clumsy, panic haste, wallowing down the white rapids to their awful plunge. When a log came down close along shore, its fate hung for a second or two in doubt. It might shoot straight on, over the lip, into the wavering curtain of spray, and vanish into the horror of the caldron. Or, at the last moment, the eddy might reach out stealthily and drag it into the sullen,

wheeling procession within the Pot. All that it gained, here, however, was a terrible kind of respite, a breathing space of agonized suspense. As it circled around, and came again to the opening by which it had entered, it might continue on another eventless revolution, or it might, according to the whim of the eddy, be cast forth irretrievably into the clutch of the awful sluice. Sometimes two logs, after a pause in what seemed like a secret death struggle, would crowd each other out and go over the falls together. And sometimes, on the other hand, both would make the circuit safely again and again. But always, at the cleft in the rim of the Pot, there was the moment of suspense, the shuddering, terrible pause.

It was this recurring moment that seemed to fasten itself balefully upon Henderson's imagination, so that he forgot to smoke. He had looked down into Blackwater before, but never when there were any logs in the Pot. Moreover, on this particular morning, he was overwrought with weariness. For a little short of three days he had been at the utmost tension of body, brain, and nerve, in hot but wary pursuit of a desperado whom it was his duty, as deputy sheriff of his county, to capture and bring to justice. This outlaw, a French half-breed known through the length and breadth of the wild backwoods country as "Red Pichot," was the last but one—and accounted the most dangerous—of a band that Henderson had undertaken to break up. Henderson had been deputy for two years—and owed his appointment primarily to his pre-eminent fitness for this very

task. Unacquainted with fear, he was at the same time unrivalled through the backwoods counties for his subtle woodcraft, his sleepless endurance, and his cunning. It was two years now since he had set his hand to the business. One of the gang had been hanged. Two were in the penitentiary, on life sentence. Henderson had justified his appointment—to every one except himself. For while Pichot, and his gross-witted tool, "Bug" Mitchell, went unchanged, Henderson felt himself on probation, if not shamed. Mitchell he despised. But Pichot, the brains of the gang, he honored with a personal hatred that held a streak of rivalry. For Pichot, though a beast for cruelty and treachery, and with the murder of a woman on his black record—which placed him, according to Henderson's ideas, in a different category from a mere killer of men—was at the same time a born leader and of a courage that none could question. Some chance dash of Scotch Highland blood in his mixed veins had set a mop of hot red hair above his black, implacable eyes and cruel dark face. It had touched his villainies, too, with an imagination that made them the more atrocious. And Henderson's hate for him as a man was mixed with respect for the adversary worthy of his powers.

Reaching the falls, Henderson had been forced to acknowledge that, once again, Pichot had outwitted him on the trail. Satisfied that his quarry was by this time far out of reach among the tangled ravines on the other side of Two Mountains he dismissed the three tired river men who constituted his posse bidding them go on down the river to Greensville and wait for him. It was his plan to hunt alone for a couple of days, in the hope of catching his adversary off guard. He had an ally, unsuspected and invaluable, in a long-legged, half-wild youngster of a girl, who lived alone with her father in a clearing about a mile below the falls, and who regarded Henderson with a childlike hero worship. This shy little savage, whom all the Settlement knew as "Baisleys Sis," had an intuitive know-

ledge of the wilderness and the trails that rivalled even Henderson's accomplished woodcraft; and the indomitable deputy "set great store," as he would have put it, by her friendship. He would go down presently to the clearing and ask some questions of the child. But first he wanted to do a bit of thinking.

It was while he was looking down into the terrible eddy that his efforts to think failed him, and his pipe went out, and his interest in the fortunes of the captive logs gradually took the hold of a nightmare upon his overwrought imagination. One after one he would mark, snatched in by the capricious eddy and held back a little while from its doom. One after one he would see crowded out at last, by inexplicable whim, and hurled on into the raging horror of the falls. He fell to personifying this captive log or that, endowing it with sentence, and imagining its emotions each time it circled shuddering past the cleft in the rim, once more precariously reprieved. At last, either because he was more deeply exhausted than he knew, or because he had fairly dropped asleep with his eyes open and had let his fantastic imaginings slip into a veritable dream, he felt himself suddenly become identified with one of the logs. It was one that was just drawing around to the fateful cleft. Would it win past once more? No—it was too far out! It felt the grasp of the outward suction—soft and insidious at first, then resistless as the fallings of a mountain. With straining nerves and pounding heart Henderson strove to hold it back by sheer will and the wrestling of his eyes. But it was no use. Slowly the head of the log turned outward from its circling fellows, quivered for a moment in the cleft, then shot smoothly forth in the sluice. With a groan Henderson came to his senses, starting up, and catching instinctively at the butt of the heavy Colt's in his belt. At the same instant the coil of a rope settled over his shoulders, pinioning his arms to his sides, and he was jerked backward with a violence that fairly lifted him over the projecting root of

the birch. As he fell his head struck a stump; and he knew nothing more.

When he came to his senses, he found himself in a most bewildering position. He was lying face downward along a log, his mouth pressed upon the rough bark. His arms and legs were in the water, on either side of the log. Other logs moved past him sluggishly. For a moment he thought himself still in the grip of his nightmare, and he struggled to wake himself. The struggle revealed to him that he was bound fast upon the log. At this his wits cleared up, with a pang that was more near despair than anything he had ever known. Then his nerve steadied itself back into its wonted control.

He realized what had befallen him. His enemies had back-trailed him, and had caught him off his guard. He was just where, in his awful dream, he had imagined himself as being. He was bound to one of the logs, down in the great stone pot of Blackwater Eddy.

For a second or two the blood in his veins ran ice, as he braced himself to feel the log lurch out into the sluice and plunge into the maelstrom of the abyss. Then he observed that the other logs were overtaking and passing him. His log, indeed, was not moving at all. Evidently, then, it was being held by some one. He tried to look around, but found himself so fettered that he could lift his face only a few inches from the log. This enabled him to see the whole surface of the eddy, and the fateful cleft, and out across the raving torrents into the white curtain that swayed above the caldron. But he could not, with the utmost twisting and stretching of his neck, see more than a couple of feet up the smooth stone sides of the Pot.

As he strained on his bonds he heard a harsh chuckle behind him; and the log, suddenly loosed with a jerk that showed him it had been held by a pike-pole, began to move. A moment later the sharp, steel-armed end of the pike-pole came down smartly on the forward end of the log, within a dozen inches of Henderson's head,

biting a secure hold. The log again came to a stop. Slowly, under pressure from the other end of the pike-pole, it rolled outward, submerging Henderson's right shoulder, and turning his face till he could see all the way up the sides of the Pot.

What he saw, on a ledge about three feet above the water, was Red Pichot, holding the pike pole and smiling down upon him smoothly. On the rim above squatted Bug Mitchell, scowling, and gripping his knife as if he thirsted to settle all scores on the instant. Imagination was lacking in Mitchell's make-up; and he was impatient—so far as he dared to be—of Pichot's fantastic procrastinations.

When Henderson's eyes met the evil, smiling glance of his enemy, they were steady and cold as steel. To Henderson, who had always, in every situation, felt himself master, there remained now no mastery but that of his own will, his own spirit. In his estimation there could be no death so dreadful but that to let his spirit cower before his adversary would be tenfold worse. Helpless though he was, in a position that was ignominiously horrible, and with an appalling doom close before his eyes, his nerve never failed him. With cool contempt and defiance he met Red Pichot's smile.

"I've always had an idee," said the half-breed presently, in a smooth voice that penetrated the mighty vibrations of the falls, 'ez how a chap on a log could paddle roun' this yere eddy fur a hell of a while, afore he'd hev to git sucked out into the sluice!"

As a theory this was undoubtedly interesting. But Henderson made no answer.

"I've held that idee," continued Pichot, after a civil pause, "but I hain't never yet found a man, nor a woman nuther, as was willin' to give it a fair trial. Them as I've asked to try it jest chucked up their han's after the first round, an' went on over without a word of apology."

"I'm sorry I can't spit on you, Pichot," remarked Henderson at this point.

"Don't mention it," answered Pichot politely.

"Aw, jab yer pole into his guts, an' shove him off!" interjected Mitchell.

"You keep yer mouth shet, ye swine!" retorted Pichot. "What do you know about how to treat a gentleman? You ain't got no repose. But ez I was about to say, Mr. Henderson, when we was so rudely interrupted, I feel sure ye're the man to oblige me. I've left yer arms kinder free, leastways from the elbows down, an' yer legs also, more er less, so's ye'll be able to paddle easy like. The walls of the Pot's all worn so smooth, below high-water mark, there's nothin' to ketch on to, so there'll be nothin' to take off yer attention. I'm hopin' ye'll give the matter a right fair trial. But ef ye gits tired an' feels like givin' up, why, don't consider my feelin's. There's the falls a-waitin'. An' I ain't a-goin' to bear no grudge ef ye don't quite come up to my expectations of you."

As Pichot ceased his measured harangue, he jerked his pike-pole loose. Instantly the log began to forge forward, joining the reluctant procession. For a few moments Henderson felt like shutting his eyes and his teeth, and letting himself go on with all speed to the inevitable doom. Then, with scorn of the weak impulse, he changed his mind. To the last gasp he would maintain his hold on life, and give fortune a chance to save him. When he could no longer resist, then it would be fate's responsibility, not his.

The log to which he was bound was on the extreme outer edge of the procession, and Henderson realized that there was every probability of its being at once crowded out, the moment it came to the exit. With a desperate effort he succeeded in catching the log nearest to him, pushing it ahead, and at last, just as they came opposite the cleft, steering his own log into its place. The next second it shot quivering into the sluice; and Henderson, with a sudden cold sweat jumping out all over him, circled slowly past the awful cleft. A shout of

ironical congratulation came to him from the watchers on the brink above. But he hardly heard it, and heeded it not at all. He was striving frantically, paddling forward with one hand and backward with the other, to steer his sluggish, deep-floating log from the outer to the inner circle. He had already observed that to be on the outer edge would mean instant doom for him, because the outward suction was stronger underneath than on the surface, and his weighted log caught its force before the others did. His arms were so bound that only from the elbows down could he move them freely. He did, however, by a struggle that left him gasping, succeed in working in behind another log—just in time to see that log, too, sucked out into the abyss, leaving him, once more, on the deadly outer flank of the circling procession.

This time Henderson did not know whether the watchers on the brink laughed or not, as he won past the cleft. He was scheming desperately to devise some less exhausting tactics. Steadily and rhythmically, but with his utmost force, he back-paddled with both hands and feet, till the progress of his log was almost stopped. Then he succeeded in catching yet another log as it passed, and maneuvering in behind it. By this time he was half way around the Pot again. Yet again, by his desperate back-paddling, he checked his progress—and presently, by most cunning manipulation, managed to edge in behind still another log, so that when he again came round to the cleft there were two logs between him and doom. The outermost of these, however, was dragged instantly forth into the fury of the sluice, thrust upon, as it was, by the grip of the suction upon Henderson's own deep log. Feeling himself on the point of utter exhaustion, he nevertheless continued back-paddling, and steering, and working inward, till he had succeeded in getting three files of logs between himself and the outer edge. Then, almost blind and with the blood roaring so loud in his ears that he could hardly hear the thunder of the falls, he hung on his log, pray-

ing that strength might flow back speedily into his veins and nerves.

Not till he had twice more made the circuit of the Pot, and twice more had seen a log sucked from his very elbow to leap into the white horror of the abyss, did Henderson stir. The brief stilness, controlled by his will, had rested him for a moment. He was cool now, keen to plan, cunning to husband his forces. Up to the very last second that he could maintain his hold on life, he held that there was always a chance of the unexpected.

With now just one log remaining between himself and death, he let himself go past the cleft—and saw that one log go out. Then, being close to the wall of the Pot, he tried to delay his progress by clutching at the stone with his left hand, and by dragging upon it with his foot. But the stone surface was worn so smooth by the age-long polishing of the eddy that these efforts availed him little. Before he realized it, he was almost around again; and only by the most desperate struggle did he succeed in saving himself. There was no other log near by, this time, for him to seize and thrust forward in his place. It was simply a question of his restricted paddling, with hands and feet, against the outward draft of the current. For nearly a minute the log hung in doubt, just before the opening, the current sucking at its head to turn it outward, and Henderson paddling against it not only with hands and feet, but with every ounce of will and nerve that his body contained. At last, inch by inch, he conquered. His log moved past the gate of death; and dimly, again, that ironical voice came down to him, piercing the roar.

Once past, Henderson fell to back-paddling again—not so violently now—till other logs came by within his reach and he could work himself into safety behind them. He was soon forced to the conviction that if he strove at just a shade under his utmost, he was able to hold his own and keep one log always between himself and the opening. But what was now his utmost, he realized, would very soon be far beyond his powers. Well, there

was nothing to do but keep on trying. Around and around, and again and again around the terrible smooth, deliberate circuit he went, sparing himself every ounce of effort that he could and always shutting his eyes as the log beside him plunged out into the sluice. Gradually, then, he felt himself becoming stupified by the ceaselessly recurring horror, with the prolonged suspense between. He must sting himself back to the full possession of his faculties by another burst of desperate effort. Fiercely he caught at log after log, without a let up, till, luck having favored him again, he found himself on the inner instead of the outer edge of the procession. Then an idea flashed into his fast-clouding brain and he cursed himself for not having thought of it before. At the very centre of the eddy, of course, there must be a sort of core of stillness. By a vehement struggle he attained, it, and avoided crossing it. Working gently and warily he kept the log right across the axis of the eddy, where huddled a crowd of chips and sticks. Here the log turned slowly, very slowly, on its own centre; and for a few seconds of exquisite relief Henderson let himself sink into a sort of lethargy.

He was aroused by a sudden shot and the spat of a heavy bullet into the log about three inches from his head. Even through the shaking thunder of the cataract he thought he recognized the voice of his own heavy colt's; and the idea of that tried weapon being turned against him filled him with childish rage. Without lifting his head he lay and cursed, grinding his teeth impotently. A few seconds later came another shot—and this time the ball went into the log just beside his right arm. Then he understood, and woke up. Pichot was a dead shot. This was his intimation that Henderson must get out into the procession again. At the centre of the eddy he was not sufficiently entertaining to his executioners. The thought of getting a bullet in his arm, which would merely disable him and deliver him over helpless to the outdraft, shook him with something near a panic. He fell

paddling with all his remaining strength, and drove his log once more into the horrible circuit. The commendatory remarks with which Pichot greeted this move went past his ears unheard.

Up to this time there had been a strong sun shining down into the Pot; and the trees about its rim had stood unstirred by any wind. Now, however, a sudden darkness settled over everything, and sharp, fitful gusts drew in through the cleft, helping to push the logs back. Henderson was by this time so near fainting from exhaustion that he hardly realized the way those great indrawing gusts, laden with spray, were helping him. He was paddling, and steering, and maneuvering for the inner circuit, almost mechanically. When suddenly the blackness about him was lighted with a blue glare, and the thunder crashed over the echoing Pot with an explosion that outroared the falls, he hardly noted it. When the skies seemed to open, letting down the rain in torrents, with a wind that blew it almost level, it made no difference to him.

But to this fierce storm, which bent almost double the trees around the rim of the Pot, Red Pichot and Mitchell were by no means so indifferent. About sixty or seventy yards below the falls they had a snug retreat that was also an outlook. It was a cabin, built in a recess of the wall of the gorge, and to be reached only by a narrow pathway easy of defense. When the storm broke in its fury, Pichot sprang to his feet.

"Let's git back to the Hole!" he cried to his companion, knocking the fire out of his pipe. "We kin watch out jest as well from there, an' see him come over, when his time comes. It won't be yet a while, fer this blow'll keep the logs in."

"Let's jab the pike-pole into his back first!" urged Mitchell. But Pichot turned on him savagely.

"It'd be too good fer him!" he snarled, letting slip, for the first time, his deadly smoothness. "D'ye fergit old Bill, with his neck stretched; an' Dandy, and the rest o' the boys, down

yonder, where they won't never git a smell o' the woods no more? Come on, an' hold yer fool jaw. He's got a good while yet to be cursin' the mother what bore him."

Pichot led the way off through the straining and hissing trees, and Mitchell followed, growling but obedient. Henderson, faint upon his log in the raving tumult, knew nothing of their going.

They had not been gone more than two minutes when a drenched little dark face, with black hair plastered over it in wisps, peered out from among the lashing birches and gazed down anxiously into the Pot. At the sight of Henderson on his log lying quite close to the edge, and far back from the dreadful cleft, the terror in the wild eyes gave way to inexpressible relief. The face drew back; and an instant later a bare-legged child appeared, carrying the pike-pole that Pichot had tossed into the bushes. Heedless of the sheeting volleys of the rain and the fierce gusts that whipped her dripping homespun petticoat about her knees, she clambered skilfully down the rock wall to the ledge whereon Pichot had stood.

Henderson was just beginning to recover from his daze and to notice the madness of the storm, when he felt something strike sharply on the log behind him. He knew it was the impact of a pike-pole—and he wondered, with a kind of scornful disgust, what Pichot could be wanting of him now. He felt the log being dragged backwards, then held close against the smooth wall of the Pot. A moment more and his bonds were being cut—but laboriously, as if with a small knife and by weak hands. Then he caught sight of the hands, which were little and brown, and rough—and realized with a great burst of wonder and tenderness that "Baisley's Sis," by some miracle of miracles, had come to the rescue. In a few seconds the ropes fell apart, and he lifted himself, to see the child stooping down with anxious adoration in her eyes.

"Sis!" he cried. "You!"

"Oh, Mr. Henderson, come quick!" she panted. "They may git back any

minnit." And clutching him by the shoulder, she tried to pull him up by main strength. But Henderson needed no urging. Life, with the return of hope, had surged back into nerve and muscle; and in hardly more time than it takes to tell it, the two had clambered side by side to the rim of the Pot, and darted into the covert of the tossing trees.

No sooner were they in hiding than Henderson remembered his rifle and slipped back to get it. His enemies had not discovered it. It had fallen into the moss, but the well-oiled, perfect-fitting chamber had kept its cartridges dry. With that weapon in his hands, Henderson felt himself once more master of the situation. Weariness and apprehension together slipped from him, and one purpose took complete possession of him. He would settle with Red Pichot right there, on the spot where he had been taught the terrible lesson of fear. He felt that he could not really feel himself a man again, unless he could wipe out the whole score before the sun of that day should set.

The rain and wind were diminishing now; the lightning was a mere shuddering gleam over the hill-tops beyond the river; and the thunder no longer made itself heard above the tumult of the falls. Henderson's plans were soon laid. Then he turned to Sis who stood silent and motionless close at his side, her big, alert shy eyes watching like a hunted deer's the trail by which Red Pichot might return to learn his victim's fate. She was trembling in her heart, at every moment that Henderson lingered within that zone of peril. But she would not presume to suggest any move. Suddenly Henderson laid an arm about her little shoulders.

"You saved my life, kid!" he said softly. "However did you know I was down there in that hell?"

"I jest knowed it was you, when I seen Red Pichot an' Bug Mitchell a-trackin' some one," answered the child, still keeping her eyes on the trail as if it were her part to see that Henderson was not again taken unawares. "I knowed it was you,

Mister Henderson—an' I followed 'em; an' oh, I seen it all, I seen it all! An' I 'most died—because I hadn't no gun! But I'd 'ave killed 'em both some day, sure, ef—ef they hadn't went away! But they'll be back now right quick."

Henderson bent and kissed her wet, black head, saying, "Bless you, kid! You an' me'll always be pals, I reckon!"

At the kiss the child's face flushed, and, for one second forgetting to watch the trail, she lifted her glowing eyes to his. But he was already looking away.

"Come on!" he muttered. "This ain't no place for you an' me yet!"

Making a careful circuit through the thick undergrowth swiftly, but silently as two wildcats, the strange pair gained a dense covert close beside the trail by which Pichot and Mitchell would probably return to the rim of the Pot. Safely ambuscaded, Henderson laid a hand firmly on the child's arm, resting it there for two or three seconds, as a sign of silence.

Minute after minute went by in the intense stillness—intense because the wind had dropped so suddenly that the world appeared to have gone breathless. At last the child, whose ears were keener even than Henderson's, caught her breath with a little indrawing gasp and looked up at her companion's face. Henderson understood, and every muscle stiffened. A moment later and he, too, heard the oncoming tread of hurried footsteps. Then Pichot went by at a swinging stride, with Mitchell skulking obediently at his heels.

Henderson half raised his rifle, and his face turned gray and cold like steel. But it was no part of his plan to shoot even Red Pichot in the back. From the manner of the two ruffians, it was plain that they had no suspicion of the turn that affairs had taken. To them it was as sure as that two and two make four, that Henderson was still on his log in the Pot, if he had not already gone over into the caldron. As they reached the rim, Henderson stepped out into the trail behind them,

his gun balanced ready like a trap-shooter's.

As Pichot, on the very brink, looked down into the Pot and saw that his victim was no longer there, he saw also that half the logs that had swung there when he went away had been sucked out. The wind that had held them back for a time had also crowded an unusual mass of water into the eddy. So, when the wind fell, there was an unwonted energy to the outdraft. The Pot was still emptying itself vigorously, log after log being shot forth into the horror below. It was all very clear to Red Pichot, and he turned to Mitchell with a smile of mingled triumph and disappointment.

But, on the instant, the smile froze on his face. It was as if he had felt the cold gray gaze of Henderson on the back of his neck. Some warning, certainly, was flashed to that mysterious sixth sense which the people of the wild, man or beast, seem sometimes to be endowed. He wheeled like lightning, his revolver seeming to leap up from his belt with the same motion. But in the fraction of a second that his eyes met Henderson's they met the white flame-spurt of Henderson's rifle—and then, the dark.

As Pichot's body collapsed, it toppled over the rim into Blackwater Pot, and fell across two moving logs. Mitchell had thrown up his hands, straight above his head, when Pichot fell, knowing instantly that this was his only hope of escaping the same fate as his leader's. One look at Henderson's face, however, satisfied him that he was not going to be dealt with on the spot; and he set his thick jaw stolidly. Then his eyes wandered down into the Pot, followed the leader whom, in his way, he had loved,

if ever he had loved any one or anything. Fascinated, his stare followed the two logs as they journey around, with Pichot's limp form, face upward, sprawled across them. They reached the cleft, turned, and shot forth into the raving of the sluice—and a groan of horror burst from Mitchell's lips. By this Henderson knew what had happened—and, to his immeasurable self-scorn, a qualm of remembered fear caught sickeningly at his heart. But nothing of this betrayed itself in his face or voice.

"Come on, Mitchell!" he said briskly. "I'm in a hurry. You jest step along in front; an' see ye keep both hands well up over yer head, er ye'll be savin' the county the cost o' yer rope. Step out, now."

He stood aside, with Sis at his elbow, to make room. As Mitchell passed, his hands held high, a mad light flamed up into his sullen eyes, and he was on the point of springing like a wolf at his captor's throat. But Henderson's look was cool and steady, and his gun held low. The impulse flickered out in the brute's dull veins. But as he glanced at Sis, he suddenly understood that it was she who had brought all this to pass. His black face snarled upon her like a wolf's at bay, with an inarticulate curse more horrible than any words could make it. With a shiver, the child slipped behind Henderson's back and hid her face.

"Don't be skeered o' him, Kid, not one little mite!" said Henderson gently. "He ain't a-goin' to trouble this earth no more. An' I'm goin' to git yer father a job, helpin' me, down somewhere's near Greenville, because I couldn't sleep nights, knowin' ye was runnin' round anywhere's near that hell-hole yonder!"

The First Rule for Husband and Wife

By William Jennings Bryan in *Ladies' Home Journal*

ONLY a few begin life with an inheritance so large as to make economy unnecessary. With the vast majority of young men and young women the life plan includes the gradual accumulation of a fortune. If the word "gradual" is objected to it is enough to say that, as a rule, the accumulation is gradual, even though the imagination may picture a rapid rise. And gradual accumulation is better, after all, than getting rich in haste. "That which comes easy goes easy." We need the discipline that struggle brings.

Of course, some young men will marry rich, and busy themselves with the care of the wife's property; while some young women will marry a fortune and be relieved (if relief it can be called) of the necessity for careful saving. But rules are made for the multitude rather than for the exceptions, and to the multitude long years of patient self-denial and rigid restraint upon expenditures precede the years spent on "Easy Street."

It is not necessary to dwell here upon the demoralizing influence of "great expectations," or to philosophize upon the strengthening effect of wholesome poverty. It is sufficient to take the situation as we find it and consider life as it presents itself to the average young couple. The husband and wife make their plans together, or should; they enter heartily upon their work: she as willing to sacrifice as he is to labor—and her willingness to save is as important a factor in their success as is his ability to earn.

The first rule that they need to learn is to live within their means. In fact, this is so important a rule that for the purpose of this article it may be considered as the only rule necessary. Without its observance other rules are useless. No matter how much money a man may make, he will finally become a bankrupt if

his income is less than his outgo. It is possible, of course, that one may by extravagance purchase a business standing that he does not deserve, and by lucky ventures retrieve what he has spent. But such a course has in it all the elements of a lottery, and usually brings in its train the ruin that overtakes the gamester. It is not for the gambler or for those who would play at hazard that these lines are written. The honest, well-meaning young man who is willing to give to society a service equal in value to the reward which he asks, and the real helpmate who becomes his wife because she is willing to share his sorrows as well as his joys, his trials as well as his triumphs—these are the ones whom I have in mind.

When a family lives beyond its means the cause can generally be found in one of the three reasons: in false pride, in a lack of honesty or in an unwillingness to make a present sacrifice for a future gain. Of these three a false pride is probably the most frequent. The young people want to commence where the parents left off. The first generation begins modestly, rises slowly, and by the time the children are grown, lives in comfort. The second generation is often ashamed to begin in the same way, but want to start with the comforts and then add the luxuries at once. Sometimes the young lady of marriageable age feels that it would be beneath her station to marry one who had to commence at the bottom of the ladder as her father did, and the poor young man, knowing the sentiment that prevails in society, hesitates to ask her to share his privations. He may have ambition, good health, good habits and high ideals; he may feel sure that in a quarter of a century he will be able to provide her a better home than the one she has at present, but will she be willing to wait for these things and endure the

slighting remarks of her girl-companions who are looking for more "eligible" suitors?

This question has caused many a lover to pause, and it has prevented many more from reaching the lover-stage. Possibly an injustice is done the girl in assuming that she demands all the comforts of modern life, and it is not straining the truth to say that many a maid has been so hedged about by the influence of her father's wealth that no one but an adventurer will pay court to her.

Even when love has led them into a union the husband and wife sometimes lack the moral courage to admit before the world the meagreness of their income. They pay more rent than they can afford to pay, dress better than they can afford to dress, entertain more than they can afford to entertain, or travel when they cannot spare the money that traveling costs. The effort to live as well, to dress as well, and to spend as much as the richest one in their social set has caused the downfall of many. And what is the use? No one is deceived. The neighbors know, as a rule, about what one's income is, and if we live beyond it those who help us spend our money will criticise us behind our backs and think the less of us because of the deception attempted.

"We cannot afford it" is a valuable phrase; it is often worth a fortune. It is a manly phrase, and a womanly phrase, too. It will alienate no one whose friendship is worth having; as a matter of fact, one is fortunate to lose a friend who takes offense at that admission when spoken in truth. Candor is a virtue which disarms criticism and wins admiration, even from those who lack it themselves.

As against the false pride of the man who conceals his financial condition from his wife, or which leads the wife to adopt a scale of living beyond the husband's means, let us consider the merit of the opposite position. There is a pride that is justifiable: the pride of the man and woman who scorn false pretense and refuse to compromise with self-respect. They earn what they can, and, having

done the best they can, look the world in the face. They buy what they can pay for, and are free from the servitude which debt always enforces. Laying aside a little each year they see hope in the future instead of despair. It is no day-dream that pictures a larger house and "provision for a rainy day." In such a family a child is not a dread visitation, but a welcome sharer of an increasing store. Between the false pride that means final disgrace and agonizing suspense before exposure comes—between this and the dignified admission of limited means, who can hesitate to choose the latter? And yet thousands of families to-day are filling the present with dread and sowing the winds from which whirlwinds spring because they are ashamed to live within their means.

There is an element of honesty in this question, too, which cannot be overlooked. Not that one who lives extravagantly always intends to be dishonest, but is there not lacking a rightly-adjusted sense of honor? The embezzler seldom enters deliberately upon the commission of his crime. He borrows the money, expecting to be able to pay it back, but loses it in speculation or squanders it, and, finally, when repayment is demanded he stands forth a violator of the law. So there is incipient embezzlement in purchases made when one is not sure of being able to pay. For is it honest to run accounts and trust to chance to find the means with which to make payment? The landlord, the grocer, the tailor and the dressmaker are in a position to compare the various standards of integrity, and some are deplorably low. There are two ways of being untruthful: saying that which is known to be false, and saying that which is not known to be true. And so there are two kinds of dishonesty: the contraction of a debt with the intention of not paying it, and the contraction of a debt without knowing how it is to be paid.

To be sure, there may be cases of sickness or emergency when a person must buy on credit, and in such cases honesty requires that the creditor

shall know the facts and take the risk voluntarily; but these cases should not be confounded with living beyond one's means. A semi-intentional fraud is practiced when to keep up appearances one runs into debt without reasonable prospect of payment, and yet the guilty party would probably indignantly resent the charge of dishonesty.

Dishonesty in financial transactions is a blood relative of falsehood, and there are several other members of the family, large and small. Extravagance is in itself another form of untruthfulness, for it is usually the acting of a lie. Every young lawyer who has commenced the practice of his profession with the collection of accounts gathers some amusing illustrations of the prevarication which is resorted to by those who buy without knowing when or how payment is to be made.

The mildest indictment that can be made against those who live beyond their means is that they are willing to purchase to-morrow's sorrow with to-day's enjoyment, or, to state it more accurately, are unwilling to make a little sacrifice to-day in order to secure a large advantage in the future. And yet, after all, this is quite a severe indictment, for one of the important differences between the savage and the civilized man is that the former must realize upon every investment at once, while the latter provides for to-morrow. Comfort during life's decline is a sort of annuity which one buys with the savings of his earlier years. The student sacrifices an opportunity to make a few dollars when he continues his studies, but he thereby lays up a capital far greater than he could accumulate in any other way. And so, those who save little by little by limiting self-indulgence have not only the pleasure of seeing their fortune grow, but they also have the wellbeing and security from want which come with a competency. Self-indulgence pays no dividends, while self-denial yields an annual return.

There is moral development as well as pecuniary advantage in the avoid-

ance of debt. Control over one's self is essential to character, and regular, systematic saving involves the curbing of the appetite, the suppression of vanity and the strengthening of the will. Of course, this does not mean that economy should be carried to the point of parsimony: the heart is shriveled by the stifling of benevolence. There should be systematic giving in proportion to income, but this is entirely consistent with a scrutiny of expenditures. It may even be asserted that those who are strict with themselves are generally more willing, as well as more able, to give to worthy causes than those who exhaust their resources in the cultivation of their own selfishness.

There is, however, a mean between the two extremes illustrated by the miser and the spendthrift, and it is for this mean that one should aim. There is an ideal that avoids both stinginess and wastefulness, and this is the ideal that public opinion should urge upon the newly-married. And that the ideal may be the more readily accepted after marriage, it should be presented to the young before marriage. There are hundreds of thousands of families in this country following this ideal now, and they are the strength and moral fibre of the land. The man and woman drawn together by the indissoluble ties of love—planning and working together, mutually helpful, mutually forbearing and sharing fully in each other's confidence—these represent the home that has given to American domestic life its high position. These people buy only what they have the money to buy; they claim a fair reward for their labor and yet give good measure in their service, and, laying aside year by year, they travel life's path together, their independence increasing as they proceed. Their children are trained to prudence by example as well as precept, and their own position in society and business becomes each day more secure. Such a couple can contemplate old age with serenity, and in their family life present the fittest earthly type of Heaven.

Life in an Under-River Tunnel Tube

By A. W. Rolker in Appleton's

AMONG the unsung heroes who risk their lives in the dynamite mills, in the rubber armor beneath the sea, on the decks of storm-lashed wrecking vessels, or deep beneath daylight rending minerals out of the bowels of the earth, not one faces graver peril or a more harrowing death than the under-river tunneler. Like the marine worm that bores its way through spiles or into ships' keels, drilling farther and farther and lining its diminutive tunnel with a calcareous substance, so the under-river tunnel man gouges patiently across a river bed, risking death in dreadful forms, and as he proceeds he lays the gigantic cast-iron tubes through which freight and passenger trains will thunder deep beneath the water.

Inside the grewsome quiet and the blackness of that tube, the tunneler works in the highest air pressure which it is possible for the human heart to endure and almost every instant he is within an ace of death. Sometimes from the "heading" there comes a deep bass thud as if from an explosion, and the river breaks in; men fleeing through the darkness for their lives, each ready to risk life for the sake of a maimed or injured comrade, yet none knowing who may have been left behind struggling madly in the avalanches of mud that pour upon him, holding him like quicksands that rise and rise, choking him to death as the ooze closes overhead and buries him alive. Sometimes, owing to the excessive air pressure which is necessary, men drop dead in their tracks; or they are overtaken with the dread "bends" that double up strong men like jackknives and torture them in the agonies of an excruciating pain, which is as if veins and arteries were filled with a million needles trying to pierce their way out.

Accidents like these, however, are mere temporary interruptions. Not

infrequently if there are green hands among the men, these quit the job, appalled by the frightful experiences. But such men are not the ideal tunnelers. The real tunneler simply waits until he can repair the damage and then proceeds as if nothing had happened. If one of his comrades drops dead, the body is borne to the tunnel mouth, the coroner and the man's family are notified, the tunneler chips in to buy a floral piece and continues work. If he gets the "bends" and is paralyzed, he is taken to his home to eke out an existence somehow while he sits dreaming of the excitement of the days under the river bed; and if he gets the "bends" in a milder form he returns the next day to grasp the handle of his shovel and take chances all over again. In short, about the work there is a fascination that grips a man even as blue water grips a sailor.

What is this fascination? The excitement of listening for the dull boom as the river bed gives way and Niagaras of water come pouring in. The excitement of running, falling, and scrambling madly through pitch darkness to the nearest air lock. The excitement of never knowing when leaving home for work whether one will be alive that night. In short, it is the same old gambling spirit which impels the rich man to hunt the grizzly, the rhinoceros, and the tiger, and which lures the less well provided into working in dizzy mid-air on suspension bridges and risking his life in the daily pursuit of his duties. This craving for adventure and the chances of making high wages and the liberality with which the companies are obliged to treat those at the front, these are the attractions that hold the men.

The best time to see the typical under-river tunneler is every two hours at the tunnel entrance when a shift gathers to relieve a shift below, two

hours being the limit of time which men may spend when working continuously under high pressure.

An unlovely, conglomerate lot is one of these gangs in muck-spattered garments, sprawling on tool boxes or dirt cars, squirting tobacco juice, sucking black clay pipes, and exchanging coarse jests, and little they resemble the sort of "heroes" we paint as staying unflinchingly at posts or saving human lives in times of danger.

Widely though the individuals differ in appearance and traits, in some respects they are almost identical. They are men absolutely sound as to heart and lung and they are temperate in the use of liquors, and no man is engaged until he has been examined by the company's physician and received a certificate. Owing to the work under high pressure, the eyes of the men are strikingly beautiful, being clear and penetrating, rivaling the eyes of a young society beauty. And lastly, among the men is that spirit of brotherhood which comes to those on the high seas when crowded into a lifeboat. None of them has imagination enough to be seriously affected by the dangers confronting him; yet none knows whose name will be the next to be stricken from the pay roll. Shoulder to shoulder all stand against the common enemy—the river.

To understand the dangers to which the "sand hog" is subjected it is necessary to understand only the difficulties that confront the engineer in chief and the method by which his men build the tunnel. In order to prevent the necessity of deep approaches on either shore end, it is requisite, of course, to build the tubes just as near as possible to the surface of the river bed, which consists not of solid ground or gravel but of mud and muck and silt, into which you would sink over neck and ears were you to step on it, and, still worse, upon which the river bears with a pressure of between thirty and forty pounds per square inch. How to undermine this treacherous under-river swamp without being buried alive and how to lay the pair of gigantic tubes of two-inch-thick steel, measuring be-

tween sixteen and twenty-three feet in diameter and weighing more than six thousand pounds per lineal foot, this is the question that is before the tunnel.

To accomplish the feat he begins within one hundred feet of the river edge, sinks an enormous cylindrical shaft between ninety and one hundred feet in diameter and in depth, and from the bottom of this begins to bore the excavations. As he proceeds he lines the excavations with a shell of steel, in itself an ingenious device. For this shell, or "tube," is built up of a series of rings twenty-four inches wide and twenty-three feet in diameter, and provided along each circumference with flanges turned inward so the rings may be bolted together rim for rim from within. In turn, each ring consists of eight segments, provided with similar flanges, the eight segments when bolted together forming, of course, the complete circle.

When the tunnel has been driven to the river edge where the bed threatens to break in, the tunneler installs what is known as a "shield." He telescopes a gigantic fifty-ton steel cap which fits over the end of the tube as the brass cap fits over the object glass of a telescope and the cylindrical surface of which extends not only ten feet over the end of the tube but ten feet in the opposite direction, forming a cutting edge to slice through the mud as a cook might use the lid of a baking powder can to cut forms out of a slab of dough. The core which is cut out is squeezed into the tunnel through doors in the "shield." From there it is wheeled to the tunnel mouth and hoisted up the shaft in dirt cars.

The "shield" alone, however, would be slight protection against the harrowing death that threatens the tunnel. It is necessary to prop up the river bed at the heading, and the only means of doing this is to pump the tunnel so full of compressed air that the pressure against the undermined surface of the muck is the same as that which bears down and threatens to collapse the excavation. In other

words, the tunneler pumps the tunnel full of air just as an automobilist inflates the tires of his car, the tunnel becoming an enormous air cushion, which presses uniformly in all directions, supporting the weight of the river as a distended football supports the weight of a man.

From the beginning when the company's physician first takes you in hand until at last you see God's sunshine again, the sensations you experience in going to the heading of an under-river tunnel are those of danger and surprise.

"Never been down before?" the doctor asks. "In that case you'll need instructions. It's not a very nice place down below, and if at any time you suspect you are not going to feel just right come up at once.

"Where you are going you will be under an air pressure of forty pounds to the square inch. Literally, that means that against every inch long and wide of the surface of your body there will be a pressure as if a chunk of iron weighing forty pounds were resting against it. The only thing that will prevent you from being smashed is that you will gradually be put under pressure until the inside of your body is filled with the same pressure as is against its outside. And that means that your heart and lungs and your other organs will be subjected to a strain they never before have been called upon to withstand. Your guide will tell you what to do in the air lock when the pressure is turned on, and he has orders to bring you back either at your request or when he thinks you have had enough.

"You go down at your own risk. No matter what precautions we may take, there is always the chance that you will come up with the 'bends' or that your heart may stop.

"And now, have you eaten a hearty meal within two hours? It is not safe to go down with a full stomach. Have you been temperate in the use of alcoholic drink? Then we will examine your heart and lungs with a stethoscope, and if they're all right you can go to the dressing shed where the

keeper will tog you out in oilskins and sou'wester."

As you follow your guide into the mouth of the tunnel, you find yourself at the entrance of what resembles a gigantic sewer pipe, in diameter from three to four times the height of a man. A breath of heavy air as if from a cave greets you. The temperature is chill and the atmosphere clammy and misty, and as the fog is drawn into your lungs it is as if a bandage suddenly had been wound round and round your chest.

At intervals of fifty feet incandescent lights wink and blink through green-gray mist, shedding sickly rays upon slippery boards between two narrow-gauge tracks, and before you have stumbled and floundered 300 yards you can see for yourself that you have left the shore line far behind and that you are indeed walking under a river bed. Above you, on all sides of you, is nothing but a rusty shell of two-inch-thick steel to keep a deluge of swamp from breaking in upon you. It is a thought that stays in the back of your head long after you think you are rid of it. Well it may. Overhead is the mighty river teeming with animal life and hurling its resistless myriads of tons to and fro in the grasp of ebb and flood. Ninety feet above your head is the river's surface, alive with ocean steamships and tugs and sailing craft and barges and ferryboats unsuspecting of the human atom lurking far beneath their keels.

If you stand still you hear these vessels, the thud of their side wheels or their propeller screws as these thrash the river, sending sounds like the rat-tat-tat of muffled sledges against the outside of the tube. Of the noises aboard ship you hear not a sound, for you are cut off from the world as completely as human may hope to be cut off and be able to return. No sounds save those of underwater noises greet you from above. Not a sign is there of the countless sensations by which ordinarily your eyes and ears and nose and nerves, and even your tongue continuously assure you that you are alive. The only

sounds that greet you from within are the footsteps of your guide and the swish-swish as the oilskins chafe with every step.

Whatever uneasiness you have experienced so far has been due to your own imagination purely. Now, however, you are to get a taste of an actual encounter in the under-river world.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, out of the haze 200 yards away comes a roar as if the blow-off of an enormous steam boiler had been opened wide, and a dense white cloud comes rolling straight at you. An angry, quick, protracted roar it is that fills the tube and vibrates it with irresistible sound waves and drones and quavers inside your head until it hurts.

Coming expected in broad daylight the volume of the sound would startle you. Coming unexpected, in a dusky tunnel amid unusual conditions where every nerve stands on end and where momentarily you are expecting catastrophe, the surprise grips your heart strings. You gaze speechless at your guide, expecting to see him run. But whatever humor you may see later in the situation, this man does not seem to notice.

"Frightened you a bit I suppose," he says when the roar finally subsides. "Don't blame you. Everybody gets frightened first time they hear that. It's just the air lock exhausting. That 'steam' you see is just compressed air striking the rarer atmosphere and expanding, and that's what makes the tunnel full of fog. You don't want to mind what you see down here. It makes you wonder if you're going to get out alive. But an air lock is like most dogs—lots of noise and mighty little bite to it; and if you made a half-dozen trips through it you would not mind."

The air lock which the tunnel uses, it may be necessary to explain, is simply the contrivance or the chamber through which he enters or by means of which he leaves that part of the tunnel which is under pressure. Naturally, if he wants to pump the heading of the tunnel full of air he

must first cork up the tube. To do this he builds a solid steel air-tight wall across it. But how send men and dirt cars through this solid wall, every square inch of surface of which is under a pressure of forty pounds? To use an ordinary door is out of the question, for against a door measuring only three by five feet there is a pressure of 86,400 pounds; and even were it possible to force open the door against this pressure, a man caught in the sudden draught would be hurled clear out of the tunnel like a shell out of a gun.

To enable the tunnel to enter and to quit that section of the tunnel which is under pressure, he perforates the wall with a tube ten feet long five feet in diameter, and provides this tube with massive, steel, air-tight doors at either end, the door nearest the tunnel heading being known as the "heading door" and that nearer the tunnel mouth as the "mouth door." This is all there is to an air lock.

When the lock is set to admit you to the heading, the heading door is closed and the mouth door is open; the idea being simply that you enter the lock and shut the mouth door after you. Then, by means of a valve, pressure is gradually admitted from the heading into the lock until, when the pressure in the heading and the lock is the same, the heading door may be opened and you proceed to the front.

Walking toward this lock, your guide tells you what to do. "It may startle you some and may pain you a little once the pressure is turned on; but don't mind that. You'll go through all right," he says. "The trouble is that when the pressure is turned on it takes a little before the pressure inside of you is the same as that on the outside. Your lunks take it up quick enough. The trouble is to get it going inside your head, and on the inside of your ear drums, and that's what hurts. Then you must swallow often—chewing gum or a rubber band or a wad of paper or anything to increase the flow of saliva. Or else hold your nose shut and blow into it hard—so! You haven't a cold

in the head, have you? That would be bad, for you would not be able to get the air inside the drums and you might burst them.

"We'll put you through real gradually and gently and if you feel the strain is too much for you just touch my hand and we'll shut her off and go back. Don't be slow about turning tail. It isn't a matter of pluck. It's something no man can force when his insides say 'No.' But you'll get through all right, I guess."

What it means for the "sand hog" to pass in and out of an air lock is something that must be experienced to be appreciated.

As the mouth door of the lock closes behind you, you find yourself crouching on your heels ninety feet under a river bed in what appears to be a rusty, dingy section of water main lighted by a single incandescent lamp and big enough to contain twenty huddling men! If ever man set a fitting trap for the most grewsome end imaginable, this is the trap. And yet the lock tenders and your guide mind it no more than you would mind scaling to the twentieth story of an office building in an elevator.

As the lock keeper turns the valve, there is a scalp-raising screech as if your ear were next the safety valve of a locomotive blowing steam; and as the intruding air expands, it fills the tiny chamber with fog so dense that you cannot see your hand before your eyes. Wider and wider the valve is opened, the fog becoming even denser and the racket increasing until the air fairly drones and your eyes and ear drums and your very scalp tremble with the air that is vibrating about you. For the first time in your life you realize that sound may inflict physical pain and that there is a possibility that it may kill.

No sooner is the big valve opened than you feel the pressure against your ear drums. A big wad of cotton seems thrust into each ear and two big fingers seem to push the wads more and more firmly—until each time when you swallow or blow into your nose, the sensation disappears only to begin anew. Should you pur-

posely delay swallowing, within twenty seconds the pain becomes intense and finally excruciating as if a pair of knitting needles were being pushed deep into your ears.

Nothing short of the faith that others successfully withstand these sensations prevents you from becoming unduly excited, for actually you are in the throes of about as disagreeable a situation as you care to meet. For the eternity of half a minute the racket and fog and ear pains continue. Then the noises ceases as suddenly as it began. Out of the fog comes the voice of your guide:

"Feeling all right? Ears all right? No trouble to breathe? Oh, you'll be all right." Again the valve screeches and the air drones, the top of your head throbs, and you are shaken within and without.

Gradually, after the lapse of ten minutes, when the pressures in the heading and the lock become more equalized, the din begins to slacken; then it falls more and more, and fades to nothing, after which the lockman opens the heading door and you gaze upon another length of "tube" like that you left behind.

How does it feel to be under forty pounds pressure? There is no sensation to it. None whatever. Which is the trouble, for, in case your heart is going to give out, there is no warning symptom until too late. Against every square foot of the surface of your body is a pressure of 5,760 pounds, and the only thing that prevents you from being squashed is the 5,760 pounds per square foot pressure inside of you—yet you do not feel this. The pressure from without is so great that were it not for the pressure within you would be smashed flat as a toad run over by a steam roller; and the pressure within you is so great that were it not counterbalanced by the pressure from without you would explode to atoms like the shell of a dynamite cartridge. Yet you have no means of realizing this. You feel perfectly natural. You breathe normally and without effort. You move about without being conscious of exertion. Only a feeling as of water left in the

ears after bathing remains. The noise of rumbling cars and scraping shovels from ahead sounds natural. So does the voice of your guide. Only your own voice seems strange in your own ears—far deeper in pitch than you ever have heard it, and far off not as if it came from your own mouth but as if from ten feet behind. Also, and this strikes you queerly until you have found the cause, all sounds are chopped off short, for in this heavy atmosphere there is little echo and carrying power. Even the explosion of a dynamite cartridge makes no more noise than a shotgun fired above in daylight.

In this dense atmosphere, were you to try to whistle with your lips or to blow a cornet or a fife, you might blow your lungs out without producing a sound, for the pressure would resist any sound waves of which your lungs were capable. Owing to the excessive supply of oxygen, were you to light a match it would burn with the rapidity of tinder, amid volumes of smoke. For the same reason an oil lamp or a lantern would burn itself out within a few minutes, emitting volumes of soot that would completely hide the flames. And for the same reason a lighted pipe or cigar will burn of itself without suction, and a single mouthful of smoke is all you would be able to get out of a cigarette. Were you to bring an empty, corked bottle into this pressure from the outside, the pressure against the cork, unbalanced by pressure from within, would be so great that you would be unable to pull the stopper. These are a few instances of what you find when under forty pounds of pressure.

In most under-river tunnels, instead of a single air lock wherein the tunnel is put under a forty-pound pressure at once, there are two air locks separated 500 to 1,000 feet, the "sand hog" taking twenty pounds of pressure in each lock. But, one air lock or two, the chief point of interest in one of these tubes is at the heading where beneath a cluster of electric lights the men are at work behind the shield.

It is an odd spectacle as you emerge from the lonely dusk of the tunnel and see the forms of men darting back and forth in the glare of these lamps, hard at work. There is a vim and a snap about the manner in which shovels are swung, which denotes personal interest. Not one of these men may be certain that before the day is past he will not lie paralyzed; or that the next moment he may not keel over, a pale, mud-spattered, ghastly thing, the victim of the dread pressure that has burst a blood vessel in brain or in heart. Not one knows at what instant the river may break in with the deluge thundering and seething to catch the humans like rats in a trap. Yet, not a man seems to give these dangers a thought; each is a cog in a gigantic human machine which must continue relentlessly on its path no matter who falls by the wayside.

Grim as a fortress, rusted, and crusted with ooze, stands the shield with which the tunneler performs his marvelous feat. It awaits only the turn of a wrist to send it irresistibly forward, for between the end of the tube and the rim of the shield are twenty-four enormous hydraulic jacks, which, combined, exert the almost incomprehensible pushing force of 4,000 tons. In each quarter of the huge disk are steel doors five inches thick, opening inward and controlled by hydraulic jacks so that they may be forced shut in the face of rushing floods. And across the horizontal diameter of the shield is a platform with a hydraulic engine and a ponderous arm, which grasps each segment of a ring and lifts and holds it in place until bolted.

The manner in which you see this shield operated depends upon the nature of the ground it happens to be piercing. Sometimes for a distance of several hundred yards the men encounter hard clay or rock in which case the doors of the shield are opened and the men venture boldly without, picking and shoveling and drilling and blasting under cover of the overhanging cutting edge and throwing the muck into the tunnel, from whence it is removed in dirt cars

while the shield is shoved forward foot by foot. But in ground of this sort the "sand hog" is unhappy. All he can drive is from two to eight feet a day. Danger or no danger, what he prefers is the soft mud where he can drive from eighteen to twenty-four feet every twenty-four hours. Then, with doors in the shield closed tightly, the hydraulic jacks are turned on slowly, almost imperceptibly the giant cap moves forward, trembling, grinding, crunching, and squealing, steel against steel. Then inch by inch the doors are opened and the ooze and swamp are squeezed into the tunnel, from which the "muck" is loaded into cars.

No matter how faithfully the shield may work, no matter how perfectly the engineer may maintain a constant pressure within the heading, accidents over which no human can have control are bound to happen. The beds of turbulent rivers like the Hudson and East Rivers are continuously being gouged or heaped up here or there, owing to variations in tides or currents and often it happens that one of these depressions is formed over the heading of a tunnel tube. Without a chance in the world of knowing it, the tunneler forces his shield directly into the danger, never suspecting that instead of the four or eight feet of mud which he figures on keeping between himself and the river, the roof of the heading has been reduced to a mere film of six inches. Then what happens is this: if the pressure inside the tunnel is greater than that of the river pressure, the tunnel "blows out," tearing a hole up through the river bed; but if the pressure of the river is greater than that of the air in the tunnel, the river breaks in through the bed—in either case the floods come after, enlarging a hole no bigger than a child's head until in a few moments the entire heading has been swept away.

To understand perfectly, recall the old experiment of filling a tumbler with water, covering it with a sheet of paper, and turning the tumbler upside down. What prevents the water from pouring out is, of course, our

ordinary atmospheric pressure (about fifteen pounds to the square inch) against the writing paper. On the same principle, it does not matter how little ground the tunneler may have between himself and the river, so long as he has a mere film of any material strong enough to resist air; for then he can keep the water from breaking in. For this reason he tries to keep the air pressure in the tunnel in excess of the pressure of the river. The instant he hears the hissing or whistling which denotes that air is escaping, he rushes to the spot and heaps sand bags against the threatening aperture, the excess pressure in the tunnel holding the bags in place and keeping the river out.

This hiss means to the tunneler what the click-click of the air pumps means to the submerged diver. It is the warning note for which he is listening at all times. It means life or cruel death to him. And to the company, the saving of tens of thousands of dollars that may have to be spent on repairs. It is the life of the tunneler against the dollars of his employer. To run would mean to abandon the tunnel to the river. Therefore he stands as long as he may, piling sand bags and fighting until the last moment, when sand bags are driven up through the aperture and when nothing is left but to cut and run.

As a rule, if all goes well there is time enough for this. No matter how badly the heading may be smashed, the tunnel does not fill at once with water any more than does an empty, unstoppered bottle thrown into a pond. In fact, the tunnel fills just as the bottle does. For a minute or more the deluge pours with a rush and a roar, then the air stops it and hurls itself upward in a muddy geyser 100 feet over the surface of the river. Then another flood and another check and another explosion of air, air and water exchanging buffets with the force of an exploding crater, while the men, deafened and staggered by the violence of the explosions, rush madly through the trembling tube for an emergency air lock, the heading

door of which is always open, and which may not be used for any purpose other than in case of accident.

From the viewpoint of the tunnel engineer, however, the loss of life is secondary to the damage a "blow out" causes a tunnel; for before the damage ceases the entire tube is swamped from heading clear to the nearest air lock; and, most serious of all, the engineer must repair the river bed.

To accomplish this he dumps scowload after scowload of clay down upon the spot where the heading is located, forming a false river bottom. Then he turns compressed air into the tunnels, pumps the water out, and sends his men inside to proceed as if nothing had happened. However, repairs after one of these floods are not as simple as they may seem when described. Weeks and sometimes months are required before the work can proceed. It is estimated that alone for clay used in repairs in the Belmont tunnels under the East River, more than \$1,000,000, was paid.

What the actual death rate is in under-river tunnels would be hard to say. But this is certain, it is so high that, regardless of expense, companies doing the work resort to all possible means to prevent advertising the dangers. One casualty report which the builders of the Belmont tunnels denied is that more than three hundred lives were lost in boring this tunnel which connects Manhattan and Brooklyn, and which recently has been completed. It is well known that, before the McAdoo management took hold of the mile-long tubes under the Hudson, one life was lost for every eleven feet of tunnel.

To enter into details of some of the accidents that have overtaken the under-river tunneler would make reading too gruesome. On one occasion before the emergency air lock was thought of an entire shift of twenty men were buried alive when the river mud came thundering in while the men stood against the heading door of the air lock waiting for it to open, the keeper within being too paralyzed with fear to take the chances.

Similarly gruesome casualties are

numerous, the unfortunates being dug out weeks afterwards, arm and legs and hands and necks twisted, handsful of hair torn out of the head, and with other dread details common to those who are buried alive.

But many instances of heroism and devotion to duty brighten this dismal record, and there is one narrow escape which is perhaps the most miraculous and certainly the most sensational a human ever had. This took place about a year ago in one of the tubes boring under the Hudson.

Briefly, in the heading of this tunnel air began to hiss forth, auguring a threatening "blow out." The aperture widened with alarming rapidity and there seemed no time to throw up a breastwork of sand bags. In this emergency one of the tunnelers threw himself bodily against the fissure. What happened was just what happens to a sand bag when thrown too late against a rent. Bodily the pressure forced the man clear into the fissure, forced him through the river bed, and blew him eighty feet up through the water, hurling him like a human shell thirty feet into space. Though suffering from shock, the man otherwise was uninjured when picked up by a passing boat, and within three days he returned to work at his old stand.

Frequent and dreadful although the dangers of the "blow out" may be, were this all that threatened the life of the under-river tunneler, his chances for escape would be increased twentyfold; but, for each man killed in flood or by other causes, twenty succumb to the "bends," or caisson disease, due to high pressure.

Exactly what happens when a man gets the "bends," physicians are not agreed. All we know is that persons with weak hearts or weak lungs should not think of entering air under high pressure, and that no matter how physically sound a person may be, under certain conditions the "bends" are almost certain to attack. The "bends" may pick off a man who has rigidly observed all precautions and for eighteen years previously escaped without the slightest attack. This

happened only a few months ago. It is the inexplicableness of the disease that causes the tunneler to fear it far more than he fears the river—if, indeed, he fears anything; and the dread is not so much the "bends" themselves as the chances of being permanently crippled.

To a layman, a man with the "bends" is a horrible sight to behold. The attack is really a convulsion or a cramp, which causes the most excruciating pain and twists the body into the most dreadful distortions—wherefore the name "bends." The sufferer is tied up into a knot, knees and chin together, legs and arms and hands twisted into the most impossible positions. The sensation is as if the blood must burst its way out of the arteries, and as if one were tied to the rack in an ancient torture chamber, every joint and bone and muscle and sinew being twisted and torn unto the breaking point. No matter what fortitude the victim may possess, no matter how he may grit his teeth and swallow the agony, as the attack continues the eyes bulge as if they must pop out of their sockets. Finally the brain becomes affected, the man's will

power is impaired, and he gives vent to the most blood-curdling cries.

Strange to say, the only relief for a man with the "bends" is to take him back under pressure and very gradually—during the lapse of an hour or two—reduce him to atmospheric pressure. For this reason there is a "bends hospital" at the entrance to every under-river tunnel—a mere horizontal boiler shell, which may be closed air-tight and wherein, if necessary, four patients may lie side by side on bunks while compressed air is turned into the shell and gradually withdrawn, the doctor sitting beside his patient and regulating the pressure either until the victim has recovered sufficiently to be removed or until life is extinct.

Undoubtedly the greatest of all modern engineering feats is under-river tunnel building, just as it is the least spectacular. But if ever your train thunders through an under-river tunnel, gaze out of the window at the monotony of whitewashed walls and the dizzy flitting of the ring ribs and remember—every foot of that wonderful boring has cost human pain and blood and life.

The universal self-delusion is this ; when a man has a good thought, he fancies he has become what he thinks for a moment. Good thoughts are very good ; but, unaccompanied by the difficult processes of character, they are often no better than soap-bubbles.—Mozoomdar.

The Stock Seller's Mailing Lists

Sun Magazine

GETTING on the sucker lists of some of the pedlers of cheap stocks in mining companies and electric air lines and the promoters of various unsuccessful inventions is so easy these days that a good many of the citizens of this town will be up against the necessity of getting larger mail boxes if the thing continues. They have also learned that once on one of these mailing lists it's a problem how to get off.

The man who has been unfortunate enough perhaps to nibble just a bit at some of the bait has a pleasant surprise awaiting him. He generally finds that once his name has been secured by some alleged securities company peddling mining stock at 10 cents a throw it has a fashion of traveling all around the country, with apparently no end to the stream of literature delivered to him.

Furthermore, there appears to be no way of cutting off this stream. One man who happens to live in an apartment house got tired of cleaning out his mail box every morning after the pest had continued for a couple of weeks and all sorts of concerns with glittering prospectuses and lovely pictures of ore dumps had begged him buy their stock before it went up. Not being of a speculative turn of mind, he couldn't see for the life of him how in the world a concern out in Chicago happened to know so much about him and have his address down so fine.

First he got little pamphlets enclosing subscription blanks and then letters couched in flattering terms and pointing out the advantages to him of owning stock in the Get-Rich-Quick mine out somewhere in the desert. Finally he got violent rings at the door bell, and dashing down four flights of stairs found that the letter carrier had brought a map and other literature too big to go in the box.

"See here," said the man on the sucker list, "I'm sick of this. I don't want any more of this stuff and I want you to stop bringing it."

The letter carrier grinned.

"Can't help it," he said. "You're not the only one. It's addressed to you and I've got to deliver it."

This unfortunate went around to the branch post office and interviewed the superintendent. He got no satisfaction.

"We can't sift your mail for you," said the superintendent. "Guess you're up against it like a lot of other folks. You're not the only one that's mad either, but we can't do anything for you."

"But suppose I should move," said the indignant citizen, mopping his brow. "Would they get me then?"

The superintendent of the branch post office laughed. It seemed to be a good joke to him. "Moving's all right," he said, "provided you don't leave us your new address and take the chance of the people you want to get mail from finding out your new address. But if you leave your new address with us of course we'll have to forward your mail without sorting it and you'll still be up against it."

"Guess there's no escape for you. A lot of the fools that have bought stock don't seem to realize that their money is buying postage stamps."

By this time the letter box of the man who had got on the general list of come-ons was turning out regularly every morning the literature of half a dozen or more concerns with a collection of postmarks that included New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

There were beautiful pen pictures of near gold mines away out in Nevada, copper claims right alongside of the biggest dividend payers in Arizona, silver mines in Cobalt, electric trains rushing over beautifully graded air lines between teeming cities in the

West, signal devices just awaiting for the dollars of the public to start their work of saving thousands of lives and telegraph devices panting for the public's support to revolutionize the commerce of the country. All of these benevolent concerns seemed to know just where he lived and to have him down for a man of capital.

Of course, like a lot of other folks, having resolved that the saving banks were good enough for him, this victim hadn't sent a line of encouragement to any of the concerns clamoring for his money. It didn't seem to be necessary.

After a while there was a little break in the monotony of cleaning out the mail box. This time it came in the shape of a messenger boy with a night telegram, delivered just after daylight.

"Kickapo stock advances to 30 cents on Saturday. Wire reservation at our expense immediately," was the way the message read.

It was from one of the concerns that had been pegging away at the letter box. A few days later there came another despatch delivered again while the household was yet in bed.

"Great strike reported on the Lida claim," read the poor victim in pajamas.

It was from a Chicago concern. He dashed around to the telegraph office.

"Look here, can't you stop this business?" he shrieked at the operator, showing the message that had disturbed his morning slumber.

"Can't help it," said the telegraph man, with the same smile that the postman had. "Addressed to you, wasn't it? Got to be delivered. You're not the only victim either."

The operator pointed to a stack of similar messages addressed to some of the victim's neighbors. They had been coming all night.

Then the victim fled like the poor, hunted thing he was. He decided it had all come from his having nibbled just once at the bait thrown out by a concern selling stock in Philadelphia a year ago, when he had thoughtlessly asked some question about the stock.

The sale of mailing lists is one of

the sources of income of some of the stock-peddlers. The value of these lists depends chiefly upon how many times they have been worked.

A list which consists largely of fresh names commands a large price. After a victim has been worked by several concerns his name gets to be of less value and so on until he has his dose. There is no escape in the meantime.

Every concern engaged in getting the public's cash in exchange for stock certificates in some of these schemes to make you rich while you wait is after every name it can get. One concern which ran for five or six years and sold stock in fifty or more companies until it went broke recently and left its clients without any information as to what had become of their money, boasted of having a mailing list of 250,000 names. The list was pruned from time to time, too.

Some years ago, when a plant in Fulton Street was raided, the police found a mailing list with 100,000 names on it. It had done service for a large chain of bucket shops and was the work of some years.

Notwithstanding the fact that this plant was raided and one of these lists captured the backers of it were reported to have sold a copy of their list later to a concern selling mining stock. This list is said to be still in use.

There is still another way of getting names. That is, by buying them from unscrupulous clerks in banks and insurance companies. Such names command a high price, because they represent persons known to have money.

In consequence of this most of the banks and insurance companies have taken extra precautions lately to guard against such thefts, but now and then a leak is discovered. There is no help for the poor unfortunates whose names have got out.

Once their names get into possession of one of the firms engaged in distributing stock as widely as possible, they are apt to go the rounds, getting into more general circulation

as time elapses and the value decreases.

What with the souvenir post card craze and the sucker mailing lists Uncle Sam is pretty busy in his Post Office Department now. Meanwhile some few thousands of citizens are wondering if they are ever going to escape the pest that has come upon them.

One man tried recently the plan of writing to a concern that happened to get his name first in some mysterious way and begged to be crossed off the list. It did no good. There was a let up in the mail from that concern, but almost immediately several other securities companies hit his trail somehow, and began pounding away, even in the face of a panic in Wall Street and tight money. Like most of the victims, he gave up in despair.

Just now the Government doesn't seem to be very busy running down the financial crooks whose mailing lists are causing most of the trouble. It is explained that there is a lot of more important work for the 250 post office inspectors to do, and it is next to impossible for them to investigate schemes based on alleged mining claims scattered all over the continent.

According to one inspector, the public must protect itself. What some folks would like to find out is how to protect their mail box.

"I don't mind being taken for a sucker sometimes" said one man who has been trying to solve the new problem, "but what I do kick against is being still played for a sucker after I've proved my innocence."

The Business Side of Vaudeville

By Hartley Davis in Everybody's

VAUDEVILLE performers are a class of highly paid specialists.

They receive from one dollar to ten dollars a minute for the time they are on the stage.

This explains why so many prominent, highly successful stars are persuaded to take a flier in vaudeville. We no longer gasp at the announcement that a famous player is to become a variety actor—for, after all, vaudeville is merely a modern name for the variety performance.

With casual unconcern a vaudeville manager will remark that he can get any star in the theatrical firmament to do a "turn"; that is, any one he happens to want. It is simply a question of how much he is willing to pay. There are a few, as many as can be counted on one hand, who could not be tempted. The vaudeville manager would remark in his airy, cheerful way that he doesn't want those. When one considers the

salaries that are paid, this willingness of the stars isn't so remarkable.

If May Irwin, who is about to return to vaudeville after many years' absence, chooses to work as many weeks in the year as Mr. Corey is supposed to work, she will receive a salary more than double that of the president of the Steel Trust. If she elects to work only twenty weeks in the year, her salary will equal that of the President of the United States. Her salary for two weeks equals that paid a congressman for a whole year. In other words, Miss Irwin will receive \$2,500 a week for appearing on the stage for twenty minutes twice a day.

When Lillian Russell appeared in vaudeville, she was paid \$3,150 a week, which is, I believe, the largest salary ever given to a performer. Elsie Janis got \$3,000, and Mrs. Langtry, \$2,500. Vesta Victoria, who first came to this country for \$400 a week

and Vesta Tilly, another English performer, both command \$2,500.

Please bear in mind that these extravagantly paid stars present but one of the eight or nine "turns" that make up a performance, and that the lesser lights are also highly paid specialists. Indeed, of all people who work for their living, vaudeville performers are the best paid. Of three-fourths, yes, seven-eighths of the traveling theatrical companies, the whole salary list does not amount to \$2,500 a week, and yet in vaudeville that much is paid to one performer who gives an eighth of the performance. It is true, that a \$2,500-a-week performer doesn't appear often in any one theatre, but an act that costs \$1,000 a week has become the rule rather than the exception in every bill, while a great majority of the acts cost from \$250 to \$500, and in the best vaudeville houses no act costs less than \$75 a week. "Chasers," employed to drive audiences out of houses giving continuous performances, get that much. In the good vaudeville houses, the salary list of performers ranges from \$2,500 to \$4,000 a week, and the maximum is paid more often than the minimum. Occasionally the cost will run to \$5,000 a week. The standard in practically every first-class vaudeville house in the country is \$3,200 a week, and each manager tries to keep as close to that as possible. It has been found that this will provide an attractive bill and yet leave a fair margin of profit.

Now, by way of contrast, consider that the prices charged in these vaudeville theatres are just one-half, or oftener one-third, the prices of admission charged in the theatres presenting first-class attractions. In New York, for instance, the highest price for orchestra seats is one dollar, with box seats fifty cents more, and the downward range is to twenty-five cents. And this is the schedule of only a few houses. The usual rule for first-class vaudeville houses is fifty cents for the best seats, except those in boxes, which are twenty-five and fifty cents more. Often the gallery seats are only ten cents, and when

two performances a day are given, it is the universal custom to cut in half the higher prices for matinees.

But what about the profits of the vaudeville managers who charge these low prices and pay these high salaries? Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in New York made a net profit last year of \$250,000, and the Orpheum in Brooklyn, and Keth's theatre in Philadelphia have made more than \$200,000 net in a year. Men who have handled the business end of vaudeville for many years soberly say that the vaudeville theatres in this country made \$30,000,000 last year. That is manifestly absurd, because there are only about 350 houses that have a recognized standing, and they cannot average \$85,000 in profits each year. But the total is so big that, if you are seeking explanation for the war that is now disorganizing vaudeville, you need look no farther than these profits. The men who have practical control of the theatres that play the high-priced attractions, realizing how enormous is the revenue derived from vaudeville, and how certain it is, have set about getting control of that also. Naturally, those who control it at present wish to keep their profits. And each side has millions to spend in the struggle.

Conditions are changing so rapidly that it is useless to predict what the situation will be a week in advance. The possession of theatres appears to be the key. There is no such thing as cornering the market in performers; they are developing too rapidly. The "amateur" nights, the cheaper vaudeville theatres—often nothing but halls or stores, the places especially popular in the West, where the admission is from five to twenty-five cents and four to six performances a day are given—are bringing forth new performers all the time. And even the best of the theatres are willing to give applicants a "try-out" in the morning, and, if the act is promising, a trial at a regular performance.

The foreign field is open to any manager who thinks he can guess correctly. The best acrobatic acts are not available in America, because

children who are under the legal age are important factors in the turn. With a few exceptions, like Chevalier, Vesta Tilly, and one or two others, the big English music-hall performers have not been successful in this country, the big hits having been made by importations who are considered second and third-rate performers at home.

In vaudeville, the agency where performers are booked—that is, have engagements made for them—is not nearly as powerful as in the dramatic field. Formerly there were many of these agencies. Now practically all the booking is done in two offices in New York, these being closely affiliated with Western circuits that work in conjunction with them. It is a common thing to book a vaudeville act for eighty weeks—two theatrical years—and fix the exact dates. This centralized booking system has many advantages to the performer, the chief of which are the long engagements and the short railroad jumps. Except on the Orpheum circuit, where two weeks are lost in traveling and where transportation is paid by the management, the vaudeville performers pay all their own expenses. They are thrifty folk, as a rule, and it pains them to pay railroad fares, especially big fares.

Apart from the cost of the performers, the actual running expenses of a vaudeville theatre are greater than those of the high-priced houses. The rent charge is, of course, an important item. If a vaudeville manager wishes to acquire a successful combination house*—that is, one that makes money playing legitimate traveling attractions—he must pay a very high rent, which becomes exorbitant

when the cost of repairs is added. If the vaudeville manager takes a house that is not successful and makes it highly profitable, the owner reaps an enormous advantage without effort on his part, and usually shows his appreciation by demanding a largely increased rental when the time comes to renew the lease. Nowadays, most of the houses are owned by those operating them, because the system makes such a theatre one of the best possible investments. But whether the vaudeville theatres are owned or leased, the rent charge must be considered. There is a wide range, from \$10,000 or \$12,000 to \$20,000 in the smaller cities, up to \$60,000 in New York.

The repair bill is enormous, and the lessee has to pay it. It is good business to keep the theatres in the best possible condition, and the wear and tear resulting from two performances a day necessitate constant renewals everywhere. Frequently the cost of repairs exceeds the rent. In the larger cities the average is not far from \$25,000 a year.

Next to the salaries of performers, the largest expense of a vaudeville theatre is the pay of the employes, which also amounts to more than in the high-priced houses. The number employed is astonishing, and includes resident manager, press agent, two treasurers, door-keepers, ushers, carriage man, coat room attendants, maids, water boys, orchestra, stage manager, electricians, property men, scene shifters, clearers—the union rule will not permit a scene shifter to touch anything but scenery, and the clearers may handle only properties—the engineering staff, and cleaners. About sixty is the minimum number in a good vaudeville house, and the salary list is between \$1,500 and \$1,600 a week. In Keith's theatre in Boston the house staff numbers 139 persons. In the Majestic in Chicago there are upward of a hundred, ten of whom are maids for the care of women patrons. Vaudeville managers never attempt to economize on the comfort of women and children who come to the theatre.

In the New York theatres the

* A combination house is one that plays a different company each week or twice a week. It is the general descriptive term for practically all theatres playing traveling attractions, no matter what the grade, to distinguish such theatres from those that have stock companies and those where plays have long runs. A theatre is like a hotel. If it is established thoroughly and does a big business, it can rent for more than one that is a failure.

"house charges," as they are called, are usually estimated at \$2,500 a week; this is supposed to cover anything except the repairs and the salaries paid to performers. As a matter of fact, in the best of the theatres these charges probably exceed that estimate.

With the prices of acts ranging from \$75 to \$3,000 a week and with something like 7,000 performers to choose from, there is naturally wide latitude in the making up of a "bill," as the selection of acts for a particular week is called. The number of "turns" or acts is always eight or nine, exclusive of the moving pictures, and the average act lasts twenty minutes. Occasionally an exceptionally clever playlet may run forty minutes.

From the figures here presented it is plain that from \$250,000 to \$300,000 a year is required to run a high-class vaudeville theatre in the larger cities, exclusive of New York, and \$350,000 a year in the metropolis. The difference is chiefly in the rent and advertising rates, although the higher wages paid the house staff also count. In New York, then, a vaudeville theatre must take in \$7,000, and, outside of New York, an average of \$5,000 a week before there are any profits.

Those who come in contact with the theatrical game hear much about the enormous receipts of different attractions. It is true that "The Lion and the Mouse" averaged \$10,000 a week for a straight year at the Lyceum in New York; that David Warfield played to something like \$25,000 a week at the spacious Academy of Music, which was built for grand opera; but these are the rare exceptions. An average business of \$7,000 a week is very good in New York, and by far the larger number of attractions are well content to make \$5,000 a week on the road. This usually means a comfortable profit for the theatre and the company. But vaudeville houses, charging far lower prices, have to take in that much money to pay expenses.

Granted that the vaudeville man-

agers are at a disadvantage in the matter of high expenses and low prices of admission, there are many compensations, chief of which is the comparative absence of risk. Of all branches of amusements, an established vaudeville theatre is the most stable. It is more of a business and less of a gamble than any other kind of show, except certain stock companies in Brooklyn, where enough seats to insure a profit for a whole season are subscribed in advance.

Vaudeville makes a wider appeal than any other form of stage entertainment, and this is the fundamental reason for its success. Yet the fact was not recognized until within a dozen years or so. Formerly, variety theatres gave performances that were supposed to be for men, and with a few exceptions, like Tony Pastor's in New York, the Howard Athenæum in Boston, and the Olympic in Chicago, which were respectable, they were mostly disreputable resorts, especially in the smaller towns. The fact that the few really good variety houses did an enormous business had no significance for other managers, who slavishly followed the custom of permitting vulgarity and indecency to dominate their stages. At length B. F. Keith, a New Englander who had worked with a circus for years and had begun with a small "hall show" in Boston, made the discovery that variety theatres prospered despite the coarseness of the performance rather than because of it. He set about proving this, and so revolutionized the whole business. Vaudeville is now dependent upon women and children, and managers think more about pleasing them than the men.

The only systematic censorship of stage performances in this country is in the vaudeville houses. Whereas, managers of companies playing in first-class houses frequently depend upon indecency to attract audiences, vaudeville managers have made it impossible on their stages. The latter have established standards that the performers have accepted and that they are as keen to maintain as the

managers themselves. There may be a question as to taste; indeed, refined souls are often painfully shocked at vaudeville performances, but the shows are always clean, according to the standards of the vaudeville manager. They may not be your standards nor mine, but evidently they are accepted by the millions that support this form of show.

When I said that vaudeville makes a very wide appeal, I did not mean that everywhere people are eager and anxious to go to performances of this kind. Time and time again it has been proved that communities unfamiliar with the modern variety show evince small interest in it. For one thing, there has been the prejudice that is the logical result of the days when the name variety show was a synonym for disrepute. And this has been difficult to overcome. People didn't know that they wanted vaudeville; the taste for it was dormant, not active. The managers found that, in nearly every instance, a systematic campaign of education necessary. It takes about four years to make a new vaudeville theatre pay. Now and then there is an exception, like Minneapolis, where the new Orpheum, costing \$350,000, paid from the very start. But the immediate success of the Minneapolis theatre is explained by the fact that a large part of the city's population was continually visiting Chicago, where a taste for the varied form of entertainment had already been developed. These sophisticated ones then acted as so many press agents.

Such exceptions, however, are very few, and the rule applies to cities of all sizes. And by the way, these shows are now being opened in towns of 40,000 to 50,000 people, whereas, formerly it was supposed that no city of less than 200,000 population could support a good vaudeville theatre. Even in New York, it was four years before the Victoria Theatre, transformed by Oscar Hammerstein into a vaudeville house, really paid. But now the returns yield a profit of a quarter of a million a year, which enables the versatile manager to face

a loss in his individual grand opera venture with equanimity.

Nothing more clearly illustrates the difference between the old-time manager and his successor than this ability and willingness to make a large investment and face a loss for four years. There is a familiar story that illustrates the spirit of the older days. An actor approached his manager with a request for a loan of twenty-five dollars.

"Twenty-five!" repeated the manager. "Twenty-five dollars?"

"Yes," said the actor, "I want you to lend me twenty-five dollars. You can take it out of my salary."

"Twenty-five dollars," reiterated the manager. "Say, don't you know that if I had twenty-five dollars I'd put out a No. 2 company?"

Perhaps the Orpheum circuit, which owns ten theatres west and south of Chicago and is closely affiliated with twenty-five more, offers the best example of the modern business organization of vaudeville. The Orpheum Company is a close corporation, with a capital stock of \$75,000 and something like \$5,000,000 of assets. It has built nearly all its theatres, which cost from \$250,000 to \$350,000 each. Its prices range from seventy-five cents for box seats to ten cents in the gallery. The orchestra seats sell for fifty cents at night and twenty-five cents for the matinee. The ten cents admission to the gallery is designed chiefly to attract children, because it has been found that they go home and tell their parents about the excellent show, thereby increasing the attendance at subsequent performances. The booking is done from the Chicago office, and the closet tab is kept on all the acts, so that it is known exactly which ones please most. Contracts for scenery, decoration, carpets, all the supplies, and the repairs, are made in the Chicago office for the ten theatres, and the cost is thus much reduced. The Orpheum circuit pays the railroad fares of performers and it has a high-priced railroad expert to look after the transportation.

"I am a business man, and my

business is to amuse people," explained Martin Beck, the general manager of the Orpheum Company, and that puts it in a nutshell. With him it is business first and last, and it is a part of that business to have a thorough knowledge of the show game. His eyes are cast far ahead. He doesn't think about what the business will be next week or next month, but what it will be two years from now. He knows that his theatres cannot succeed unless they play to full houses, because of the small price of admission. Therefore, he must make the theatres themselves as attractive as possible, providing generously for the women and children, and also must give them the best show he can arrange.

When a manager books an act that costs \$2,500 or more a week, he generally expects to lose money on that particular week, though in this New York may prove an exception, on account of the higher prices of admission. These expensive acts, by "two-dollar stars," as the vaudeville manager calls those who have headed companies that have always played in the high-priced houses, are put on chiefly for advertising purposes. Now, one might suppose that with one act getting perhaps \$3,000 a week, the manager would cut down the cost of the other acts to the smallest possible sum, and depend upon the people attracted by the big star to make a profit on the week. But, on the contrary, when one of these extravagantly expensive acts heads a bill, the astute manager is extraordinarily careful to engage the best performers he can secure to round out the bill, regardless of cost. For the star is pretty certain to draw a large number of people who have never before been in the vaudeville theatre and who are prone to look down upon a variety performance. They are lured in by the chance of seeing a star at a cost of fifty cents instead of two dollars. Once there, they are surprised to find that the other acts are as entertaining, as interesting as the star's; indeed, it is the exception rather than the rule for a two-dollar star to "make good"

unless he has had a vaudeville training. But the failure of a big star with a great reputation in an attempt at vaudeville helps rather than hurts the house, for those whom he has drawn generally leave the theatre with vastly increased respect for straight vaudeville.

One of the few exceptions to the rule that two-dollar stars fail, is May Irwin. Her first big hit was made in vaudeville before she went into musical comedy. She knows the game. She has an enormous following that will flock to the theatre to see her in vaudeville; she can delight audiences to their capacity for enjoyment.

The most popular acts are those that make people laugh, whether they be monologues, sketches, or burlesque acrobatic stunts, and to make vaudeville audiences roar, it is necessary to make a very simple, very direct appeal. Effects must be secured quickly and must follow each other in rapid succession. There are standard teams like Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Barry, Will Cressy and Blanche Dyne, and a score of others that are absolutely fixed in the affections of vaudeville audiences because they can make fun. McIntyre and Health did "The Georgia Minstrels" in variety and vaudeville for thirty years and they are now doing the same act with a few others in musical comedy.

It is rather curious that the stars who were graduated from the variety theatres years ago have been more successful than the later ones who have tried to break into the legitimate from vaudeville. Tony Pastor has a list of some forty famous people, like N. C. Goodwin, Lillian Russell and May Irwin, who practically started in his theatre. Weber & Fields, the Rogers Brothers, Sam Bernard, Elsie Janis, to give names at haphazard, made their first success in vaudeville, and these are but a few of a long roll.

The rapidity with which salaries jump after a success is scored is remarkable. When Sam Bernard was a monologist, better known on the Bowery than on Broadway, he received about \$200. His success with

Weber & Fields trebled his salary. Then he went into musical comedy as a star for a salary of \$1,000 a week. Now he is willing to return to vaudeville for \$3,500 a week. He can get \$2,500.

Within the last dozen years or so, Houdini, the "handcuff king," was appearing in a dime museum in New York and was glad to get \$50 or \$60 a week. The good vaudeville houses would not give him a chance, despite the fact that he presented one of the most remarkable acts on the stage. Houdini went abroad and made his name known the world over. Now he gets \$1,500 a week, and his engagements are made two years ahead.

Vesta Victoria, who occupied about a third-rate position in the London music halls, came to New York two seasons ago at a salary of \$400 a week, which she thought enormous. Her skill in singing one song, "Waiting at the Church," gave her a tremendous vogue, and her salary jumped to \$2,500 a week. Alice Lloyd, a dainty little English girl, was glad to come to New York for \$350. She made a very great success and now her American salary is \$1,500 a week. She was content with about \$150 a week in London.

Henry Lee, for years recognized as a particularly fine actor in legitimate roles, entered vaudeville with a speciality that he called "Great Men Past and Present." His skill in these imitations made him one of the most popular "head-liners," as the aristocrats of vaudeville are called, and now he gets \$800 a week. Nat Wills, who presents a tramp speciality that is howlingly funny and who is classed as a monologist, gets \$750 a week for making people laugh, and the fact that he made an unsuccessful attempt to star in musical comedy hurt him not at all.

Early in the summer a young girl who had been in the chorus of musical shows for a couple of years without attracting any attention, decided that she could give imitations of the kind that made Cissie Loftus and Elsie Janis famous. For weeks she besieged managers for a chance, at any

salary at all. Finally, William Hammerstein, being short an act for a Sunday afternoon concert, gave her an opportunity. Within a week Belle Blanch as she calls herself, was booked for a whole year at \$500 a week.

Clara Wieland, a serpentine dancer, was widely known in vaudeville a dozen years ago. The serpentine dance ceased to be a novelty, and managers refused to book it. Miss Wieland was clever. She saw that imitations were exceedingly popular, so she practised them, and when she thought she was proficient she changed her name to Mary Ann Brown. The name caught the fancy of the managers as much as the act, and now Mary Ann Brown is a "head-liner" with all the engagements she cares to fill.

An animal performance always pleases; and occasionally one like Barnold's Dog and Monkey Pantomime scores a big hit. In this act not a human being appears on the stage. Dogs and monkeys only are seen; and a yellow "mutt" that plays a drunken man is a real actor. This act was engaged for the Victoria roof garden in New York at \$300 a week. It made such a success that it was booked for two years at \$1,000 a week.

The newest development in vaudeville is the presentation of elaborate ensemble acts with fine scenery and costumes. These have been so successful that there are regular producers of them, like Ned Wayburn, George Homans, and Lasky, Rolfe & Company. For "The Stunning Grenadiers," Lasky, Rolfe & Company imported a bevy of strapping English girls, provided them with three changes of costume and three sets of scenery, as well as lighting effects. At least \$5,000 was invested in this single act, which runs the usual twenty minutes. "The Pianopmends" cost nearly as much, for the young men and women who play six pianos in concert wear fashionable and expensive clothes and the scenery is as fine as can be painted. George Homans imported Italian opera singers for his Zingari troupe, and the stage set-

tings, with its elaborate lighting effects, is as artistic as that seen in high-priced regular theatres. It takes twelve people to present "A Night With the Poets," including a male quartet that wears evening clothes costing \$90 for each member, people who pose as living pictures, and an actor who can read poetry. Ned Wayburn, an old minstrel man, has put on a great number of successful acts in which he employs at least a dozen people and three changes of costume, and three sets of scenery. Sometimes he has twenty people, and the principal performer receives \$100 a week. "The Minstrel Misses," "The Rain Dears," and "The Futurity Winner" have become widely familiar in vaudeville theatres.

These big acts usually receive from \$750 to \$1,500 a week. The producer, who is also the manager, must pay the original cost, the salaries of the people he employs and the transportation of the people and the scenery. His net profit on each act when it is playing averages about \$100 a week. It is easier to book one of these big ensemble acts that costs a great deal than to book a cheaper one because the vaudeville managers have found that audiences have been educated up to demanding the best that can be given them, and when people are pleased it means full houses. The managers make the audiences feel that they are receiving about double their moneys worth. It's all business.

How Wastes and By-Products are Made Valuable

By William R. Stewart in Technical World

BACK to nature is an admonition which obtains in the industrial as well as in the breakfast-food as there were not very many appetiti world. Nature wastes nothing; man is extravagant. So long as production was not the highly organized, highly competitive industry which the advance in transportation facilities has made it, manufacturers had less incentive to economize. Things were thrown away twenty-five years ago which now are utilized with a care not exceeded in the manufacture of the first products themselves. The scientific utilization of refuse often marks the difference between successful and unsuccessful enterprise.

In the United States the prodigality of our resources long has made us wasteful of left-over products which in Europe have been utilized in various forms. In Germany especially, has the art of making waste useful received the attention of manufacturers—and the industrial advance of Germany is one of the marvels of the century.

At the present time, so scientific has manufacturing become, that almost nothing is wasted which can by any means be made to have a value. Old tin cans, once useful chiefly to the street urchin as appendages to dogs' tails, now are used for buttons, for window weights, for sheathing trunks, and for "pewter" soldiers. Old rubbers and scraps of leather are utilized in a dozen different ways. The dregs of port wine, rejected by the drinker in decanting the beverage, are made into Seidlitz powders for him to take the next morning. Broken glass is used to make artificial stone; and ashes, by a combination with potash and other alkaline ingredients, are similarly employed. The pith of cornstalks is used to protect vessels, forts, and other structures from the injurious effects of collisions or projectiles. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituents of lucifer matches, and the offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas reappear in the form of flavoring for blanc manges or as smelling salts.

The clippings of the tinker, mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs, or cast off woolen garments, make dyes of the brightest hue. Sawdust, once a problem to the millwright, who scarcely knew how to get rid of it, now forms the basis of a considerable independent industry, and commands a good price even in the back woods. Even smoke, apparently the most valueless of all "wastes," is worth money. At a charcoal-pit blast furnace in a Western state, enough has been saved from the smoke, by means of stills, to pay a large part of the running expenses. A cord of wood makes about 28,000 feet of smoke; and in the smoke of a hundred cords there are 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, twenty-five pounds of tar, and two hundred gallons of alcohol.

The refuse of to-day is made a source of profit for to-morrow. Nothing in industry is more indicative of economic efficiency than the utilization of products which are residues of previous processes. Whenever a substance performs no function towards a useful end, it is simply because human ingenuity has not yet reached its highest development.

The creative force of science is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the endeavor to keep within the "circle of reproduction." The increase of the world's wealth is largely dependent upon new uses found for materials, and upon the turning of comparatively inexpensive articles into articles of considerable value. It can be said that there is nothing which has not an economic value for some purpose, and it remains only for the manufacturer—or the chemist—to discover where and how each material can be turned to the most profitable account.

Matter which is the most unattractive, often has possibilities of the greatest beauty. While the choicest perfumes undoubtedly are obtained from flowers there are many others which are highly prized that are made out of very ill-smelling elements. The oil of apples, the oil of pears, the oil of grapes, and the oil of cognac are obtained, after proper treatment

with acids and oxidizing agents, from fusel oil, a particularly disagreeable substance as regards its odor. Oil of pineapple is made by the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and sulphuric acid. The oil of bitter almonds, largely used in the manufacture of perfumed soap and confectionery, is obtained from the products of gas tar, and one of the essential ingredients of a popular perfume is obtained from the drainings of cow-houses. The refuse of cities formerly burned or thrown into streams, now is collected in such a way as to make it not only a self-supporting operation but even a profitable industry. The old bones, broken glass, rags, scraps of iron, paper of all sorts, and other articles are gathered together separately and sold for a variety of purposes. The waste heat from the furnaces into which the inflammable part of the refuse is thrown is utilized for steam purposes, to operate electric lighting and power engines. The food wastes are "digested" and separated into greases and fertilizer fillers.

The utilization of so-called wastes may be considered under various heads, according to the processes from which they are derived. The iron and steel industry furnishes a large number of them. Within the last few years the economic use of slag, or refuse, from mines and furnaces has been greatly developed. Very good glass is now made from this slag, as well as paving blocks and bricks, artificial porphyry, and a cement which is equal to the best Portland cement. Ground with six per cent. of slaked lime, building mortar is also made from slag; and ornamental copings and moldings, window sills, and chimney pieces are fashioned of it.

Slag brick is stated to be quite as strong as ordinary brick, and much less permeable to moisture. To make 1,000 brick, 6,000 or 7,000 pounds of granulated slag, and from 500 to 700 pounds of burned lime, are consumed. Good bricks also can be made from granulated slag mixed with dust from

slag, though the hardening process is rather slow. Slag is also used for steam-pipe and boiler wrappings, in which form it is called "silicate of cotton."

Coal slag is a good structural material; mixed with slaked lime, it stiffens into a hard concretion which is in a high degree fire-proof. Several slag-cement factories are in operation in the United States, and are all said to be in a prosperous condition. It has been found that an admixture of prepared slag with cement adds to the tensile strength of the latter from fifty to one hundred pounds per square inch. Basic slag is used in large quantities by manufacturers of fertilizers, instead of phosphate rock.

The utilization of the waste gases of blast furnaces for working gas engines has been carried to a considerable length in Germany, and is also being developed in this country. Gas machines for utilizing these gases were introduced into Germany about seven years ago, and have had a very important effect on the metallurgical industry of that country. It has been found that the waste gases can be made serviceable in their entire heating capacity, and their use is estimated to yield a profit of more than \$1.25 per ton of pig iron production. Efforts to fire furnaces with slack or coal dust, by means of highly heated fire-chambers, have likewise been successful in Germany.

Motive power is also obtained by the utilization of a variety of other products heretofore wasted. To supply coal to the portable or fixed engines which are used on farms, is a matter of considerable expense, as the coal generally has to be transported from a distance. A farm engine will use from six to eight pounds of coal per horse-power, costing from four to six cents. To use gasoline or oil motors would be even more expensive. The use of various vegetable waste products thus suggested itself, and experiments have proved that this can be successfully done.

Some recent experiments in this line at Noisel, France, have been reported in European technical publications. Wheat straw, oats, waste hay, leaves, reeds, etc., were used, these being burned in a gas generator, which in turn ran a duplex motor. The waste material after being collected was first dried, and then formed into bales weighing about 800 pounds per cubic yard. The straw was chopped before baling. Only a small quantity of coke was required to keep up the operation in the gas producer. In the case of waste hay it was found that 2.25 pounds were required to produce a horse-power hour, and the cost was estimated at \$0.012. The hay was charged in the gas producer without taking any special precautions, and was packed down with a rod. The alkaline slag which comes from the furnace may be used for a fertilizer. In the case of wheat or oat straw, the ash and water are somewhat less than with hay. The horse-power hour was produced by burning 2.3 pounds of the straw, at a cost of \$0.0114—practically the same as for the hay. Reeds or moss, of course, must be well dried. Sawdust shavings and wood splinters similarly were employed.

Lumber and timber products contribute a large number of utilizable wastes. Sawdust, which formerly was burned or allowed to float down the streams and choke up the channels, furnishes a good example. Indeed, by combining the use of the hydraulic press and the application of intense heat, it has been found possible to give to sawdust a value in the manufacture of a certain kind of furniture far above that of the solid wood. This artificial woodwork is known as *bois durci*—hardened wood—and is capable of being molded into any shape and of receiving a most brilliant polish. In Norway, acetic acid, wood naphtha, and tar are made from sawdust by distillation. Charcoal briquettes are made in large quantities in the same country.

Alcohol can be obtained in paying quantities from either coarse or fine sawdust. From seven to eight quarts of alcohol was the production from 220 pounds of air-dried sawdust in some recent experiments, and the quality was said to be excellent. It has also been found that a high yield of sugar—about thirty per cent. of the quantity of wood used—can be obtained from birch sawdust.

The collection and disposition of sawdust for a variety of common purposes form a considerable industry in many cities. In New York City, for example, there are some 500 sawdust vendors having a capital of about \$200,000, and doing a business of more than \$2,000,000 a year. The sawdust is sold for use on the floors of saloons and restaurants, to plumbers to deaden the floors and walls of buildings, to packers to put about fragile articles, to makers of dolls for stuffing, and for other purposes.

The use of wood pulp in the manufacture of paper is not new, and wood pulp is not now regarded as a waste, so important has the pulp industry become. Yet, in its first application to paper-making, the wood pulp employed certainly was a so-called waste, being the thin bark of the poplar, willow, and other trees used as a substitute for rags on account of the scarcity of the latter. Paper, indeed, always has been made chiefly from waste material of some sort, including, besides wood and old rags, old rope, straw, waste paper, etc.

The chemical preparation of wood fibre to form paper is accomplished chiefly by the bisulphite process, and the recovery of the sulphite liquor as a waste from wood-cellulose factories has of late been receiving much attention from manufacturers and inventors. The preparation of glucose, alcohol, and oxalic and pyroligneous acids, is most readily suggested in this connection. The recovery of soda in the manufacture of paper forms a valuable side-product. This is done by recovering the alkali in the form of a carbonate, by the evaporation of the waste liquors, and the ignition of the residues.

An interesting article in the line of a paper product is described by Mr. Henry D. Kittredge in a special report to the United States Census Office. It is a paper board made from old newspapers ground to a pulp and having the permanent particles of the printer's ink minutely subdivided and uniformly distributed throughout it so that a smooth and even tint is imparted to the board.

Indicating the extent of the use of waste matter in the manufacture of paper, are the reports of the Census Bureau that from 1890 to 1900 there were 356,193 tons of old waste paper consumed in paper manufacturing, and crude paper stock, fit for no purpose other than that of being converted into paper, was imported and entered for consumption to the value of \$3,261,407.

From the great slaughter-houses of Chicago, Kansas City, and elsewhere, come a multitude of by-products which have a commercial value. The reason may not be obvious to a layman, why the products of the gray brain matter of calves should be used in the treatment of various human nervous disorders, but the fact is, that they are. Among the nervous affections to which the calf's brain contributes a treatment are neurasthenia, agoraphobia, chorea, St. Vitus's dance, and psychosis.

A list of the slaughter-house by-products which are now utilized for commercial purposes, includes hair, bristles, blood, bones, horns, hoofs, glands, and membranes—from which are obtained pepsin, thymus, thyroids, pancreatin, parotid substances, and suprarenal capsules—gelatin, glue, fertilizers, hides, skins, wool, intestines, neat's-foot oil, soap stock, glycerin from tallow, Brewer's isinglass, and albumen.

Albumen is obtained from the blood of the slaughtered animals, and is used by calico printers, tanners, sugar refiners, and others. The bones coming from cooked meat are boiled; and the fat and gelatin which results are used, the former to make soap, the latter for transparent coverings for chemical preparations, and for other

purposes. The uncooked bones are used in a variety of ways. From the bones of the feet of cattle are made the handles of toothbrushes and knives, chessmen and, generally almost every article for which ivory is suitable. Combs, the backs of brushes, and large buttons are made from horns, which are split and rolled out flat by heat and pressure.

Hoofs are utilized according to their color. White hoofs are exported largely to Japan to be made into various ornaments and imported back as "Japanese art objects." From striped hoofs, buttons and horn ornaments are made; while black hoofs find service in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium for the extraction of gold, and also, ground up, as fertilizer. From the feet, neat's-foot oil is extracted, and from various other portions of the body various other oils, all of which are highly valuable.

Substitutes for butter, such as butterine and oleomargarine, are made by utilizing the fat of beef and hogs. Another important article obtained from fat is glycerin, which may be refined or distilled, or used as an ingredient in glycerin soaps and toilet preparations. Glycerin is now recovered also from tank water, which is a by-product of rendering establishments produced in cooking the scraps of meat, bones, intestines, and other nitrogenous matter containing fats.

A valuable by-product of the slaughter-houses is marrow obtained from the finer medullary substances of the rib bones of young cattle. This is extracted immediately after the animal has been killed, and is macerated or digested in pure glycerin for several days. The medullary glyceride is then strained off for use as a medicinal preparation to stimulate the production of red blood corpuscles. The manufacture of gelatin, or glue, as a by-product of the slaughter-house is well-known.

In the woolen industry there are many materials formerly regarded as wastes which are now made to serve valuable ends. Old rags are recovered into new wool, and wool-grease is used in other industries. No fewer

than five products are obtained by methods now in vogue, from the greasy excretions which, after circulating through the animal's system, attach to the wool of sheep. These products are used as a base for ointments and toilet preparations, for dressings for leather, as a lubricant for wool and other animal fibres, and in conjunction with certain lubricating oils. At a large plant in Massachusetts, more than 200,000 pounds of wool are "degreased" every ten hours. From two million to three million dollars' worth of wool fat and potash are estimated to have been wasted during a year in the United States before the solvent process of extraction came into general use.

Mention has been made of the re-conversion of woolen rags into wool. A few years ago the rags were thrown on the waste heap to become manure, or used to make a cheap grade of paper. Now each little woolen rag, regardless of its previous condition of servitude, enters again into the factory and once more emerges as clothing. The rags are used over and over again until completely worn out, when they are mixed with horns, hoofs, and the blood from slaughter-houses, and melted with scrap iron and wood ashes to form material from which Prussian blue is made.

In the industries of cotton manufacturing and cottonseed oil making, scarcely anything is allowed to go to waste. For many years the seed of the cotton plant was regarded as without value; now the cottonseed crop of the United States is worth about one-fifth of the total cotton crop of the country. Among the principal uses of cottonseed oil are its part in making lard compound and white cottonolene, both valuable food products. Cottonseed oil is also used as a substitute for olive oil, by soap-makers in the making of soap, by bakers, and also in the manufacture of washing powders.

The leather industry is equally saving in the matter of wastes. In the tanning of leather, there are developed as side products scrap and skin, from which glue is made; hair, from which

cheap blankets and cloths are manufactured, and waste liquors containing lime salts. By means of a special apparatus, scraps of leather are converted into boot and shoe heels, inner soles, etc. What is called shoddy leather is made by grinding the bits of leather to a pulp, and then by maceration and pressure forming them into solid strips.

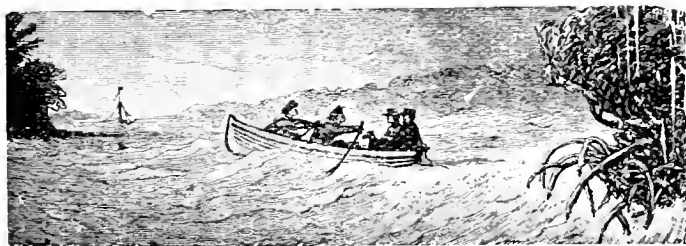
Not many years ago coal-tar or gas tar was a waste material very hard to get rid of. When thrown into a stream the water was polluted; buried in the ground, vegetation was destroyed by it. At the present time, coal-tar products are of the highest commercial value in the production of beautiful dyes and in the making of medicines and disinfectants; and from them is also produced a saccharine substance several hundred times sweeter than sugar. Among other products of gas-tar are naphtha, naphthaline, benzol, and anthracene.

The solid refuse of breweries, distilleries, and sugar factories is treated with soda lye, then mixed with various kinds of resins, dried, pressed, and used as laths, panels, wall coverings, etc. Old rubber is steamed, passed

between rollers, and in a softened condition applied to a strong, coarse fabric, or used for stiffening the heels of boots.

Even without chemical change, many articles once profligately cast away are now being made to serve useful purposes. Broken and worn stuff from the bench, broken pieces of grindstone, old pipes, etc., are more and more being regarded as having only half performed their services, and in a hundred different forms are made still to contribute to the satisfaction of human needs. Worn-out files may make turning tools, scrapers, and burnishers, while the steel by forging down may be utilized in almost any way. When a grindstone is worn into a small diameter, it can be turned in a lathe into grooves for grinding paring gouges. A few elbows, tees, and bends, applied to iron gas-piping, which formerly was given away, will construct many things—excellent hand-rails to steps, or fencing for gardens, or supports for shelves or tables.

Truly the conservation of matter is of wide practical application.



To Cross Atlantic in Thirty Hours

By Wm. G. Fitz-Gerald in Technical Magazine

IT is clear our ocean flyers have pretty well reached the maximum speed at which they can be run with economy. Every knot after twenty entails a cost in power out of all proportion to the increased speed, so tremendous is the resistance met. If only the giant hull could be lifted clear, yet resting on water-planes so as to glide or skim exactly like an air-ship, only in a medium 800 times heavier—then, indeed, marine architecture would be utterly revolutionized.

For in such case it would no longer be necessary to increase power eight times merely to double the ship's speed, as is necessary at present. Epoch-making, therefore, are the latest experiments, which have proved to demonstration that speeds up to a hundred miles an hour are possible at sea, giving a clear prospect of a thirty-hour run from New York to Liverpool, with the added marvel that seasickness also will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten horrors, because no longer possible!

And yet the idea is not new. The tendency of the plane to rise in the direction in which it is propelled has been noticed for centuries by kite-flyers. And forty years ago the British Government was experimenting with a device that showed how a craft would lift if it had inclined planes made fast to its hull. So wonderful were the possibilities that private inventors speedily took a hand, among them Raoul Pictet, whose water "flying machine" amazed the Swiss about the classic shores of Lac Leman.

But there was one fatal defect in those days—the tremendous weight of marine engines which nullified the lifting power of the planes. But an age of gasoline motors that develop the strength of a horse for every three or four pounds of weight revived the old marvel; and three years ago the

Count de Lambert—the French are wonders at motors, as Santos Dumont knows—began a new series of trials.

Over thirty-four miles an hour was attained in a craft carrying 3,306 pounds, and propelled by a miniature engine of only fifty horse-power. The count used five planes, each ten feet long and four broad, slightly inclined and upturned from back to front. Unfortunately some of his planes, while lifting the hull, themselves emerged also, and set up much resistance.

This defect, however, was wholly overcome in the first glider built in this country. Here the planes were not placed directly on the keel, but hung from a framework attached to the hull. So deep were they in the water that when they rose they lifted the boat clear, yet remained quite submerged themselves. In a word the hull hung upon stilts, each terminating in an inclined plane so arranged that the higher the speed the greater the lifting power of the planes—whose angle, by the way, could be automatically altered by an ingenious device.

But the man who has attained the most astounding results of all is Peter Cooper Hewitt of New York, well known for the famous light to which he has given his name, and also for his remarkable automobile inventions. Here is a rare case of an inventor being both cautious and modest; for it is only the ablest of practical engineers that have sung the praises of an invention destined to bring about an utter revolution in water transport. Oddly enough, Hewitt started out to build a flying machine, but, like a flash it occurred to him that gigantic success would be his if he made his medium water instead of air.

His first model was a little 27-foot craft, carrying an eight-cylinder gasoline motor. When at rest the boat

gave no indication at all of high speed capability; yet when set in motion it fairly flew along the surface of the water, the hull quite clear, the planes skimming like feathering oars at well above forty miles an hour. And it is as clear as that two and two make four that a 200-foot vessel can be built which will go sixty or eighty miles an hour; while a still larger craft, with nothing like the power put into one of our great ocean liners, would surely bridge the Atlantic in little more than a day!

It was a lucky moment for Mr. Hewitt when he chose water for his medium rather than unstable air, which requires wings or planes 800 times the size and power required for the same effective lift as in water. Moreover, experiments are proportionately less costly.

"My first model," Mr. Hewitt told *The Technical World*, "was entirely supported by the planes at sixteen miles an hour; the flotation hull being entirely out of water at that speed. I found, too, that the area of the planes should decrease with the speed for economy and safety. So far, speed has only been limited by the propeller, but the craft will gradually improve with increased size, and the liner of the future will be practically independent of weather, and have no motion from the waves."

As the surface of the water is uneven, it becomes necessary to straddle the surface, so to speak—that is, to have the main supporting planes well below the surface, and maintain the hull well at rest above the wave-crests, allowing the rollers to play in between. This is perfectly practicable, so that a large ship will, even in the roughest weather, glide as smoothly as in a placid lake.

You see, the system is precisely the same as with the flying machine, save that the latter is forced to provide mechanical substitutes for the surface of the water, which is an invariable means of support for the new craft.

And aside from its peace aspect, the possibilities of the invention in war must be considered. Naval architects claim that the larger guns can-

not be used with any accuracy on a vessel going faster than thirty miles an hour. For this reason a torpedo boat skimming or gliding at a mile a minute could do pretty well as it pleased and loose its Whiteheads at giant victims that remained entirely helpless. And remember, every experiment has shown that the gliding principle is better adapted to big ships than small boats.

The only problem that remains at present is that of the propeller. Beyond question, however, the engineers will meet this difficulty in view of the marvelous new era of ocean travel now clearly shown to be in the realm of things practical. Wise and far-seeing men have scoffed at the idea of any inventor, much less the general public, flying through the air from the Old World to the New—at any rate in this generation.

For the past two or three years there have been standing offers to inventors aggregating \$250,000, at least, for a flight from London to Paris—a matter of less than four hundred miles. Or even a course from London to Liverpool, entirely over land. But so far no enthusiast has been able to claim this fortune. Not that engineers doubt the great future of the flying machine; but at present stability and absolute certainty are hopelessly lacking because of the precarious medium of support.

But the idea of offering all the advantages of a flying machine with the addition of an absolutely stable medium is one to arouse enthusiasm even in the layman. And besides enormous speed, there will be entire immunity from seasickness, because the giant hull will be lifted clear above the waves, just like the body of a flying albatross that skims over the wave-crests and laughs at the storm.

Of course fogs, icebergs and derelicts will always remain a menace. Still, for all practical purposes water travel will be as rapid as that on land, for the fundamental difficulty has been solved and all resistance overcome by lifting the hull clear out of the water, using the latter merely for the support of the gliding planes.

One cannot help shuddering, however, at the thought of two of these fast planes colliding while running at full speed.

It is little wonder that Peter Cooper Hewitt should be the man of the hour; and very tempting offers are being made to him by capitalists and enthusiastic engineers who have seen the inventor fairly flying over the water in his boat and turning sharp corners around the yachts in Long Island Sound in a manner altogether amazing to the mariner. A larger craft is already projected, for which seventy miles an hour is ex-

pected; and it cannot be long before the great ocean transportation companies take official notice of this revolutionary invention, as they did in the case of the turbine now fitted to giants like the Cunarders, Carmania and Caronia.

It is, therefore, no fantastic theory, but a matter of sober fact that within a few years at most the crossing of the Atlantic, with its 3,000 miles of stormy sea, will be a matter no more serious than the journey from New York to Chicago at this hour. Yet it seems but yesterday the bridging of the ocean in a fortnight was a thing to marvel at!

Black Balling by Electricity

By Howard Greene in Technical World

ELECTRICAL balloting is one of the latest innovations introduced by the Automobile Club of America in its magnificent new clubhouse in New York. Formerly the board of governors made use of the old-fashioned black and white ball plan. This was good enough so long as there were not very many applicants for membership to be balloted for, but when the lists assumed large proportions a great deal of time was lost by the handling of the little spheres and the ballot box. So a new and much superior system was devised by the club's first vice-president and consulting engineer, Dr. Schuyler Skaats Wheeler. Instead of there being a ballot box passed, each member sits in his chair and presses a button, transmitting his vote electrically to the ballot box. Each voter has in his hand a small block of wood in which are two push-buttons, one black and the other white. If he has no objection to the member whose name is up, he presses the white button and his vote is recorded accordingly; but if he thinks the club would be better off without the applicant, he presses

the black one. In either case he votes absolutely in secret and in the twinkling of an eye.

The electrical device that corresponds to the ballot box is a small two-drop annunciator; one of the drops has on it a black disk—the equivalent of the damning black ball—while the other is plain white. When voting is about to commence a curtain is drawn over the face of the annunciator; after the governors have pressed their buttons the curtain is withdrawn and the drops scannèd. If only the white drop has fallen a new member has been added to the club's roll; but if anyone has pressed a black button the black disk will be in view, nipping the would-be member's aspirations in the bud. It is, of course, impossible to tell who has voted either way, or even how many black balls have been cast. A great deal of time is saved when there are a number of names before the board, as is often the case. The electric current is supplied by a set of four dry cells carried in the lower part of a wood case; cables extend to the annunciator and around the table, and branch wires connect

with the button-blocks in the members' hands. When the apparatus is not in use it is all packed into the case above the battery and the case

is stored out of the way. A handle at the top renders it easy to carry about, as the weight is not great. Hence it may quickly be removed.

The World Menace of Japan

By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., in *Cosmopolitan*

THE question as to the admission of Japanese is common to Canada and the United States. But in the case of Canada the settlement of the question rests with the Imperial Government, which remains supreme in all things, neither the Dominion as a whole, nor any one of its Provinces having anything analogous to state rights; though the Imperial Government always feels itself morally bound to pay attention to colonial opinion. What, in the case of the United States, are the relative powers of the Federal Government and the Government of the State, it is for American jurists to decide. What seems certain is that there can be no domestic legislation by treaty with a foreign power, though domestic legislation may follow as the necessary consequence of a treaty. When, for instance, the French Emperor made a commercial treaty with Great Britain and carried it into effect, though rather questionably, by his autocratic edict, the edict, not the treaty, was the legislative act.

The admission of Japanese to Canada can hardly fail in some degree to affect the question regarding their admission to the Pacific States of the Union. But admitted to Canada the Japanese, if their Government insists upon it, apparently must be, the relations between Great Britain and Japan being what they now are. This Anglo-Japanese alliance is the last outcome of the anti-Russian policy of England, which dates from the Crimean War, a war into which England was practically drawn by three men, each of them with a motive of his own, that of Palmerston being antagonism to Lord Aberdeen; that of Sir Stratford

Canning, resentment for a personal affront received from the Russian court; that of the emperor of the French, military glory for his throne and perhaps the assertion of his place in the circle of royalties, by whom he had been treated rather as a parvenu.

If the Japanese and Chinese are to be admitted at all, it would seem that they must be admitted freely. The exaction of a large fine on admission prevents them from bringing their wives, thus limiting the emigration to the male sex, to which obviously there is grave objection.

Americans, it seems, are beginning to look with misgiving at this vast inrush of immigration, which, especially in great cities, the centres of politics and the press, must presently tell on the character of the nation, and, through its character, on its institutions.

No political constitution is perfect or will wear forever. Time, the great innovator, impairs if you do not mend. Franklin saw defects in the work of the founders, though he kept his doubts to himself. The adoption of Montesquieu's erroneous theory of separation between the legislative and executive spheres has interfered with the production of trained statesmen. Worse than this, the nation has been divided into two organized parties, formed upon principles now largely belonging to the past, yet still carrying on a perpetual war for power and place. But the Republic has been upheld by the character of its people. A short residence in a country town has been enough to reassure an observer who had felt misgiving about the political stability of the Republic.

The character of the people was American, but how much more dilution it will bear, especially with elements so alien politically and generally so unused to republican government as the Semite, the Calabrian, the Chinese, and the Japanese, it would be difficult to say. The public schools, it may be said, will accomplish the assimilation in time. But this will take time, and the assimilation, after all, may be rather intellectual than political or moral.

When the fathers of the Republic opened an asylum for humanity, they were perhaps thinking more of the unfortunate and the persecuted than of this torrent of alien blood. The immigration question is, in fact, the most serious that is before the American people, touching, as it does, the very life of the nation. Manual labor of certain kinds and domestic service it seems necessary to import. A native American, it may be assumed, seldom handles pick or spade. At the time of the Molly Maguire riots a visit to the disturbed district at once satisfied the inquirer that the disturbance was foreign. Rarely or only under peculiar circumstances apparently is the native American woman seen in domestic service. A large immigration element therefore there must be. But it ought if possible, to be so regulated as to prevent it from affecting the national character.

On the native American population the restraints common to all highly civilized races are no doubt taking effect, limiting its increase and, of course, its assimilating power.

As to the Japanese, little more than half a century has passed since Commodore Perry, accosting them with republican frankness, reunited them to the family of nations. The military and commercial features of Western civilization they have fully made their own, some of the commercial features rather too fully, as those who have had dealings with them and contrast their character with that of the Chinese know. But in tastes and habits, in moral, social, domestic, and political notions and ideals, the Japanese still seem to differ essentially from the

people of the West. There is something even in the character of the valor, of which they have been making so splendid a display, different from that of the ordinary soldier. It has an air of fanatical self-devotion that reminds one of the three liegemen of Timur who, when ordered by him to prove to a stranger their devotion by committing suicide in different ways, at once obeyed. In the molding of Japanese character, religion has not played the part which Christianity as a moral system has played in molding the character of Christian nations. National feeling, since Japan has emerged from feudalism and become a nation, is evidently very strong and will be likely to delay fusion. It will, besides, always have a basis and source of renewal in their mother country. A mixed community of Whites and Yellows could, therefore, hardly be a success.

It is always to be borne in mind that the United States has already a vast population of negroes that are unassimilated and destined, it is to be feared, always unassimilated to remain. How much there is that the framers of the constitution could not foresee!

On the military part of the problem it is for military and naval men to decide. The United States, having hitherto confronted the military and naval powers of Europe, is now suddenly called upon to face about, as it were, and present a front to Asiatic powers, the number and strength of which will not be determined till it is seen whether China is to be combined with Japan. Opinion seems to be still unsettled as to the ultimate practicability of the Panama Canal; while to strike round Cape Horn with sufficient celerity will hardly be feasible even with the amendment of the law of nations enjoining a declaration of war. The United States might perhaps find an ally in Australia, where the demonstration of Japanese power and ambition has bred uncomfortable sensations. Canada, besides being included in the Anglo-Japanese league, will be helpless as a military power. Her naval

fortress in British Columbia must speedily share the fate of Port Arthur. Her protectress, Great Britain, is far away, and her own military force, small in numbers, whatever may be its quality, is, from the great distances between her provinces, incapable of rapid concentration. A deliberate onslaught of either of the powers on the other is not to be apprehended. But the mine of ambition and jealousy, unfortunately, is everywhere charged, and it is possible that some dispute about the treatment of immigrants, such as that which has just been settled, might be the fatal spark. This, however, is a phase of the subject on which a civilian is neither competent nor very willing to dwell.

His temper the Japanese apparently has shown by his treatment of Korea. Korea has not been happy; her government has been described as tyrannical and corrupt, the corruption extending to the educational department, though education and learning are said to be held in high esteem. She has culture enough to have produced a series of novelettes, one of which was translated into French and published under a title of "*Printemps Parfume*." It is a graceful little tale, very sentimental, and with a socialistic tinge. Korea would no doubt have fallen into the grip of the Russian bear had she not been snatched from it by the fangs of the Japanese wolf. But the government of a military satrap of Russia in an outlying province is said to be better than the Government of St. Petersburg, while the comparatively low level of Russian civilization diminishes the gulf between the conquerer and the conquered.

It will presently be seen whether the object of Japan is extension of power or room for an increasing population. In the first case, it is easily surmised that the mark of her ambition will be China. China, with her countless millions and her rich resources, flaccid and torpid as she is, seems to invite invaders who, playing over again the part of the Manchu Tartar, might seat a Japanese dynasty on the throne

of Peking. It appears scarcely possible that she should not in some way be affected by an electrical current from Japan. The Western nations, at all events, will no longer be able, in the case of China, to treat the East as devoid of national rights, as mere plunder as to the division of which they have only to agree among themselves. Of such things as the opium trade forced on China by British power, the Lorch War, and the bombardment of Canton we shall hear no more.

The Philippines also are named as a possible mark of Japanese aggrandizement and expansion. Of what use those islands are to the American people otherwise than as a trophy, it is surely difficult to see. The trade does not appear to repay the cost of occupation. The native population is large, apparently undesirable, and such as to afford little hope of the creation of a daughter republic. A distant dependency may be desirable for military reasons, such as the protection of trade; but, as a political adjunct it seems to be rather a barnacle, hardly suitable or salutary for a republic. If one may judge by the general expressions of American opinion, a bargain might not be impossible in this case.

The people who have most reason to dread Japanese aggrandizement undoubtedly are the Australians. Of this the Australians are sensible. They have been passing exclusion laws, barring out both Japanese and Chinese, somewhat weakening their own case at the same time by legislating, under the influence of their unions, against the perfectly free admission of labor of other kinds. To maintain the exclusion of Japanese cannot fail to be difficult in view of the present connection between the imperial country and Japan. Yet the thought of being compelled to admit Japanese, much more the thought of sharing Australia with them, seems to fill the hearts of the Australians with alarm and wrath. They declare their determination to go to any extremities rather than give way upon this point. A union of Anglo-Saxons and Japan-

ese, the two races being alien in all their ideas and ways and the Japanese being intruders, would be ill assorted, almost monstrous. But what can the imperial country do? Apart from the league into which she has entered with Japan, can she undertake to protect a colony incapable of self-protection and on the other side of the globe against the aggression of a great neighboring power? When Australia and New Zealand were penal colonies, distance was no drawback, perhaps it was rather a recommendation. It is now a drawback of the most serious kind. This case may possibly cause England to reflect on the policy of an imperial system which involves her in such responsibilities; while as the colonies refuse, and must continue to refuse, protective preference to British trade, she gets little save the name of Empire in return. Affection undiminished, perhaps increased, she would have if the imperial tie were dissolved to-morrow.

It seems certain that the success of Japan, as a revolution in favor of the East, has been felt in India and has added somewhat to the unrest prevailing there. But the unrest prevailing in India is apparently confined largely to the educated and English-speaking class of natives, many of them trained in British schools and colleges, who have imbibed English ideas of con-

stitutional liberty and nationality, while many of them are competitors with the British for the state appointments in India, and some of them have mixed in British politics. The feeling of this party shows itself in an oriental vehemence of language which it is necessary to discount. It does not extend to the native masses, who have no ideas of political liberty and are not candidates for state appointments. The native princes, held on their thrones by British power, remained loyal even at the time of the mutiny. The army is loyal; notably so are the Sikhs and Ghurkas, who are the core of it. All the artillery and all the means of making ammunition are kept in British hands. Besides, what is still more decisive, Mohammedans will not conspire with Hindus. Nothing, therefore, at present threatens British dominion in India. But no British child can be reared in the Indian climate. *Hic terminus haeret.* That is the limit fixed by fate.

Speculation upon the probable movements of Japan, however, must depend largely on the real state of her exchequer. As moderation is not a leading feature of her character, her moderation in treating with Russia at Portsmouth seemed to show that she felt the limit of her resources, and needed at least time for recuperation.

He only wins who sets his thews of steel
 With tighter tension for the prick of pain.
 Who wearies, yet stands fast; whose patient zeal
 Welcomes the present loss for future gain.

Toil before ease; the cross before the crown,
 Who covets rest, he first must earn the boon,
 He who at night in peace would lay him down
 Must bear his load amid the heats of noon.



The Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, D.D.
Lord Bishop of London.

The Omnibus Bishop

By Elisabeth Ellicott Poe in Cosmopolitan

THE tercentenary of the establishment of the Church of England in America has brought to this country one of the most remarkable of living churchmen in the person of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, the many-sidedness of whose character, which gives him the right to the title of "omnibus bishop," may be gathered from the circumstance that he is "all things to all men" in so far that not only does his popularity obtain in Belgravia and Mayfair, where he is known as the "society bishop," but the people of the East End affectionately call him "our bishop," while others of his numerous honorary titles are the "breezy bishop," the "bishop of the slums," the "men's bishop," the "up-to-date bishop," the "poor man's bishop," and the "King's first bishop."

All episcopal England stood aghast, in March, 1901, at the news that the Bishop of Stepney, in the east end of the modern Babylon, suffragan to the scholarly Mandell Creighton, had been chosen from among all the other bishops in England for the diocese of London, the largest in the world, with its six hundred parishes and fifteen hundred clergymen ministering to the spiritual needs of a population of more than six millions. The man who had been known to the church principally as a rough-and-ready member of the militant clergy, who was in the habit of meeting all comers, on behalf of the Christian religion, in the controversial forum at Victoria Park, who mingled on equal terms with publicans and sinners in the slums, who was without family influence or court acquaintance, and whose age was only forty-three, had been elevated over the heads of his seniors to an ecclesiastical position next after those of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, to secular rank where he took precedence of a

baron, and to a seat in the House of Lords in succession to a long line of distinguished churchmen. The sensation created in England can scarcely be appreciated by those who have never observed the solemn reverence with which an English bishop is regarded in his own country, where dignity is dependent on the order of precedence.

The appointment of Arthur Ingram to the diocese of London met with the approval of the man in the street, nevertheless. "'E 'ave done a lot of good, 'e 'ave. I used to 'ear 'im preach," said a cabby, when he heard the news. "And now 'e's Bishop of London! 'E's a right un, is our bishop. I'll write to the blokey and tell 'im 'ow glad I am.

And write to him he did, and, what is more, he received a long reply in the bishop's own handwriting.

The bishop got the notification of his appointment while on his way to a big workmen's meeting in the East End, it is said, and read it on top of a 'bus. His first exclamation was: "Will I have to live in Fulham Palace, I wonder! Can't I rent out the palace and stay on in Amen Court?"

With characteristic directness, the bishop told the men at the meeting that evening of the signal honor just bestowed upon him by the King. "But I don't want to live in Fulham Palace. I would rather remain in Amen Court," he repeated to them. "However, if they make me live in the palace, you must all come up and see me," he added, brightening up. "But perhaps they'll let me live in Red House Coffee Palace (a settlement house he was then building)," he continued. "Then we might put a sign over the door, 'A Good Pull-up for Bishops.'

"I suppose I will have to ride in a carriage now," was his next observation. "Well, if any of you boys

see me, be sure to give me a hail, and I will give you a lift. Don't be proud now, and disown me, just because I am Bishop of London."

In spite of the misgivings with which his appointment was viewed in certain quarters, Ingram has won not only the respect but the admiration and love of all London, where he is a potent force. His is a wonderful and a fascinating personality. He is a splendid specimen of physical manhood, standing nearly six feet in height, and keeping himself in condition by daily cycling, football, and tennis. While his countenance is not, perhaps, what could be called handsome, his kindly eyes glow with the fervor of his convictions, and his facial expression is the incarnation of spiritual strength. One of England's great men once said that Ingram was the only man he ever knew who could talk about the grace of God in mixed company without making his auditors feel ill at ease.

Ingram's experience in London, previous to his occupying the post of bishop of Stepney, had been almost entirely in the East End. He had been head of Oxford House in Bethnal Green, rector of Bethnal Green, rural dean of Spitalfields, and canon of St. Paul's, and was acquainted with every feature of life among the submerged tenth. While canon of St. Paul's he preached his famous series of sermons on "Men Who Crucify Christ" to the capacity of the cathedral, mercilessly arraigning the property-owners in the better quarters of London who were growing rich from the rental of the wretched tenements in the slums. More than that, he secured lists of owners of the overcrowded rookeries, and went to them personally to beg their co-operation in his plans for social reform by the erection of sanitary dwellings—through his remarkable individuality obtaining marvelous results in this direction.

When he became Bishop of London, and, as such, the spiritual adviser of the royal family and pastor of England's greatest and wealthiest families, Ingram again used the op-

portunities the position gave him to interest the rich in the condition of the poor. In the drawing-room as well as the pulpit he promulgated his belief that the segregation of one class from another is at the root of all social evils, and that personal contact with the lapsed masses is the only method that can succeed. His enthusiasm for humanity is as great as for the church, and he realizes that man's body must be ministered to as well as his soul. These ideas he continually impresses upon the fashionable world. He never performs the marriage ceremony among the great without gently admonishing husband and wife of their duty as Christians to their fellow-creatures. So winning is his manner and so earnest are his words that, instead of earning the reputation of being a bore, he is as beloved in the West End as in the slums.

As Bishop of London, Doctor Ingram holds that his first duty is to attempt to reduce the total of human unhappiness, and wherever squalor is the greatest or misery the deepest, he is always to be found. He is a familiar figure, on his bicycle, in the London streets, and he often stops at the sight of a familiar face, when men, women, and children gather about him to listen to an impromptu talk. He is adept at concealing a moral in an anecdote or a joke.

The Bishop of London does not disdain still to go to Victoria Park on a Sunday afternoon to hold argument with the champions of infidelity on common ground, where he is generally surrounded by a volunteer guard of workingmen. Sometimes a heated controversy will arise, but Doctor Ingram always meets the verbal onslaughts of his opponents with perfect good-humor. The crowd invariably pays close attention, and does not hesitate to award him his meed of praise. "The bishop wins! The bishop wins!" boys and men will cry, when he makes a good point.

The garden parties of the Bishop of London, in the beautiful grounds of Fulham Palace, have been famous functions among the elite of the church and society for generations.

Doctor Ingram still gives these garden parties on Saturday afternoons during the warm weather, but his guests are working girls and boys, who are welcomed and entertained by ladies of fashion whom the bishop has pressed into service for that purpose. As canon of St. Paul's he began the practice of taking factory girls, a hundred at a time, over the cathedral on Saturdays, pointing out to them the interesting features of the great edifice, and afterward giving them tea in the deanery, which was his residence. St. Paul's became the Mecca of East London girlhood; and, while the bishop did not preach to them on these pleasure tours, his quiet hints often led to improvement in dress, manners, speech, and morals.

As head of Oxford House, the first successful settlement institution in the world, situated in Bethnal Green, one of the most wretched districts in London the future Bishop of London did a great work. Since leaving Oxford, in 1881, he had done private tutoring for three years, and then had occupied the curacy of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, for a year. There was not enough work in this post for the young man, however. He longed to be in the thick of the fight; and, in 1885, he became chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, and also head of Oxford House. The institution had been established and was supported principally by young Oxonians, who found in Ingram an aggressive leader in the crusade against the powers of darkness. In a district given over to crime and brutality, where a census had shown that nine hundred out of a thousand boys were described as going "nowhere" to church, he established clubs that did away entirely with street-ruffianism, his personality holding the young men until they learned to respect themselves and became fellow-workers in the movement.

The bishop long afterward was talking to a publican, or saloon-keeper, whom he had met in a hospital, when the conversation turned to Bethnal Green. Doctor Ingram was surprised to find that the man knew several of

the youths of his own acquaintance in that neighborhood, and asked him where he had met them.

"Why," replied the other, "I used to have a public house down that way, and your chaps were my regular customers. Then they joined your clubs, and I had to close up my place."

Bishop Ingram possesses extraordinary influence over the men of the people, both old and young. His talks to them are practical in the extreme, and he drives the truth home with metaphors they can understand. On one occasion, at a meeting in the East End, he had told his audience that liquor was a chain that held men in bondage to sin. After the meeting a young man came up to the platform, and, handing him a pint flask of whiskey, said:

"'Ere's my chain, guv-ner. But, 'ow dd you know I 'ad it with me?"

The bishop is particularly happy in his relations with his clergy. He plays tennis with them, calls to see the new babies, and is ever ready with kindly advice or inspiring counsel. A pretty story is told of a recent visit of his to a West End parsonage where the small daughter of the house had been sentenced to the nursery during the stay of the distinguished visitor. After tea he was missed and a search was instituted. When the nursery was reached the bishop was found on his hands and knees on the floor, playing horse with the baby, who was perched on his back.

Bishop Ingram has never married, for he believes that his entire life and energies belong to his beloved people. He has two residences in London, historic Fulham Palace and London House, in St. James's Square. The yearly income from his bishopric is ten thousands pounds, but most of this goes out in stipends and salaries to his assistants. He himself lives with the utmost frugality.

The Bishop of London is the youngest member of the English episcopate, being in his fiftieth year. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he made no mark as a scholar, though he left a record for Christian living that is remembered to this day. His

scholarship was so poor, indeed, that it was thought at one time that he would be compelled to abandon his clerical ambitions, but he buckled down to work and came through with flying colors.

It is the more surprising that, in addition to all the other work he has accomplished in London, he has become an author of note. His books, "Work in Great Cities," "Old Testament Difficulties," etc., are virile, forceful, and inspiring, and have already had an influence in the church. Doctrinal questions are the least of

his anxieties, as Bishop of London. He believes in sociological ecclesiasticism, and the amalgamation of the high, low, and broad schools in the Church of England in the interests of Christian life and work.

Other items of interest about this extraordinary bishop are that he rowed on his college eight at Oxford, and that he is still known among his more intimate friends as "Chuckles," a name given him in his boyhood by reason of his proneness to bubble over with cheerfulness and good-humor.

My Musical Evening

By Fox Russell in Royal Magazine

I HAVE always been more or less fond of music, but have never experienced the wild joy of being received into the collective bosom of a musical family until—but I am getting too far ahead.

Toodlecombe who is a member of my club, and with whom I have had a nodding acquaintance for some considerable time, asked me one day:

"Do you like music?"

He called it "mee-usic"; but no matter.

I replied indifferently that I could stand music as well as most people.

"Would you like to run down to our place—it's only forty minutes from town—dine with us, and spend a mee-usical evening?" he continued.

"Delighted," I rejoined politely—"some day," I added as a "saver."

"That's right. Then s'pose we fix Monday next."

I was not quite prepared for this, as I had not the remotest intention of accepting Toodlecombe's invitation—so I hedged a bit.

"Er—ah—thanks awfully, and all that, and so forth, but the fact is, I ——" and here, being an unskilled liar, I fairly stuck.

Toodlecombe, who is one of the

men who take no denial, at once struck in:

"Then name your own day, my dear sir—name your own day; it really doesn't matter to us. I live at home with my brothers and sisters and the Old Man, and any night that suits you, suits us."

Now, I ask, is it fair to corner a man like this? I couldn't say I was engaged every night for the rest of my natural life, so was forced into fixing a date.

"Well, then—thanks awfully"—(those words were, I fear, uttered in a weak and vacillating tone, and lacked heartiness)—"er—I think I'll say Saturday, eh?"

When Toodlecombe, after fully directing me how to find his house, bade me "Good-night," he shook hands, and uttered these words—they sounded to me suggestive of a Cassandra-like warning:

"That's right. We'll give you a treat."

They did. The evening at length arrived, and, resolutely turning my back on civilization, I took the train for Bricksbury-on-Clay.

There was a dense fog down the line, and we were considerably delayed—the rate of progression averaging

about four miles an hour, and the journey being freely punctuated with the "Pop, pop!" of the detonators placed on the metals—a bitter frost added its quota to the sum of my discomfort, and when at length the train crawled alongside the platform of Bricksbury, I was almost frozen to death besides being choked with the thick, blinding fog. The train was nearly an hour late.

I coughed the fog out of my throat, gave up my ticket, and, turning to the left as soon as I got out of the station—acting under my friend's instructions—set out resolutely to tramp the short distance to the maison Toodlecombe.

"You can't miss it," my musical friend had said; "keep bearing to the left; it's less than half-a-mile from the station."

So I kept bearing to the left; i.e., I took every left-hand turn I found, and got on capitally—until suddenly, and without any warning, I trudged cheerily into the middle of a half-frozen duck-pond.

Then I made observations on the sanity of people who seek to give directions, and give them wrongly. Had Toodlecombe been there I should have expostulated with my umbrella.

Fortunately, I got in no deeper than up to my knees—and I retraced my steps hurriedly, and with certain cursory observations.

Evidently Toodlecombe had directed me carelessly. So I set about returning up the same road as I had come by, and after a sharp ten minutes' walk I saw a house looming out of the fog, which instinct told me must be the one I sought. I knocked at the door, which was opened, and after some delay, a tousle-headed servant, who asked suspiciously if I was 'the Rates'?

I said, "No—not as far as I knew," and then asked if this was the Toodlecombes'.

"Oh, no—this ain't Toodlecombes'—nowhere near it—oh, no, you've come quite the wrong way—that's your way. You must have turned round, and walked the same road back

again—you're almost at the railroad station."

Which fact did not tend to improve my temper. I started off on my wanderings again and running into—literally speaking—a friendly policeman, I obtained such information as led me, twenty minutes later, to the more or less ancestral home of the Toodlecombes.

"So glad to see you my dear Townley," exclaimed my host, genially wringing my hand—I should have preferred his wringing my socks and trouser-legs—"I suppose you've been delayed by the fog, like Professor von Earsplitzen, who came by your train, and has only just arrived. He walked into a ditch——"

"And I into a duck-pond!" I interrupted somewhat acidly. "The roads of this salubrious town are hardly lighted sufficiently to cope with a peasoup fog."

"Well never mind; dinner's just ready, and we'll have a long evening's music"—(he again pronounced it "mee—usic")—"afterwards. You've got here safely, so all your troubles are ended."

I doubted this.

Then I was ushered into a room considerably overfilled with vases, palm-leaf fans, alleged old china, small tables, which would hardly have supported the weight of a solitary teacup, painted (Aspinall's enamel and home-made artists) milking-stools, and multi-colored mats. "And on the mat, I slipped and sat"—(forgive the lapse into verse; it shall not occur again).

Before I could regain my feet I was introduced to the three Misses Toodlecombe, all d'un certain age, and all, as I afterwards found to my cost, "mee—usual."

After I had risen to my feet and blushing bowed, knocking over one of the ricketty tables with my coat-tails as I did so, I was introduced to Professor von Earsplitzen, a large-sized, long-haired specimen, obviously "made in Germany," and to "Bob" Toodlecombe, my host's brother, an honest trier on the trombone. Then to the Old Man—evidently as an af-

terthought. I will at once say that old man Toodlecombe was not nice. He kept up a running fire of grunts and groans, wheezings and sighings, calculated to make those condemned to be of his immediate entourage contemplate with becoming resignation the idea of assisting in his early transfer to the cold graveyard. I personally, could have taken the news of papa Toodlecombe's "passing" with a holy calm.

Then we went in to dinner, which

I bowed, and then in silent wonder watched the huge Teuton deftly balance a poached egg on his knife and thereafter consume it with enjoyment.

"What will you drink?" asked Georgina, the eldest daughter, smiling sweetly at me.

"What he can get," grunted the Old Man audibly. Henrietta frowned scathingly in his direction, and the O. M. "dried up."

In reply to Georgina, I was about to say "claret," when it suddenly



"Mr. Townley, do you know von Trauserstretchau's Scherzo?"

proved to be not dinner at all, but a sort of glorified tea.

The Professor tucked his napkin under his chin, and wreathed it gracefully around him, as he prepared to attack the dish of poached eggs and bacon.

"Ach," he said, addressing me, "dis fock, it ees zo thick ass I swallow 'im down yes, donnerwetter—I 'ave gom by ze zame drain ass you vom town. Yes—no—is it not?"

dawned upon me that tea and coffee were alone available. I chose the latter, I don't know on what grounds, but these (the grounds, I mean) were perfectly apparent as soon as I tackled the mixture of food and drink.

Beyond the eggs and bacon, most of which the Professor managed to get outside, buns seemed to be the staple food of all Brickburians—buns of the Bath, buns of the rice, buns of the plum, and buns of the plain

order. I have never been to a Bun Show, but doubt if you would see this indigenous product in any greater profusion than we had it, chez Toodlecombe, that evening.

At last we rose from the table, and full of buns—beans, I should say—drifted, in an inflated kind of manner, into the room of palm-leaf fans again. This time I carefully avoided that mat.

The Old Man wheezed his way through the rest and sat himself down beside me. It was an honor—I felt that—but I had no wish to emulate Malvolio and have greatness thrust upon me, at all events, in this particular form.

Again turning on her sweet smile—I am sure that smile has been in the family for years—Georgina said to me:

“Mr. Townley, do you know von Trauserstretchaus’ Scherzo in——”

“Georgina,” wheezed the terrible Old Man, interrupting her, “wish you’d get a new piece now and again! You’ve been playing that for the last twenty years——”

Then Toodlecombe thought it high time to interfere and suppress his parent.

“Now, look here, gov’nor,” he said, firmly but kindly, “Mr. Townley has come down here for mee-usic—you don’t like it, we know. But you’ll find your pipe in the next room—and here’s the key of the sideboard.”

This last proved a most effective bait, and the Old Man, still grunting and wheezing, rose and waddled off. We saw him no more.

I kept my sorrow within reasonable bounds. I felt that a little “Old Man” went a considerable distance. I had absolutely no use for Papa Toodlecombe.

“This Scherzo is a lovely thing,” resumed Georgina, grabbing a bow and preparing to assault a violoncello, whilst Henrietta advanced with determined air upon the piano.

“Ach, id ist loafly,” corroborated the Professor, blowing his nose soulfully. “Und id ist composed by a grantfater of mine own.”

The Professor, with a preliminary

tap on the back of his violin, looked round to see that piano, violoncello, and viola were ready, then he gave the signal to begin. The Brothers Toodlecombe, on brass instruments, were to throw in an outrage on cornet and trombone respectively as the piece progressed.

But the question I had to ask myself after forty minutes or so of hard, perspiring work for the instrumentalists, was: “Was it progressing?” Each “movement” seemed a little longer than the last. But I was helpless—resistance was useless. Why, oh why couldn’t they work off the rest of it before an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb?

When they eventually finished I was within measureable distance of lunacy. In fact, I was wondering vaguely how I should look wearing straws in my hair.

I thanked them all and rose, saying that, although with great regret, I must really go now, as my train back to town——

But that bald-headed miscreant “Bob” immediately struck in:

“Oh you need not trouble, Mr. Townley. There’s no train now till the last—12.10—and it’s much too soon to go for that.”

I resumed my seat and murmured “Thank you.” I also uttered to myself, “D—ear me.”

Then Georgina sang. It is curious, but absolutely true, that musical people are, to a large extent, divided into those who can sing and won’t and those who can’t sing and do—Georgina must, I fear, be placed amongst the latter class.

Her voice itself was—well, I have heard worse voices (but not much). But time and tune wait for no man—or is it time and tide? Well, it really doesn’t much matter; it is equally true in either case. And as to her execution—half way through the song, I made up my mind that this was a thing much to be desired—at an early date and without benefit of clergy!

Von Earsplitzen then sang—or, more correctly speaking, roared—lyrically informing us that his “herz”

was beating only in connection with his "schmerz." Other useful information was afforded in the succeeding verses, and finally, with one long, last, dismal howl, he stopped.

We applauded as in duty bound, and then I saw "Bob" furtively fingering his trombone.

"Er——" I began, "you don't propose to—to—you are not a soloist on this weapon?"

"Well," he answered rather diffidently (I hoped I had touched his

I really must be getting off to the station."

"Sure you wouldn't like a shake-down here?" struck in Toodlecombe. "The Professor's not going back in the fog—we are putting him up for the night, and we should be delighted if——"

"Thanks awfully and so forth," I gasped fearfully—I had a sort of wild idea that this musical family might really make me stop—"but I absolutely must get off. You see I



"Been gone a 'arf hour or more," was the surly reply.

heart and awakened a better feeling within him), "I do have a shot now and then at 'The Battle of the Prague,' but I don't know if you'd like it."

"My dear sir," I said solemnly—mind you, I felt solemn when I calculated my chances of escape—"every man has his price—mine is 'The Battle of the Prague,' rendered by a brilliant exponent such as I am sure you are on the trombone. But

have nothing with me, so couldn't possibly stop."

"Well, no more has the Professor, but he——"

"Ah quite so, quite so—but I dare say he has brought the other collar and—and—no, really thanks, I must go—afraid I'm rather late in starting already. Good-bye, good-bye! I don't know when I've spent such an evening as this; it is quite out of the common—absolutely unique—y e s,

thanks, this is my coat. Oh, the fog's cleared off now—hooray!"

And I rushed off down the steps and started walking briskly to the station, thanking my lucky star that I had got through that "mee—usual" evening alive.

Forty-five minutes and I should be back in town; ten minutes later in my club; then to satisfy the aching void created by the sketchy nature of my bun-tea-dinner, and—why, what on

earth's the matter? A sleepy porter shutting up the station doors——?

"What the—why the—how the—where's the last train, porter?" I cried in blank amazement.

"Been gone a 'arf hour or more," was the surly reply.

"But the 12.10, my good man?"

"Mondays only," he quoted, shutting the last door to with a slam.

So I went back and stayed the night with the Toodlecombes.

England's House of Lords

By H. N. Dickinson in *World's Work*

THE year of 1893 saw in England a conflict between one of the most venerable statesmen and one of the most venerable institutions in existence anywhere in the world at that time. Mr. Gladstone passed a bill for Irish Home Rule through a House of Commons just elected to support him, and that bill was rejected by the House of Lords. Two years later, an enormous majority of British voters endorsed this action of the Lords in thwarting their own representatives. The people had declared the hereditary chamber to be right and the popular chamber to be wrong, and after an eclipse of sixty years the House of Lords had become a decisive power in the state. In 1906 and 1907 the conflict of the two houses was renewed. For Englishmen the matter is of great practical importance; for constitutional theorists, it is intensely interesting and suggestive; on the part of those anywhere who are living under representative institutions, it may perhaps arouse some curiosity as to the nature, composition, faults, and merits of the oldest legislative chamber in the world.

The British legislature possesses from day to day an unlimited authority over the whole of the public and private law of the Empire. It can do anything. To limit its legal powers

there would be need of an interposition of Providence. No written constitution, no referendum, no ancient custom hampers its full power to turn its lightest or wildest fancy into the law of the land in a single day. Of this legislature, together with the King and the Commons, the House of Lords forms a co-ordinate part, whose consent is necessary to the passing of any act. Sitting at Westminster on red benches in a gilded chamber, down a not very long corridor from the House of Commons, it is presided over by the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, an official who is at once a judge and a Minister and who—after the Archbishop of Canterbury—ranks highest among British subjects. Six hundred and twenty-two persons have the right to sit and vote as members of the House; 549 of these are hereditary peers, whose rights pass down from father to son subject to the same law that regulates the intestate succession to landed property. Twenty-eight are peers elected by the peerage of Ireland; sixteen are elected by the peerage of Scotland; neither of these bodies come to the House of Lords in their full complement like the peerage of England. Twenty-six are Bishops of the Church of England, and three are Princes of the Blood Royal. But of this multitude, there are not many

to be seen by him who goes to the gallery and gazes on the House of Lords at work. Considerably more than a hundred peers have never been in the House in their lives. Large numbers attend, but rarely. A great occasion will bring together good numbers, and more than 400 came to vote against the Home Rule Bill in 1893. It would not, however, be fair to put the attendance on days of ordinary importance at more than fifty or sixty; and the homely informality of this little band would much surprise people used to other assemblies.

From a seat in the gallery the visitor sees the thrones of the King and Queen at the far end of the chamber, well protected from dust and light by dark-red coverings. On the steps of the throne will be sitting a youth or two, perhaps a boy in an Eton coat, whose right to loll about on that distinguished ground is a privilege granted to the eldest sons of peers in order to familiarize them with the work of the chamber where they may one day sit. Sitting or standing in the same place will be also a Minister or an ex-Minister of the Crown, who has strolled along the corridor from the Commons' House to hear the debate or watch the fate of some bill that concerns his department. In front of them is the famous "woolsack," the seat of the Lord Chancellor, which is in reality a large square ottoman covered with a dark-red material and furnished with a projection against which the Chancellor leans his back. To his right and left the rows of benches face one another down the chamber. Those to the right are occupied by the Bishops and the supporters of the Government of the day, who just now are not a numerous body. The Opposition sit on the left. The Bishops, particularly the Archbishop of Canterbury, are fairly regular attendants and their contributions to date are often of great value.

The visitor, depressed at seeing but one Liberal peer for every five square-yards of the ministerial side of the House, will find more interesting matter among the Conservative Opposi-

tion. Sitting here as regular attendants of the House are men who have given distinguished service to the state in politics, war, and commerce. There is the Marquis of Lansdowne, the most successful of recent Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs. There is Lord Cawdor, who in Conservative days gave up the chairmanship of the Great Western Railway, held by him for years with eminent success, to become First Lord of the Admiralty. There is Lord Roberts, the central figure of the South African war; and Lord Milner, the victor of the even fiercer struggle of South African politics. There is Lord Rosebury, formerly Prime Minister of England, who has the most brilliant political mind in the country and is, though a Liberal generally opposed to the present Government. There are men who have ruled India, men who have governed colonies, men who in diplomacy and war and finance have received the best training in affairs that the English state can give. A distinguished career as a Minister of the Crown ends commonly in the House of Lords. Here, disguised as Lord St. Aldwyn, sits Michael Hicks-Beach, who for eight years had control of the national finances; and the Duke of Devonshire, behind whom are more than twenty years of the highest official life. What is in theory a numerous hereditary chamber is in fact a chamber of limited numbers consisting of those peers who take a serious interest in politics or have been lately elevated from the House of Commons for political reasons. And ranging, as the choice does, over six hundred and odd of those on whom the advantages of wealth and education and influence have been most lavishly bestowed, the comparative excellence of the working fraction of the Lords need cause no surprise. Their worst enemies do not aver that they are other than businesslike, dignified, and economical of time. Their oratorical average is wonderfully little inferior to that of the Commons; and so it would remain even without Lord Rosebury, the most polished orator in the land.

In normal times, however, the question is whether the Lords as an institution are worthy of praise or condemnation. The value of a second chamber in countries with representative government is not to be argued here. The need of it will be assumed, and everyone will agree that if ordinary constitutional states find a second chamber advisable, in England where Parliament is omnipotent from day to day and never such a thing has been heard of as a judicial pronouncement on the validity of Parliamentary acts, the need is more imperative than elsewhere. The Parliament of England, it must be remembered, is vastly more powerful than any other legislature except the French. Not only is it legally omnipotent, but the Ministers of the Crown are members of it—generally of the House of Commons—and a hostile vote of that House can any day force Ministers to choose between resigning in a body and running the great risk of advising the King to dissolve Parliament, in order that the people may pass upon their case in a general election. Thus the Administration is not in a position to control the House of Commons, either by vetoing legislation or by making it ineffectual through unsympathetic execution. It is, by the nature of the case, in close alliance with the majority which supports it in the House. It is practically a committee of that majority. Its wide powers, both in the purely executive sphere and in the initiation of legislation and the management of Parliamentary time and business, are in fact, derived from the good-will of this majority, whose desertion might bring it to ruin at any moment. As a matter of practice, however, the majority never deserts. In face of a common foe, the majority and the Administration cling together like a happily wedded couple and therefore wield, in the whole household of state, an almost despotic power. As a check on this despotism, there is as great a need for a second chamber as could well be imagined.

But is the House of Lords a good second chamber or a bad one? Now

a question like that, whether asked about a legislative chamber or about a chimney sweep, can find its answer only in a reference to the purposes which the institution is designed to serve. If it performs the functions assigned to it, it is good; if not, it is bad. The Constitution of the United States has given functions to the Senate which have little or no resemblance to those which are or ought to be performed by the House of Lords, and comparison is impossible. The German Empire has a second chamber of a most remarkable kind, called the Federal Council. It consists of deputies nominated by the various governments of the Empire, Prussia having a standing majority, and its duty is to represent in the parliament of the Empire the particular interests of the federated states which compose it. Here, again, we see something essentially different from what the House of Lords is, or ought to be. In France, the parallel is somewhat closer. There is a Senate elected by the people simply and solely to do the work of legislation in co-ordination with the Chamber of Deputies. But as England, Germany and America understand the term, the second chamber of France is non-existent. It is, as it were, a mirror of the lower chamber. French legislation has two rooms in its House because two are more fashionable than one, and not—as in the other countries mentioned—because each is needed to represent one element in the national system. Lastly, the parallel between the French and English second chambers breaks down completely when attention is drawn to the wide difference between relations of Cabinet to Parliament in the two countries.

The French chambers are to a large extent the actual parents of French laws. In England, however, all important legislation originates in the Cabinet. This is not the theory, but it is the fact, of constitutional practice. The Cabinet is really a committee of the majority of the Commons; when it produces a legislative proposal, everyone knows that unless the sky

should fall that proposal will pass through Parliament into law. It will pass the House of Commons because the majority there will support the proposal of the Cabinet which was appointed to serve its purposes and represent its policy and whose individual members lead it in debate. This point is dwelt upon—this origination of legislation in the Cabinet, this commission which the Cabinet holds to represent and act for the majority of the Commons—because it materially affects the duties which each house of Parliament is called on to perform.

It has been charged against the House of Lords that frequently it sits for a quarter of an hour a day, and that it will dispose of half a dozen intricate measures in half as many days. Well would it be for English public life if the House of Commons would sometimes do the same. This speedy legislation means nothing but that the Cabinet of the day has conceived, framed, and drafted a measure so unobjectionable that criticism is wasted upon it. The House of Commons, very likely, has discussed it for five days without altering more than a word or two. The Lords, with Olympian celerity, produce the same result in as many minutes. This is not intended as a slur on the representative chamber; what it is most important to make clear is that the business of both Commons and Lords, of the Lords in an especial degree, is not to legislate but to give sanction or refusal to what the Cabinet each year proposes. Only what the Cabinet proposes has the slightest chance of becoming law. If the Lords, in an industrious access of legislative fervor, were to work for hours a day and pass bills of heavenly wisdom morning, noon, and night, not one of these would become law. The Commons would never look at them. Lack of time would cause them to perish, because the immense mass of Cabinet legislation annually leaves the Commons no time to consider anything else.

Now it may be thought that the view here taken of the English Constitution raises the Cabinet to an im-

warranted level of importance and degrades the legislature into a mechanical farce. It can only be answered that anyone curious enough to come and watch the working of politics in London will not be long in subscribing to the doctrine. And in the system thus described, the House of Lords—the chamber of youthful dukes and nonogenarian barons, of dried-up lawyers and bishops in lawn sleeves—plays its humble part with admirable fidelity. There is little asked of it by the English Constitution, and that little it performs with the dignity and speed and honesty of business men and gentlemen.

Let it be repeated, then, that the Lords in normal times consist of a small number of very distinguished men, making trifling but excellent alterations in the legislative proposals of the Cabinet, and discussing national questions with expert knowledge and absolute decorum.

The other side of the picture is very different. There comes a time when the Lords step out as a second chamber of the most powerful and distinctive type and show an individuality of which the French Senate has never dreamed. The situation that then arises is, in a democratic country, most extraordinary. The nation, at a general election, returns a Liberal House of Commons. The King, by constitutional usage, at once appoints a Liberal Cabinet. The Cabinet passes a Liberal bill through the House of Commons, and at once from all quarters of the globe flock Conservative peers to Westminster to defeat that bill in their chamber and balk its passage into law. The hereditary chamber has thwarted the will of the peoples' representatives. The exasperation of the House of Commons, the rage of Liberal Ministers, the scandal to democratic ideals can better be imagined than described. And there is no practical remedy. It is true that the King, by a stroke of the pen, could create the necessary 500 peers to give the Liberal party a majority in the House of Lords; but it is one of those many things which might, but do not, happen. Without any qualifica-

tion, it must be admitted that in this democratic country the hereditary house possesses, on the rare occasions when it chooses to use it, a legal and practical power of obstruction against which it is hopeless to contend within the existing Constitution.

Conservatives who will condescend to imagine, let us say, a House of Nonconformist parsons with the power of vetoing the measures put forward when the Conservative party is in office, will be forced to recognize the natural justice of Liberal rage against the Lords on these occasions. Logical and obvious, however, as is the Liberal plea of representation versus hereditary, a test must be applied which in England is far above logic. Logic, indeed, is not an English attribute. The Constitution exists on no ideal plan, but it lives from day to day as a rough-and-ready engine for effecting the fundamental purpose of government in this country—the realization of the peoples' will. Of Lords and Commons alike, this is the function. And when they differ, when one house votes this way and the other that way, the one that is doing its duty by the English Constitution is the one that the people, on a referendum, would hold to be right. All parties agree on this. To say, as less thoughtful Liberals do, that the representative chamber must necessarily think the same as the people who created it, is to beg the question. It is more; it is to deny the truth. For, odd and preverse as it may seem, the pages of history record no single occasion since 1832 when the Lords have seen their action condemned by a general election.

The Constitutional theorist is here faced by a most peculiar historical fact. On the only serious occasion when the Lords and the representative chamber have come to blows, in 1893, the people took the first opportunity of sweeping away—not the Lords, but the existing Liberal House of Commons. Why and how this arises is beyond the wit of democratic man to see. The occasion may not be repeated. To-day, when again the Lords have thwarted the Commons, the elec-

toral decision may be different. The indications, however, are not altogether that way. And if the theorist will abase himself to the level of an erring human being, he may catch a fleeting notion of some inner subtleties of the art of representation which are revealed to babes and sucklings, but which wise men seek in vain. The Lords, when they come in their hundreds, are Englishmen and not politicians. They are prejudiced, they are dull, they are human, they are adverse to change. And so are the English people. Liberals are just men with most enlightened minds, and so was Aristides. But there came a day in Athens when the people banished Aristides, because, in the ever-memorable story, "they were tired of hearing him called the Just." Philosophy may one day be able to account on some such lines for the peculiar fact that the Lords have never offended, and have once emphatically asserted, the existing opinion of the English people as against a Liberal Government.

The final view of this strange chamber is that it permanently represents the stolid characteristics of the English race, which is at once democratic and conservative. Its virtues and vices are those of common Englishmen. It never leads; it sometimes follows with reluctance. But the instinct that guides it, bad or good, is the instinct of the ordinary man who cares for politics far less than for sport. Just as the prejudices of the Sultan of Turkey are those of his benighted subjects, so, if the lowest view be taken, is the obstruction of the Lords the obstruction of the people. The Commons are professional politicians. The Lords are not, and the people are not. What subtle sympathy exists between this pair of sluggards as against their virtuous brother is too deep a matter to examine. But that the Lords are strong, that the professional political attack on them is failing to make way, that their glamor attracts, their sober virtues flatter, their stolid obstruction secretly gratifies the hidden instincts of Englishmen, are facts which any-

one can see. They do not share the enthusiastic popularity of the monarchy, but it could safely be said that their abolition would be felt by common Englishmen to be rather like the abolition of the game of cricket. It would be, first, "a pity," secondly, "a shame."

These observations must be taken to refer to those rare occasions when

the Lords assemble in their hundreds and assert themselves as a chamber of veto. Only then is the hereditary element in particular evidence. At other times, the second chamber drifts through a smooth existence, a very honest group of political experts, more useful than harmful, precisely what the English Constitution demands and makes convenient.

Chased by the Trail

By Jack London in Pall Mall Magazine

WALT MASTERS first blinked his eyes in the light of day in a trading post on the Yukon River. His father was one of those world-missionaries who are known as "pioneers," and who spend the years of their life in pushing outward the walls of civilization and in planting the wilderness. He had selected Alaska as his field of labor, and his wife, always working shoulder to shoulder, had gone with him to that land of frost and cold.

Now, to be born to the moccasin and pack-strap is indeed a hard way of entering the world; but far harder it is to lose one's mother while yet a child. This was Walt's misfortune; but in this brief fourteen years he had met it bravely, performing whatever work fell to his lot, and undergoing his share of suffering and hardship.

He had, at different times, done deeds which few boys get the chance to do, and he had learned to take some pride in himself and to be unafraid. Now with most people, pride goeth before a fall; but not so with Walt. His was a healthy belief in his own strength and fitness, and, knowing his limitations, he was neither overweening nor presumptuous. He had learned to meet reverses with the stoicism of the Indian. Shame, to him, lay not in the failure to accomplish, but in the failure to strive. So, when he attempted to cross the Yukon between two ice-runs, and was chased

by the trail, he was not cast down by his defeat.

The way of it was this: After passing the winter at his father's claim on Mazy May, he came down to an island on the Yukon and went into camp. This was late in the spring, just previous to the breaking of the ice on the river. It was quite warm, and the days were growing marvellously long. Only the night before, talking with Chilcoot Jim, the daylight had not faded and sent him off to bed till after ten o'clock. Even Chilcoot Jim, an Indian boy who was about Walt's own age, was surprised at the rapidity with which summer was coming on. The snow had melted from all the southern hillsides and the level surfaces of the flats and islands; everywhere could be heard the trickling of water and the song of hidden rivulets; but somehow, under its three-foot ice sheet, the Yukon delayed to heave its great length of three thousand miles and shake off the frosty fetters which bound it.

But it was evident that the time was fast approaching when it would again run free. Great fissures were splitting the ice in all directions, while the water was beginning to flood through them and over the top. On this morning a frightful rumbling brought the two boys hurriedly from their blankets. Standing on the bank, they soon discovered the cause. The Stuart River had broken loose and

reared a great ice barrier where it entered the Yukon, barely a mile above their island. While a great deal of the Stuart ice had been thus piled up, the remainder was now flowing under the Yukon ice, pounding and thumping at the solid surface above it as it passed onward toward the sea.

"To-day um break-um," Chilcoot Jim said, nodding his head. "Sure!"

"And then, maybe two days for the ice to pass by," Walt added, "and you and I'll be starting for Dawson. It's only seventy miles, and if the current runs five miles an hour and we paddle three, we ought to make it in ten hours. What do you think?"

"Sure." Chilcoot Jim did not know much English, and this favorite word of his was made to do labor on all occasions.

After breakfast the boys got out the Peterborough canoe from its winter cache. It was an admirable sample of the boat-builder's skill; an imported article brought from the natural home of the canoe—Canada. It had been packed over the Chilcoot Pass, two years before, on a man's back, and had then carried the first mail in six months into the Klondike. Walt, who happened to be in Dawson at the time, had bought it for three hundred dollars' worth of dust which he had mined on the Mazy May.

It had been a revelation, both to him and to Chilcoot Jim, for up to its advent they had been used to no other craft than the flimsy birch-bark canoes of the Indians and the rude poling-boats of the whites. Jim, in fact, spent many a half-hour in silent admiration of its perfect lines. It was so light that it might be lifted by the one hand, so fragile that a lusty boy could thrust his heel through it; and withal, strong enough to carry two men and three hundred pounds through the boiling whirlpools of the White Horse.

"Um good. Sure." Jim lifted his gaze from the dainty craft, expressing his delight in the same terms for the thousandth time. But, glancing over Walt's shoulder, he saw some-

thing on the river which startled him. "Look! See!" he cried.

A man had been racing a dog-team across the slushy surface for the shore, and had been cut off by the rising flood. As Walt whirled around to see, the ice behind the man burst into violent commotion, splitting and smashing into fragments which bobbed up and down and turned turtle like so many corks. A gush of water followed, burying the sled and washing the dogs from their feet. Tangled in their harness and securely fastened to the heavy sled, they must drown in a few minutes unless rescued by the man. Bravely his manhood answered.

Floundering about with the drowning animals, nearly hip-deep in the icy flood, he cut and slashed with his sheath-knife at the traces. One by one, the dogs struck out for shore, the first reaching safety ere the last was released. Then the master, abandoning the sled, followed them. It was a struggle in which little help could be given, and Walt and Chilcoot Jim could only, at the last, grasp his hands and drag him half-fainting up the bank.

First he sat down till he had recovered his breath; next he knocked the water from his ears like a boy who has just been swimming; and after that he whistled his dogs together, to see whether they had all escaped. These things done, he turned his attention to the lads.

"I'm Muso," he said. "Pete Muso, and I'm looking for Charley Drake. His partner is dying down to Dawson, and they want him to come at once, as soon as the river breaks. He's got a cabin on this island, hasn't he?"

"Yes," Walt answered; "but he's on the other side of the river, with a couple of men, getting out a raft of logs for a grubstake.

The stranger's disappointment was great. Exhausted by his weary journey, just escaped from sudden death, overcome by all he had undergone in carrying the message which was now useless, it was more than he could bear. The tears welled into his eyes, and his voice was choked with sobs

as he repeated aimlessly, "But his partner's dying. It's his partner, you know, and he wants to see him before he dies."

Walt and Jim knew that nothing could be done, and as aimlessly looked out on the hopeless river. No man could venture on it and live. On the other bank, and several miles upstream, a thin column of smoke wavered to the sky. Charley Drake was cooking his dinner there; seventy miles below his partner lay dying, yet no word of it could be sent.

But even as they looked, a change came over the river. There was a muffled rending and tearing, and, as if by magic, the surface water disappeared, while the great ice-sheet, reaching from shore to shore and broken into all manner and sizes of cakes, floated silently up toward them. So rapidly did it rise that they could mark its progress with the eye as it crept up the bank. The ice which had been pounding along underneath had evidently grounded at some point lower down, and was now backing up the water like a mill-dam. This had broken the ice-sheet from the land and lifted it on top of the rising water.

"Um break um, very quick," Chil-coot Jim said.

"Then here goes!" Muso cried, at the same time beginning to strip his wet clothes.

The Indian boy laughed. "Mebbe you get um in middle, mebbe not. All the same the trail um go down-stream, and you go too. Sure."

He glanced at Walt, that he might back him up in preventing this insane attempt.

"You're not going to try and make it across?" Walt queried.

Muso nodded his head, sat down, and proceeded to unlace his moc-casins.

"But you mustn't," Walt protested. "It's certain death. The river'll break before you get half way, and then what good'll your message be?"

But the stranger doggedly went on undressing, muttering in an undertone, "I want Charley Drake. Don't you understand? It's his partner dying, dying, dying."

"Um sick man. Bime-by . . ."

The Indian boy put a finger to his forehead and whirled his hand in quick circles, thus indicating the approach of brain-fever. "Um work too hard, and um think too much, all the time think about sick man at Dawson. Very quick um head go round—so." And he feigned the bodily dizziness which is caused by a disordered brain.

By this time, undressed as though for a swim, Muso rose to his feet and started for the bank. Walt stepped in front, barring the way. He shot a glance at his comrade. Jim nodded that he understood and would stand by.

"Get out of my way, boy!" Muso commanded roughly, trying to thrust him aside.

But Walt closed in, and with the aid of Jim succeeded in tripping him upon his back. He struggled weakly for a few moments, but was too wearied by his long journey to cope successfully with the two boys, whose muscles were healthy and trail-hardened.

"Pack up into camp, roll um in plenty blanket, and I fix um good," Jim advised.

This was quickly accomplished, and the sufferer made as comfortable as possible. After he had been attended to, and Jim had utilized the medical lore picked up in the camps of his own people, they fed the stranger's dogs and cooked dinner. They said very little to each other, but each boy was thinking hard, and when they went out into the sunshine a few minutes later, their minds were intent on the same project.

The river had now risen twenty feet, the ice rubbing softly against the top of the bank. All noise had ceased. Countless millions of tons of ice and water were silently waiting the supreme moment when all bonds would be broken and the mad rush to the sea commence. Suddenly, without the slightest apparent effort, everything began to move down-stream. The jam had broken.

Slowly at first, but faster and faster, the frozen sea dashed past. The noise

returned again, and the air trembled to a mighty churning and grinding. Huge blocks of ice were shot into the air by the pressure; others butted wildly into the bank; still others, swinging and pivoting, reached in-shore, and swept rows of pines away as easily as though they were so many matches.

In awe-stricken silence the boys watched the magnificent spectacle, and it was not until the ice had slackened its speed and fallen to its old level that Walt cried, "Look, Jim! Look at the trail going by!"

And in truth it was the trail going by—the trail upon which they had camped and traveled during all the preceding winter. Next winter they would journey with dogs and sleds over the ground, but not on the same trail. That trail, the old trail, was passing away before their eyes.

Looking up-stream, they saw open water. No more ice was coming down, though vast quantities of it still remained on the upper reaches, jammed somewhere amid the maze of islands which covered the Yukon's breast. As a matter of fact, there were several jams yet to break, one after the other, and to send down as many ice-runs. The next might come along in a few minutes; it might delay for hours. Perhaps there would be time to paddle across. Walt looked questioningly at his comrade.

"Sure," Jim remarked, and without another word they carried the canoe down the bank. Each knew the danger of what they were about to attempt, but they wasted no speech over it. Wild life had taught them both that the need of things demanded effort and action, and that the tongue found its fit vocation at the camp fire when the day's work was done.

With dexterity born of long practice they launched the canoe, and were soon making it spring to each stroke of the paddles as they stemmed the muddy current. A steady procession of lagging ice-cakes thoroughly capable of crushing the Peterborough like an eggshell, was drifting on the surface, and it required of the boys the

utmost vigilance and skill to thread them safely.

Anxiously they watched the great bend above, down which at any moment might rush another ice-run. And as anxiously they watched the ice stranded against the bank and towering a score of feet above them. Cake was poised upon cake, and piled together in precarious confusion, while the boys had to hug the shore closely to avoid the swifter current of mid stream. Now and again great heaps of this ice tottered and fell into the river, rolling and rumbling like distant thunder, and displacing the water into fair-sized tidal waves. Several times they were nearly swamped, but saved themselves by quick work with the paddles. And all the time Charley Drake's pillared camp smoke grew nearer and clearer.

But it was still on the opposite shore, and they knew they must get higher up before they attempted to shoot across. Entering the Stuart River they paddled up a few hundred yards, shot across, and then continued up the right bank of the Yukon. Before they came to the Bald-face Bluffs—huge walls of rock which rose perpendicularly from the river. Here the current was swiftest in-shore, forming the first serious obstacle encountered by the boys. Below the bluffs they rested from their exertions in a favorable eddy, and then, paddling their strongest, strove to dash past.

At first they gained, but in the swiftest place the current overpowered them. For a full sixty seconds they remained stationary, neither advancing nor receding, the grim cliff base within reach of their arms, their paddles dipping and lifting like clock-work, and the rough water dashing by in muddy haste. For a full sixty seconds—and then the canoe sheered into the shore. To prevent instant destruction, they pressed their paddles against the rocks, sheered back into the stream and were swept away. Regaining the eddy, they stopped for breath. A second time they attempted the passage; but just as they were almost past, a threatening ice-cake

whirled down upon them on the angry tide, and they were forced to flee before it.

"Um stiff, I think yes," Chilcoot Jim said, mopping the sweat from his face as they again rested in the eddy. "Next time um make um, sure."

"We've got to. That's all there is about it," Walt answered, his teeth set and lips tight-drawn, for Pete Muso had set a bad example, and he was almost ready to cry from exhaustion and failure.

A third time they darted out of the head of the eddy, plunged into the swirling waters, and worked a snail-like course ahead. Often they stood still for the space of many strokes, but whatever they gained they held, and they at last drew out into easier water far above. But every moment was precious. There was no telling when the Yukon would again become a scene of frigid anarchy in which neither man nor the forces he controlled could hope to endure. So they held steadily to their course till they had passed abreast of Charley Drake's camp by a quarter of a mile. The river was fully a mile wide at this point, and they had to reckon on being carried down by the swift current in crossing it.

Walt tured his head from his place in the bow. Jim nodded. Without further parley they headed the canoe out from the shore, angling at forty-five degrees against the current. They were on the last stretch now; the goal was in fair sight, and but a question of a few minutes. Nay, as they looked up from their toil to mark their progress, they could see Charley Drake and his two comrades come down to the edge of the river to watch them.

Five hundred yards; four hundred yards; the Peterborough cutting the water like a blade of steel; the paddles dipping, dipping, dipping in rapid rhythm—and then a warning shout which sent a chill to their hearts went up from the bank. Round the great bend, just above, rolled a mighty wall of glistening white. Behind it, urging it on to lightning speed, were a million tons of long-pent water.

The right flank of the ice-run, unable to get cleanly around the bend, collided with the opposite shore, and even as they looked they saw the ice mountains rear toward the sky, rise, collapse, and rise again in glittering convulsions. The advancing roar filled the air so that Walt could not make himself heard; but he paused long enough to lift himself on his knees and wave his paddle significantly in the direction of Dawson. Perhaps Charley Drake, seeing, might understand.

With two swift strokes they whirled the Peterborough down-stream. They must keep ahead of the rushing flood. It was impossible to make either bank at that moment, and they could only trust to a long, angling course. Every ounce of their strength went into the paddles, and the frail canoe fairly rose and leaped ahead at every stroke. They said nothing. Each knew and had faith in the other, and they were too wise to waste their breath. The shore-line—trees, islands, and the Stuart River—flew by at a bewildering rate, but they barely looked at it. Occasionally Chilcoot Jim stole a glance behind him at the pursuing trail, and marked the fact that they held their own. Once he shaped a sharper course toward the bank, but found the trail was overtaking them and gave it up.

Gradually they worked in to land, their failing strength warning them that it was soon or never. And at last, when they did draw into the bank, they were confronted by the inhospitable barrier of the stranded shore-ice. Not a place could be found to land, and with safety virtually within arm's reach, they were forced to flee on down the stream. They passed a score of places, at each of which, had they had plenty of time, they could have clambered out; but behind pressed on the inexorable trail, and would not let them pause.

Half a mile of this work drew heavily upon their strength, and the trail came upon them nearer and nearer. Its sullen grind was in their ears, and its collisions against the bank made

one continuous succession of terrifying crashes. Walt felt his heart thumping against his ribs like to burst, and caught each breath in painful gasps. But worst of all was the constant demand upon his arms. If he could only rest for the space of one stroke, he felt that the torture would be relieved; but no, it was dip and lift, dip and lift, till it seemed that at each stroke he would surely die. But he knew that Chilcoot Jim was suffering likewise; that their lives depended each upon the other, and that it would be a blot upon his manhood should he fail or even miss a stroke. They were very weary, but their faith was large; and if either felt afraid, it was not of the other but of himself.

Flashing around a sharp point, they came upon their last chance for escape. An island lay close inshore, upon the nose of which the ice lay piled in a long slope.

They drove the Peterborough half out of the water upon a shelving cake, and leaped out. Then, dragging the canoe along, slipping and tripping and falling, but always getting nearer the top, they made their last mad scramble.

As they cleared the crest and fell within the shelter of the green pines, a tremendous crash announced the arrival of the trail. One huge cake,

shoved to the top of the rim-ice, balanced threateningly above them and toppled forward. With one jerk they flung themselves and the canoe from beneath, and again fell, breathless and panting for air. The thunder of the ice-run came dimly to their ears; but they did not care. It held no interest for them whatsoever. All they wished was simply to lie there, just as they had fallen, and enjoy the inaction of repose.

Two hours later, when the river once more ran open, they carried the Peterborough down to the water. But just before they launched it, Charley Drake and a comrade paddled up in another canoe.

"Well, you boys hardly deserve to have good folks out looking for you, the way you've behaved," was his greeting. "What under the sun made you leave your tent and get chased by the trail? Eh? That's what I'd like to know."

It took but a minute to explain the real state of affairs, and but another to see Charley Drake hurrying along on his way to his sick partner at Dawson.

"Pretty close shave, that," Walt Masters said, as they prepared to get aboard and paddle back to camp.

"Sure," Chilcoot Jim replied, rubbing his stiffened biceps in a meditative fashion.

Great things were ne'er begotten in an hour;
 Ephemorous in birth, are such in life;
 And he who dareth in the noble strife
 Of intellects, to cope for real power—
 Such as God giveth as His rarest dower
 Of mastery to the few with greatness rife—
 Must, e'er the morning mists have ceased to lower
 Till the long shadows of the night arrive,
 Stand in the arena. Laurels that are won,
 Plucked from green boughs, soon wither; those that last
 Are gathered patiently, when sultry noon
 And summer's fiery glare in vain are past,
 Life is the hour of labor; on earth's breast
 Serene and undisturbed shall be thy rest.

—Wilson.

Growth of Canada in the Twentieth Century

By Archibald Blue

TO one not wholly a stranger, who at intervals, of say, half a year, may stand on a corner of King and Yonge Streets when the employes of business houses and workshops are going to their homes at the close of the day, it is obvious that Toronto is a growing city. He observes in it the closer throng on the walks, in the greater scramble for cars, in the tenser look of human faces, and in the hurry, hurry, hurry of human feet. For twenty-one years I lived in the city, and was on its streets daily, and knew many of its people. In the last year of last century I went elsewhere to live and work, but I have not been altogether a stranger here. Six months ago I walked from the Parliament Buildings to the King Edward at the noon hour, and although Yonge and King Streets were alive with men and women the only face I saw and knew was Sir William Mulock's, and we just nodded a recognition and walked on as if our meetings for the past seven years had been a daily happening. The unknown faces and the number of them told me the story of the city's growth as well as a census. It was an ocular proof, which if not as exact is more striking than a count of heads. But what one sees with the eye lies within a narrow circle, and as I purpose in this paper to offer some illustrations of the growth of Canada in the twentieth century I shall employ the only data that have value in mathematical demonstration. Nearly all the great divisions of science, Lord Kelvin has said, have been the reward of accurate measurement and patient labor in the minute sifting of numerical results. And this also is true, that far more of what is useful in helping to shape the affairs of the country is to be learned from the records of measurement we call statistics than from the most brilliant speculation.

Our foreign trade, exclusive of coin

and bullion, of goods not the produce of Canada and exports estimated short, has grown from \$336,018,000 in the last fiscal year of the nineteenth century to \$518,800,000 in the sixth year of the twentieth. It was \$123,000,000 in 1870 and \$162,374,000 in 1876. Thirty years ago, at the end of a period of six years, our trade showed a gain of \$39,391,000 and at the end of our last period of six years it shows a gain of \$182,748,000.

Our chartered banks, which in 1870 had assets of \$103,200,000 and in 1876 of \$183,500,000, had assets of \$459,700,000 in 1900 and of \$878,500,000 in 1906, being a gain in the former period of \$80,300,000 and in the latter of \$418,800,000. In 1870 the total cash on deposit in the banks was \$48,763,000 and \$72,853,000 in 1876; and after thirty years the amount was \$305,140,000 in 1900 and \$605,968,000 in 1906. In the first period of six years the gain was \$24,090,000 and in the last it was \$300,828,000. The monthly average reserve fund held by the banks was \$32,372,000 at the end of 1900 and \$64,000,000 at the end of 1906, and in the same period their paid-up capital was increased by \$25,881,000. The clearing house statements, which are a certain measure of the volume of the country's business, show an expansion of \$2,360,000,000 in the six years of this century, the amount being \$1,590,000,000 in 1900 and \$3,950,000,000 in 1906. There was at the credit of depositors in Post Office and Dominion Government savings banks at the end of June, 1870, a sum of \$3,411,000, which grew to \$7,044,000 in 1876, to \$53,150,000 in 1900 and to \$61,911,000 in 1906. Altogether there was at the credit of depositors in chartered and savings banks in 1906 a sum of \$667,880,000, whereof the large amount of \$309,590,000 has been an accumulation of this century. In the chartered banks alone the increase of

deposits from \$48,763,000 in 1870 to \$305,140,000 in 1900 and to \$605,968,000 in 1906 shows the very large extent to which the banks have been assisted above their own capital in maintaining the business of the country.

Our steam railways in operation in the Dominion in 1870 had a length of 2,617 miles and in 1876 of 5,218 miles. At the end of the century they had a length of 17,657 and in 1906 of 21,353 miles, together was 814 miles of electric railways. The earliest statistics of railway operations go back to 1875, and in the following table a few comparative figures are given to show the progress of the Dominion in this great branch of transportation.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION.

| Steam railways | 1876. | 1900. | 1906. |
|------------------------|------------|------------|-------------|
| Train mileagem. | 18,103,628 | 52,647,684 | 72,723,482 |
| Passengers No. | 5,544,814 | 17,122,193 | 27,989,782 |
| Freight ton. | 6,331,757 | 35,764,970 | 57,966,713 |
| Gross earnings\$ | 19,358,085 | 70,231,979 | 125,322,865 |
| Net earnings" | 3,555,364 | 22,826,383 | 39,193,431 |

The increase of train mileage in the six years of the twentieth century is 20,000,000; of passengers, 10,867,000; of freight, 22,200,000 tons; of gross earnings, \$55,000,000, and of net earnings of \$15,367,000, as against an increase of 34,544,000 train mileage, of 11,577,000 passengers, of 29,433,000 freight tons, of \$50,874,000 gross earnings and \$19,271,000 net earnings in the twenty-four years of the nineteenth century. The statistics of electric railways are complete only for the six years of this century, in which they show an increase of 116,720,000 passengers carried and of \$2,137,000 net earnings, being for each in a period of five years an increase of 100 per cent. The subscribed capital of steam railways in 1876 was \$317,795,468, and the paid-up capital \$290,757,875. In 1900 the subscribed capital of steam and electric railways was \$1,040,486,378 and the paid-up capital \$998,264,405; and in 1906 the subscribed was \$1,456,176,443 and the paid-up \$1,396,356,675.

Trade, transportation and banking

have been the most active and potent of all agencies in the development of our country. Without international trade we should exist as a hermit nation; without railways the opening up of our great interior between ocean and ocean could not be achieved; and without banks there would be little business beyond a simple exchange between neighbor and neighbor. The figures given show how Canada is advancing on the highways of the nations.

Illustrations of another sort are found in the records of the census of our Northwest Provinces, taken a year ago. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were an unknown and untraveled region less than forty years ago.

Manitoba was admitted to the status of a province of Confederation in 1870, and Saskatchewan and Alberta attained to the same rank only in 1905. In 1881, when the first census of those three areas was taken, they had a population of 105,681; in 1891 they had 219,305; and in 1901 they had 419,512. In 1906, five years later, the population was 808,863. Manitoba's shares in this growth was 110,477, Saskatchewan's was 166,484, and Alberta's was 112,390, and the rate of increase for the three provinces in the five years was 93 per cent. There were 2,370 townships with inhabitants in 1901 and 4,365 in 1906, and the cities, towns and incorporated villages grew in the same period from 84 to 185. The number of farms in the three provinces in 1906 was 122,398, being 67,773 more than in 1901. In Manitoba there were 36,141, an increase of 4,329; in Saskatchewan 55,971, an increase of 42,591; and in Alberta 30,286, an increase of 20,853. The whole number of horses in 1906 was 682,190, being an increase in

five years of 342,590; of milch cows 384,006, an increase of 59,790; of other horned cattle, 1,560,592, an increase of 802,183; of sheep and lambs, 394,531, an increase of 121,915; and of swine, 439,048, an increase of 238,673.

The area sown to wheat, oats, barley, rye, flax, potatoes, other field roots, forage crops and cultivated hay in 1900 was 3,597,700 acres, in 1905 it was 6,298,000 acres, and in 1906 it was 8,328,000 acres. In the first of these years crops were light, owing to an unusual season of drouth; but in the other two years, when the conditions were normal, the yield of wheat was 82,462,000 bushels in 1905 and 110,587,000 in 1906; of oats, 68,811,000 bushels in 1905 and 110,570,000 in 1906; and of barley, 10,972,000 bushels in 1905 and 18,685,000 in 1906. The increase in the areas of those field crops in the five years, 1900 to 1905, was 2,700,000 acres, and in the six years, 1900 to 1906, it was 4,730,300 acres.

Comparing the areas of all field crops in 1905-1906, there were in the Northwest Provinces 6,338,000 acres in the farmer and 8,408,000 in the latter year, being an increase of 2,070,000 acres or nearly 33 per cent. in one year. In Manitoba the increase was 603,000 acres, in Saskatchewan 1,167,000 and in Alberta 300,000, which in the aggregate is equal in extent to ninety townships. Yet the whole area in crops in the three provinces last year was only 28 per cent. of the land occupied as farms and only 7 per cent. of the surveyed land in the provinces—the land occupied as farms and ranches being 30,502,927 acres and the land surveyed for settlement 120,484,455 acres.

A census of manufactures taken last year for the year 1905 supplies further illustrations of the growth of the Dominion in the twentieth century which may be to this Convention more interesting and appropriate than any one of the others.

A comparison of works employing five hands and over in 1905 with those of 1900 cannot be accurately made for

numbers, partly because in the interval many works have been merged under one management, such as butter and cheese factories and canning works; partly because in large establishments carrying on several kinds of industries one return has been made in 1906 where in 1901 separate returns were made for each kind; and partly also because owners of shops in receipt of stated salaries or allowances from the business who were counted in 1901 have not been so counted in 1906. Consequently, in hundreds of cases in the census of the latter year such shops are put into a class of four employees and under. For these reasons the number of works of the first class in 1905 appears to be more than 2,000 less than in 1900. In one establishment, for example, eleven kinds of industries are carried on under one management, and the statistics for it are compiled in the tables with the industry of greatest production. An attempt was made in all such cases to procure with the return a statement of the several kinds of products and the value of each product, which would be useful in showing the extensive variety of our manufactures, but many of the returns are defective in these particulars. In the example already referred to the products for which separate values are given consist of corsets, furs, harness, men's and boys' clothing, photo-engraving, printing, shirts, ties, upholstery, whitewear and women's clothing, all of which are grouped with the class last named because it is the one of greatest value, and the total values run up into several millions. Inquiries are often made of us by traders and consumers if particular kinds of articles are made in the country; and if the information was fully supplied by manufacturers it would possess not a practical use only, but an economic importance in exhibiting the extent and range of the country's industries.

The reasons already given account for the apparent decrease in the number of establishments employing five hands and over; but it may be added that in the 27 principal classes of in-

dustries showing a decrease in the number of works—a decrease numbering more than 3,000—there is an increase of \$40,000,000 in the value of products. Flouring mills and electric light plants, like butter and

five persons and over will be used here.

The following table shows the growth of the Dominion in five years for manufacturing establishments employing five persons and over under

EMPLOYES AND EARNINGS, 1905.

| Sex | No. | \$ | Averages. \$ |
|--------------|---------|-------------|-----------------|
| On salaries— | | | |
| Male | 31,545 | 28,938,637 | 917 38 |
| Female | 4,951 | 1,785,449 | 360 62 |
| On wages— | | | |
| Male | 288,033 | 119,550,821 | 415 05 |
| Female | 68,001 | 14,825,104 | 218 01 |

cheese factories, brick and tile works and lime-kilns, have been classed with establishments employing five hands and over on account of their relatively large production.

The principal industries employing less than five hands are those of baking, blacksmithing, carding, dress-making, millinery-making, tailoring, printing and harness-making. These comprise 3,249 shops or works with 8,610 employes, and the value of their products is \$11,906,025.

Taking the two classes of establishments, viz., those employing five persons and over and those employing less than five—the whole number in the Dominion whose statistics have been compiled for the calendar year 1905 is 15,796. The capital employed in these works, including land, buildings, plant and working capital, is \$846,585,000. The employes on salaries and wages with earnings and average earning are as in the above table.

The number of employes on salaries and wages is 392,530 and their total earnings is \$165,100,011, and the total value of products is \$718,352,603. But

the heads of capital, employes, earnings and value of products:

In the five years of this century capital has increased in the ratio of 100 to 187 and value of products in the ratio of 100 to 147, which indicates that in some industries and works production has not reached a full measure of development. The average ratio of capital to production for all industries in 1900 was 100 to 108, and in 1905 it was 100 to 85. The cause of this change is revealed in the returns of some of the recently organized works. The capital invested in electric light and power plants, for example, increased during the five years by \$68,500,000, and its ratio to production is 100 to 9.44. So also with smelting works like those in Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia, whose capital has been increased by nearly \$76,000,000, the ratio of capital to production is 100 to 32.50. It is obvious from the number of persons employed in some of these works that they have not been working to full capacity. But industries which show in the aggregate an increase of \$40,000,000 in salaries

CAPITAL, EMPLOYES, EARNINGS AND PRODUCTS.

| Schedule. | 1905. | 1900. | Increase. |
|------------------------|----------------|-------------|-------------|
| Capital | \$ 833,916,155 | 446,916,487 | 386,999,668 |
| Employes | No. 383,920 | 339,173 | 44,747 |
| Salaries and wages ... | \$ 162,175,578 | 113,249,350 | 48,926,228 |
| Value of products | 706,446,578 | 481,053,375 | 225,393,203 |

to make a fair comparison of 1900 and 1905 the statistics of works employing

and wages and of \$225,000,000 in production in the fifth year of the

twentieth century are setting a good pace for the century.

Compared by groups of industries for 1900 and 1905, the values of products in each year and the increase in five years are shown in the next table:

proved methods and machinery and harder work, it can be said that in every group of our industries the average production has increased substantially in five years. In 1900 it was for all industries \$1,559, and in 1905

PRODUCTION BY GROUPS OF INDUSTRIES

| Groups of industries | 1905. | 1900. | Increase. |
|--|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Food products | 172,017,002 | 125,202,620 | 46,814,382 |
| Textiles | 84,370,099 | 67,724,839 | 16,645,260 |
| Iron and Steel products.... | 52,587,051 | 34,878,402 | 17,708,649 |
| Timber and lumber and their re-manufactures ... | 109,500,970 | 80,341,204 | 29,159,766 |
| Leather and its finished products | 41,201,872 | 34,720,513 | 6,481,359 |
| Paper and printing | 32,773,880 | 20,653,028 | 12,120,852 |
| Liquors and beverages | 13,928,701 | 9,191,700 | 4,737,001 |
| Chemicals and allied products | 15,290,822 | 11,437,300 | 3,853,522 |
| Clay, glass and stone products | 13,558,921 | 7,318,582 | 6,240,339 |
| Metals and metal products other than steel | 50,068,669 | 19,561,261 | 30,507,408 |
| Tobacco and its manufactures | 15,189,720 | 11,802,112 | 3,387,608 |
| Cars, carriages, wagons, etc. | 36,911,124 | 19,971,605 | 16,939,519 |
| Vessels for water transportation | 1,892,253 | 2,043,668 | 151,415 |
| Hand trades | 1,433,753 | 599,329 | 834,424 |
| Miscellaneous industries... | 65,721,741 | 35,607,212 | 30,114,529 |
| Totals | 706,446,578 | 481,053,375 | 225,393,203 |

The large increases have been made in food products, timber and lumber and their re-manufactures, metals and metal products other than iron and steel, iron and steel products, textiles, cars, carriages, wagons, etc., and paper and printing, ranging in these several groups from \$12,000,000 to \$47,000,000 of increase.

Comparing the principal manufacturing establishments by value of products, there were 479 works in 1905 with products of \$200,000 to under \$500,000 each, against 323 in 1900 of the same class; there were 139 in 1905 with products of \$500,000 to under \$1,000,000 each, against 68 in 1900 of this class; and there were 81 in 1905 with products of \$1,000,000 and over against 39 in 1900 of this class. And as showing growth in industrial efficiency, which implies im-

proved methods and machinery and harder work, it can be said that in every group of our industries the average production has increased substantially in five years. In 1900 it was for all industries \$1,559, and in 1905

it was \$1,990 per wage worker; or compared on the basis of all employes on salaries and wages, it was \$1,476 in 1900 and \$1,803 in 1905. Another comparison may be made here, viz., the cost for management and labor in manufacturing establishments. In 1900 the average salary of managers, officers, clerks, etc., was \$833 for males and \$317 for females, and in 1905 it was \$925 for males and \$362 for females. For wage-earners employed in the works the average in 1900 was \$334 for males and \$176 for females, and in 1905 it was \$417 for males and \$219 for females. But for both sexes the average cost of salary per employe was \$771 in 1900 and \$849 in 1905, an increase of \$78; while the cost of wages was \$286 in 1900 and \$379 in 1905, an increase of \$93 per employe. The capital employed in manufacturing establish-

ments, including land, buildings, plant and working capital is shown by the following table for the Provinces of the Dominion, together with the increase of capital in each province at the end of the fifth year.

Manitoba the chief increase has been in the products of flour and grist mills, which exceed \$3,000,000, and in Saskatchewan and Alberta the values of log products and flour and grist mill products have increased by \$2,452,000.

CAPITAL EMPLOYED IN MANUFACTURES.

| Provinces. | 1905. | 1900. | Increase. |
|---------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| British Columbia | 52,403,379 | 22,901,892 | 29,501,487 |
| Manitoba | 27,070,665 | 7,539,691 | 19,530,974 |
| New Brunswick | 26,461,664 | 20,741,170 | 5,720,494 |
| Nova Scotia | 74,599,738 | 34,586,416 | 40,013,322 |
| Ontario | 390,875,465 | 214,972,275 | 175,903,190 |
| Prince Edward Island | 1,553,916 | 2,081,766 | 527,850 |
| Quebec | 251,730,182 | 142,403,407 | 109,326,775 |
| Saskatchewan | 3,820,975 | | |
| Alberta | 5,400,371 | 1,689,870 | 7,531,476 |

In all the provinces except Prince Edward Island there has been increase of capital as measured by the value of land, buildings, plant and working capital; and while the greatest per cent. of increase has been made in the Western Provinces, the large investments have been made in Ontario and Quebec.

The value of products is shown by provinces in the next table for the two census years, together with the increase in five years.

Nova Scotia shows an increase of \$711,000 in log products and of more than \$5,550,000 in the products of smelting works. For Ontario and Quebec value and increase are given in the table on next page for industries in which the increase in the five years is \$2,000,000 and over.

In Ontario the greatest increase is shown to be in flour and grist mill products, and in Quebec it is in car works and car repairs. Seven of the thirteen industries for Ontario and

PRODUCTS BY PROVINCES, 1900 AND 1905.

| Provinces. | 1905. | 1900. | Increase. |
|---------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| | \$ | \$ | \$ |
| British Columbia | 37,796,740 | 19,447,778 | 18,348,962 |
| Manitoba | 27,857,396 | 12,927,439 | 14,929,957 |
| New Brunswick | 21,833,564 | 20,972,470 | 861,094 |
| Nova Scotia | 31,987,449 | 23,592,513 | 8,394,936 |
| Ontario | 361,372,741 | 241,533,486 | 119,839,255 |
| Prince Edward Island | 1,696,459 | 2,326,708 | 630,249 |
| Quebec | 216,478,496 | 158,287,994 | 58,190,502 |
| Saskatchewan | 2,433,801 | | |
| | | 1,964,987 | 5,458,746 |
| Alberta | 4,979,932 | | |

British Columbia manufacturers nearly doubled the value of their products in the five years, Manitoba doubled theirs, and Saskatchewan and Alberta nearly quadrupled theirs. The value of preserved fish in British Columbia was increased by \$1,492,000, of log products by \$6,960,000 and of smelting works by \$5,542,000. In

three of the nine for Quebec have values of \$10,000,000 and over.

The next comparison is made for the value of products of cities and towns in the five years in which the increase is \$2,000,000 and over. The places are arranged in alphabetical order.

PRODUCTS OF PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

| Industries. | 1905. \$ | 1900. \$ | Increase. \$ |
|--|-------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Ontario— | | | |
| Agricultural implements . . . | 11,926,233 | 8,295,170 | 3,631,063 |
| Bread, biscuits and confec- tionery | 9,981,136 | 6,102,430 | 3,878,706 |
| Clothing, women's, factory . . | 7,144,892 | 1,309,627 | 5,835,265 |
| Electrical apparatus and sup- plies | 7,201,463 | 1,171,543 | 6,029,920 |
| Flour and grist mill products | 35,319,060 | 21,025,481 | 14,293,579 |
| Foundry products | 15,520,418 | 9,145,382 | 6,375,036 |
| Furniture | 7,375,528 | 5,212,997 | 2,162,531 |
| Leather | 9,572,334 | 6,255,337 | 3,316,997 |
| Log products | 31,626,222 | 25,672,424 | 5,953,798 |
| Lumber products | 12,882,223 | 6,152,853 | 6,729,370 |
| Plumbing and tinsmithing... . | 5,644,716 | 2,613,814 | 3,030,902 |
| Printing and publishing | 11,429,664 | 7,077,800 | 4,351,864 |
| Smelting (ore products) . . . | 11,870,183 | 1,894,012 | 9,976,171 |
| Quebec— | | | |
| Car works and repairs | 13,225,317 | 5,905,805 | 7,319,512 |
| Electric light and power . . . | 4,188,760 | 646,563 | 3,542,197 |
| Flour and grist mill products | 8,598,830 | 3,195,911 | 5,402,919 |
| Iron and steel products | 5,510,596 | 3,455,578 | 2,055,018 |
| Log products | 14,489,206 | 10,391,638 | 4,097,568 |
| Paper | 6,163,240 | 2,621,071 | 3,542,169 |
| Slaughtering and meat pack- ing | 5,351,739 | 3,079,440 | 2,227,299 |
| Tobacco products | 10,891,803 | 8,230,952 | 2,660,851 |
| Wire | 3,437,308 | 1,123,239 | 2,224,069 |

PRODUCTS OF CITIES AND TOWNS SHOWING INCREASE OF \$2,000,000 AND OVER.

| Cities and Towns. | 1905. \$ | 1900. \$ | Increase. \$ |
|----------------------------|-------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Amherst | 4,174,929 | 1,551,907 | 2,623,022 |
| Berlin | 5,449,012 | 3,037,513 | 2,411,499 |
| Brantford | 8,545,679 | 5,564,695 | 2,980,984 |
| Hamilton | 24,625,776 | 17,122,346 | 7,503,430 |
| Kingston | 4,329,607 | 2,045,173 | 2,284,434 |
| London | 12,626,844 | 8,122,185 | 4,504,659 |
| Montreal | 99,746,772 | 71,099,750 | 28,647,022 |
| Ottawa | 10,641,378 | 7,638,688 | 3,002,690 |
| Peterborough | 11,566,805 | 3,789,164 | 7,777,641 |
| Sault Ste. Marie | 5,251,643 | 738,472 | 4,513,171 |
| Sydney | 4,058,659 | 631,396 | 3,427,263 |
| Toronto | 85,714,278 | 58,415,498 | 27,298,780 |
| Vancouver | 10,067,556 | 4,990,152 | 5,077,404 |
| Winnipeg | 18,083,290 | 8,616,248 | 10,367,042 |

In this list of fourteen cities and towns relative positions have not changed much in the five years as ranked by values of products. Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and London continue to hold the first

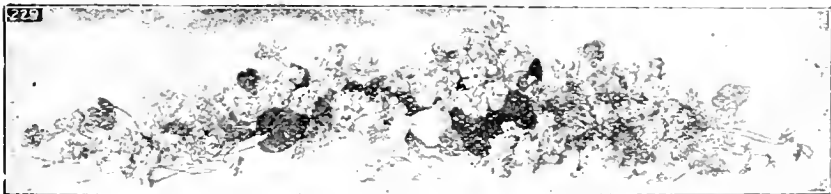
five places in the order named. Peterborough has stepped up from ninth to sixth place and Ottawa has dropped from sixth to seventh. Vancouver retains the eighth rank, and Brantford drops from seventh to ninth. Berlin

retains the tenth place. Sault Ste. Marie has displaced Kingston for the eleventh place, and Kingston, Amherst and Sydney are at the foot. But when ranked according to increase in the value of product the order is to some extent changed. Montreal and Toronto are yet in the first and second places; but Winnipeg and Peterborough take rank before Hamilton, and Vancouver and Sault Ste. Marie before London. In the fourteen cities and towns the increase in the value of manufactures in the five years is \$112,419,041 or 58 per cent. Montreal's increase is 40 per cent. and Toronto's is 47 per cent. Adding to these cities the value of products for work employing less than five hands in 1905, Montreal's total is \$100,425,964 and Toronto's is \$86,838,101.

The evidences of the growth of Canada in the twentieth century found in the statistics of manufactures, of railways, banking and commerce are for the whole Dominion, and they show a surprising record of expansion. The census of population and agriculture in the Northwest Provinces shows if possible development on a large scale, and while it will not be claimed that the older provinces are growing at the same rate there is no doubt that all parts of the country have prospered in their varied industries. The interests of agriculture, transportation, banking, manufactures, trade and all business affairs act and react upon each other, and with its great natural resources in land and forest, minerals, fisheries and water-powers, there is no limit within sight to the greatness to which Canada may attain before the century is out.

The manufacturers and merchants of Toronto and Montreal are busier

to-day through their travelers and agents on the prairies of the West than twenty-five years ago they were in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Thirty-five years ago the Government of this Province and the Government of the Dominion began a contention for possession of the unknown tract between the height of land and Hudson Bay, and nearly twenty-five years ago the final award was made confirming the claim of the province. But for half the lifetime of a generation at the close of last century the new possession was kept as a miser keeps his horde, while our surplus population was going out by tens of thousands every year to find homes and take up citizenship in an alien country, and the victory over the Dominion was exploited for its politics at election after election. Then a young man, comparatively new to the public of the province, rose and blazed out a new line into the region of business politics, and the result was the discovery and exploration of the clay belt. That was seven years ago, and the population of that wide northern wilderness stretching nine hundred miles from Mattawa town on the Ottawa River to Winnipeg was less than one per square mile. A new transcontinental railway is now under construction through that domain, and though some of us may not, will not, live to see it, I am sanguine that long before the close of this century the clay belt of Ontario and its continuation into Quebec will sustain a population of two to three millions—joining together by the strongest of ties the east and the west and serving to maintain Montreal and Toronto as the great industrial and commercial centres of the Dominion.



Smoke, or Fire

By Anne Warner in *The Smart Set*

MY DEAREST SUE:

I was simply paralyzed by your letter of congratulations! I never heard anything so crazy in all my life! The mere idea of my marrying again is too preposterous for words. I would not have known what man you referred to if you had not mentioned the name! Really, I wouldn't!

I am not engaged. Of course I wouldn't admit it if I was, but I really am not. I won't say that I wouldn't marry him under any circumstances, because I think any woman is very foolish to say that of any man in these days when, whoever you marry, you are so liable to marry others later; but I haven't told him that I'd marry him anyway, and I would tell you whether he had asked me or not if I could see you, but I hate putting personalities in letters. There is always the chance of one or the other becoming celebrated and the letters being printed later on, you know.

Of course, I did meet him first at that house party, and, of course, we were together most of the time. I thought that, as we were perfect strangers, we could be together without starting talk, but I found that it is not wise to be constantly with even a perfect stranger, because if you keep on being constantly with a man it starts talk right off, and the more constantly you are with a man the less either of you cares to have it talked of. You know how I hate to be talked about anyhow, and how hard I try to avoid it. I have given up so many things on account of it—red parasols and traveling with a monkey, and other equally innocent pleasures—that it does seem to me as if I might have been allowed this one man, he really is such a dear, Sue—just wait until I introduce you—and so good-looking.

Now, as to these dreadful stories you have heard, dear. I shall take

them in order and answer them completely. In the first place, it's quite true about the motor ride—that is, the most of it is true. Of course I was frightened and I wasn't expecting the lightning flash. And neither was he. We had stopped under the tree to wait for the rain to be over. It was one of those sultry storms and I was so smothered that I was absolutely forced to put my veil up. I was really nearly smothered, Sue; you know how hot those veils and storms are, and I was fearfully frightened, and he was no more expecting the flash than I was. It was all horribly unfortunate, and we never have been able to find out who started that story. I think that whoever did it will be murdered if he ever lets it be known who he is. It was so mean to tell, anyway, because it must have been so perfectly evident that the flash of lightning was entirely unexpected by both of us.

Then there is the story about my going and spending the evening with him and I'm sincerely glad that you've heard it and asked me about it, for although I know that you know me too well to believe that I would do such a thing, still I want to tell you just what started that. You see, I went to stay with Carrie, utterly forgetting that he was staying with Dr. Kent. After I was settled I found that Carrie's husband doesn't allow Dr. Kent to enter the house, for no better reason than that he didn't marry Carrie. So mean of him, for Dr. Kent is a dear. But of course it left me in a pretty mess, for you couldn't ask one man without the other. I was quite miserable about it, for you know how fond I've always been of Dr. Kent, and so one evening I suddenly had the craziest idea jump into my head. I was returning from the Croydell's dinner rather early so as to pick Carrie up at a Symphony Concert, and I saw a light in the Dale

house (you know Dr. Kent had it for the Winter), and I entirely forgot that it was the night of the big medical banquet.

I thought that it would be such fun to surprise them both for five minutes, and I had unhooked the tube on the spur of the minute and told the coachman to stop the carriage there. It wasn't until after it was stopped and I was out and upon the steps that it occurred to me that the situation was a bit awkward. You know that I never get myself into a box, so of course I had to think fast.

I took my handkerchief and applied it to my eye as if I had met with some accident, and that made it quite right to ask for Dr. Kent. The horrid part was that of course Dr. Kent was out, but fortunately Clarence was in the study just off the hall and heard my voice and hurried to the door. He insisted upon my coming in, and so I went in and we did have an adorable time. I never knew that the Dales had such a charming house. If they want to rent it next Winter I think that we—I mean Dr. Kent—may take it again.

But I really didn't stay long, Sue, honestly I didn't; and I hadn't seen him for four days, you know, and of course I knew and he knew that it was our one chance while I was at Carrie's. I will confess that I was rather late in getting her, and her husband was awfully snappish over it—do you know, I didn't like him a bit after that—always have wished that she had married Dr. Kent ever since. Fancy how heavenly it would have been! But that's the whole truth about the story of my going to see him, and you can see how false it is from start to finish. I should like to see myself going to any man, indeed.

But oh, Sue, we did have such fun. I had on my new cream lace gown and he absolutely had on slippers—it was too cozy and homelike for words. Only we both would have a big, sleepy-hollow chair in that room if we were furnishing it. Such horrid, creaky, squeaky chairs you never saw, my dear! I was in mortal fear of

breaking them. If I ever have a place of my own again I mean to have good solid furniture—furniture that you can take some comfort in.

Now to the next things that have been told you. I almost think that it is beneath me to reply to them at all. To think of people having the face to say that we are always together and that only to look at us anyone would know that it was true! It really seems to me, Sue, that you might have spared yourself the trouble of repeating accusations like that, for they show that they must be lies, and I'm sure I cannot see who could have started them unless it is Central or farmers who live away off in unfrequented places. I have made up my mind to one thing—and Clarence has made up his, too—and that is that we shall never, so long as we live, look at people we meet in the country, or remark on what anyone does or says. And if any man or woman is desperate, he or she, as the case may be, can come to our house and use the sleepy-hollow chair any time and for as long a time as he or she, as the case may be, chooses, and we shall never say a word, then or ever!

And now as to the tale about Paris, which is really apparently the worst of all to hush up. We are denying it right and left, but so many people know us that it seems well-nigh impossible to crush it out. I do assure you that I was positively in rags, my dear, in rags, and I made up my mind all of a sudden one day that as long as I hadn't a thing fit to wear I might as well run over to Aubregiac and get a new outfit right through.

I never dally after I decide—as you know, dear—so I took my passage the very next morning and I sailed on the eighth. No one could have been more surprised than we were at meeting one another on the steamer. It was the greatest coincidence that I ever knew of, for he hadn't an idea that I was going. The voyage would have been perfect, only that the whole Lake family were on the boat, and I always shall believe that it was Mrs. Lake who started the story of our being engaged. It was

natural that, knowing each other as well as we did, we should have been together, and we both were crazy over the moon nights (it was really very cloudy all the voyage, but we kept on hoping), so we were together more or less, and I haven't the faintest intention of denying that; but as to what Mrs. Lake said—well, all I can say is that I shall never really like any of them again. They stayed up until the most ungodly hours, Sue, and walked the whole time, and wherever it was quiet and a little bit out of the wind there Mrs. Lake would post herself until I wanted to cry. You know how few quiet places out of the wind there are, and then to have an old woman stand in one of them till after midnight! Nevertheless, of course it didn't matter as it would have mattered had we been engaged. I should think that anyone could see that, and I want to ask you, Sue, if we had been engaged would we ever have gone over on the same steamer? Wouldn't we have gone on separate steamers to keep people from saying that we were engaged—if for nothing else? Isn't it all too absurd on the very face of it? I declare, these stories fairly madden me because anyone with a grain of common sense would see at a glance what lies they must be.

We were at different hotels in Paris, and I had Madame Masjon with me, too, so everything was all correct, and I denied myself so much pleasure that it certainly does seem to me too cruel of people to talk so. We came back on different steamers, naturally, and then, besides, the dressmaker disappointed me and my frocks were not done, but no one pays any attention to that fact. People who desire to gossip seem to have no logic. Absolutely, if I had known how they were going to talk anyway, I do believe that I would have returned on the same steamer. It will exasperate me as long as I live to think that I lost a whole week with him that I might have had.

I do wish that you could see my new things, dear—they are exquisite; much prettier than my trousseau the other

time. I have hats and shoes to match every frock this time. And oh, my dear, my ring! I forgot to tell you about my ring; and I must tell you, for people are talking of that, too. It's some old family stones that I had reset in Paris. It is simply gorgeous. You never saw such a ring. I have a bracelet besides and I am going to have a necklace. They are all too lovely for words.

Indeed, dear Sue, if it wasn't for this horrid, confounded gossip I should be quite the happiest woman alive. I am very well and we never had such weather. To be sure, it does rain pretty steadily, but when people come to tea and it keeps on raining it gives such a good excuse for their staying to dinner, and I am most grateful that I am not visiting Carrie now. I am at Maude Lisle's, and she wants me to ask you if you can come and spend October with her. I am going to be here most of the month and I shouldn't wonder if it was rather gay toward the middle. Maude is going to give some dinners and things and Clarence has a new motor, and I know you would like to meet him even if I am not going to marry him, as kind (?) friends informed you.

I don't want you to think from this letter that I am a bit vexed with you for having believed idle reports so quickly, for I am not. On the contrary, I am sincerely glad that you wrote me as you did and gave me a chance to explain fully, for I think, frankness is so necessary among friends, and if I were really engaged you would naturally expect to be one of the first to be told. But Clarence says that I cannot keep anything to myself, and we have such a big bet up about that, that wild horses could not drag it out of me until after the first of the month. That is partly why these stories annoy me so terribly, and why I take so much time and pains in denying them. I would not have it get about for any money. People would fit the flash of lightning right in with that journey to Paris and my new things and this ring, and there would be no convinc-

ing them that it wasn't so. The more we denied it the more ridiculous we should appear, and you know how much I hate to appear ridiculous. I have always said that I would never marry a second time, and I never shall. And you know, Sue dear, that if I were really engaged to marry anyone I should most certainly tell you at once; so that alone proves the falseness of the whole story.

Now you'll come in October, won't you? Maude wants you to promise. I shall be leaving on the eighteenth or nineteenth—the date isn't positively set—and she says that she will be too horribly lonely if there isn't someone with her to talk over what will be happening then. You know how fond Maude always is, first of things, and then of talking them over, and she is almost as happy as I am these days. It was she who introduced me to Clarence at the house-party, so it seems especially fitting that I should be with her now, you know. The dear thing, she has absolutely her drawing-rooms all done over—isn't that almost touching? Do write that you will be sure to come. I want you to meet Clarence, too—he is so handsome—and do you know he has taken the Dale house for five years? I didn't mean to tell you, but I'm sure that I don't see why I shouldn't. Taking the Dale house is no crime, heaven knows.

And now, Sue dear, in conclusion, I want to beg you if you hear any more stories about me to deny them

at once. Say that you are positive that there is not one word of truth in any of them. I don't suppose you can deny the lightning flash because somebody must have surely seen us to have started it at all, and the trip to Paris is true, too, and my clothes are true, of course; but deny all the rest and fix up what you can't deny as well as you can, for I do detest being talked about, and then, too, I am wild to win that bet from Clarence.

And be sure to write favorably of October. I want you to come just as soon as you can—I have such a lot to tell you and I promise you that it's interesting. Maude says that we will have a love of a time when Clarence isn't here, and when he is here you and she can look all over my things together. I have such adorable things, stripes of lace and ribbon alternate, and hand-embroidered silk petticoats, and so on.

Good-bye, dear; au revoir.

As ever, yours affectionately,

NAN.

P. S. If anyone says the stones in my ring came from my grandmother, just let it go; I did say that they were from my grandmother at first. Oh, Sue, I go half mad being tripped up on things I've said and completely forgotten! You see, I had no idea in the beginning that people were such awful liars.

But now I really think very few people know what truth means.

Keep your ambition prominently in mind, and make each day's work conform to the plan by which you hope to attain it. It all depends on your stick-to-itiveness now, whether you shall be prosperous and contented in the days when you take to spectacles and armchair.

Significance of the Railroad to Hudson Bay

Heral Magazine

THE world, it seems, is fairly shrinking year by year as the time measurement of the Atlantic grows less and less under the keel of our mammoth liners. The new Lusitania is to revolutionize the Liverpool-New York journey. But the shortest route is fast moving northward. Even for less ambitious ships that the new giant Cunarder four days will soon bridge the ocean between Ireland's most westerly port and the most easterly port in Newfoundland.

But a still more northerly route is now about to be opened up, having been rendered imperatively necessary by the sudden and enormous development of wheat-growing in Western Canada. The present blockade of east-bound freight on all lines of our Northwestern States and Western Canada has given new life to the long continued agitation for a short route to Europe by way of Hudson Bay.

Naturally, the nearer one gets to the Pole the shorter is the distance across the world. Thus, from Japan to Liverpool by way of San Francisco is fully eleven thousand miles. But the Vancouver-Montreal route takes a thousand miles off this. Going by Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus saves another seven hundred miles; and last of all comes the new projected route by way of Prince Rupert and Hudson Bay, which reduces the Japan-Liverpool journey from eleven thousand miles to 8,275 miles.

It is estimated that a railroad to Hudson Bay would move Liverpool two thousand miles nearer to Western shippers. For the last quarter of a century a line from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay has been mooted, but all projects have been foiled or hindered by one cause or another. At the present moment, however, the amazing

development of Winnipeg and the Canadian Northwest has led to such vigorous action that no less than six different charters have been granted in connection with Hudson Bay schemes.

This great idea has no warmer supporter than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the popular Canadian Premier, who declares that if the standing offer of 12,000 acres of land per mile is not found sufficient encouragement other means must be adopted—such as making the Hudson Bay route, both railroad and steamship, a national undertaking.

The harbor at Churchill is one of the finest in North America—a direct five hundred and fifty-mile deep water sail from the western end of the Straits and free from ice almost half the year. Hudson Bay itself, of course, is open all the year round. The railroad to Churchill will be a concrete fact within a few years, and then Keewatin—that enormous game preserve half as big as European Russia—will be a split up between Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario, giving each a splendid seaport.

These great schemes hinge entirely upon the amazing development of Western Canada, whose magical black soil, experts say, will go on producing the hardest wheat in the world without stimulus for a century or more. Already Winnipeg bids fair to be the Chicago of Canada. Through this "buckle of the wheat belt" all the grain must pass.

Within the last two years the city has spent over \$20,000,000 upon new buildings, and its population is leaping up from year to year in bounds of 12,000 or so. More and more of the prairie is swallowed up every month, and to-day there must be at least 120,000 souls in this wonderful city.



The Late Rev. John Potts, D.D.

In the death of Rev. John Potts, D.D., who passed away at his home in Toronto, on Wednesday, October 16th, not only has the Canadian Methodist Church lost its Educational Secretary and a founder, but Canada also has lost one of its greatest and most widely-known men. As an educationist, a financier, and an orator, Dr. Potts has proved himself a master among the world's greatest. As a man he showed a personality and a large-heartedness which made him beloved by all his intimates.

Born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1833, John Potts came to America, first to the United States and shortly afterwards to Canada, at the age of nineteen. His life since has been a march of progress.

Dr. Potts has made Canada's name proud on many occasions. His association with the World's Sunday School Association has made this country famous throughout all the branches of the organization, and in two instances particularly, where he has spoken, once at the International Convention at Denver, in 1902, and again on the excursion to the World's Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem in 1904, when he preached from Mars Hill at Rome. Dr. Potts astonished even the great men with whom he was associated. His passing is a decided loss to Canada.

A Mother's View of Football

By Christine T. Herrick in *Woman's Home Companion*

IN my girlhood I never saw a game of football. The young men of scholastic pursuits who were especially interested in my sporting education took me to see divers games of baseball, and I developed about all the diplomacy I ever possessed in my efforts to conceal from these youths the utter impossibility I found in understanding the intricacies of the great American game.

For some years after my special interest in small boys was awakened, the opportunities of attending football games did not present themselves, and my sons were nearly grown before I saw my first game. When I did, it was a terrible mental slump. I had been asked by an elderly relative to go with him to a game played at a college town in which he was much interested, and I accompanied him with high anticipations. Afterward I was told that it had not been a very interesting game. For my own part, it gave me a new idea of what might be meant by stupidity.

The very name of the game was misleading! Why should it be called football when the ball was so seldom kicked? It was grabbed, it was fought over, it was used as a foundation for a pile of boys, for the centre of a waving mass of arms and legs, but contact between the ball and the feet occurred so seldom as to be virtually a negligible quantity. I had expected a Homeric contest that would stir and thrill me to the depths. Instead, I witnessed a series of scrimmages, a great deal of rough-and-tumble rolling about on the ground, and little else. I don't recall the score; I have even forgotten which side won. I came away a disappointed and much-disgusted woman.

Just about this time there appeared in the papers the notice of the death of a player in a school football game. This was not so unusual an occurrence that would have awakened more

than a passing pity had it not been that the accident took place in the school attended by one of my own sons. A few days later came a letter from him that brought the tragedy more clearly before me. Here is his letter:

Dear Mama:

You may have heard that the captain of our football team got killed in a practise game on Wednesday, but I will tell you about it anyway.

On Tuesday the squad started "scrimmaging" in football, and yesterday was the second day of it. J—, our captain, had started to take the ball around the end, when he was tackled and fell on the back of his head. Several other players fell on him, and when they got up he lay there. They picked him up and poured water on his head, and he came to and wanted to continue the game, but the coach wouldn't let him. So he started to walk over to the "gym," when he fainted, and was carried into the physical director's office. He lay still there on the table, and they undressed him and tried to bring him to, thinking that he was only stunned, but after about an hour's work they discovered he was dead. He had broken a blood vessel at the base of his brain, and the blood pouring out made a clot on his brain which killed him.

Everybody, of course, was terribly broken up about it, and the fellow who tackled him felt like a murderer. He went away last night, and they could not find him until he was discovered in one of the master's rooms. He was not at any of his recitations or at chapel to-day.

They had a funeral service to-day at 2:30, for they had to hurry to get the coffin off, so that it might get to his home by the time his mother gets there; his father is dead.

At the service they read the Twen-

ty-third Psalm, said the Lord's Prayer and sang a hymn, and then most of the fellows went down to the gym to see him once more for the last time. I didn't go. Two-thirds of them came up crying. Then the whole school lined up by forms, and the hearse and carriages passed between them, and the chimes played all the while. It was very solemn and sad.

I am glad it is all over, but I am afraid that it will just about finish up football for this year. I have heard several players say they don't care to play any more, now that J—is gone.

There was a lump in my throat when I laid down the letter, and a pain in my heart. "If it had been my boy!" I thought. And then the question came to me: "What would I do if one of my boys wished to play football? One is ruled out by his short-sightedness, and need not be considered, and the other has thus far been too light a weight to be of value to the team. But suppose as he grows in years and size he should aspire to a place on the eleven, what would I do about it?" Here was a problem to be considered.

I had met mothers—and fathers, too—who would not permit their sons to play football. More than one big, husky lad I knew who longed for the game, and to whom it was vetoed by his parents. I had myself had a sneaking sympathy for the father who, after a fatal accident to a boy at a big school where his own son was a pupil, wrote to the authorities there that his boy was not to be permitted to play football, although he felt the game ought to be kept up in the school!

In order to be able to decide the matter intelligently I would have to do more than secure a merely academic acquaintance with football. I must accumulate experimental knowledge by attendance at some good games of football, that I might judge for myself of the sport.

So under the charge of my especial college boy I started to take in such of the intercollegiate games as came

our way. We saw games where the teams were well matched and the struggle fierce, and I collected a store of experiences from which I drew deductions more or less opposed to each other, but all having specific value in determining my own views of football.

The first thing that struck me was the tremendous influence a game like football must have in cultivating college spirit. Never had I seen such enthusiasm. It suggested to me the excitement that must have attended the contests in the old days of Greece and Rome. The bitter mutterings when "our side" was downed, the fierce cheers when a spectacular run or a clever pass was made, the loud calls of encouragement to this man or that upon whose skill or speed hung the game at the moment, the cries of "Come on, Billy!" "Eat him up, Jimmy!" "Hold it, Tommy! hold it! hold it!"—all impressed me far more than the organized cheering under the direction of a cheer master, remarkable though that was in the seriousness with which the boys devoted themselves to the work of "hitting it up" for their respective colleges. And when at a crucial moment in the game the college song of our side was started, and all the men rose and stood uncovered while they sang it—ah, that was a thrill worth having!

So much for the view off the field. Down on the gridiron there were observations a-plenty to be made. At first I was guilty of sundry jeers concerning the efficiency of the new rules, when I saw the men piled on top of one another in the fashion which constituted my clearest recollection of football as I had seen it. After a little, however, the difference displayed itself even to my untrained eyes. There was still the tackling—which looks so cruelly dangerous to a woman—and the heaping up of a bunch of football players on top of a ball will, I fear, never seem an interesting part of the game to my Philistine eyes. But the open game certainly provides opportunities for seeing what is doing that was never afforded under former regulations (my own decidedly ama-

teur verdict in this line being confirmed by wiser judges than myself).

I suppose any aggressive game of this sort must appear more or less brutal to a woman, but granted that men and boys will pull and pummel and pound one another in some sport, I must admit that I find the football field offering them opportunities for a variety of ethical culture of which I have heard little said. If that is putting it a trifle strongly, I believe I am safe in asserting that it encourages a good many of the heroic virtues.

This was borne in upon me early in the first game I saw during my period of education. Within ten minutes of the time when the game was called two of the best players—one on each side—were withdrawn from the field for slugging one another. Now under those circumstances I submit that it is natural for two lads to wish to slug. They are engaged in a fierce contest over the ball, the impact of their bodies stirs them to fight, they yield to the impulse to strike out. And then—a whistle blows, the referee comes up, the decision is made—and each side has lost one of its best men. Unless boys are abject fools they will learn, after a lesson or two of this sort, that loyalty and devotion to their colleges and their teams demand self-control.

So there is a lesson in self-command at the very outset, and the game is filled with chances for such. For my own part, I should think that a man who could keep himself in hand on the football field would be ready for about all the enemy could bring against him of provocation when once out in the world.

Another thing that impressed me greatly was the generalship of the leaders. When the players were lined up, and the quarter back, running his eye along the men, called out number after number, indicating the man for each place, it gave me a large conception of the study that leader must have bestowed upon his men and his game. To know each player so well that at an instant's notice, in the fierce excitement of the game, he could

select the man needed in each place, and could have the mental poise to put them where he believed they would do most good—was not this a big lesson, to be learned by a man who might some day have to manage on other fields than the gridiron? I recalled the saying of the Duke of Wellington, that the battles of England were won on the playing fields of Eton. Presence of mind in an emergency when every nerve is tense, every faculty strained; the hold a boy must have upon himself lest by losing his grip and becoming "rattled" he may ruin the chances of his side for winning—was training in these not well worth while in the making of a man?

What one saw in the leader one could find also in the individual player. When a boy got the ball and tried to carry it toward the goal, dodging this one, slipping by that one, seizing every opportunity that presented itself for gaining a foot toward his goal line, showing a dexterity, a skill that indicated perfect mental and physical discipline—was not that of value to him as part of his equipment for the world fight?

Pluck is another quality I observed in a very marked degree on the football field. When a man is knocked down and out by a fierce tackle, when he lies gasping after a fall, perhaps an ankle twisted, a knee bruised, and yet struggles up and goes on with the fight, he shows courage of a good order, and the spectators testified their appreciation of it by their cheers.

Self-control, quickness to recognize character and ability, generalship, promptness to see and seize an opportunity, pluck, that quality which we call "sand," are worth cultivating. Is there any other athletic sport which offers such chances for their development as football?

The recent modifications of the game have, as a matter of course, abated abuses and brought great improvements in their train. Moreover, the change which has done away with so much of the mass play has also removed the temptations to cheating

and to foul play. Now it is possible to see when brutality is practised. Kicking is not tolerated in a decent game, the cruelty and man-handling that were possible under the old regime are banished with hurdling, "holding," tripping and other unlawful means of making a good score by disabling or injuring the opposing players. With the exile of that sort of thing from the school and college football field will go the most fruitful source of casualties. Football will never be a rose-water game, but as it is at the present, and is likely to be in the future, it need not be reckoned as a murderous onslaught on both sides, or at the best as a gladiatorial contest.

There is something—a good deal—to be said on the other side. Accidents are bound to occur wherever men meet in physical struggle, and it is undeniable that there is a plentiful crop of injuries garnered in every football season. We are told that there are accidents on the baseball field as well. Men are struck by flying balls—killed, sometimes—but accidents due to some indirect agency do not seem so terrible as those that come in the heat of personal and physical contest.

But can all brutality and danger be eliminated from sports? I come back to the ground where I placed myself years ago when I first appreciated the fact that boys who are tied to their mother's apron strings are sure to suffer for it in one way or another.

"Boys must take their chances," I said then and I say now.

There may be—there often is—violence in boxing and wrestling. Accidents are common to bicycle riders. Never a year passes without more drowning accidents in one month than there are casualties in two or three football seasons. But that is a weak-minded parent who refuses a boy boxing, wrestling or bicycling, who forbids his learning to row or to swim, or who vetoes fishing, because of the dangers in these sports. Every hunting season has its crop of fatal accidents. Is a man to remain ignorant of the use of firearms on this account?

To those who think football a brutalizing game which tends to exalt the purely physical at the expense of the mental and spiritual, I commend a little study of the men in responsible positions who were football players at school and college. There is a goodly roll of them—men who stand high in the councils of the nation, who are conspicuous in financial, legal, literary, medical and clerical circles. The sport did not stultify their intellects or deaden their sympathies. Rather have they carried into their world work the qualities I have already enumerated among those to be learned on the gridiron. Football may kill a player now and then—but as a rule it makes pretty fine men of the survivors.

And yet—being a woman—I can't help praying that my boy may never become a football player!

A man exhibits a finer quality of courage when he smiles and keeps doing his best in the face of ill-luck than when he braves the dangers of an Arctic expedition or an African tiger hunt.

College Training Proved Best for Business Life

New York Commercial

THE old hostility between the American university and the

American business man is rapidly disappearing, according to close observers. The business man, on his side, is coming to realize that a college training, instead of making a boy a sort of poetic or scientific dilettante who shudders at the thought of dirty hands, or one who is strong enough to play football, but too delicate to interest himself in shifting a case of goods, really supplies him with the best sort of apprentices—young men who have been trained to think and to master quickly the details of complicated processes. The university, on the other hand, no longer desires a caste aloofness from trade; no longer seeks for itself an academic or professional seclusion from the market place, and, in fact, is doing everything in its power to get into business itself.

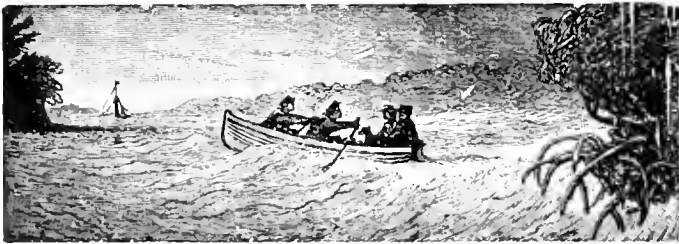
The breaking down of this barrier is due to a variety of causes. In the first place, enough time has elapsed since the day when the majority of college students, trained under the old curriculum, went exclusively into the professions, to allow many young men, educated under the new elective systems, to enter business and rise to an ownership or a partnership in great concerns. Naturally, these men, who have found in actual practice that their collegiate training was a decided asset, employ college graduates wherever possible in their own offices. Their attitude, especially when it is confirmed by success, is also reaching upon older business men who were trained exclusively in the university of every-day life, where the instruction to freshmen consists mainly of sweeping out the store and running errands. And these men are finding out that they are spending a great deal of unnecessary time in trying to train to intelligent efficiency,

to the ability to think, by the old office method. They are discovering that they can get young men already trained to do their own thinking, accustomed to learning, familiar with quick methods of gaining information—the three great things the modern college gives—and in addition, having some experience in handling men and in organization through management of college societies or teams, and a working knowledge of the English language. These men can more quickly be brought up to valuable business efficiency and this is what the business man wants. For the business man of to-day is not particularly in need of office boys who are paid \$5 a week, and possibly yield a profit to the firm of \$1 a week; he wants the \$50 a week man who can earn \$100 a week over his salary. Consequently, if he can get the boy who is already trained in thinking and can rise quickly in practical business, into the \$50 class, he is saved so much time in reaching his real profits. There is one other factor, a sort of converse of the law that desires increase with income. For the college man, in his university life, has got a taste for higher things, a desire for esthetic gratifications in his amusements and pleasures, and will strive harder to reach the high salaried places which will enable him to gratify these essential longings than will other men who are happy with a more easily attained mode of life.

On the side of the college or university, the millions of endowment from the Maecenases of American industry, which alone have made possible many of their finest courses and educational facilities, compel respect on the part of cap, hood and gown for pen, ledger and scales. But there is also another element. For the captain of industry of to-day, marshalling his huge forces, stage managing, as it were, the dramas of modern business,

is both, in intelligence and breadth of business education, vastly the superior of the small store-keeper or manufacturer of half a century ago, who, with little beyond native wit and some ingenuity, could carry on his local business. To-day, however, the man of affairs, the head of a small concern, is living an industrial epic rather than an industrious idyl. And many of the elements of his business are now called "sciences" and "arts"—the science of finance; the science of rail-roading; the economics of production, the philosophy of labor conditions; the theories of foreign trade; the art of handling men; the science of accounting; the art of advertising. It is not enough to-day that a manufacturer knows how to make a good product in his shop; or that the store owner can sell a good product over his counter and keep a set of books. Such limited ability would describe merely the small concern which has not yet risen to real success on the American gauge. The real business man of to-day must have, whether he gained it in or out of college, what might be called a professional knowledge of government, of sociology, economics, transportation, finance and

the modern movements and agencies. He must have his markets at his fingers' ends, must be an expert psychologist, must be familiar with law, with trade customs, with the eccentricities of different people. Frequently, he must possess a wide knowledge of chemistry, or mechanics, or be versed in many of the allied branches of pure art in order to produce a product which shall at once meet competition and yet yield him a profit. And lastly, he must know how to keep thousands of people busy and contented and each doing just the work he is most capable of discharging. It calls for mighty generalship, for imagination, for the ability to handle vast details and marshal facts. Novels are written upon the life of this business man, and a new breed of text books on the different sciences of business has come into prominence to supply the demand from business climbers. And the universities are recognizing that in business are many of the true elements of a profession, are beginning to regard the business man as a professional; and are introducing many courses designed peculiarly to supply professional training to the man downtown.



Right Hon. Henry Hawkins, Lord Brampton

Daily Graphic

HENRY HAWKINS, LORD BRAMPTON, was one of our most conspicuous examples—Serjeant Ballantyne was another, and so is Mr. Rufus Isaacs—of an advocate raising himself to the highest eminence without the help, so valuable, as a rule, of an academic education. The son of John Hawkins, solicitor, of Hitchin, Hertfordshire, he was born in the former town on Sept. 14, 1817, and educated at the Bedford Grammar School. On leaving school he was articulated to his uncle, an attorney, but disliked the occupation, and made up his mind that he would either go on the stage or be called to the Bar. His father, though not in sympathy with his decision, promised him an allowance of £100 a year for five years to enter the latter profession.

The date of his call was May 3, 1843, and briefs began to come to him more quickly than to many barristers. In his second year he made £50. In his third year he was able to dispense with help from his father's purse. In 1847 he was junior to Sir Frederick Thesiger in the successful prosecution of Richard Dunn, a briefless barrister, who had pestered the Baroness (then Miss) Burdett-Coutts, for many years with offers of love and demands for money, and had brought himself within reach of the law by committing perjury in an affidavit. He was junior to Edwin James in the trial which ended in the acquittal of Simon Bernard, accused, and no doubt guilty, of participation in Orsini's plot against the Emperor of the French. Several of his other cases were also political. He defended Pollard, indicted for having defrauded Prince Louis Napoleon, and he was counsel for W. H. Smith when his seat was contested by the Liberals of Westminster. In 1863 he was counsel—he had taken silk in 1858—along with Bovill, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, in the abortive proceedings arising out of the forgeries

committed by William Roupell, M.P. for Lambeth. In 1865, he sought Parliamentary honors, standing for Barnstaple in the Liberal interest, but without success. Barnstaple was in those days a borough which went to the highest bidder, and Mr. Hawkins, speaking from the balcony of the father of the present necrologist, who had seconded his nomination, could only say that he would rather return to town, as he should return, defeated, than be elected to be member for Barnstaple by the dishonest means of bribery.

The two causes celebres in which Mr. Hawkins achieved his greatest distinction were the great will case of Sugden v. Lord St. Leonards and the Tichborne trials. In the first of the Tichborne cases he was retained to lead Coleridge; but, owing to Coleridge's elevation to the Solicitor-Generalship, was led by him. He had been retained to cross-examine, and for no other purpose; but Coleridge took his place, and "acknowledged that the claimant cross-examined him instead of his cross-examining the plaintiff." Mr. Harris, who wrote out Lord Brampton's reminiscences for him, says: "It would have been an excellent investment for the Tichborne family to have given Hawkins ten thousand pounds to do so, for I am sure there would have been an end of the case as soon as he got to Wapping." And Mr. Hawkins himself, commenting on the manner in which Mr. Chapman Barber, of the Chancery side, cross-examined the claimant on his affidavits, says: "They said I might like to hear the cross-examination as a matter of curiosity. I did. The claimant had it all his own way. I was powerless to lend any assistance, but had I been instructed I am perfectly sure I could then and there have extinguished the case, for the claimant at that time knew absolutely nothing of the life and history of Roger Tichborne."

If Mr. Hawkins was not allowed to

cross-examine the claimant, however, he was allowed to handle some witnesses, among them Baigent, the historian of the family, who knew more of the Tielbornes than they knew of themselves; and this cross-examination did more than anything else to destroy the claimant's case. "I drew from him," say the "Reminiscences," "the confession that he did not believe he (Sir Roger) was alive, but that he had encouraged the Dowager Lady Tielborne to believe that the claimant was her son, and that her garden was lighted night after night with chinese lanterns, in expectation of his coming. I also obtained admissions from him that when he saw the claimant at Alresford Station neither knew the other, although Baigent had never altered in the least, as he alleged." This trial lasted for 188 days, extending over portions of two years. When it ended in a verdict for the Tielbornes, the prosecution of the claimant for perjury was ordered. This time Mr. Hawkins did lead. With him were Serjeant Parry, Bowen, and Matthew. Against them was the celebrated Dr. Kenealy. The trial was "at bar," before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Justices Mellor and Lush. Mr. Hawkins' opening speech filled six days, and his reply nine. "But that reply, he writes, "was a labor fearful to look back upon. When I rose . . . I felt as one about to plunge into a boundless ocean, with the certain knowledge that everything depended upon my own unaided efforts as to whether I should sink or swim. Happily for the course of justice, I succeeded. . . . I can never forget the words of the Lord Chief Justice himself, the first to appreciate and applaud, as I was passing near him in leaving the court: 'Bravo! bravo, Hawkins!' And then he added: 'I have not heard a piece of oratory like that for many a long day!' And then he patted me cordially on the back."

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that, after proceedings said to have cost not far less than £200,000, the claimant was, as the result of Mr. Hawkins' eloquence, found guilty of

perjury on two counts, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude on each of them. The great advocate was also, in the later years of his renown, engaged in every important compensation case; acted for the Crown in the purchase of lands for the national defences, for the Royal Commissioners in the purchase of the site for the new law courts, for the city of London and for the Metropolitan Board of Works in the purchase of property required for Holborn Viaduct and the Thames Embankment, and was standing counsel for the Jockey Club. He was raised to the Bench in 1876, when Mr. Justice Blackburn was elevated to the House of Lords (having previously declined an offer of a judgeship made to him by Lord Cairns in 1874), and was assigned to the then Exchequer Division of the High Court, not as Baron (an appellation then in course of abolition by the Judicature Act), but with the title of Sir Henry Hawkins. The first and most sensational case that he was called upon to preside over was that of the Penge murders. A distinguished advocate engaged in the case noted his appearance as follows: "We felt, and the Bar felt, that a great power had come upon the Bench; he summed up that case as no other living man could have done; every word told, every point was touched upon and made so clear that it was impossible not to see it."

If a great judge needs to be a great lawyer, then no doubt Sir Henry Hawkins was something less than a great judge. A facetious counsel once observed that he always found it an effective argument, in opening an appeal case before the Lords Justices to say, "My lords, this is an appeal from a judgment of Mr. Justice Hawkins." Many critics also found fault with what seemed to them his excessive severity; but, they, no doubt, were mainly evil-doers. To such he was a terror, and they spoke of him as a "hanging" judge, though, as a matter of fact, judges have no discretion in the imposition of death sentences. Justice Hawkins, if not an exceptionally learned, was, at any rate an exceptionally clear-

headed and hard-working judge. He retired from the Bench in 1898, and on Jan. 1, 1899, he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Brampton. He leaves, however, no issue, and the title dies with him. Cardinal Vaughan had already received him into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and he made a proposal, which was accepted, to erect a memorial chapel in the new cathedral. His "Reminiscences" expressly state that he was not "proselytised" by Cardinal Manning: "My reception into the Church of Rome was purely of my own free choice and will, and according to the exercise of my own judgment. I thought for myself and acted for myself, or I should not have acted at all."

Of all the good stories that were fathered on the great advocate and good judge, whom two generations knew as Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Justice Hawkins, or, more familiarly still, as "Orkins," were told no newspaper would be ample enough to contain them. Many of them are, of course, apocryphal; and many had been told of other judges before Hawkins; but even when all such are excluded there remains a goodly number, and some of the best of them are those to which he gave his own authority in the volumes of his reminiscences. In the days when Lord Brampton was known to half the criminal classes of the kingdom as "Orkins," he defended very many doubtful characters. Once, when in court at Guildford, a respectably dressed man in a velveteen suit of a yellowy-green color, and pearl buttons, came up to him and began (as Lord Brampton tells the tale):

"Can I get you anything, Mr. Orkins?"

I could not understand the man's meaning.

"Don't you recollect, sir, you defended me at Kingston for a burglary charge and got me off, Mr. Orkins, with flying colors?"

I recollected. Burglary was then punished with death, and there was seldom any remission. The man went on:

"Would a teapot be of any use to you, Mr. Orkins?"

"A teapot!"

"Yes, sir, or a few silver spoons—anything you like to name, Mr. Orkins."

I begged him to leave the court.

"Mr. Orkins, I will; but I am grateful for your getting me off that job, and if a piece of plate will be any good, I'll guarantee as it's good old family stuff."

I again refused, and then, disappointed, as a last effort, he said:

"Sir, will a sack of taters be of any service to you?"

This has founded more than one anecdote:

Another popular story is that of Mr. Orkins when, finding himself in the midst of a ruffianly crowd, which was hustling him, taking off his hat and saying: "Perhaps you don't know who I am?" The idea was that the man who was threatening to assault him would recognize the famous Old Bailey lawyer; but, according to the accepted anecdote, the ruffian shrank back at the sight of the close-cropped head with the exclamation: "So 'elp me bob, a bloom-in' prize fighter! No, thank you, guv'nor." Lord Brampton himself corrected this narrative by adding the piquant detail that he took off his hat in the hope that he would be mistaken for a prize fighter (a notion to which his strong pugnacious face lent weight), and that he offered to fight his assailant for a hundred pounds a side "in the Butts on Monday week, and we'll post the money at Peter Crawley's." The bully wavered, and finally backed out. "I don't want no row," he said, and the great little man got out of the crowd with flying colors.

The stories of his advocacy are many; but among them those he himself told are among the best, because he never dined from turning the point of them against himself. In one of his earlier cases—a trial for murder—he managed to turn a sarcasm of the presiding judge to such good effect that he got the prisoner off, aided by the fact that he had "the two children of the prisoner in court dressed in little black frocks, and

sobbing bitterly while I was addressing the jury in the prisoner's favor."

On the same evening I was dining at a house in the neighborhood, when a resident in the village where the tragedy occurred said: "You made a touching speech, Mr. Hawkins."

"Well," I answered, "it was the best I could do in the circumstances."

"Yes," he said, "but I don't think you would have painted the little home in such glowing colors if you had seen what I saw last week when driving past the cottage. No; I think you'd have toned it down a bit."

"What was it?"

"Why," said the old inhabitant, "the little children who sobbed so violently in court this morning, and to whom you made such pathetic reference, were playing on an ash-heap near their cottage, and they were swinging a cat backward and forwards and singing: 'This is the way poor daddy will go.' Such, Mr. Hawkins, was their excessive grief."

"Yes, but, says Baron Brampton, I got the verdict. It was as a cross-examiner even more than as a pleader that he was famous; and he has left on record an interesting example of it.

The plaintiffs in the action were clothiers who sold ready-made clothes, and, their premises having been burned down, they made an enormous claim against the insurance office, and alleged as a part of it that they were possessed when the fire took place of a very large number of suits of clothes. Without the smallest apparent object, I elicited that there were piles on piles of trousers, and nearly all of them had brass buttons. Having elicited this, I pointed out that although the most careful sifting of the debris had taken place, not a button had been found, and had the trousers been there innumerable buttons must have been found among the salvage.

The trial was not concluded on that day, and on the following morning hundreds of buttons, partially burnt, were brought into court by the plaintiffs.

Cockburn, Chief Justice, was not long in appreciating this mode of furnishing

evidence after its necessity had been pointed out, and he asked:

"How do you account for these buttons, Mr. Hawkins? You said none were found."

"Up to last night, my lord, none had been found."

"But these buttons have evidently been burnt in the fire. How do they come here?"

"On their own shanks, my lord."

Cockburn agreed, and so did the jury.

It was in the Tichborne case that he set the seal on his great powers, though as far as remuneration went the case was by no means profitable to him, and cost him enormous labor. He has preserved one curious anecdote about the Claimant.

One morning, on going into court, an elderly lady presented him with a religious tract. He thanked her, went to his seat, and perused the document. Then he wrote something on the tract, carefully revised what he had written, and threw it on the floor.

The usher was watching these proceedings, and as soon as he could do so unobserved secured the paper and handed it to me.

The tract was headed "Sinner. Repent!"

The Claimant had written on it: "Surely this must be meant for Orkins, not for me!"

Here is a story not told by Orkins:

While Mr. Hawkins was replying one afternoon, Mr. Walley, M.P., came in and sat next to the Claimant, of whom he was one of the most enthusiastic supporters.

"Well," he said, "and how are you getting on to-day—how are we getting on?"

"Getting on!" growled the Claimant; "he's been getting on at a pretty rate, and if he goes on much longer I shall begin to think I am Arthur Orton after all!"

There is space only for two of his anecdotes as a judge.

In a case of fowl-stealing I was trying there was a curious defence raised, which seemed too ridiculous to notice. It was that the fowls had crept into

the nosebag in which they had been found, and which was in the prisoner's possession, in order to shelter themselves from the east wind. Forgetting that I had an unreasoning and ignorant jury to deal with, I thought they would at once see through so absurd a defence, and did not insult their common-sense by summing up. I merely said: "Gentlemen, do you believe in the defence?" They put their heads together, and kept in that position for some time, and then, to my utter amazement, said: "We do, my lord; we find the prisoner not guilty." It was a verdict for the prisoner and a lesson for me.

Mr. Justice Hawkins' tenderness for women prisoners was well known. He admitted it, and he had a great dislike of sentencing these poor creatures to death, who had been recommended to mercy, and would probably be relieved.

On one such occasion the Sheriff asked if he was not going to put on the black cap.

"No," I answered, "I am not. I do not intend the poor creature to be hanged, and I am not going to frighten her to death."

Addressing her by name, I said: "Don't pay any attention to what I am going to read. No harm will be done to you. I am sure you did not know in your great trouble and sorrow what you were doing, and I will take care to represent your case so that nothing will harm you in the way of punishment."

I then mumbled over the words of the sentence of death so that the poor creature did not hear them.

Perhaps that anecdote of a judge as merciful to erring weakness as he was ruthless to the hardened criminal is the best with which to end this notice.

Ordain for thyself forthwith a certain form and type of conduct, which thou shalt maintain, both alone, and, when it may chance, among men.—Epictetus.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—Ruskin.

Fear-thought, the arch-enemy of mankind, can be eliminated from the habit of thought—can be entirely eradicated; but not by repression.—Horace Fletcher.

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope.—Helen Keller.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.

Many a man is waiting for an inspiration who would find success at once if he was not so afraid of a little perspiration.—Henry F. Cope.

A Reply to Christian Science Queries

By Alfred Farlow

IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SCIENTIFIC?

SINCE God, the infinite, immutable, intelligence is the only first cause; true science must be that which emanates from the divine mind. Since there is nothing in existence beside God and that which He has created, there is nothing to know but Deity and His creation. True science then must begin with a correct, comprehensive, complete knowledge of God, even His very nature and essence, and must end with a full understanding of God's creation, that which is of Him.

The basic lesson of Christian Science is the scriptural definition "God is Spirit," and every statement contained in the Christian Science text book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, is a consistent deduction from said premise. This science, therefore, is scientific from a scriptural standpoint, though it may differ from the more material philosophies of the age. It is but just to state, however, that many modern physicists teach that all causation is mental. The teaching of *Science and Health* (page 468) that "There is no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and Its infinite manifestation," is in strict accord with the teaching of Jesus, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." If Spirit alone animates, gives life, and matter is altogether unprofitable, it can have neither substance, life nor intelligence. Again, Jesus declared, "That which is of the flesh is flesh. That which is of the Spirit is Spirit." The implied teaching of this text is that the creation of Spirit is spiritual, and that flesh or matter is not of the Spirit, hence is no part of God's creation. If it is not a part of God's creation (and God is the only Creator), we must admit that matter was never created, never commenced to have an

existence, and is, therefore, not in existence.

The abstract statement, "There is no matter," needs the fuller explanations given in the Christian Science text-book. This teaching does not imply that all phenomena are unreal and that man has no body, but that creation is not what it seems to that mind which has not been instructed out of the material and into the spiritual concept of these. All things in creation from the smallest to the greatest are real, but exist as the product of Spirit or Mind, and are not material. Matter is the belief that spiritual creations are material. This belief is untrue; hence the declaration, "There is no matter." Thus it is noted that Science does not deny creation itself, but the false, material concept thereof. The difficulty with critics in wrestling over this problem is that they do not perceive what Christian Science gives in return for that which it repudiates.

IS IT CHRISTIAN?

In our consideration of the first question we have virtually answered this one. Christian Science is Christian because it is based upon the teaching of Christ, "God is Spirit," and because all its conclusions are consistent with the teaching of Christ. If to be Christian, means that there is something to do or be beyond that which we now are, there must also be something to know. That which we are to know is properly called Science. Hence, the propriety of the name Christian Science. It should be noted that strict adherence, in life and practice, to the instructions of the Christian Science text-book necessitates the most exalted Christian conduct. This Science teaches that God is good and that man in his normal and God-made condition is the image and likeness of God, that the whole duty of the Christian is to know truly what God is and be like

Him. In treating this subject we desire to answer a few popular questions.

IS IT SPIRITUALISM?

A careful study of the chapter on Spiritualism in the Christian Science text-book as well as a proper consideration of the Principle of this Science would convince any thinking person that Christian Science is the direct opposite of Spiritualism. No one could possibly be a believer in Spiritualism and a believer in Christian Science at the same time. Christian Science is based upon the understanding that there is in reality but one Spirit—namely, the infinite God, while Spiritualism is based upon the supposition that there are Spirits many, both good and bad. Mrs. Eddy speaks most kindly of the honest people who believe in Spiritualism, but frankly declares that she is not and never was a believer in Spiritualism.

ARE SICKNESS AND SIN REAL?

While Christian Scientists differ from others in their understanding of the nature of sickness, sin and matter, they believe that these exist in erroneous mortal experience and must be grappled with and overcome through divine power. Bodily disease is as real as a lack of spiritual power will permit it to be, while sin is as real as the sinner makes it by his indulgences. If in our prayers or meditations God becomes to us infinitely great, the troubles of earth must become infinitesimal, for though they may be mountains to mortals, they weigh nothing in the sight of omnipotent God.

We do not look upon darkness as something, but as the want of something, the want of light. So evil should be understood as the absence of good, sickness the lack of health. It is said in the Scriptures, "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee." In other words, to God all is light, and there is no darkness. God is not deceived, hence, is not in error in His consciousness of the allness of light. Mortals in their belief in the presence of darkness and evil are, therefore, deceived, and need to be

corrected in understanding, need to see as God sees, the allness of good and the nothingness and powerlessness of evil.

It should be noted, however, that this knowledge must be practiced in order to break the power of sin and disease and set the captive free. Mrs. Eddy declares in her text-book, page 339: "Only those who repent of sin, and forsake all evil, can fully understand the unreality of evil."

The sinner does not indulge in wickedness, because he believes there is nothing in it, but because he believes there is something in it. He does not stretch forth his hand to do evil, because he thinks it nothing, but because he believes it to be something and a pleasurable or profitable thing. Hence, the doctrine of Christian Science is not "dangerous," is not a "menace to good morals," does not "license evil," but shows the utter emptiness of wrong and destroys all desire to indulge in it.

DO CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS CLAIM TO BE EQUAL WITH JESUS, THE CHRIST?

In answering the query, Am I the second Christ, Mrs. Eddy, in a telegram to the New York World, published Feb. 1, 1895, declared: "Even the question shocks me. What I am is for God to declare in His infinite mercy. As it is, I claim nothing more than what I am, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, and the blessing it has been to mankind which eternity enfolds.

"My books and teachings maintain but one conclusion and statement of the Christ and the deification of mortals. Christ is individual, and one with God, in the sense of divine Principle and its compound divine idea. 'There never was, is not now, and never can be, but one God, one Christ, one Jesus of Nazareth.'"

Christian Scientists believe that Jesus was to the world the human manifestation of the Christ and that as a person he was the great Exemplar. He said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also." Is it blasphemous for

Christian Scientists to accept the literal teaching of our Lord and strive, in accordance therewith, to emulate his life and practice? Jesus declared, "These signs shall follow them that believe." Then he enumerated healing the sick and casting out evils, as signs or proofs of Christian faith and divine acceptance. He not only told his disciples to heal the sick, but sent forth "other seventy" and told them to pray "the Lord of the harvest" for still others. All His teaching indicates that he expected his followers in all ages to follow his example. On one occasion he said, "I have given you an example that you should do as I have done."

Mrs. Eddy refers to Jesus in *Science and Health*, page 589, as "the highest human corporeal concept of the divine idea, rebuking and destroying error, and bringing to light man's immortality." The first coming is the advent of the personality, the son of Mary; the second coming is the advent to human consciousness of that which Jesus knew and practiced and by means of which he did his mighty works. It should be noted that it is the second coming which makes a working Christian of the individual and saves him from sin, sickness and death. Hence, Paul's declaration, "And unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin (without the flesh) unto salvation."

IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE A FORM OF RELIGIOUS HYSTERIA?

The calm, rational teaching of the Scriptures, "God is Spirit," Life, Truth, Love, is not hysterical, and it should be noted that the entire teaching of this Science is in peaceful accord with this Scriptural definition of God. That various so-called reformers with their peculiar theories, after having appeared in the field of religion and having had their day, have gone down and out, is no argument that Christian Science will do the same. This Science is indeed, a rational, scientific and Christian form of religion. If it ever loses its place in the hearts of men it will be be-

cause men lose their desire to understand and practice the good and true. The purity and practicality of Christian Science, however, place it in great demand and it scarcely seems that mortals will ever lose their desire for that religion which so faithfully keeps its promises of successfully destroying sickness and sin and establishing health, holiness and happiness.

IS IT REPRESENTED ONLY BY WOMEN?

Statistics show that the per cent. of males in the Christian Science denomination is equal to if not greater than that in other sects. I think it is generally conceded that women as a rule are more inclined to spirituality than men. This, however, is not to the discredit of women, nor to the credit of men. If women are the first to be attracted to this Science, this may be taken as one of the surest proofs of its spirituality rather than an indication that it is not manly. I am not willing to admit that women are deficient in good judgment, especially with regard to spiritual matters. Therefore, I take it as a compliment to Christian Science that it is acceptable to women. The leader of the Christian Science movement has very aptly referred to the fact that woman was the last at the cross and the first to discover the risen Lord and to bear the glad tidings to others.

It is true, that in all philanthropic and spiritual movements women are generally in the lead. This may be in a large measure due to the fact that men, being the bread-winners, are more absorbed in material affairs and have less time to devote to spiritual matters.

IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE A MENACE TO HEALTH?

To those who have only a superficial knowledge of this Science an implicit dependence upon God, Spirit, to the exclusion of material remedies, may seem a neglect rather than a help, but Christian Scientists who have had experience first with material medi-

cines and lastly with this Science, have proved convincingly to themselves that they have chosen the better part and that the understanding and application of divine power is the best known remedy for disease.

While it is true that some have died under Christian Science treatment, it is also true that many are alive and well to-day through its benign influence after having exhausted all hope in other remedies. On the other hand, whatever benefits may have accrued to the world through the practice of medicine, thousands of people die daily under the care of practitioners of the regular schools. Those who volunteer to witness to the comparative efficacy of Christian Science should govern themselves by the same just rule which governs the witness in court. He should not only speak "the truth," but "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." A few cases of failure under Christian Science have been published in such multitudinous ways as to appear as a multitude and thus the losses of Christian Scientists have been strongly emphasized while little or nothing has been said in the press about their many successes and little has been said about the failures under medical treatment.

Recently in America a great ado was made because a Christian Scientist lost one patient in a family while he healed three other members afflicted with the same trouble. In the city of Greater New York the medical doctors lost 1,145 cases of the same character in six months. To determine the comparative value of Christian Science as a remedial agent it is necessary to note its successes as well as its failures, and to compare these with the successes and failures of medical practitioners.

There is little ground to clamour for legislation against a practice which is healing a greater per cent. of its patients than any other known system and to force the adherents of such a system to adopt that under which millions of their brethren have already died. If the practice of medicine had proved itself a sure cure or

an approximation thereto, there would be some ground for the assumption that Christian Science should be suppressed and medical practice generally enforced. How can it be said that a given case which dies while under Christian Science, could have been saved by proper medical treatment since in the same hour the next door neighbor dies of the same affliction under "proper medical treatment?"

IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HYPNOTISM?

The practice of this Science is mental, but it is spiritually so. So was the practice of Jesus, since he depended entirely upon God, Spirit. He did not even tolerate human will, for he said, "Not as I will but as Thou wilt." "The Father that dwelleth in me He doeth the works."

To assume that Christian Science is the exercising of human will simply because it rejects material remedies is neither just nor intelligent. The same assumption could be made in respect to Jesus' practice and that of his apostles. The operation by which a pupil in mathematics is convinced that three times two are six and is thereby cured of his misconception that three times two are eight, is mental, but is not for this reason hypnotic. It requires no strenuous will force to convince a pupil that three times two are six. It only needs the quiet, peaceful, clear presentation of facts. Hypnotic suggestion is an effort to plead mentally with the patient without any principle to support one's argument while the prayer of the Christian Scientist is his effort to bring his patient into such a communion with God, such a realization of the divine power and presence as to break the power of disease and "set the captive free." Hypnotic suggestion is always based upon human judgment and may or may not be right and can be employed for evil purposes, while Christian Science is always an argument in behalf of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, and can never do harm. To do evil through mental practice necessitates a departure from

Christian Science and a substitution of a non-spiritual form of mental suggestion. A consistent Christian Scientist must always do good in his practice and could never injure any one.

Critics who so flippantly declare that Christian Science is nothing more nor less than hypnotism will learn, when they have undertaken the practice of this Science, that they can only heal in proportion to their spirituality, in proportion as they are able to give up their human will and depend upon the divine Mind. The

Egyptian magicians were bigoted enough to believe that they could produce the same wonders which Moses did and they insisted that the results which Moses produced were no proof of the superiority of his God. History records that up to a certain point they imitated the demonstrations of Moses, but finally they failed and acknowledged concerning Moses' power, "This is indeed the finger of God." So it seems that experience alone will be convincing of the superiority of Christian Science over hypnotic suggestion.

Enthusiasm !

Enthusiasm ! What does that word mean to you ? Merely loud talk, extravagant statements, wordy effervescence ? Is it something to be put on, when occasion demands, like the gold-braided coat and the epaulettes of the man who leads the band—only to be discarded when the show is over ? If that's what enthusiasm amounts to to you, you're not in line for success as a salesman. If your enthusiasm is genuine you can't help but make sales. The world is tired of luke-warm people. It gives its favors to the red-corpuscle, dead-in-earnest, zealous folk—to the enthusiasts.

The men who get a hearing are the irrepressibles. The men who are chosen by their comrades as leaders are not always the men who know the most or are best fitted for leadership ; they're generally the men whose intense faith in themselves and their fitness has inspired others' faith.

A man of mediocre ability, but of mighty enthusiasm, rises to an emergency better than the man of great endowments who lacks the power to put his whole soul into his purposes. Without enthusiasm a man is like a watch without a mainspring. It isn't so much what a man knows as the degree of energy with which he applies his knowledge that counts for results.

Enthusiasm is a principle in business getting. You don't spend your money with the merchant who sends you a formal impersonal letter saying that he has goods to sell and expects you to buy. You might as well try to thaw out a frozen pipe by applying an ice-cake, as to interest a customer in your proposition unless you are interested yourself.

Put your heart into your business. Warm up to the work in hand. Forget, while you're trying to make a sale, that there's anything else worth doing.—Salesmanship.

Science and Invention

THE FIRST WIRELESS TRANS-ATLANTIC DESPATCH.

October, 1907, marks the date of the first commercial press message by wireless telegraphy from the Old World to the New, and the opening of the new and wonderful system of communication to the press and public; an event which must stand out as one of the milestones along the path of the world's progress.

The message in question was sent to the Toronto Globe by Lord Strathcona, who revives his recollection of the first message by the Atlantic cable, and contrasts the opening rate of one pound sterling per word with the initial charge of ten cents per word to the public and five cents to the press by the wireless system. When telegraphy was in the earliest experimental stage the electric current required two wires, and letters were signalled by the opening and closing of the circuit. It was soon discovered that the earth itself would serve the purpose of one wire, and all subsequent extensions, including the submarine cables which girdle the globe, were made on the one-wire system. Now Marconi has shown that the wire in the circuit can be dispensed with, and shocks from one side of the Atlantic can be felt and recorded on the other with sufficient distinctness to signal an alphabet. Already the new service is crowded with business, and forced to announce that there is on file as much as can be handled on the opening day. It is also necessary to limit messages to fifty words.

It is almost six years since the magic whisper from Marconi's tower was heard across the Atlantic, and prompted a panicky action by a cable company to prohibit operations in Newfoundland. The inventor's success began with the twentieth century, for it was in January, 1901, that he signalled a message from the Isle of Wight to the Lizard at Cornwall, a

distance of 183 miles. This result justified the erection of a high-power station at Poldhu, in Cornwall, for signalling across the Atlantic. In December of the same year he received a message at a temporary station near St. John's, Newfoundland. This opened the eyes of the world to a vision of new possibilities, and every move and achievement of the Chevalier and other inventors in the same field have been watched by all nations with the keenest interest. The service of the Italian Government in putting the warship Carlo Alberto at Marconi's disposal should be freely acknowledged and appreciated. During the season of 1902 he received signals near Kronstadt, in the Gulf of Finland, a distance of 1,400 miles; at Gibraltarr, across the peninsula of Spain, over 1,000 miles; at Corsica, in the Mediterranean, across France and a part of the Alps, about 1,000 miles, and throughout a voyage from Plymouth to Sydney, N.S., a distance of 2,500 miles. The Canadian Government was alert in seizing an opportunity, and the station at Glace Bay, in Cape Breton, was able to transmit a message from Dr. Parkin to The London Times in December of the same year. Congratulatory messages to King Edward were sent by Marconi and Lord Minto. Sir Richard Cartwright, acting Premier, sent congratulations to the British people through The Times. Messages were also exchanged with the King of Italy before the close of the year. Early in 1903 the station at Cape Cod was sufficiently perfected for the exchange of messages between King Edward and President Roosevelt.

Since that time efforts have steadily been directed toward perfecting the mechanism and establishing the system on a commercial basis, and the caution and care which have marked the inventor's course justify the pub-

lic in accepting his announced ability to handle commercial business. In this there is more than a wonderful triumph of inventive genius—there is a new unifying influence brought into the world. The nations cannot now conceive of the aloofness and lack of interest prevalent when it took weeks and months to learn in an uncertain

way the news of their respective activities. The cable has given them common interests, and the new avenue of intelligence will multiply these many fold. That Canada has played, with the Mother Country, the leading part in bringing this new power into the world is an achievement of which she may justly be proud.

NEW DEVICE FOR MAIL.

An electric carrier, which takes the mail to the apartment, is the most modern feature of the numerous elaborate apartment houses in New York City. It has met with the approval of the Postmaster-General, quite an essential matter, and it will, it is believed, soon be adopted in the construction of the more modern buildings of this class throughout the country.

The device consists of a straight up and down well, about eighteen inches square, running the height of the house and containing an elevating and lowering apparatus which takes up and down a steel tray with metal boxes. The apparatus works automatically and perpetually, making no mistakes and submitting tenants to no delays. Entering the vestibule, the

postman leaves the mail in an automatic carrier, to which he carries the key. Having placed it in the proper box—there is one for each apartment—he just closes the door, which starts into action the electric machinery. This carries the various boxes into which the mail matter has been placed up the well.

The power required is slight, not more than that required to operate an electric fan. By a simple contrivance the boxes are dropped off from the carrier at the apartments where they belong, and at the same time overturned, so that the mail falls out in the locked receptacle, inside the apartment. The automatic carrier keeps on going until it reaches the top, when it descends again picking up the boxes as it comes down.

ERIE STEEL COACH.

The Erie road has just received an all-steel passenger coach, which is attracting much attention at the Jersey City terminal. This car is practically non-wreckable and will not burn. There is less than 300 pounds of wood or other inflammable material used in its construction, and all of that has been treated with a preparation which, it is claimed, renders it immune to an ordinary degree of heat.

The car looks like the standard passenger coach in general use, and the ordinary observer would not notice any difference. It is somewhat shorter in length than the usual Erie coach, being but 52 feet, but its weight is much in excess of the wooden car, being nearly 100,000 pounds. A 75-

foot modern Pullman with berths and other interior fittings averages 120,000 pounds ready for service.

The body and truck construction is entirely of steel, as is the floor which is made of one-eight-inch steel plates covered by a non-combustible composition. The Pullman type of wide vestibule has been used, the window sashes are of metal and open automatically. There are continuous baggage racks and the lighting is from Pintsch gas mantle burners. The car is equipped with Westinghouse high speed brakes and has a seating capacity of 61 persons.

The doors in either end are of wood, and the seats are covered with plush, but the designers claim that

neither will burn. The car is so strongly built and so well riveted and bolted that it will stand almost any shock that railroad service will give it. Its weight is the only bad point,

from an operating view, but it is expected that designers will profit by experience and produce a steel coach of equal strength but of lighter weight.

A NEW SCIENCE.

Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, has invented a remarkable appliance, which, he claims, will enable all the emotions of a subject to be recorded, and all the secrets of his heart revealed. Dr. Munsterberg, who fills the chair of psychology at the university, describes his invention as a truth-compelling apparatus.

The contrivance consists of three separate machines, an automantograph, a pneumograph and a sphygmograph. The first is attached to the arm, and makes a record with pencil on paper. These involuntary writings are expressions of the emotions conveyed through the arm. The pneumograph which is a more delicate instrument still, takes a record of the breathing every variation from normal breathing, due to emotional sugges-

tion, is marked by the machine. Each expiration in a word, writes its own history. The third machine, the sphygmograph, is fixed to the wrist to observe the pulse beats. It takes another record of the emotions of the heart. A scientist who has seen the machines calls them "Cure-liars," because by them can be daily recorded all secret thoughts, mental reservations and prevarications.

The professor has asked permission to try his invention on Harry Orchard, the informer in the Boise murder trial, who told a sensational story of murders and other outrages arranged by the miners' society. The professor wishes to fix his machine on Orchard, and then get him to retell his tale.

WHERE MEN LIVE THE LONGEST.

Although the scientists assure us that there is no physiological reason why the average healthy man or woman should not live to be 100, centenarians are so rare that most people have never seen one. A German statistician recently compiled figures showing that of the 58,000,000 people, or thereabouts, who inhabit the Kaiser's empire, fewer than 100 are more than 100 years old. The same authority reports 146 centenarians in England, 213 in France, and 410 in Spain. It would seem that where

life is less strenuous longevity increases.

The most astonishing figures come from that troublesome and turbulent region the Balkan Peninsula, where it might have been supposed that life is less secure than elsewhere in Europe. Servia reports 573 people who are 100 years old or more; Rumania, 1,084; and Bulgaria no fewer than 3,880. In other words, Bulgaria boasts one centenarian to every 1,000 of its population.



What Men of Note Are Saying

MANUFACTURING, NOT AGRICULTURE, BUILDS A COUNTRY.

By Sir Mortimer Clark.

A very great deal of success amongst the German manufacturers has been the result of technical education to the young in that country. The result has been to give in some branches of manufactures a very great pre-eminence and a consequent loss of trade to other countries. In Great Britain and here, too, we have suffered from lack of technical education.

I hope that manufacturers will have their sons avail themselves of the scientific education provided in our great universities, such as Toronto and McGill, and that they will throw the weight of their great influence in seeing that proper technical instruction is afforded to our youth. Our agricultural colleges have largely increased the value of the products of the farm. Technical and scientific schools would do the same for manufacturers. I would recommend greater interest be taken in this subject as Canada owes a great deal to the manufacturers. They have very largely changed the whole complexion of this country. A visit to our Toronto Exhibition would abundantly show this. In past years it was but an exhibit of fine cattle, horses and dairy produce, while to-day it is also a wonderful display of fine machinery and manufactures of great excellence. In the past we have too long regarded Canada as a purely

agricultural country. We have been slow to admit that agriculture alone will not build up a great country. Recall the case of Venice, which for hundreds of years, although built only on sand and piles in the midst of the sea, acquired enormous wealth and commanded the Mediterranean by its navies, and remember that agriculture is not alone necessary to build up a great nation. Agriculture is not the source of the prosperity of Great Britain; but it is manufacture which is the source of building up the head of our great Empire. However, at the back of manufacture, we are fortunate in having a magnificent agricultural country to provide for an ever-increasing market. For years and years the daily papers towards harvest time were filled with accounts of the condition of the crops. They heard of rust, and mildew, and the smut, and they all seemed to feel that the whole country was going down. Now, however, they hardly hear of anything of the kind, and the manufacturers by building up industries have done much to do away with this. It would be improper for me to refer to the great question of tariff, but I have a very great deal of sympathy with manufacturers in their desire to give pre-eminence to the manufacturing industries of this country. How that may be brought about it is not for me to say.

OUTLOOK FOR TARIFF REFORM IN UNITED STATES.

By S. M. McColl, M. C.

Extraordinary geographical and other relations between Canada and the United States would amply justify a special scale of duties for the trade between the two countries. According to her population, she buys more from us than any other country in the world. Canada's long and narrow

stretch of habitable territory is shut in by the winter on one side and by our frontier upon the other. Trade would naturally follow the degrees running north and south, from the one country into the other, and, in spite of artificial tariff obstacles, a great deal of it now follows those lines. But having for a

long time sought in vain a special trade arrangement with this country, Canada now seems to be seeking an independent development, and is specially cultivating relations with Europe. Artificial contrivances have come to be very patent, and she may succeed in sending a greater volume of her trade through the long thin artery running from east to west, and in forcing the growth of a nation within a vast stretch of longitude and little latitude; but she will gratify her national aspirations only by violating the plainest decrees of nature. For our part, we should reverse our policy toward Canada and put ourselves in an attitude of friendliness toward any reasonable trade policy between her and

us. We can at least secure access to her vast forests, and it is reasonable to expect that we can do away with the coal duties. We have great populations near to Canada's coal-fields and remote from our own, and the same is true of Canada with reference to our coal deposits. If each country should reciprocally strike off the duty upon the coal of the other, New England would have free access to the nearby coal-fields of Nova Scotia, and Ontario to those of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and while much useless hauling of freight would be dispensed with, the consumer and the coal miner of both countries would be benefited.

INFLUENCE OF UNITED STATES ON CANADA.

By Rudyard Kipling.

One of the greatest questions you have to consider, I think, is the influence of the big country just south of you. There is something that is near, and it is a thing to consider. Oh, it is not a question of allegiance to Great Britain; it is a question of nearness, common interests and common business. I don't

know what the result will be, but I think it may come to a time when there will be a crisis in our affairs and Canada will take a big part upon herself, as the biggest child, and perhaps at another time Australia will have to do the same.

IS THE UNITED STATES DRIFTING INTO A MONARCHY?

By Hugh Hastings.

One of two policies is open to the United States in handling the Philippines, either to sell them to prevent war or to build a big navy to maintain peace. Americans are much like the French, volatile, mercurial, optimistic, and, I regret to say, hysterical. They take in national affairs chances they would repudiate and ridicule in commercial transactions.

The United Kingdom is imbued with the sentiment and impression that the next war will fall upon Japan and the United States and that the cause of that war will be the Philippines. Why this feeling should be so general in Great Britain, considering her protestations of friendship for both Japan and the United States and Japan's dependencies upon England from a financial point of view,

is, I must confess, inexplicable to a dispassionate mind, but it exists and is spreading.

The naval policy of President Roosevelt is that of a sagacious statesman. It must be remembered that the president is one of the most profound students of history in the United States. When you combine his natural abilities with his knowledge of the history of moribund republics, you can better understand the reasons for his policies and his desire to see those policies carried to a successful conclusion.

I think he is not a candidate for the presidency, but he will be the nominee, and there is the danger to the republic to-day. Caesar refused the crown, but took the throne. In its wild, unbalanced and hysterical point of political view

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: ::

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 The New Territorial Army.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
 The Misfortunes of the Madras Army. Lieut.-Gen.....
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 Edward Grieg. Arthur Symons.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
 A Two Storey Pebbled Cement House. Henry C. ter Meer...Sub. Life
 Pianoforte Playing as an Art. Arthur Symons..Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
 Modern Portraiture.....English Illustrated
 Art Galleries for the Plain Man. Rollin L. Hartt.....World's Work

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

Making Steel and Killing Men. Wm. Hard.....Everybody's
 British Columbia "Toothpicks".....Canada (Sept. 21)
 A New Canadian Oil Field.....Canada (Sept. 21)
 Development of Industry in British India. M. S. Das..Asiatic Quar. Rev.
 Snake-Venom as a Commercial Product.....Chambers' Journal
 Rugs Made to Order in the Orient. Richard Morton..House and Garden
 The Confessions of a Fakir. Francis S. Dixon....House and Garden
 The Advertisement Writer. Jas. H. Collins.....World To-day
 Robbing the Loss to Pay the Profit. Clarence H. Stilson.....System
 Personal Interviews in Credit Making.....System
 Selling Campaigns That Have Won. C. L. Pencoast.....System
 Combined Ledger and Statement System. E. Babbage.....System
 The Creative Power of Advertising. Truman A. De Weese....System
 The Quality Campaign. Lee MacQuoddy.....System
 Modern Facilities for Wholesale Shipping.....System
 Despatch in Making Goods to Order. Wm. A. Hinners.....System
 Adjusting Retail Customers' Complaints. David Lay.....System
 An Ontario Pheasantry....Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada
 An Engineer Who Makes Sea Ports. D. F. St. Clair....World's Work
 The New Science of Business.....World's Work

CHILDREN.

Some phases of Eccentric Mentality in Children. M. P. E.
 Groszmann.....Education
 How Shall a Child Be Religiously Trained. Geo. Hodges,
 D.D.Ladies' Home Journal

EDUCATION.

- Which College for the Boy? Jno. Corbin...Sat. Evening Post (Sept. 21)
 The Use of English. Prof. T. R. Lounsberry.....Harper's
 Civic PrideSpectator (Sept. 28)
 State Normal School Training Dept. Pres. Thos. A. Hillyer...Education
 Story Telling. Pres. Richard T. Wyke.....Education
 Limits in Geometry. Arthur L. Baker, Ph.D.....Education
 Some Phases of Eccentric Mentality in Children. M. P. E.
 Groszmann.....Education
 Morality and the Public Schools. Dean S. P. Delany.....Education
 How Shall We Talk? J. Twitchell.....Education
 Industrial Education in the United States. O. M. Becker
World To-day
 The World's Greatest University. Hamilton W. Mabie..
Ladies' Home Journal
 The Three Things a Teacher Should Teach. Marion...
 Sprague.....Ladies' Home Journal
 Some Problems of University Reform. Rector of Exeter
 College.....Fortnightly Review

FICTION.

- Complete Stories.
 The Inside Facts. Jos. C. Lincoln.....Collier's (Sept. 21)
 Abijah's Bubble. F. Hopkinson Smith.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
 Jim Bledso's Courtship. Mrs. L. H. Harris...Sat. Eve Post (Sept 21)
 Phoebe. O. Henry.....Everybody's
 The Baiting of Rosenthal. Dr. Henry C. Rowland.....Everybody's
 The Alchemists. Katharine H. Brown.....Everybody's
 A Damsel in Distress. Eleanor H. Brainerd.....Everybody's
 Lance Darling. Venita Seibert.....American
 The Amende Honorable of Mamma. Mrs. Geo. M. Martin...American
 All in the Play. Richard W. Tully.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28)
 The Bashful Sheriff and the Little Widow. Eleanor Gates.
Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 23)
 My Friend the Doctor. Thos. N. Page.....Scribner's
 Under the Black Cassock. Edith M. Willett.....Lippincott's
 The First Hurdle. Jno. R. Scott.....Lippincott's
 The Blood o'Innocence. Geo. L. Knapp.....Lippincott's
 Beyond the Pale. Geo. B. Rodney.....Lippincott's
 The Old Folks at Home. Sarah C. Page.....Lippincott's
 The Ideal. Mrs. I. Zangwill.....Lippincott's
 Out of the House of Bondage. Mabel N. Thurston.....Lippincott's
 The Test. Una Silberrad.....Harper's
 The Ghost. Harrison Rhodes.....Harper's
 Nobility Obliges. Virginia Tracy.....Collier's (Sept. 23)
 Bucky O'Connor. Wm. MacL. Raine.....People's
 A Yard of Ribbon. Leo. Crane.....People's
 The Conversion of Hank Carlowe. N. A. Tuessle.....People's
 The Saving of Dad. E. H. Porter.....Home Mag.
 The Adventures of Leander. Mr. Sabin.....Home Mag.
 The Test. Leigh G. Giltner.....Young Man
 For Love and a Living. W. Scott King.....Collier's (Oct. 12)
 The Parlor Rally. Arthur S. Pier.....Collier's (Oct. 5)
 The Critter. Richard W. Child.....Irish Monthly
 The Old Grey House. Susan O'Reilly.....Munsey's
 The Renaissance of Peter Van Brunt. Louise K. Mabie.....Munsey's
 Paper of Pins. Elliot Walker.....Munsey's
 Nance of the Kings. W. C. Morrow.....Argosy
 The Trump Card. Casper Carson.....Argosy
 Dickerson's Bag of Gold. Seward W. Hopkins.....Argosy
 The Nature Faker. Albert E. Ullman.....Argosy

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| The Penny-A Liner. Zoe A. Norris..... | Argosy |
| The Deadly Gun. Jane O'Ryan..... | Argosy |
| Connie. Evelyn Van Buren..... | Scrap Book |
| Rhapsinitus and the Robber. Herodotus..... | Scrap Book |
| The Death-Struggle at Bazeilles. Emil Zola..... | Scrap Book |
| The Charmed Ring. Peyton Wrey..... | Babington |
| How Delafield Won Out. Elinor McC. Lane..... | Appleton's |
| Kousna and the Hiatus. Broughton Brandenburg..... | Appleton's |
| Below Par. Lucia Chamberlain..... | Appleton's |
| The Impressario of Milton. Edwin Bliss..... | Appleton's |
| Jane Dillingham's Saving Grace. Annie H. Donnell.... | |
| | Woman's Home Companion |
| The Big World. Juliet W. Tompkins..... | Woman's Home Companion |
| The Girl and Mr. Forrestier. Mrs. C. N. Williamson... | |
| | Woman's Home Companion |
| The Writer's Wife. Mary W. Hastings.... | Woman's Home Companion |
| Of the Stature of a Man. Roselle M. Davis..... | Red Book |
| Edit—Memory. Isabel E. Mackay..... | Red Book |
| The Painted Wilderness. Will L. Comfort..... | Red Book |
| The Proof. Porter E. Browne..... | Red Book |
| The Hop Lee Syndicate. J. Oliver Curwood..... | Red Book |
| Those Who Sit Up Stairs. Inez H. Gillmore..... | Red Book |
| The Adder's Sting. Elmore Elliott Peake..... | Smith's |
| The Doctor's Parrot. Eden Philpotts..... | Smith's |
| The Boy. Grace M. Gallaher..... | Smith's |
| Wyoming. Wm. Macleod Raine..... | Popular |
| Pearson of Princeton. L. Rae..... | Popular |
| A Forlorn Hope. A. M. Chisholm..... | Popular |
| On the Middle Guard. B. M. Bower..... | Popular |
| High Treason. Bertrand W. Sinclair..... | Popular |
| Bunked. T. Jenkins Hains..... | Popular |
| The Key. Morley Roberts..... | Ainslee's |
| The Voice of Duty. H. F. Prevost-Battersby..... | Ainslee's |
| The Raft. Rose K. Weekes..... | Ainslee's |
| The Refinement of Ab. Mary H. Vorse..... | Ainslee's |
| The Game by Wire. Arthur S. Pier..... | Scribner's |
| My Friend the Doctor. Thos. N. Page..... | Scribner's |
| Miss Cynthia's Wedding Gown. Anne Richardson Talbot.... | National |
| Foolish Niece of My Uncle's. F. D. Barows..... | National |
| A Night in Old Meg's Hollow. Charlotte W. Thurston.... | National |
| A Man and a Maid. Celia M. Robinson..... | National |
| Jack and Jill. J. A. Flynn..... | English Illustrated |
| The Wanderer. Spencer R. Blyth..... | English Illustrated |
| Knee-Deep in June. Eleanor H. Brainerd..... | Smart Set |
| A Glass Mountain. Van Fassel Sutphen..... | Smart Set |
| The Ota Jug. Austin Adams..... | Smart Set |
| A Reconciliation. Stephen Gwynn..... | Smart Set |
| And the Last Shall be First. Robert Barr..... | Metropolitan |
| The Face in the Jungle. Gilbert Watson..... | Metropolitan |
| The Thanksgiving of Dickie, Jr. Margaret Houston..... | Metropolitan |
| Jimmy Hogan. Robert A. Wason..... | Metropolitan |
| Serial Stores. | |
| The Rescue of Theophilus Newbegin. Arthur Train..... | |
| | Sat. Eve. Post (Sept 21) |
| The Testing of Diana Mallory. Mrs. Humphrey Ward..... | Harper's |
| The Last Camp of the Argonauts. Jno. Fleming..... | Pacific Monthly |
| The Price of Silence. Edgar Franklin..... | Argosy |
| Though Life Us Do Part. Mrs. Elizabeth S. Phelps..... | |
| | Woman's Home Companion |

FOR THE WORKERS.

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| The Powers of Men. | Prof. Wm. James..... | American |
| Do Big Men Earn Their Salaries. | Jas. H. Collins..... | |
| |Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28) | |
| The Fundamentals of Success. | Guy Cramer..... | System |
| Some Homemade Toys. | Alice Wilson..... | Good Housekeeping |
| How Can We Live More Cheaply? | Mary M. West.. | Ladies' Home Jnl |
| The Might of Manners. | Bliss Carman..... | Smart Set |

HEALTH.

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| Infectious Diseases. | Dr. Wm. Hanna Thomson..... | Everybody's |
| Imaginary Diseases and Their Inventors. | Woods Hutchin- son, M.D..... | Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21) |
| Motor Mania. | Wm. L. Howard, M.D..... | Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 23) |
| Obsession. | Dr. Geo. L. Walton..... | Lippincott's |
| A Notable Anniversary. | Maj.-Gen. W. Tweedie..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| Early to Bed and Early to Rise | J. O. Closs, M.D. Ch.M.... | Young Man |

HISTORY.

HISTORY.

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| Unwritten History..... | Spectator (Sept. 14) |
| Lincoln's Offer of a Command to Garibaldi..... | Century |
| The Socialism and Communism of Athens. Prof. T. D.... | |
| Seymour..... | Harper's |
| What the Catholic Church Has Done for San Francisco... | |
| H. Wright..... | Overland Monthly |
| A Notable Anniversary. Maj.-Gen. W. Tweedie..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| Edgehill. Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D..... | Cornhill |
| Burgoyne's Troops. Chas. R. Lingley..... | Political Science Quar. |
| The Greatest Reformatory Period in History. Franklin H. Giddings..... | Munsey's |
| The Bronze Doors of the Capitol. Jno. W. Hall.... | House and Garden |
| The True History of "Monte Cristo." R. S. Garnett.. | Fortnightly Rev. |
| The Flash Age of New York. Jas. L. Ford..... | Appleton's |
| The Spanish Galleon and Pieces-of-Eight. Jno. C..... | |
| Fitzpatrick..... | Scribner's |
| The Queen's Necklace. Elsie Penton..... | English Illustrated |
| The Narrative of Peter Allaire. Edited by Geo. G. Wood, M.D. | Metropolitan |
| The Mexican War. Robert McN. McElroy, Ph.D..... | Metropolitan |
| General Grant's Close Call. Harry M. Hill..... | Metropolitan |

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

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| Your Home..... | Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28) |
| Asparagus and Rhubarb for Christmas. L. B..... | Garden-Farming |
| Four Plans for a 100x100 ft. Plot. F. C. Leible..... | Garden-Farming |
| A \$500 Barn for Suburbs or Country. C. H. Miller... | Garden-Farming |
| The Plain Truth About Chestnut Culture. J. W. Kerr.. | Garden-Farming |
| How to Have Fertile Eggs. B. E. Frederick..... | Garden-Farming |
| Two Good Berried Plants. W. E. Pendelton..... | Garden-Farming |
| Growing Bulbs in Fibre. Albert J. Perry..... | Garden-Farming |
| The Right Way to Pick and Pack Poultry. F. H. Valentine | |
| | Garden-Farming |
| A Concentrated Stock Food. F. E. B..... | Garden-Farming |
| Sow Grass Seeds Where the Weeds Were. M. S. Blish.. | Garden-Farming |
| Service Rooms in Modern Houses. Eric L. Preston.. | House and Garden |
| The Care of the Lawn. Robt. H. Sterling..... | House and Garden |
| Transplanting Large Trees. Frank H. Sweet..... | House and Garden |
| The Decorative Side of House Furnishing. Alice B..... | |
| Muzzey..... | Suburban Life |
| Trees and Shrubs for Winter Beauty on the Lawn. W. W. | |
| Craig | Suburban Life |
| Jack's House and Mine. Antoinette Rehmann.... | Good Housekeeping |

The House Dignified: Stairways. Lillie H. French..Putnam's Monthly
 Pretty and Simple Window Curtains. Mrs. Herbert N...
 Curtis.....Ladies' Home Jnl
 A New Kind of Rag Rug. Adelia B. Beard.....Ladies' Home Jnl

HUMOROUS.

Home Without a Mother. Jos. M. Rogers.....Lippincott's
 Mrs. Elder's Boomerang. Elizabeth F. Wade.....People's
 The Johnston Elopement. K. Jarboe.....People's
 The Grease Spot. Harry B. Allyn.....People's
 Miss Susannah Sweezy on Elections.....Home Magazine
 The Boston Suburbanite. Rollin L. Hartt..Woman's Home Companion
 The Wonderful Lady. Henry S. Harrison.....Smart Set

INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATIONS.

The Insurance Problem.....Chambers' Journal
 The Time to Buy Bonds.....World's Work
 Wall Street and the Banks. C. M. Keys.....World's Work

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

The Anti-Asiatic Riot at Vancouver.....Collier's (Oct. 5)
 The Japanese and the Pacific Coast. Will Irwin....Collier's (Oct. 12)
 The Hindu in the Northwest. Welter D. Dodd.....World To-day
 Racial Prejudice Against Japan. Alfred Stead.....Fortnightly Rev.

LABOR PROBLEMS.

The Workingmen's Party of New York. Frank T. Carlton.
Political Science Quarterly
 Slave Labor in the Charleston District. Ulrich B. Phillips.
Political Science Quarterly

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

Mr. Haldane's Wonders.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 11)
 Heney in San Francisco. Lincoln Steffens.....American Magazine
 Back There in '58. Ida M. Tarbell.....American Magazine
 The Workingman's Wife. Martha S. Bensley..Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
 Roosevelt the Politician. Victor Proud.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
 The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill.....Century
 Mme. Bressler-Granoli. Richard Aldrich.....Century
 Greig, the Man. Wm. Peters.....Century
 Mme. De Bunsen's Experiences in Diplomatic Society in Italy..Harper's
 An Inside Light on Kipling. M. Stabler.....Pacific Monthly
 Herbert Spencer, a Recollection. Rosaline Masson.....Cornhill
 Big New Englanders Who Have Helped to Build Up the..
 West. A. B. Hart.....Munsey's
 Kings Who Never Reigned. Vance Thompson.....Munsey's
 Patrick Henry and the Church Where He Made His First Famous
 Oration. L. Orr.....Munsey's
 Adelina Patti. W. J. Henderson.....Munsey's
 Ito, the Bismarck of Japan.....Serap Book
 Great Secretaries to the President.....Serap Book
 Amusing the Moorish Sultan. Jno. H. Avery.....World To-day
 Meta Vaux Warrick, Sculptor of Horrors. Wm. F.....
 O'Donnell.....World To-day
 Betty Stafford, Architect. Alice W. Bailey.....Good Housekeeping
 Ethel Barrymore. Ronnold Wolf.....Smith's
 Demetrius Sturdza. . Edith Sellers.....Contemporary Rev.
 Paderewski: Swiss Farmer. Wm. Armstrong.....Ainslee's
 Two Country Lawyers. Frederick S. Hartzell.....National
 George Ade. Jno. T. McCutcheon.....Appleton's
 Mr. Peter Purcell Gilpin. Alfred E. T. Watson.....Badminton

The Restorer of Acadia. Florence Painter and Edna B.

Holman.....Putnam's
John Harvard Revealed. Henry C. Shelley.....Putnam's
Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Chas. H. Callin.....Putnam's
An Eighteenth Century Carnegie.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
The Late Grand Duke of Baden.....Spectator (Oct. 5)
Louis XV. of France. A. J. Hughes.....English Illustrated
Taft: As Secretary of War. Eugene P. Lyle, jr.....World's Work

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our Expatriates. One of Them.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28)
The Bible as Good Reading. Senator A. J. Beveridge....

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The Strand.....Spectator (Sept. 14)
Garden Parties.....Spectator (Sept. 14)
September Serene.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
When Hops are Picking.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
The Long Giant and His Shortcomings. Dr. Woods.....

Hutchinson.....American
Haunted Houses.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
Cacoethes Corrighendi.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
Mayfair Whitewashed. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
The Medium Game. Will Irwin.....Collier's (Sept. 21)
They Who Raise the Dead. Will Irwin.....Collier's (Sept. 28)
The Cost of a Child. Jno. G. Brooks.....Collier's (Sept. 28)
Housekeeping on an Atlantic Liner. Earl Mayo.....Home Mag.
Handsome Action.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
The Kaiser's Credo.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
The Trail of the Serpent.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
The Torrid Age.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
Coal Land Problems in the Rocky Mountain Region. Lute

Pease.....Pacific Monthly
Frontier Days. Sol. Metzger.....Recreation
Memories of a Holy Century. R. C. Lehmann, M.P....Chambers' Jnl
Money-Mad.....Chambers' Jnl
The Church Congress at Great Yarmouth. W. Manchester..Young Man
The Young Man in Lodgeings. Gerald Sidney.....Young Man
Trapping Bear. E. Wright.....Cornhill
Recollections of Uganda Housekeeping. Hilda V. Moffat....Cornhill
Religious Journalism and the Great American Fraud. S. H.

Adams.....Collier's (Oct. 12)
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The President Sees the Mississippi. Frederick Palmer..

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Are We Parts of Nature? Prof. Robt. Mackintosh....Hibbert Jnl
Progress and Reality. G. F. Barbour.....Hibbert Jnl
Alleged Defects in Christian Morality. Prof. Jas. Seth....Hibbert Jnl
What and Where is the Soul. Hugh Maccoll.....Hibbert Jnl
O'Hagan's "Song of Roland" and Its Private Critics..

M. R.....Irish Monthly
Little Essays on Life and Character. Rev. M. Watson, S.J. Irish M'tly
Husbands Who Gave Their Wives to Other Men.....Serap Book
Roosevelt's Beautiful Gift.....Serap Book
When Brave Men Show the White Feather.....Serap Book
A Parisian Theatre-Floor That Tips Over.....Serap Book
Civilization That is Made of Stuffed Chairs.....Serap Book
The Bridge That Fell.....Serap Book
The Chevy Chase Club. Day Allen Willey.....House and Garden
What Are Tapestries? Geo. L. Hunter.....House and Garden
Clean Grocery Stores.....Woman's Home Companion
Vox Populi, Vox Dei.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)

- The Anxious Politician.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
 Royal and Ancient. Sir Herbert Maxwell.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
 A Stranger in the Church. Laura A. Smith.....Ladies' Home Jral
 How Can We Live More Cheaply? Mary Mills West.....Ladies' Home Jral
 Sending Christmas Gifts Abroad. Miriam Cruickshank...
Ladies' Home Jral
 Longfellow's Letters to Samuel Ward. Henry M. Hall.....Putnam's
 A Defence of Magic. Evelyn Underhill.....Putnam's
 Bathymetrical Survey of the Fresh-Water Lochs of.....
 Scotland.....Geographical Jral
 Recession of Alaskan Glaciers. Otto Klotz.....Geographical Jral
 The Poetry of Crabbe. Prof. J. Churton Collins.....Fortnightly Rev.
 The Friends of Living Creatures and Jno. Ruskin. K. M.
 Goring.....Fortnightly Rev.
 Small Holdings. R. A. Yerburch.....Fortnightly Rev.
 The National Significance of "Don Quixote." Maj. M...
 Hume.....Fortnightly Rev.
 Western Republican's View of the Issues of 1908. Albert
 B Cummins.....Appleton's
 Scholaraffia: A World Society. Sigmund Kranz.....Appleton's
 The Reduction of the House of Virtues. Franklin Clarkin..Appleton's
 University Life in the Antipodes. David S. Jordan.....Appleton's
 How to Display Our Fads. Arthur N. Moar.....Suburban Life
 Happy Habits as Builders.....National
 Chateau and Country Life in France. Mme. Waddington...Scribner's
 The Path to Jamestown. Sidney Lee.....Scribner's
 Whom the Atlantic Has Put Asunder. Mrs. Jno. Van Vorst..Ainslee's
 The New Marriage Law. Rev. W. E. Addis and J. E. G.
 de Montmorency.....Cont. Rev.
 On Getting Your Money's Worth. Chas. Battell Loomis.....Smith's
 The French in North America. Chas. W. Furlong.....World's Work
 The Day's Work of a Volcanologist. Frank A. Perret...World's Work
 The Lost Land of King Arthur. J. Cummings Walters..Eng. Illustrated
 The Negro and the South. Jno. S. Williams.....Metropolitan

MUNICIPAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

- Solving a Great City's Transportation Problem.....World's Work
 A City Without Strikes. French Strother.....World's Work

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

- Great Bustards. Willoughby Verner.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
 Churchyard Trees.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
 Thompson Seton.....Century
 The Natural History of the Ten Commandments. Ernest
 Tompson Seton.....Century
 A Canadian Heronry. Bonnycastle Dale.....Lippincott's
 How to Keep House Plants Healthy. P. T. Barnes...Garden-Farming
 Succulents other than Caeti. W. Clarke.....Garden-Farming
 \$100 Worth of Plants Grown in an Attie Window. A. M.
 Ingraham.....Garden-Farming
 Golden Eagles. Willoughby Verner.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
 My Garden and Aviary. A. I. Shand.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
 The Sparrow, the Robin, and the Thrush. W. L. Finley...Pac. Monthly
 A Botanical Legend. Canon John Vaughan.....Cornhill
 Primroses for Winter. Clarence M. Weed.....Good Housekeeping
 Father Osugi's Irises. Frank Seaman.....Suburban Life
 Plant's for the Winter Window Garden. Bessie L. Putnam.
Suburban Life
 My Garden and Aviary. Alexander I. Shand...Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
 Deer Dogs and Their Way. Ernest J. McVeigh.....Rod and Gun
 Poplars.....Spectator (Oct. 5)

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| The "Entente Cordiale" with France..... | Spectator (Sept. 14) |
| The King of the Belgians..... | Spectator (Sept. 14) |
| The Curse of Color..... | Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14) |
| Jaures the Ishmaelite..... | Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14) |
| Reforms in China..... | Spectator (Sept. 21) |
| Depression in South Africa..... | Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21) |
| The Prospect in Morocco..... | Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21) |
| Canada and Free Trade..... | Canada (Sept. 21) |
| The Newfoundland Fishery Question..... | Canada (Sept. 21) |
| The Japanese and the Pacific Coast. Will Irwin.... | Collier's (Sept. 28) |
| The Pacific Coast and the Panama Canal. J. R. Knowland. | |

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| | Overland Monthly |
| A New Era in the Philippines..... | Overland Monthly |
| The Anglo-Russian Convention..... | Spectator (Sept. 28) |
| Anti-Militarism in France..... | Spectator (Sept. 28) |
| Mr. Jesse Collings and the Average Unionist..... | Spectator (Sept. 28) |
| The Cape Dissolution..... | Spectator (Sept. 28) |
| Russia and England..... | Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28) |
| The Deal in Persia and Tibet..... | Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28) |
| Our Strategic Position in the Pacific. A. H. Dutton.... | Pacific Monthly |
| The Legislative Council of Mysore. Sir R. Lethbridge. | Asiatic Quar. Rev. |
| Recent Indian Reforms. Dr. J. Pollen..... | Asiatic Quart. Rev. |
| Asia and Imperial Commerce. S. M. Mitra..... | Asiatic Quar. Rev. |
| Indian Administration: By an Old Officer. J. B. Pennington. | |

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| | Asiatic Quart. Rev. |
| The Yunnan Expedition of 1875 and the Cheefoo Convention. | |
| Gen. H. A. Browne..... | Asiatic Quart. Rev. |
| Is the Peace Commission a Failure? W. L. Williams..... | Young Man |
| De Facto Office. K. Richard Wallach..... | Political Science Quar. |
| The Education of Voters. Geo. H. Haynes..... | Political Science Quar. |
| The Ethics of Empire. Henry J. Ford..... | Political Science Quar. |
| The Cementing of the British Colonies into an Empire.... | |

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| M. Smith..... | Munsey's |
| Mr. Redmond's Difficulties..... | Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5) |
| Further Thoughts on the Convention..... | Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5) |
| The Anglo-Russian Agreement. Calchas..... | Fortnightly Rev. |
| The Second Hague Conference. Sir Thos. Barclay.... | Fortnightly Rev. |
| A Raid on Prosperity. Jas. R. Day..... | Appleton's |
| At a Nation's Shrine..... | National |
| Affairs at Washington. Joe M. Chapple..... | National |
| The Case of the Second Duma. Prof. P. Milyoukow..... | Con. Rev. |
| The Swiss Referendum as an Instrument of Democracy. | |

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| J. A. Hobson..... | Con. Rev. |
| Ireland and the Transvaal. Wm. O'Brien..... | Con. Rev. |
| The Modern German Merchant Marine. Frank W. MeVey. | |

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| | World To-day |
| The Present Situation in Russia. Samuel N. Harper.... | World To-day |
| The Rediscovery of the Missouri. Walter Williams.... | World To-day |
| Give Us Back Our Rivers..... | World To-day |
| The Work of the Hague Conference..... | Spectator (Oct. 5) |
| The Crisis of the Ausgleich..... | Spectator (Oct. 5) |
| The Limits of Patriotic Obligation..... | Spectator (Oct. 5) |
| "Buddyism" and "Left-Centre"..... | Spectator (Oct. 5) |
| Character and Public Life..... | Spectator (Oct. 5) |

RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.

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| The Railway Crisis..... | Spectator (Sept. 21, '07) |
| Diplomacy on the Railway..... | Saturday Rev. (Sept. 27) |
| Railways in Iceland..... | Chamers' Jnl |

Phases of American Railroadng.....Collier's (Oct. 5)
 Railroad's Plans for Moving Freight. Traffic Mgr....
 Harriman Lines.....System
 America's Lead in Railroad Accidents. Edward B. Phelps..World's Work

RELIGION.

The Church and the Deceased Wife's Sister Act...Spectator (Sept. 14)
 The Papal Encyclical.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
 The Pastoral Epistles.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
 Southern Nigeria—Religion and Witchcraft. Maj. A. G.
 Leonard.....Asiatic Quar. Rev.
 The Document of Subjective Recompense. Prof. L. Mills,
 D.D.....Asiatic Quar. Rev.
 Naturalism and Humanism. Prof. F. J. E. Woodbridge...Hibbert Jnl
 Christianity and Hinduism in India. Rev. N. Macnicol...Hibbert Jnl
 The Gospel of Krishna and of Christ. Maud Joynt.....Hibbert Jnl
 The State of the Dead. Rev. David Purves, D.D.....Hibbert Jnl
 The Defence of the Fourth Gospel. Prof. B. W. Bacon...Hibbert Jnl
 Trust, Faith, Belief, Creed. Prof. Henry G. Smith.....Hibbert Jnl
 The Coming Religion.....Scrap Book
 Paulinism in the Græco-Roman World. Sir W. M. Ramsay..Con. Rev.
 The Faith of Iran. Countess Martinengo Cesarese.....Con. Rev.
 The Soul of the World.....Spectator (Oct. 5)

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

The Irresponsible Aeroplane.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
 Mars as the Abode of Life. Percival Lowell, LL.D.....Century
 The Dominion of the Air.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
 A Geological Centenary.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
 Construction and Operation of Airships. Wm. A. Baldwin..Recreation
 The Internal-Combustion Engine as a Source of Power..Chambers' Jnl
 A Cross-Country Boat. H. J. Holmes.....Young Man
 The Earth Does Move.....Scrap Book

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Automobile Problems.....Century
 Motorists and the Future.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
 Hope in Fishing.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
 The Cricket of 1907.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
 Perils of Big Game Hunting. Col. W. S. Lanier...Overland Monthly
 Motoring Among the Dykes of Holland. Henry W. Wack..Recreation
 Rules of Navigation. Howard Greene.....Recreation
 For Hunting in the South. Arthur Lyon.....Recreation
 Talks With the Riding Master. Capt. J. Dixon.....Recreation
 Blinds and Decoys. Ernest McGaffey.....Recreation
 Cruising and Fishing About the Florida Keys. Henry Thorn...Travel
 The Roman Hunt. Emery Pottle.....Travel
 The Automobile and the Rules of the Road. Harry W...
 Perry.....Suburban Life
 The Problem of Brooklands. Gerald Bliss.....Badminton
 Valour in the Hunting Field. Maud V. Wynter.....Badminton
 The Old Tiger of Chohan. Capt. R. E. T. Hogg.....Badminton
 The Coming of the Quail. G. Cadogan Rothery.....Badminton
 A Bedouin Race-Meeting. Jake Thomas.....Badminton
 Our Vanishing Deer and Game Fish. W. Hickson.....Rod and Gun
 Dogs in Deer Hunting. Arthur Jno. Hope.....Rod and Gun
 A Plea for the Real Sportsman and Still Hunter. R...
 Clapham.....Rod and Gun
 The Tragedy of the Deer. Harold Raymond.....Rod and Gun
 Primeval Fishing Lake. Maj. Henry J. Woodside.....Rod and Gun
 How One Settler Treats the Deer. J. H. Bottrell.....Rod and Gun
 The Delights of Salmon Fishing. N. Milton Browne.....Rod and Gun

A Week's Fishing at Shirley's Bay. Geo. J. Hastie.....Rod and Gun
Dog is Not the Cause of Vanishing Deer. W. J. Moody...Rod and Gun

THE STAGE.

Attila. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
At the Savoy Theatre. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
My Interpretation of "Macbeth". Tommaso Salvini.....Putnam's
The Ballet at the Empire. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
A Greek Play at Orange. Constance E. Maud.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Actor and the Stock Company.....Woman's Home Companion
The London Stage. Oscar Parker.....English Illustrated

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Mastery of the Pacific. Sam. G. Blythe..Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
A Sleepy Little City. Frances W. Huard.....Scribner's
Plantation in the Atlas Mountains. Chas. W. Furlong.....Harper's
Around the World With Wm. H. Taft. R. L. Dunn..Overland Monthly
Villa Life on Capri. Aloy Sins Coll.....Overland Monthly
The Undiscovered Country.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
Winter Gardens in California. Henry Kirk.....House and Garden
An Overlooked River. A. W. Dimock.....Travel
Undiscovered California. Marvin Wallace.....Travel
Along the Riviere from Marseilles to Genoa. C. Hamilton....Travel
The Deserted Village of Allaire. Walter Clayton.....Travel
The Berkshires of New Jersey. Arthur B. Maurice.....Travel
In the Canon de Chelly. Chas. F. Saunders.....Travel
El Desierto. Clinton Douglass.....Travel
The Spreewald—A Rural Venice. Wm. Mayner.....World To-day
The Midway Islands. Peter R. Horton.....World To-day
Chicago's Most Unique Suburb—Kenilworth. F. E. M. Cole.

.....World To-day
The Finsteraarhorn. Marie Hampson Simpson.....Badminton
An Enthusiastic Appreciation of British Columbia. C. C.

Alloway.....Rod and Gun
English Weather. Louise I. Guiney.....Scribner's
The Fan Mountains in the Duab of Turkestan. W. R..

Rickmers.....Geographical Jnl
Journey Through Eastern Portion of the Congo State. Maj. P.

H. G. Powell-Cotton.....Geographical Jnl

Journeys in North Mesopotamia. Mark Sykes.....Geographical Jnl

Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Henry van Dyke...Ladies' Home Jnl

A Desert City's Far Reach for Water. Wm. R. Stewart..World's Work

Famous Foreign Cathedrals. Frank Field.....Eng. Illustrated

The Villages in the Valley of the Kentish Bourne....Eng. Illustrated

Our Riches of the Far North. Jay M. Latimer.....Metropolitan

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

Extravagance in Clothes.....Everybody's

As Business Women Should and Should Not Dress..Ladies' Home Jnl

Some Real Home Economies. Martha Van Rensselaer..

.....Ladies' Home Jnl

How I Learned to Keep House. Grace D. Goodwin..Good Housekeeping

Furnishing the Kitchen.....Good Housekeeping

Clean Market Day.....Good Housekeeping

Automobile in the Suburbs from a Woman's Point of....

View. H. Ward.....Good Housekeeping

The Little Brown Man as a Suburban Servant. F. N..

BrownGood Housekeeping

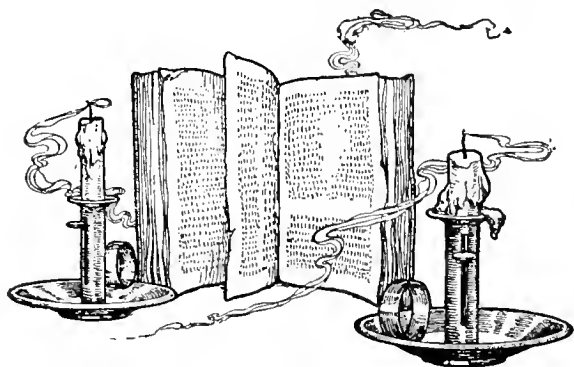
The Japanese Servant in the East. Helen G. Goodwin....

.....Good Housekeeping

The One-Servant Problem. Anne O'Hagan.....Smith's

The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. Grace M. Gould.....Smith's

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

Best Selling Books.

The six best selling books for Canada and the United States are recorded herewith. "The Younger Set," which leads the Canadian list, has had a remarkably large sale. A Canadian edition of the United States favorite, "The Lady of the Decoration," has just appeared.

Canadian Summary.

1. The Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
2. Cruise of the Shining Light. By Norman Duncan.
3. The Brass Bowl. By Joseph Vance.
4. The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.
5. Satan Sanderson. By Hallie E. Rives.
6. Captain of the Kansas. By Louis Tracy.

American Summary.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little, Century Co.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. Doubleday Page.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. Bobbs-Merrill.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. Bobbs-Merrill.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. Holt.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. Lippincott.

Business.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS. By Waldo Pondray Warren. Chicago :

Forbes & Co. A collection of over 200 business editorials taken from the leading metropolitan newspapers. The topics cover practical phases of business, the book being written from the standpoint of experience and personal observation of business conditions.

COMMERCIAL LAW FOR BUSINESS MEN. By Harris F. Williams. Chicago. Price, \$1. Outlining the law pertaining to the everyday transactions in relation to property in the commercial or business world.

Historical.

LIFE OF LINCOLN FOR BOYS. By Francis C. Sparhawk. New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, 75 cents. A book that cannot fail to leave a good and lasting impression on every boy who reads it. The life and character of the immortal Lincoln, his trials and achievements, are written in a manner which captivates the young reader and gives him an ideal example of what may be accomplished by a man with a set purpose. The war between the North and South, the history of the people of these times, are fully dealt with.

Fiction.

CHILDREN'S FAVORITE CLASSICS. New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. In this series there are three volumes (60 cents each) : "Stories of Early England," by E. M. Wilmot-

Buxton, consists of a compilation of early English legends. "Stories from Chaucer," by Walker McSpadden, is a translation of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* into prose and modern English. "Stories from Morris," by Magdalen Edgar, consists of some of William Morris' stories, told in prose.

RED FEATHERS, THE. By Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, \$1.50. In this charming fantasy, Mr. Roberts has done for the Indian tribes of Newfoundland what Hans Andersen and Grimm, in their fairy stories, have done for the peasants of Germany. He has gone back to the mythical days, when magic was practiced among the people of the island, picturing the struggle between the good magician, Wise-as-a-She-Wolf, and the evil magician, Bright Robe. The red feathers are a gift to an Indian baby, son of Run-all-Day, who grows up in Wise-as-a-She-Wolf's magic lodge, and becomes in time a magician, too. The feathers give their possessor the power of flight through the air. Many characters, good and bad, are introduced in the story!, which will be found quite as interesting by grown-ups as by children.

LODESTAR, THE. By Max Pemberton. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25. A fanciful story, introducing the strange experiences of a young Londoner, who, through the instrumentality of an exiled Polish revolutionary, is placed in the home of a wealthy financier. It transpires that this financier is also a Pole, who has renounced his native country and become the friend of the Russian oppressors. How his punishment is worked out gives the motif to the story. Action moves quickly, changing from London to Warsaw, as the tale unfolds.

BEST MAN, THE. By Harold Macgrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25. A short and fascinating store of love in high society. A promising young lawyer wishes to marry, but fails to secure consent from the father of the girl he loves. An ingenious plot is resorted to by which the father is obliged to favor the marriage. Two other interesting short

stories are included in the volume "Two Candidates," and "Mr. Shifty Sullivan."

CHAMPION. By John Colin Dane. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50. Champion is a racing automobile which tells his own experiences in a characteristic vein, expressing his emotions in motor language. The description of the great Vandervoort cup race, in which he is entered against all the crack cars of the world, is admirably done. A pretty little love story runs through the pages of the book.

GARRISON'S FINISH. By W. B. M. Ferguson. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50. A story of the race track, well-conceived in plot and well-executed in action. The hero, a jockey, comes upon the scene as the shattered idol of a fickle public. Apparently his "finish" is made in the first chapter, when, to all appearances, he "throws" the Carter Handicap. But Garrison was made of better stuff, and through all the vicissitudes which followed, he presses on until the climax is reached in the final chapter, when he is restored to honor and popular favor.

Miscellaneous.

CHRIST'S SERVICE OF LOVE. By Hugh Black. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, \$1.25. A series of meditative discourses based on the communion season. While dealing with different aspects of the subject, they are exhaustive in their interpretation of the spiritual meaning of the Christian ordinance.

CHRISTMAS MAKING. By J. R. Miller, D.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. An attractive little book of thirty-two pages, containing many excellent illustrations. It has been dedicated by the author to those who wish to do something that will tend to make the world brighter and more cheerful.

JIMMY JONES, the Autobiography of an Office Boy. By Roy L. McCardell. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. Cloth, \$1.50. Jimmy is a typical New York street arab. The story of his early career is told in his own language, which is both humorous and appealing. His friends and acquaintances include a large number of interesting characters.



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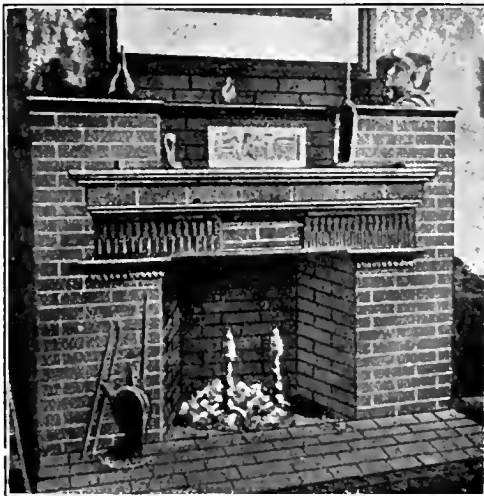
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Humor in the Magazines

The boy had half a brick in his grimy hand and was malevolently glaring at a closed door.

"What are you about to do, little boy?" inquired the philosopher, who chanced to be passing that way.

"I'm going to fling dis rock troo dat door," replied the angry urchin. "Dere's a feller in der dat owes me a nickel an' he won't cough it up."

The philosopher shook his head.

"You can't do that, my boy," he gently said. "The Hague conference has just adopted a clause forbidding bombardments of ports or other places for non-payment of debt."

So saying he removed the half brick from the grimy fingers and led the child away.

* * *

A good Samaritan, passing an apartment house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way downstairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For Heaven sake, officer," he gasped, "protect me from that man. He's done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairs 'n throw me down th' elevator shaf'."

* * *

A Yankee officer was bragging about the crack shots in his corps.

"Oh, that's nothin' to the way we shoot," said another. "I belonged to a company of a hundred men, and every week we used to go out to practice. The cap'n would draw us up in single file, and set a cider barrel rollin' downhill. Each man took a shot at the bung-hole as it turned up. The barrel was then examined and if there was a shot found that didn't go into the bung-hole, the man that fired it was expelled. I've belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

* * *

The following was told at a smoker recently, and it is not so bad either. The narrator told of another little feed he once attended, where eight men were sent home in one hack; and the driver simply rang the door-bell and when a feminine voice called from an upper window, "Who is there?" the Jehu replied, "Missus, will you be so kind as to come down and pick out your baby?"



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A Trenton man recently returned home after a somewhat lengthy stay in the west. During his absence he had, according to Simeon Ford, cultivated a luxuriant growth of mustache and whiskers. When the individual who had thus changed the appearance of his countenance appeared in his own household, among those who failed at first to recognize him was a little niece.

Seeing that the child made no move towards greetings her long-absent relative, the wife said :

"Why, Alice ! Aren't you going to kiss your uncle ?"

"I would, ma'am," cheerfully responded Alice, "but I don't see any place to do it !"



Pat—"Sure, I voted the democratic ticket."

Mike—"How could ye trust such a party as thot ?"

Pat—"Oh, I didn't. They paid me cash."—Judge.

• • •

"There was a barber in South Bend, who, having been out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times. After each accident the barber said, as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless !' and laughed, and let it go at that.

"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence. But when the shave was over he filled a glass at the ice-cooler, took a mouthful of water, and with compressed lips proceeded to shake his head

from side to side and to toss it up and down.

"What is the matter ?" the barber asked. "You ain't got the toothache, have you ?"

"No," said the customer, "I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all."

• • •

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital.

After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse :

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound." Then turning to the patient, he asked quizzically : "What do you think, Pat ?"

"Sure," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say !"

• • •

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on ?" asked the hardware clerk, as he was wrapping up the nails. "They're cheap now. I can let you have a first-class one for \$35."

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin ; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."

• • •

"You were married before the war, weren't you ?"

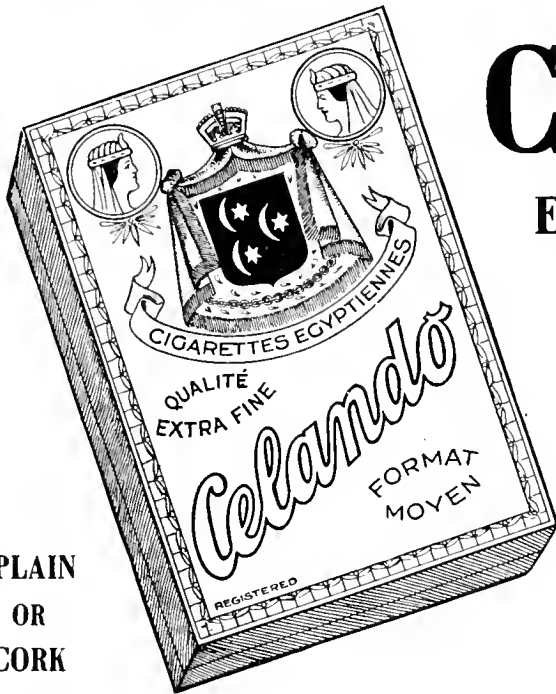
"Well, yes, the fighting did start a few weeks after the ceremony."

• • •

"I am sick to death of everything," said the society woman. "Let's spend this evening where we've never spent one before."

"Agreed !" said her husband "Shall we try home or church ?"

"Church," she replied, sighing



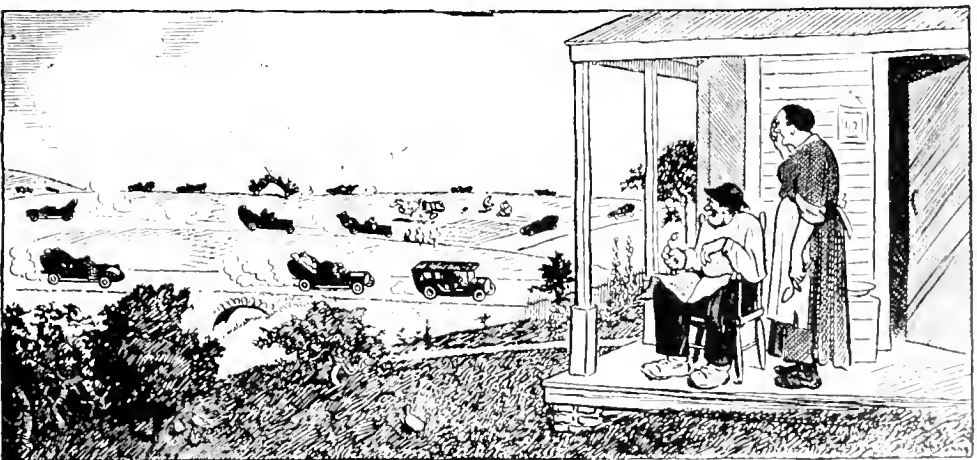
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SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Hiram, there's a horse runnin' away over there."

"Gosh ' I'll bet somebody is tryin' to go to church."—Puck.

A fine, robust soldier after serving his country faithfully for some time, became greatly reduced in weight, owing to exposure and scanty rations, until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently, he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate. He arrived at his home station looking very badly. Just as he stepped off the boat one of his old friends rushed up to him and said:— "Well, well, Pat, I am glad to see you're back from the front."

Pat looked worried and replied: "Begorra, I knew I was getting thin, but I niver thought you could see that much."



A FAN.

Feminine Voice—"Are you home safe, Jim?"

Jim—"Yes, darling; but I had to slide for it."—Judge.

• • •

A big, husky Irishman strolled into the Civil Service room, where they hold physical examination for candidates for the police force.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.

"Which, sor?"

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and pounded his back.

"Hop over this rod," was the next command.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands."

He lost his balance and sprawled upon the floor. He was indignant, but silent.

"Now, jump under the cold shower."

"Sure an' that's funny," muttered the applicant.

"Now, run around the room ten times. I want to test your heart and wind."

"This last was too much. 'I'll not,'" the candidate declared defiantly. "I'll stay single."

"Single?" inquired the doctor, puzzled.

"Single," repeated the Irishman with determination. "Sure an' what's all this funny business got to do wid a marriage license, anyhow?"

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.

* * *

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of a southern city, hires a colored man to clean up his room, fill the lamp, and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said:

"Boss, our blackin' am done out."

"What do you mean by saying, 'our blacking'?" growled the sordid employer; "everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

The terrified darky apologized and promised to remember. On the following Sunday the bachelor happened to meet the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate-colored female pushing a baby-carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day at his house where he was entertaining quite a number of his friends.

"No, boss, day's not our chile; dat's your chile. I'se nebber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."

* * *

A wealthy old man, who disliked parting with his money, said one day to the physician, who was just bringing him round from a long illness:

"Ah, doctor, we have known each other such a long time, I don't intend to insult you by settling your account in cash, but I have put you down for a handsome legacy in my will."

The doctor looked thoughtful.

"Allow me," he said, "to look at that prescription I gave you just now. I wish to make a slight alteration in it."

The Busy Man's Magazine

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XV

DECEMBER 1907

No 2



A Canadian Wit

A Brilliant Entertainer and Most Successful Business Man

By C. Egbert Robmaster

MR. SAMUEL NORDHEIMER is probably more widely known than any other man in Toronto. This is not so much because of his conspicuous ability and success as a business man, as for some of the other qualities which he possesses. Thousands who perhaps have never heard of Nordheimer the Piano King, admire and appreciate Nordheimer the Wit. Nordheimer, around whose name circulate more stories, anecdotes and witticisms than there are quills in a porcupine; Nordheimer, whose tongue upon occasion has reduced more than one would-be humorist to a thoughtful and respectful silence, and pulverized the ambitions of many a luckless individual who thought to catch him napping and thus effect a conquest.

And yet in appearance Mr. Nordheimer is anything but formidable. Below the average in height, modest and unassuming in manner, with a mild eye and a benignant smile, his outward appearance gives rise to no speculations as to his identity. It is only when one begins to talk to him on some subject in which he

is keenly interested that one realizes the uncommon personality, the individual force of character and mental capacity that is concealed behind the placid exterior.

No one has ever been known to score off Mr. Nordheimer; or at least if any one has such a feat to his credit he is prudent enough to keep it to himself lest his fall some day prove greater than his pride. Many, indeed, have attempted it but none have returned to tell the tale. True they have come back, but with a different look upon their faces from that with which they set forth, a sorrowful and pained surprise has supplanted serenity and self-confidence, and a noticeable silence has taken the place of what was perhaps a former garrulous assurance.

And yet his wit is defensive, not aggressive. He never corners a man; rather does he permit the aggressor to rush open-eyed at his fate and then when it becomes necessary he swamps him. He never attacks, no matter how great the provocation, preferring to use his power as a shield rather than as a weapon; but no one having once taken the initiative ever escapes. The late D'Alton McCarthy once

gave a dinner party at which Mr. Nordheimer, together with many other prominent men and women, was present. Mr. Samuel was feeling in a particularly happy mood that evening, and had succeeded in impressing this fact upon the other guests by the pointed, and when circumstances seemed to warrant it, barbed shafts of wit which he distributed with charming and artistic impartiality among each of them in turn. McCarthy alone had escaped from the ordeal untouched so far, when upon the ladies rising to leave the room, Mr. Nordheimer either accidentally or with an eye to further cynicism, knocked a spoon from the table and stooped to pick it up. To Mr. McCarthy, who had probably been watching for just such an opening, this was a golden opportunity and he lost no time in taking advantage of it. Raising his voice in order to ensure his prospective triumph reaching the ears of everyone in the room, he called out "Be careful Sam, be very careful, you are under observation," and then waited, flushed with victory for the general laugh which followed at the expense of his victim.

That crafty individual, however, vouchsafed never a word, but rising slowly from the ground, he affected to examine the spoon carefully for a minute or two, and then threw it on the table with a gesture eloquent of disappointment and disgust.

"Mein Gott," he exclaimed, in tones which contained an indescribable mixture of simulated anger, irritation and disillusion, "Mein Gott, and I thought it was silver."

It is related of him that one day he invited a well known resident of Toronto to his house with a view to establishing business relations of a sort which should be mutually satisfactory. Business concluded, Mr. Nordheimer invited his companion to join him in a cigar but the latter eyeing unfavorably the

fat and muscular weed held out to him, declined with what was perhaps unnecessary fervor. Mr. Nordheimer in no wise put out, chatted comfortably on various topics, and having finished his cigar, rose to bid his guest good-bye. "You will join me in a whiskey and soda before you go of course," said he, determined at all costs not to appear inhospitable, but his visitor's somewhat curt refusal brought a twinkle into his shrewd eye. "What," he exclaimed, "you do not drink, you do not smoke? Ah, my friend, come up often, come up always."

As a keen observer of human nature, and a past-master in the art of handling men, Mr. Nordheimer has few equals in this or any other country. In the early days he happened to be making a trip from Toronto to Montreal. Just as he was about to start a message came from the firm's Kingston agent saying that a possible customer was on the point of investing in a Canadian piano. "Would Mr. Nordheimer servative, and was going to be true to the National Policy—just then becoming a fad with every one. At this time the Nordheimer firm had not begun to manufacture, but were agents for the Chickering piano. "Would Mr. Nordheimer stop off at Kingston?" "Yes." "Should Mr. So-and-So be told to look Mr. Nordheimer up?" "No." "Or should he be told that Mr. Nordheimer would look him up?" "No! Mr. So-and-So must simply be told that Mr. Nordheimer was in the city." This he was told of course, and Mr. Nordheimer received a cordial invitation to his home. "Yes." Mr. Nordheimer thought he might possibly manage to run up.

"My dear man," said Mr. Nordheimer, as he was being shown over the fine residence, "You have a beautiful house, you ought to be proud of it." "And that I am," replied the other. "And I notice you have some fine paintings, why I

believe I saw some of them on exhibition in Europe, the last time I was there." "You are quite right,

a very fine house, and where is your piano?" "I am thinking of buying a Weber," was the reply. "I be-



Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, in the Uniform
of a Consul of the German Empire.

Mr. Nordheimer, I purchased them all in Europe." "Yes, and you have real Brussel's carpets, and genuine Irish lace curtains. Yes, you have

lieve in patronizing home industry." "Very good, very good," said Mr. Nordheimer, "and you are quite right to patronize home industry,

but how about the pictures and the curtains?" Needless to say, the man had to buy a Chickering.

Mr. Nordheimer is a man of many moods, and not even his best friends can ever be quite sure what is going to happen when they see him coming along. A young Torontonion, well-known around town, had business relations with Mr. Nordheimer not long ago, which necessitated frequent interviews.

Almost every time he would receive a polite invitation to come up and have dinner with the gentleman on the Hill, "Come up any time." Perhaps he would forget, only to have the invitation repeated the next time they met. One morning he saw Mr. Nordheimer coming and made up his mind he would rise to the occasion. "You have been kind enough Mr. Nordheimer," said he, "to ask me again and again to dinner. If it is convenient I think I should like to accept your invitation for this evening." "My," said Mr. Nordheimer with a puzzled expression on his face, "but you are one funny man."

Another bright young fellow connected with the Nordheimer firm was told he might have the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Nordheimer a day in Hamilton, his idea of course, being to take the gentleman to the best hotel in the place. But no, Mr. Nordheimer wanted only a quiet place where he could have a sandwich and a glass of beer. The place was found, and Mr. Nordheimer expressed himself as delighted with his luncheon. It reminded him so much of Germany. And then Mr. Nordheimer must come with him for a smoke. The young man knew a place where they could get three good cigars for ten cents. "You are very kind," said Mr. Nordheimer, "but I want you to come and have one on me, I know a place where they sell two cigars for five cents."

Mr. Nordheimer is not at all averse to telling a joke on himself, provided it is a good one. As a young

man, he prided himself on being particular about his dress, almost to the point of fastidiousness. During a visit to a New York tailor shop on one occasion he saw an overcoat which particularly struck his fancy. Unfortunately the garment had been tailored for another gentleman. Mr. Nordheimer asked if he might try it on, and together they found it fitted like a glove. "Couldn't the tailor make another just like this for the gentleman, who happened to be in Europe at the time, and let Mr. Nordheimer have this one?" Yes, the tailor thought he could. "And I will give you \$30 for the coat," said Mr. Nordheimer. "And I will take it," said the other. "And now I will tell you how I get the start of you," volunteered the proud possessor of a fine article bought cheap: "You could have asked \$45 and I would have paid it." "Yes," said the other, "and you could have offered me \$20 and I would have taken it."

On a recent trip abroad Mr. Nordheimer was accompanied by a nephew and his grandson, whom he wished to show the places in Germany which had interested him as a boy. "And boys," he reminded them, "I want you to derive the greatest possible benefit from this trip, it is costing a lot of money and it ought to be the best kind of an education for you both. You must keep your eyes open, and make an effort to remember every place of interest we visit. For instance," said he, "looking down upon the youths with a benignant smile, as they drove along a celebrated Parisian roadway, "where are we now?" "In the carriage, grandfather," was the reply. And a slight exclamation and a smothered laugh was heard from the driver's box.

Some alterations were being made a few years ago in the Nordheimer offices which left an ugly beam exposed and unfortunately in the way. Mr. Nordheimer, who was inspecting the work forgot the existence

of the beam for the moment and when he went to stand up he bumped his head against the beam with such force that the pearl grey topper which he has affected for many years was forced down over his ears. His efforts to loosen the knot, together with his exclamations of surprise, seemed too good to the solitary workman who was standing by, and he also gave vent

them during the passage over. The gentleman was not long in discovering in Mr. Nordheimer a man worth knowing, and lost no opportunity of improving his acquaintance. They walked together, smoked and dined together, became the best of friends before the end of the trip, so much so that one day they exchanged confidences as follows: "I hope, Mr. Nordheimer,"



"GLENEDYTH,"

Mr. Samuel Nordheimer's Family Residence and one of Canada's Most Beautiful Homes.

to his feelings: "You dare to laugh." "I can't help it, sir," came the scared answer. "And say, do you know what fool put that beam there?" Silence. "Well I did," said Mr. Nordheimer.

A gentleman who fell in with Mr. Nordheimer on the occasion of his last trip to Europe in the spring of 1906, tells of an interesting conversation which took place between

said the friend, "you will not consider it presumptuous of me on such short acquaintance, but I would awfully like to ask you one question." "All right," responded Mr. Nordheimer. "Do you know I have come to think a lot of you, in fact I like you as well as any man I ever met." "What do you wish to know?" "Your age, sir," said he. "Well, well," was the answer, "that

is something I have not told to any living soul; no one knows my age, and yet as a dear friend, I will let you into the secret if you will promise me never to reveal it, and he whispered in his ear, "I am just sixty-two." He is now approaching his ninetieth year.

He is the surviving partner of the firm of A. & S. Nordheimer, the oldest piano and music establishment in Canada, now known as the Nordheimer Piano and Music Company. He is about the only living representative of the prominent men who half a century ago were the leading business men of King St., Toronto.

Mr. Nordheimer has done a great deal to raise the standard of music in Toronto and throughout the Dominion, his latest happy thought being to endow a Chair of Music at Upper Canada College, where already substantial work is being done towards the creation of a musical atmosphere for young Canada. But Mr. Nordheimer's enterprise and influence do not stop here. In public and private his efforts have also been directed towards the promotion of prosperity in the Queen City. The building owned by the Canada Permanent and Western Mortgage Corporation on Toronto Street is a monument to his enterprise, having been built when its surroundings were most unpromising, and it is greatly owing to the start then given that Toronto Street is indebted for many of its present substantial and magnificent buildings.

This successful man has occupied a large number of prominent positions in Toronto, having been for many years President of the late Federal Bank, Vice president and Director of the Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Co., Director of the Confederation Life Association. He has always been active in the musical arena, having been for several years President of the Toronto

Philharmonic Society. In financial circles he has been for many years and is yet connected with many flourishing institutions. By his indomitable will he has amassed a handsome fortune; and for commercial experience, shrewdness and judgment, Mr. Nordheimer forms a striking figure among Canada's distinguished citizens.

His family residence, "Glenedyth," is one of the finest private mansions in Toronto; its situation on the Davenport Hill being unequalled. The surrounding grounds are both extensive and picturesque, comprising about 40 acres beautifully wooded, with winding drives and grassy terraces that remind the visitor of the finest of English demesnes and ancestral halls. The house is superbly furnished; the entrance hall, lighted from a dome, is strikingly beautiful in its finish and arrangement; while the drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and boudoirs are gems of artistic decoration. The view from "Glenedyth" extends over the whole city and across the lake to Niagara.

Early in September, 1887, the late Emperor William appointed Mr. Nordheimer to the honorable position of Imperial German Consul for the Province of Ontario, and to him the British Government issued the Exequatur. It can be truly said that the numerous Germans in the Province of Ontario, and more particularly those residing in Toronto, hailed the appointment with feelings of sincere pleasure, fully aware that the duties of the office attached to the appointment, would, under the care of Mr. Nordheimer, be conducted with business despatch, a readiness to furnish all desirable information, and add greatly to the interests of Canadian merchants having business relations with Germany. Still holding this honorable appointment, Mr. Nordheimer is serving the country of his birth, and as a British subject, his adopted fatherland.



MR. A. G. MACKAY

Leader of the Liberal Party in Ontario

Mr. A. G. MacKay, the new Leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, assumes the leadership of the Party with a clean public record. It is true that he was for a short time a member of the Ross Government which was so overwhelmingly defeated in the last election, but none of the reputation which attaches to that Cabinet rests on Mr. MacKay. He comes from Owen Sound, where, for a number of years he practiced law. That he stands well with the public is shown by the fact, on his return to Owen Sound after his selection for the leadership, one of the first men to congratulate him and bear testimony to his ability was Mr. James McLaughlan, the principal leader of the Conservative Party in that district. Mr. MacKay owes his promotion to his own ability. The *Globe* employed him as counsel in an important libel action and the editor was so struck with the intelligent way in which he handled the case that, on his return to Toronto, he saw the Premier and spoke so highly of the young member that he was at once taken into the Cabinet. Mr. MacKay is a farmer's son who followed the path of many of our successful men by paying his own way through High School, the University and Osgoode.

The Straight Way of Life

By P. Chalmers Mitchell in World's Work

THE title of this article is a rough translation of the word "Orthobiosis," invented by Professor Elie Metchnikoff to denote what is at once a new standard of morality, a scientific guide of life, and a new hope for humanity against the greatest evils that encompass us. Every one knows that Metchnikoff is now chief of those who carry on the high traditions of Pasteur.

Metchnikoff is a Russian of the professional classes. (His older brother was the provincial functionary whose death, in the maturity of life, was described in Tolstoi's "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.") He became Professor of Zoology at Kazan and made a great reputation among zoologists by his detailed studies of the structure and life histories of some of the lower invertebrate animals. Owing to political trouble, he left Russia and joined the Pasteur Institute in Paris. His researches on certain water-fleas had led him to pay special attention to the behavior of the wandering cells that occur in all except the simplest animals, and that appear in a familiar form as the white corpuscles of human blood. He found that these cells restlessly pervade the tissues, living a semi-independent, almost parasitic life. They are extremely mobile and sensitive to stimulations of different kinds, being attracted by some substances and repelled by others. When there are disturbances in the body due to morbid processes, or to the presence of foreign intruders, such as microbes that have invaded the tissues, these wandering cells crowd around the affected spots, ingesting and destroying the intruders, removing the diseased tissue, and generally aiding in the healing process.

These investigations are the foundation of the modern views of inflammation, and gained for Metchnikoff a reputation as a pathologist at

least as great, and naturally much more widespread, than his fame as a zoologist.

The special quality of the wandering cells, of which white blood-corpuscles are the examples most easy to observe, is their power of destroying other living cells, engulfing them bodily where that is possible; or, in the case of the larger victims, pressing against them and sucking out their contents. Metchnikoff has called them "eating cells" or "phagocytes," and the process is "phagocytosis." In the main phagocytosis is beneficial to the body, and phagocytes are guardians of its welfare. But the action is mechanical, in the widest sense of the term, an affair of action and reaction, of appetite and resistance, and not of orderly benevolence.

HOW MEN GROW "OLD."

When the cells of any tissue—muscle or kidney, brain or bone—are in active health, either they do not attract the phagocytes or are able to repel their embarrassing attentions. The maintenance of the integrity of the tissues demands a delicate balance of power between the higher, specific cells and the omnipresent phagocytes. The latter are as ready to devour the tissues themselves as foreign intruders, and if they are unduly stimulated or the tissues unduly weakened, the baleful process of tissue destruction begins; muscle tissue, brain tissue, kidney tissue or what not, is replaced by the phagocytes, and the corresponding functions degenerate. The action is naturally progressive, and sooner or later leads to a condition incompatible with life.

According to Metchnikoff, this is the essential nature of the changes which take place in old age. The activity of the phagocytes overpowers the activity of the normal cells, with the result that senile debility is produced. According to Metchnikoff,

in the vast majority of cases, senile debility comes too early, being due to causes which may be prevented—if not by our own generation, at least in the future.

This early senility is only one instance of what Metchnikoff calls the disharmonies due to our inherited constitution. In a volume, the English translation of which was published in 1903, under the title, "The Nature of Man," and in a second volume, "The Prolongation of Life," which is announced for this autumn, he has explained in detail the nature of his general views. In many ways, man is out of gear with his environment on account of the fact that many of his qualities—physical, mental, and emotional—which have come to him as a legacy from his remote ancestors and which at one time were probably useful adaptations, are now positively harmful. Such disharmonies are the real source of the pessimism which has tinged so deeply the philosophy and literature, the religion and the folk-lore of ancient and modern times, and for which, as yet, no complete anodyne or remedy has been found.

Metchnikoff, however, is a convinced optimist, and thinks that as horticulturists use their knowledge of the constitution and qualities of plants to modify these in definite directions, so also it is within the power of science to modify human nature. The method of operation must be different, partly because the relatively short life and rapid rate of reproduction of most plants indicate selective breeding as the most effective means of producing modification; in the case of man, obvious considerations, if only those of time, rule out selective breeding, and the long life affords the opportunity of direct modification of each individual. Advances in knowledge and scientific method are to be employed to rectify human life, and to remove from it all acquired or inherited disharmonies, until there be attained the condition which he calls "orthobiosis"—a cycle from birth to death from which extraneous accidents have been removed, and in

which each successive phase comes in its due course.

We are already advancing rapidly along the first stage of the process. Year by year, as the study of diseases advances, we are getting nearer the time when mankind will be free from their burden, a burden measured not only by the deaths due directly to them but by the loss of health and shortening of life caused to those who may appear to have recovered. The normal duration of life is extending in all civilized countries, and this is the result of improvements in cleanliness, general hygiene, and greater simplicity of life. Already, if scientific knowledge were applied to its fullest extent, the race would make an enormous stride towards "orthobiosis," and it is a definite part of the new morality that the parliaments and executive officers who have charge of human affairs should be experts in the new scientific knowledge.

THE CAUSE OF EARLY SENILITY.

The most striking part of Metchnikoff's doctrine, however, is an affair of the individual rather than of the state. One of the legacies that men have inherited from their animal progenitors is the possession of a very capacious large intestine, in which the *debris* of the food remains for a considerable period. All the conditions in this organ are normally favorable to the existence and multiplication of a varied flora of microbes, among which the most abundant and pernicious are those which set up putrefaction of the contents.

By a series of most ingenious investigations, Metchnikoff has shown that there is a direct relation between the presence of such a possibility of intestinal putrefaction and a relative shortness of life amongst vertebrate animals generally. The depression, headaches, and even serious illnesses caused by prolonged retention of the contents of the lower bowel are familiar to us all, and are the result of the microbial poisons being absorbed into the blood and thereby affecting the tissues generally. These poisons not only cause immediate troubles,

but are chief agents in the production of early senility. They depress the resistance of the higher cells and stimulate the activity of the phagocytes, so that their presence encourages the eating away of the specific elements of the tissues and their replacement by useless, degenerative material. Whatever may have been the original use of this great reservoir of waste material, it is now positively harmful.

Although the resources of modern surgery have made it possible to "short-circuit" the large intestine, shutting off the capacious lower bowel and although this radical interference has been most successful, Metchnikoff does not suggest the universal adoption of so extreme a measure. His method is to attack the flora of microbes, and prevent or reduce the intestinal putrefaction they set up. A vast number of experiments have been made, the object of which was to render the contents of the large intestine aseptic by treatment with disinfecting agencies. Microbes and their spores, however, are possessed of walls highly resistant to the action of chemical agencies, and it is impossible to introduce substances in sufficient bulk and power to kill the microbes without doing serious harm to the living cells that form the lining of the intestine. It happens that the bacilli which cause lactic fermentation, those which sour milk by transforming some of its sugar into lactic acid, are able to become acclimatized in the intestine, and that their presence under favorable conditions arrests the activity of the microbes which cause putrefaction.

CURDS TO CHECK ADVANCING AGE.

After exhaustive investigation of the bacilli employed for souring milk in various parts of the world, Metchnikoff has found a strain of which pure bacilli "cultures" can be made. These can be introduced into the body in various forms. Soured curds, prepared from boiled milk by the addition, at the proper temperature, of a leaven containing the pure "cultures," can be eaten in quantities of a little more than a tea-cup full once or twice a day. Taken with sugar, the

curds are quite pleasant. Tabloids containing the pure cultures in a dry condition may be taken along with a milk diet. It is necessary, however, that the general diet should be as simple as possible. Alcohol in any form, and even in small quantities, is injurious; it aids the process of putrefaction and interferes with the action of the lactic bacilli. Metchnikoff himself limits his own food practically to milk, chocolate, and bread; but if the diet be plain, there seems to be no reason why it should not be limited to milk and vegetables. Uncooked fruits and salads are especially to be avoided, as they are always contaminated in a high degree with the spores of moulds and of various harmful bacilli, while those which have been grown in market gardens are often charged with the bacteria of specific diseases. The soured milk treatment has been tried experimentally in a large number of cases, and its general effect on the health has been carefully investigated. There appears to be no doubt as to its efficiency in reducing or almost completely preventing intestinal putrefaction.

It is possible, then, for science to intervene in favor of the higher cells of the body in their warfare with the phagocytes, by the conquest of disease, and by the arrest of the processes of putrefaction, the absorbed poisons from which are a constant menace to the body. There are other methods which are now being worked out, but which already approach accomplishment. It is possible to prepare serums that have a definite effect in stimulating the different elements of the body, and although there are great practical difficulties in the way of making and experimenting with these, it seems probable that science will be able to come to the aid of any tissue that seems to be weakening before its due time.

THE INSTINCT OF LIFE.

The attainment of "orthobiosis" would enormously increase the happiness of human life. Human beings would remain active and vigorous, bodily and mentally, long after the

period at which most people are now a burden to themselves and others. The duration of the working period of each individual life would be enormously increased. But the psychological effect would be even greater. Metchnikoff has shown, by a most interesting series of studies, that in a normal human life there is a gradual succession of instincts. One of the most important of these is what may be called the instinct of life, the sense of the value of life. This is almost absent in the young, and grows slowly as maturity is reached. Persons who die, or who become aged in early middle life may never acquire it. Pessimism, the expression of the absence of the sense of life, is a phase of youth. Many of the best known pessimists, such as Schopenhauer, have lived to survive their pessimism; and perhaps a majority of great men—Goethe for instance—pass through pessimism to a convinced optimism. In Metchnikoff's opinion, it is of the utmost importance that this truth should be realized, and that those who are in the phase of pessimism should understand its temporary nature.

THE INSTINCT OF DEATH.

Still more interesting is the relation of "orthobiosis" to death. At the present time, death comes in the vast majority of cases by some accident of disease or degeneration, and cannot be regarded as in any way natural. We have as yet almost no information as to what would be the natural limit of human life, but it may be set down as, at the least, considerably more than a century. As it nearly always comes too soon, and as the result of morbid processes, we are ignorant as to what natural death would be.

Metchnikoff has collected information from a few rare cases which leads him to suppose that if it came in its proper season, death would be as welcome as any other normal phase of the cycle of life. In a harmoniously developed life, the sexual instinct would appear at sexual maturity, and not before that time. As life went on, the sense of life, or instinct of life,

would grow stronger and stronger, but in the end would be replaced by what Metchnikoff calls the instinct of death. This would come not as the wish to be free from pain, but as a gentle acquiescence of the mind and the emotions in the natural processes of the body.

It is doubtful if truly natural death ever does occur among human beings, and there is no direct evidence as to its cause. It is practically certain that it is not the result, as has been supposed, of a failure in the power of the constituent cells of the body to grow and reproduce. The most probable theory is that it is the result of a gradual accumulation within the body of narcotic by-products of cell-activity, and that it is directly comparable with sleep, and that the last sleep would be received as gratefully by the permanently tired body as temporary sleep is received by the temporarily tired body. For such a condition to be attained it is necessary that life should be stretched out to its due limit, and not shortened by "accidents" of disease or habit.

The reproach has been brought against the philosophy of Metchnikoff that it is purely selfish, considering the individual rather than the race. It seems obvious, however, that the race, apart from the individuals of which it is composed, is a mere abstraction, and that that race is most likely to survive and develop further which contains the largest number of vigorous, happy, and active individuals. Moreover, Metchnikoff shows that as the scale of animal life is considered in ascending series, the importance of the individual increases. Among single-celled animals, when a colony is formed, the components are absolutely merged in the whole. In various kinds of polyp colonies, the constituent individuals become specialized organs of the whole, losing their own integrity. Among colonial insects, although no physical link binds the units into the whole, the different individuals are incomplete: some, like the drones and queen bees, are useless except for reproduction; others like worker bees, being sterile.

Current Poetry

The Fires

Men make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smokes to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
And all the changeeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
And my heart is wellnigh broke ;
For thinking on old memories
That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind
The homesick memories come,
From every quarter of mankind
Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold
And a roof against the rain—
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
The Four Winds bring again !

How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn ?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,
On any man's hearthstone ?
I know the wonder and desire
That went to build my own !

How can I doubt man's joy or woe
Where'er his house-fires shine,
Since all that man must undergo
Will visit me at mine ?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong
And know that this is true,
Stoop for a little and carry my song
To all the men I knew !

Where there are fires against the cold,
Or roofs against the rain—
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,
Take them my songs again.

—By Rudyard Kipling, in *World's Work*.

Silence

I am the word that lovers leave unsaid,
The eloquence of ardent lips grown
mute,
The mourning mother's heart-cry for
her dead,
The flower of faith that grows to un-
seen fruit.

I am the speech of prophets when their
eyes
Behold some splendid vision of the
soul ;

The song of morning stars, the hills'
replies,
The far call of the undiscovered pole.

And since I must be mateless, I shall
win

One been beyond the meed of common
clay ;

My life shall end where other lives begin,
And live when other lives have passed
away.

—By Charles Musgroves.

City Comradeship

Face on face in the city, and when will
the faces end ?
Face on face in the city, but never the
face of a friend ;
Till my heart grows sick with longing
and dazed with the din of the street,
As I rush with the thronging thousands,
in a loneliness complete.

Shall I not know my brothers ? Their
toil is one with mine.
We offer the fruits of our labor on the
same great city's shrine.

They are weary as I am weary ; they
are happy and sad with me ;
And all of us laugh together when ev-
" ening sets us free.

Face on face in the city, and where
shall our fortunes fall ?
Face on face in the city—my heart goes
out to you all.

See, we labor together ; is not the bond
divine ?

Lo, the strength of the city is built of
your life and mine.



HON. W. S. FIELDING
Minister of Finance for Canada

At the moment Hon. W. S. Fielding is more in the public eye than any other Canadian because of his efforts to provide funds to assist farmers and business men particularly in moving the western crops. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier was forming his Cabinet at the Windsor Hotel, in Montreal, in 1896, Mr. Fielding was then, and had been for many years, Premier of Nova Scotia. Some one suggested to Hon. James Sutherland, Sir Wilfrid's right hand man, the name of Mr. Fielding for the Cabinet. Mr. Sutherland answered that he was afraid Mr. Fielding was not a big enough man for the position, but after a moment's reflection, he remarked: "Still, he must be much above the average of men to have held power in Nova Scotia for so many years and to have avoided any serious mistake." Another gentleman present added to Mr. Sutherland's comments, "and there are few men in Canada with as much personal magnetism." A few hours later Mr. Fielding was on his way to Montreal in response to a telegram from Sir Wilfrid. His appointment to the Portfolio of Finance was the greatest surprise in the new Cabinet, and when it was exclusively announced by one of the MacLean newspapers, the leading dailies of the country ridiculed the prediction, thinking it would go to Sir Richard Cartwright. Many of our readers will differ from Mr. Fielding's views on many questions, but all will agree that he has become the strongest man in public life in Canada after Sir Wilfrid. Few men acquire as quickly the grasp of affairs as can Mr. Fielding. This is undoubtedly due to his newspaper training, for he is, by profession, a journalist and was for many years editor of the Halifax Chronicle.



H. S. STRATHY
Veteran Banker of Canada

Mr. Strathy has for some time been the senior banker in Canada, and his recent resignation from the general managership of the Trader's Bank has recalled many reminiscences of banking a half century ago. He began as a junior away back in 1850 when he served his time with the Gore Bank at London, Ont. When the Bank of Commerce was organized he was offered the London managership; and two years later he took the general managership of that institution. The capital was increased during the three years following, from \$1,000,000 to \$6,000,000, and the rest to \$15,000,000, a thing almost without precedent at the time, and a fine tribute to Mr. Strathy's executive ability. Then for a short time he retired from banking and went on to the Montreal Stock Exchange reappearing sixteen months later to organize the Trader's Bank, of which institution he became General Manager, continuing as such up to the time of his resignation a few weeks ago.

It is easy to see that Mr. Strathy was a man pre-eminently qualified, not only by experience but by business ability, to bring about a period of rapid healthy expansion of the Trader's Bank until, as a financial institution, it now ranks among the largest in the Dominion.

Banking in Canada

By H. S. Strathé

OF the making of banks there appears to be no end. At the present time there are no less than four applications before the Dominion for charters, all from the Northwest, and the policy of the people at Ottawa seems to be to say, yes, directly they see the requisite \$500,000 subscribed, and \$250,000 paid up. Canada has altogether too many banks now for the good of the country—the older banks are quite ready and willing to increase their capital as the needs of the country demand it. The cry of the people is for “more banks.” They overlook the fact that it takes a lot of money, too much in fact, to run them any way at all, and that an executive head of ability and experience, able to see the thing through, is not only an expensive luxury, but one found neither here nor there. It would be much better if the smaller institutions could amalgamate into one strong bank.

Nowadays you will find the banks make their money by avoiding bad debts rather than by large profits. Take the lumber trade for instance. Large losses were sustained in the early days by bankers from advancing large sums of money on timber limits which perchance didn't “palm out” according to expectations. Of course, lumber accounts are a good thing for any bank to have, provided they are judiciously handled. We have learned by experience to be more cautious, and prefer now to let the other fellow take the chance.

Banking, moreover, has latterly been placed upon an altogether different footing as far as circulation is concerned: the time was when there was practically no limit to

the extent of a bank's circulation; now this is a first charge against its assets, and everybody knows that a bank's circulation at present is practically limited to the amount of its unimpaired paid up capital, and that the Government requires a guarantee fund from every bank as a protection to the public.

We have practically abandoned the practice of loaning money on long credit—three to six months is usually the limit nowadays; the kind of security required is a thing we are much more particular about than we used to be—real estate, for instance.

Fortunately for Canada, the Trust Companies are not as big a feature as they are in the United States. Oddly enough, the public think everything of one extra per centum on an investment, and to get it they will willingly transfer their savings from a place of absolute safety to one about which they know absolutely nothing. Many of these loaning institutions have a comparatively free hand; they take deposits to any extent that suits their convenience; they lend money on real estate, etc., should depositors make sudden demands. A Trust Company is practically at the mercy of its banker. It is easy to imagine under these conditions just such a financial crisis as happened in New York the other day. Trust and Loan Companies should have a proper cash reserve and be placed under the strictest government supervision. They should regularly publish an authoritative financial statement so that the public may be kept duly informed of the business being transacted.



SIR CHARLES MOSS

Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal of Ontario

Sir Charles Moss, on whom the honor of knighthood has recently been conferred, is one of the links which binds old Canada to the new. His career has been one of unrelenting public usefulness. After completing his public school training he was engaged for some years in business with his father, the late John Moss. In 1864 he commenced the study of law and was called to the bar five years later. His courteous and upright manner as well as the intense and quiet fervor with which he devoted himself to duty soon resulted in his elevation to the Bench. The law firm with which Sir Charles was connected has a rather interesting history. It has given four other judges to the Bench of Ontario, the late Chief Justice Harrison, the late Chief Justice Moss, Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Justice Osler.

Once did Sir Charles aspire for honors in the Provincial Legislature but without success. There is no doubt but he would have been a strong and progressive legislator and would have achieved distinction as honorable as that of Sir Thomas Moss in the House of Commons. But nature seems to have destined him for the Bench. To his judicial duties he has added an active and personal interest in the Provincial University as Vice-Chancellor and one of the Board of Governors. He commands the affection and respect of all Canadians and cannot know how wide and deep is the public satisfaction over the recognition he has just received.

Trade Unions and Trusts

By Henry R. Seager in *Political Science Quarterly*

TO the student of economic phenomena who starts out with the preconceived notion that trade unions and trusts are phases of a general combination movement, the very different policies which democratic states have adopted towards them must appear surprising if not inexplicable. Confining our attention to English-speaking countries influenced by the traditions of English law we find that as regards trade unions the last one hundred years have witnessed a revolutionary change in the state's attitude. Under the combination acts in force in England a century ago, combinations among wage-earners even for the most obvious purposes of mutual benefit, such as securing higher wages or shorter hours, were criminal, and those participating in them were liable to severe penalties. Though this statutory condemnation was withdrawn in 1824, the courts continued for some time to hold that combinations that led to strikes were conspiracies at common law and to punish them accordingly. The view that strikes were an unwarrantable interference with the business of the employer was, as is well known, also held by American courts in the early part of the last century.

Both in England and in the United States, however, public opinion was more tolerant of strikes than were the courts; and in both countries, partly through legislation and partly through changes in the judicial interpretation of the common law, the ordinary policies of trade unions have gradually been legalized. In England, since 1875, trade unions have been freed from the risk of being condemned as conspiracies while peaceably pursuing the ordinary purposes of organized labor by the express declaration of Parliament that nothing done in connection with a trade dispute by a combination shall be

deemed a conspiracy unless the same act performed by an individual be punishable as a crime.

In the United States there has been a similar liberalizing of the law in reference to combinations of labor. Strikes for ordinary purposes have long been distinguished from conspiracies by the courts; and the highest court in one of the states (New York) has gone so far in one of its decisions as to uphold a strike which had for its purpose the prevention of the employment of workmen not members of the striking organization. If certain arguments advanced by the court in this case should come to be generally accepted, all of the special restraints which the law of conspiracy has imposed upon men acting in combination would be withdrawn, and trade unions would be even freer in the United States than they already are in the United Kingdom.

But the attitude of tolerance towards combinations of wage-earners that has displaced the older policy of condemnation and suppression in England and the United States is after all negative rather than positive. An indication of what it is likely to lead to with the further progress of the democratic spirit is furnished by what has already taken place in New Zealand and Australia. There, wherever courts of arbitration have been established to substitute reason and justice for superior strength and staying power as arbiters in labor disputes, the awards of these courts habitually give to members of labor organizations preference of employment. Only when organized labor has been fully employed is there an opportunity under these awards for the unorganized man, the scab, to gain employment. Thus in Australia and New Zealand the trade union is virtually accepted as an organ of the state itself, and its members are ac-

corded such privileges that the lot of the non-member is hard indeed.

In marked contrast with this attitude of the state towards the trade union, the combination on the side of labor, is its attitude in the United States towards the trust, the combination on the side of capital. Instead of accepting such combinations as the natural fruits of industrial progress or leaving it to the courts to adapt the common law of conspiracy to the novel situations to which these combinations give rise, most of the states and Congress itself have expressly condemned them in sweeping anti-trust acts. As interpreted by the supreme court of the United States, the federal anti-trust act has been held to condemn reasonable as well as unreasonable combinations, and its limitation to commerce among the several states has alone prevented it from having a most serious influence on the industrial development of the country. In other English-speaking countries (excepting Canada) there has been no similar anti-trust movement. Trusts are not encouraged as are trade unions, but there has been no effort to legislate them out of existence. Nor is this to be explained, as some writers have asserted, by the absence of trusts in these countries. As Mr. Macrosty's recent book has shown conclusively, the United Kingdom has its full share of capitalistic combinations. The failure of these to arouse any very general anti-trust sentiment in that country must be ascribed to the absence in England of those causes which have made American trusts a public danger.

In order to understand why such different treatment is accorded to trade unions and trusts in the United States it is only necessary to recall the benefits usually ascribed to the former and the evils commonly laid at the door of the latter. A review of these alleged benefits and evils will also serve as a useful test of the value of the analogy which is the guiding thread of this discussion.

The principal benefits credited to trade unions may be summarized in three propositions:

(1) They enable wage-earners to bargain on more nearly equal terms with their employers, and hence lead to fairer wage contracts.

(2) They tend to give greater stability to the relations between employers and employes by lessening strikes and lockouts, and thus make for industrial peace.

(3) They train their members in habits of self-restraint and self-government, and thus serve as useful schools of citizenship.

While far from denying the general truth of these propositions in favor of labor organizations, I think it must be admitted that they are subject to important exceptions. Organization on the side of labor, when its advantages become appreciated may easily be carried to a point which enables the union to have the upper hand in bargaining with the employer. To use this advantage to force the harassed employer to grant better terms than he would be willing or able to maintain in the long run is short-sighted; but trade unions sometimes are short-sighted, just as the employer who is in a position to sweat his employes is sometimes short-sighted in not paying living wages, and thus gradually driving away the labor supply on which his own long-run prosperity depends. Moreover, a situation which permits a strong union to take advantage of weak employers is hardly one that makes for industrial peace. On the contrary, the existence of the union with its short-sighted leaders is a constant incentive to industrial war. Only when the employers also become organized and bargaining on equal terms is again possible, are contracts likely to be made to which both sides will adhere with some degree of strictness. Finally, the value of trade unions as schools of citizenship depends largely on the sort of ideals that are accepted and inculcated by the leaders and on the sort of methods that are adopted for attaining trade-union ends. Each of the above propositions, then, while true in general, fails to cover the whole case. Intelligently directed trade unions, which are not carried

away by a sense of their ability to demand and secure wages at monopoly rates for the labor supply which they control, doubtless bargain with the typical modern employer, who is a large employer, on more equal terms than individual wage-earners. The wage contracts they secure for their members are fairer and therefore more enduring. But there are trade unions of a different type. For them liberty spells license; and the practices of which they have been guilty are as reprehensible if not quite so far-reaching as any charged against the trusts. They have at times completely abandoned all idea of dealing fairly with employers and have limited their exactions only to what the latter could be forced to concede. They have been guilty of violence and intimidation on a scale that makes the phrase "industrial war" an accurate characterization of the trade disputes to which they have been parties. Their leaders have been convicted of corruption and graft and yet have been upheld by the organization in a way that has reflected on the honesty and integrity of the rank and file. Finally, in place of the ideals of good workmanship, temperance, fidelity to contracts and self-control which are essential to good citizenship in a republic, they have inculcated fraud, disregard of agreements and violence.

Happily this characterization is true of no union at every stage of its development. It is also untrue of many unions, probably of most unions, at all stages of their development. It cannot be denied, however, that it accurately describes some unions at some stages of their development. It is these last that keep active the hostility of well-meaning employers to trade unions in general. They do harm out of all proportion to the direct range of their influence; and any measures that could be taken to curb these excesses of unionism would be even more of a boon to the better and more common type of labor organization than to the community generally.

Turning now to the evils charged

against the trusts, we may summarize them also in three propositions:

(1) They have advanced prices and have extorted huge monopoly profits from helpless consumers.

(2) They have allied themselves with the common carriers of the country to evade the spirit and often the letter of the law requiring the latter to treat all shippers alike.

(3) They have used unfair methods to crush their competitors. For example: they have lowered their prices below cost at competitive points while retaining them at monopoly heights elsewhere; and they have forced iron-clad agreements upon retailers, requiring them to boycott other than trust products.

These practices, proved against a few of the trusts, have served to engender a wide-spread distrust and even hatred of all of them. Without stopping to inquire whether such practices are the necessary or even the principal fruits of the movement towards combination on the side of capital, public opinion has condemned the whole tendency. The anti-trust acts are a response to this anti-trust sentiment.

As a dispassionate study of trade unions results in a somewhat qualified recognition of the benefits with which they are commonly credited, a similar study of the trusts in operation leads one to qualify the statement of the evils with which they are commonly charged. Unreasonably high prices, at least over short periods, have undoubtedly been exacted by many of the trusts. Some, like the Standard Oil Company, because of conditions peculiarly favorable to the realization of monopolizing ambitions, have been able to control prices so as to reap large monopoly profits over long periods. Many, perhaps most, of the trusts, however, have not advanced prices or extorted unreasonably high profits from the consuming public, either because the situation did not permit of such a policy or because it was recognized that moderate profits over a long term of years were more desirable than excessive profits for a

year or two followed by an almost inevitable reaction and loss.

As regards the other clauses in the indictment brought against the trusts a similar verdict is to be rendered. Many have been guilty at times; others have been guilty all the time; still others have not been guilty at any time, either because of the nature of their business or because of the greater conservatism or honesty of their business managers.

It would be a great injustice to the business men who have taken part in the trust movement to think that a desire to share in monopoly profits extorted by unfair means from a reluctant public was their dominant motive. From the point of view of the business man the arguments for combining his capital and abilities with those of other business men, and for carrying such combination to a point where a certain amount of control may be exercised over prices and output, are fully as convincing and defensible as are, from the point of view of the wage-earner, the arguments for trade unions. The economies resulting from large-scale production call for production on a scale continuously increasing with every improvement in the means of transportation and communication. Even before manufacturing industry had grown up to the limits in the economically desirable size of the producing unit as fixed by the railroad and the telegraph, new standards were set by the trolley car and the telephone. Still later the automobile and the wireless telegraph have contributed their portion towards the concentration of industry. With the growth of the size of the producing unit that is most economical and the accompanying heaping-up of capital in fixed forms, the losses due to unregulated competition and the resulting variable market have increased greatly in magnitude. To escape these losses by combining with other producers sufficiently to steady prices and outputs is, from the point of view of the business man, the dominant reason for entering the pool or trust. That this is the case is proved by the world-wide scope of the com-

bination movement. Wherever modern methods of transportation and machine industry are found, there is found also the tendency towards combination. Germany, with her state-owned railroads dealing impartially with all shippers, has at least as many cartells as the United States has trusts. England, although without a protective tariff, "the mother of trusts," is little behind the protectionists countries in the combination movement.

Until quite recently the formal condemnation of capitalistic combinations in American anti-trust acts has been important in the field of morals rather than in the field of business. Under a divided system of government and according to the earlier decisions of the courts, power to deal effectively with the trust appeared to be vested neither in the state legislatures nor in Congress. Their business went merrily on while the sentiment against them was temporarily appeased by the enactment of statutes strong in words if weak in execution. The moral effect of this situation has been most unfortunate. In the minds of those opposed to the trusts—that is, the great majority of the voters of the country—the impression has been created that the rich and powerful are able to evade the law with impunity. Widespread distrust of the governmental machinery has been engendered, and an atmosphere of cynicism has been created that tends to paralyze all efforts towards reform. In the minds of those interested in the trusts a contempt for law and a spirit of lawlessness have been developed that are equally if not even more dangerous. Convinced of the injustice and inexpediency of the anti-trust acts and of the justice and expediency of evading them by almost any means, trust managers have been changed from law-abiding citizens into habitual law-breakers and have lost their power of discriminating between legitimate methods of advancing their business interests and methods which at an earlier period they would have been the first to repudiate. Thus, if the evils enumerated above have

been characteristic of many American trusts, it has been in no small degree because of the crudity of the legislation which has thus far been enacted with a view to curbing them.

The latest phase of this situation is the earnest effort of the present executive to enforce the federal anti-trust act and the amended interstate commerce act in a way that will bring it home to these giant corporations that they are still creatures of law. The pending suits to dissolve the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the holding company which perpetuates the oil trust, and the sixty odd corporations which constitute the tobacco trust will, if successful, no doubt be made precedents for attacking the other trusts. When it is considered what would result from this policy should it be upheld by the courts, the bitter denunciations of the president and all his works which have begun to appear in the financial press are perfectly comprehensible. The business community has no sympathy with the anti-trust acts. It perceives clearly that the combination movement has behind it sound business considerations. It sees no reason why legislation should not be confined to the evils connected with the trusts—and most business men will go so far as to admit that there are serious evils—instead of prohibiting combinations altogether.

It was the purpose of this article to consider whether the analogy between the trade union and the trust was more than formal. We have seen how widely different has been the attitude of the state in the recent past towards these two forms of combination. We have seen also that the tolerant but negative attitude of the law towards the trade union permits the continuance of policies on the part of some unions that are squarely opposed to the public interest. Finally we have seen that the very different attitude of the law towards the trust, that of sweeping condemnation, has brought the country into a critical situation, because it prohibits what the sound judgment of the business community approves, while it fails

effectively to prevent the evils which alone justify condemnation of the trusts. It now remains to consider whether the analogy between the trade union and the trust is capable of affording any suggestions for constructive legislation that shall curb the bad tendencies of trade unions, now too commonly ignored, and also the evils of the trusts, which there is now an equal tendency to exaggerate.

If, as we have argued, combinations on the side of capital advance the general welfare as well as combinations on the side of labor, a repressive policy towards either is indefensible. If, furthermore, both forms of combination are susceptible of abuse, as will be generally conceded, then it is the duty of the state to adopt towards both a policy of regulation and control which shall prevent abuses, without checking any of the beneficial tendencies in the combination movement.

In general outline the evils connected with trade unions and trusts are not unlike. Trade unions are under temptation to try to secure monopoly earnings for their members, just as trusts are tempted to ask monopoly prices for their products. To secure monopoly returns in either case it is necessary to control the supply of the thing sold. Trade unions which enter on this policy try to maintain a monopoly by keeping down their membership on the one hand and by making the lot of the non-member as uncomfortable as possible on the other. Trusts similarly try to maintain their monopoly by controlling as far as possible raw materials and transportation facilities, and by putting all sorts of obstacles in the way of the business success of their competitors. These lines of policy on the part of both forms of combination give rise to most if not all of the serious evils connected with them. In the case of trade unions they lead to unfair methods of keeping down the membership and to intimidation and violence towards non-members. They create a situation in which the employer feels that he is paying higher

wages to his employees than he would need to pay if competent workmen who would be glad to work for him were allowed freely to do so, and in which therefore the relations between employer and employees are strained and likely at any time to terminate in a strike or a lockout. In the case of trusts they lead to discriminatory arrangements with the railroads and unfair methods of competition as regards business rivals. Finally, so far as these policies are successful, they tend to keep wages and prices at monopoly heights and thus to oppress the consuming public.

As the evils connected with trade unions and trusts have a general resemblance to one another, so the regulations that would be necessary to check these evils are not unlike. In the case of trade unions the most important regulation would be one effectively preventing any union from debarring from its membership any competent and respectable workman who was willing to bear his fair share of the common expenses of the organization. Unreasonable apprenticeship regulations, arbitrary and unfair entrance examinations and exorbitant initiation fees—these and other obstacles to the free admission of competent men should be abolished. This done, there would be little opportunity left to the unions to build up a monopoly of labor force. In the case of the trusts the most important regulation would be one effectively assuring to all shippers fair and equal treatment on the part of the common carriers. It has been mainly through advantages of transportation that the few trusts that have attained to the position of successful monopolies have gained their ascendancy. If these advantages were completely taken away, the element of monopoly would be reduced in most cases to insignificant proportions. The next regulations applying to trade unions would need to be directed against the unfair and unlawful methods to which they too often resort in connection with strikes. It is desirable for the good of trade unions themselves that

they be compelled to admit non-members freely to membership in the union, rather than impelled to resort to violence and intimidation, as is too often the case at present, in order to keep down their numbers and maintain a labor monopoly. To accomplish this end it would be necessary not only to have the organization run as an open union, but to protect from violence and the fear of violence all workmen who for any reason preferred to remain independent of the union. The next regulations applying to trusts would be those designed to check unfair methods of competition. Similarly other policies, such as forcing exclusive contracts upon retailers, which when practiced on a small scale may be passed over as phases of ordinary business competition, are magnified into serious evils when employed by monopolistic trusts. Regulations would need to be devised to put a stop to these practices, so that the independent producer would be protected against the effect of unfair discrimination on the part of his stronger rival as effectively as the scab would be protected against violence by the analogous regulations applying to trade unions.

If these regulations were effectively enforced, presumably through commissions resembling those already so generally established in the United States to control the railroads, the more serious evils to which trade unions and trusts may give rise would be checked. It might even then be true, however, as regards some trusts, if not as regards any trade unions, that a monopoly based on control of the supply of raw material or upon some other advantage would still be maintained. In such a case the final regulation that would have to be imposed would be that already applied to the railroads, that is, such regulation of the prices asked as would make them fair and reasonable. The few trusts that would not be shorn of their monopolistic power by the other regulations advocated might be successfully attacked by a revision of the protective tariff.

Jolly's Father

By Harriet Prescott Spofford in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*

REALLY, it was not the partiality of a young mother and father that pronounced little Jolly an enchanting baby. He was an enchanting baby. His face of the soft bloom of a rose petal, his eyes like forget-me-nots turned into stars, his hair in tendrils of gold, his dimpling smile, his cooing and gurgling, his exquisite feet that were a perpetual wonder both to him and to every one else, his cries of delight, his sobs of sorrow, his loving embraces, his eager little ecstasies, made him so perfect a piece of flesh and blood that it seemed as if he must, after all, be only spirit. In fact, he was a miracle of excellent nature. We have his father's and his mother's word for it; and certainly they ought to know—he was their baby.

"His name is Joliffe," said his mother, in all but the first words spoken after his arrival.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Harrison. "He is to take your family name. I suffered enough from this name of mine when I was a boy, and so did my father before me. This fine fellow sha'n't—"

"His name," said his mother, firmly if faintly, "is Joliffe Harrison." And as it was no time to dispute the matter, the father withdrew, taking with him the godfatherhood of his heroes—Watt, Fulton, Tesla, Bell, and the others. Joliffe was his own name; and he had been called Jolly Harrison, and Jolly Harry, and Jolly Boy, till the sound had teased him like the buzz of a hornet. But, when all was said, it was an honorable name, worn by several generations of honorable men. And it is due to little Jolly's charm to say that, after he assumed the name, it seemed a strain of music.

The point being settled, Mr. Harrison went back to the intricate design and the springs and wheels of the model of his machine that was going to upset one branch of the

work that moves the world, and in which, before he knew and married Louie Leslie, he had been wholly wrapped. The machine had been neglected of late, but now its ideas must be wrought out, for the boy must be justified in his choice of a father. And then Louie had been very patient, sparing, going without, believing—that must not go for nothing. Why, they had economized to such an extent that it had even been a question if they could allow themselves the luxury of keeping Dane—Dane with the appetite and nearly the size of a tiger. But Dane had determined the point by coming back repeatedly after being given away, and making every footstep of Louie's his especial concern. There had been a good deal of fear of Dane's jealousy of the baby; and when little Jolly was lying across the nurse's knees, Dane, who had been very uneasy outside, was brought in, Mr. Harrison's grasp on his collar, Mrs. Murray and the nurse on guard, and Bridget in the door. Just then Jolly gave a little colicky cry; Dane looked him over carefully, glanced up in his master's face, and as, in the disorder of the blankets at the cry, one little foot was exposed, he put out his tongue and lapped the foot, then turned his great pathetic eyes on Louie, telling her plainly he knew all about it, and lay down at the nurse's feet, the baby's special constable from that day. And Jolly, as soon as he was able to put his arms round Dane's neck, lavished kisses on his nose, and later was apt to be found asleep between the great protecting paws.

One night when Mr. Harrison came in softly, Louie sat, the baby in her arms, with the flames of the low fire playing over her face and throwing floating shadows on the wall behind her; and he stopped in the door, his somewhat sensitive spirit struck with a rapture of the moment. What a change in the whole outlook on the

world, on time and eternity, a year had made! His wife seemed to him something holy, as he gazed; the symbol of all motherhood, the eternal Mother and Child. He did not know that he had paused in a sort of awe, till she looked up and smiled and beckoned. "I wonder," he said, "if every one else feels as I do—as if this thing had never happened before?" And then the fire snapped and threw out a great blaze, and Dane got up and stretched himself, and the young father laughed, and Louie laughed with him. Yet he had a dim notion that the laugh was a profanity.

"Do you know," he said, "there's something odd about the way this little chap makes me feel near all the other little chaps. I stopped to put his roller-skates on Murray's little Pete—by George! I hardly knew there was a little Pete. I had half a mind to go and buy a pair for Jolly."

"Oh no!" whispered Louie. "Something might happen. He—he might not live to wear them."

"Don't say such a thing, Louie!" he cried, sharply.

"You dear goose!" said Louie.

"Strange—a man always wants a son, to carry on his race," said Mr. Harrison presently. "And the boy doesn't. He has his mother's traits, and carries on his mother's race—with modifications, of course. And there you are. It's left to the daughter to take the father's traits, as he took his mother's. Don't you see?"

"Joliffe Harrison!" said Louie. "Just look up there!" Up there was a queer old portrait of an early Harrison, their only heirloom.

"And now look here," said Louie. And here was the tiny wizened face of the baby stamped with the seal of that same countenance.

"You're right," said the father. "Joliffe Harrison, as I'm a sinner. Lord! if I hadn't been so much of a sinner, how much happier I should be to-day!"

"You couldn't be happier," said his wife over her shoulder, reaching up her hand caressingly.

"Well, I've got to do the best I can with the material now, anyway," he

said, taking her hand and passing it across his lips. "And if the little beggar's only as good as that old Joliffe—We must try for it—"

"If he's as good as you are, he'll do very well!" cried his wife.

"If he's as good as you, you mean."

"I!" exclaimed the mother, sharply, like the cry of one suddenly convicted of sin.

As the months sped by, the universe, for Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, seemed ordained and kept in order solely with reference to little Jolly. Sooth to say, the father did not work with so much absorption as once. In the hours when he had been scheming and devising he had to indulge himself in sport with Jolly, he being the first to degrade the name of the laughing baby, always ready for a frolic. Or it might be that Louie wished him to see the perfect thing the child was in his sleep; or they both hung over him, joyous in his joy, as he lay and cooed to the shadows of the leaves of the window vine dancing over his crib curtains. Or it must be decided if that first uncertain murmur meant a word or not; and if that sunbeam in his glance showed that he really knew them and knew that he belonged to them; in short, to determine all the other mysteries and enjoy all the other delights of this soul they had called out of the vasty deep of souls.

In the meantime, Mr. Harrison had to pursue the routine of his business; he was head clerk in a banking-house. When he came home in the afternoon, he worked in the small garden, while his wife sat there with the child; and in other hours not given up to the worship of little Jolly he wrought towards the perfection of the model of his machine. He never allowed himself to think of it a moment while at his desk.

It would have been difficult to find a man more content with fate than Joliffe Harrison was the day he saw his machine finished in all its potentiality. Various people—his neighbors and friends—had long been interested in its progress, and were forming a company to put it on the market.

They were not wealthy people, most of them being clerks like himself, but feeling so sure of the work the thing could do and the fortunes it was bound to make, they were willing to invest in its manufacture and introduction a good part of their small savings. Once they had brought Mr. Devoy, the vice-president of the bank and a big railroad man, to see it; and he was so vividly impressed by it that their own belief was redoubled.

As the machine had approached perfection these friends had been by way of dropping in by door or window at all moments.

"It's a miracle!" said Murray, who lived the nearest of all, when on one occasion he had watched the tiny model at work.

"And you are a marvel!" said Denny.

"For my part," said John Carter, almost grazing his nose on a whirling wheel, "the man that can do such a piece of work as that is more a miracle and marvel to me than the machine itself. Harrison, it makes me proud to know you!"

"Thank you, Carter! Thank you, boys! It makes me proud to think my friends have such confidence in me. There's money in it," he said, running his fingers through his hair, that stood up like a brush. "There's money in it. There's a fortune for every son of us.—Down, Dane, down!"

"And fame for you, Jolly Harry!"

"Yes, I think maybe there is—in a way," he answered, with a modest hesitation. "I hardly know why I care—except for Jolly. I hope my little Jolly'll have reason to be proud of his father. He'll do something in the same line himself, I think. Why, yesterday I saw him take two straws and—"

"By King!" exclaimed John Carter. "I haven't fully allowed it before, but now I see myself sailing away to Spain with Sarah Carter on my first receipts! I've always had castles there. I'll go over to put in the underpinning. And I never should but for you, Jolly."

"You're flying high, John," said Mr. Green.

"Why. I don't know. 'Twon't cost more than a couple of thousand."

"Well, I'll be content," said Murray, "if I can give my wife a bank account, so that she'll never have to ask me for five dollars again—and I without a dime to spare and hating to say No."

"Well, since we're spending our money," said the founder of these fortunes, "what I want is to salt down enough for my wife, and give Jolly a fair start. I don't want to leave Jolly a big capital. A man can't do his son a worse turn than to leave him a fortune. Just put in trust enough to keep him from want, and then let him build his own future, and develop his own talents, and live his own life. He'll make money enough. He'll pass me. But I hope he'll grow up to use his money for the good of those that haven't any. Have another cigar, Green. Wait a minute, Carter; there's a fresh siphon in the refrigerator."

"Come, come, Jolly, you're not a millionaire yet!"

"Going to be," said Jolly. "All of us. Well, perhaps not quite that. But this machine means perpetual income at a comfortable little figure, I'm sure, if I'm sure of anything! Well—let me see—this is Monday. You'll be back from up-country by Wednesday, Denny? The papers are all drawn up. Then we'll sign Thursday, put the money in the bank, and begin to manufacture as soon as may be. Mr. Devoy has given me some ideas about exploiting the machine. Going? Well, Thursday evening, then."

"Guess we'll all have pleasant dreams," said John Carter, as they went down the walk. "I shall have a good waking one when I tell my wife."

"Haven't you told your wife yet!"

"No; I put it off for fear Harrison might find some of the rich bank men ready to go in at Devoy's advice, and so cut us out."

"No. He isn't the man to go back on his friends. Why, I remember his taking a feruling at school rather than tell the other boy's name. The boy's

name was Murray. Used to make fly-traps then."

"No. He isn't the man. Good stock, good old stock."

"So it is. And Louie Leslie's done well for herself. Let's see—you introduced them, didn't you, John?—Well, this doesn't look much like garden weather, Denny. And here we are close on April!"

"April weather's sure to come," said Denny, gazing up wistfully. "And all the buds with it. Big ones on the lilacs now. I brought home a lot of seed and flower catalogues to-day—don't know but I have about as much fun with them as I should with a garden. By the bye, here's your paper, Murray."

"All right. Pete'll come for the Weekly when you've done with it." And full of the cheer of hope and of comparative youth, they went in at their respective doors where the bright windows gave welcome; and Dane, who had seen them all safely on their way, turned to his own affairs.

"Good fellows!" said Joliffe Harrison, as he sat toasting his feet. "And not a word of all the self-denials they've undergone so that they could trust their money in my hands. I knew Murray was saving up when he wore that seedy overcoat. And there's Denny, fond of his garden, and never buying a new shrub! I'd have given him some cuttings of my damask roses if I'd thought. Bad thing, this not thinking. Well, he can have a whole greenhouseful in a year or two."

Then he put out the lights and went upstairs in his stocking-feet, pausing stealthily to look at little Jolly's deep and dewy dream. The crib was at his mother's side, and, as she slept, one arm lay over the little coverlet, protecting the boy even in unconsciousness. How beautiful the mother seemed in the dim glow of the night-light, with her long braid on the pillow, and the dark lashes resting on her cheek, and the smile on her sweet lips! And oh, how beautiful the boy, the little gold curls clustering moistly round his forehead, a smile chasing across his face like the

sun across a flower, an aura of innocence about him fair as the reflection of some heavenly light! He could never cease wondering at the child. How good had fate been to him! What had he done to deserve these blessings? What could he do to deserve them? As he stood there he saw in swift flashes of thought, almost as vivid as pictures, the boy growing—the rosy swimmer in the pool; the eager curly head at school speaking "The stag at eve had drunk his fill"; the young college athlete, nothing less than a full-back; the valedictorian of his class, on fire to enter the lists of life; plunged in business, proud of his father's name, and making his own way with it. His father's name—yes, yes, little Jolly should always have reason to be glad he wore that name! And a silent prayer for the boy, for his wife, for himself, went up from the man's heart before he was asleep.

It was the next afternoon, as the bank closed that the president in his private rooms sent for Mr. Harrison, and began his conversation abruptly.

"Mr. Harrison," said the president, "I have heard of your very remarkable invention. You were showing it the other day to our Mr. Devoy; and from what he tells me it is going to revolutionize the—I mean, cheapen all the processes immensely—that is, if you get it properly financed."

"Why, I thank you and Mr. Devoy for thinking so, Mr. Mauleverer," said Mr. Harrison, blushing. "I—I think so myself. I mean, I hope so."

"That," said Mr. Mauleverer, with a smile, "is to be expected. But Mr. Devoy is very much interested in the model—so much so, I may say he is enthusiastic. And he is so level-headed a man that his enthusiasm moves me to say I would like to see it myself."

"I am sure," was the flattered reply. "I would be delighted, Mr. Mauleverer. And at any time you say."

"Suppose I say to-morrow, then; at this hour. I will bring a party of our directors. And if the thing is all right—if, I say—we will form a

company at once and proceed to make and advertise the machine.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Mauleverer. But the company is already formed."

"What! Already formed? Incredible! And by whom? Who constitute it?" demanded the president, authoritatively.

"A few of my friends and neighbors are willing to put their savings into it."

"Are willing? Then they haven't done so yet?"

"The contracts are drawn up, ready to sign."

"Mr. Harrison, don't you think this is very unfriendly, very unkind?" said the president, in a gentler tone. "Don't you think it was very short-sighted, too, knowing the directors and myself were capable of taking up the affair in a large way? Poor business! I won't speak of ingratitude. But it certainly shows a singular want of confidence." The president was plainly touched by this want of confidence, as he leaned his head on his hand and looked down.

Poor Jolly's heart was shaking; he wouldn't have hurt the president's feelings for all the money in the bank. "Not at all! Oh, not at all!" he cried, eagerly. "I shouldn't have ventured—I shouldn't have presumed. My friends and neighbors have known about it from the beginning. They have been with me all through; they know the parts by name; it means almost as much to them as it does to me. They have their savings, and they believe in it so that they are willing to risk them."

"Their savings! A parcel of cheap Jacks! Absurd! Trifling, too trifling! Why, from Devoy's account there may be millions in it, properly handled. You can't handle it. You have no initiative. Come, come, we mustn't think of any such waste of time and money! The contract isn't signed, you say?"

"But my word has been given, sir."

"Your word! What inventor ever kept his word! It isn't expected."

"Mr. Mauleverer!"

"Now, look here! If this is just a

conspiracy to make me buy you out at a big price—"

Even Mr. Mauleverer hesitated before the sudden blue lightning of those eyes.

"Well, well," said the president. "Of course, of course. But look at it sensibly. With those men in the affair you may have some small penny-pocket returns. But with the directors and myself, why, you will pass out of all acquaintance with such people in a couple of years. Or, in fact, you will be in a position to benefit them if you wish—to make them every one comfortable. Think it over. You shall have generous treatment—just one share less than the majority of the stock; because, as the business end, we must have our way. We find all the money, and go to work on a scale that will make things hum. No creeping on little savings, but flying on big money! Yes, think it over, Harrison. I won't ask you to make up your mind to-night. Take a day or two. And I won't ask to have the directors see the machine till after you manifest your willingness to accept our offer, if we find things as we hope. Devoy has a mechanical turn himself and knows what he is about. He went into it thoroughly, and is perfectly satisfied. Our visit would be merely a formality," said the president, rising and pacing ponderously up and down. "Now, Harrison, if you think well of my proposal, when you had time to look at it in all its bearings, report here day after to-morrow. If not—well, I doubt if in that case it would be very agreeable for you at a desk here. You will be too busy with your invention. I don't wish to be unpleasant, though, Harrison," he continued, throwing himself into his chair. "I am speaking, as you must see, for your own good, as well as for ourselves. I am only urging you, rather against your first idea, to become a millionaire."

Mr. Harrison was waiting with his mouth open, trying vainly to oppose his stammer to the president's urgency.

"Not a word," said Mr. Mauleverer, holding up his fat white hand, palm

outward. "Not a word. Nothing hasty. Take till day after to-morrow. Well, I think that's all. Good afternoon."

Mr. Harrison may or may not have given the president a military salute; he did not know or think. But he went out of the office with the step of a grenadier. He accede to that proposition! Not by all that's good! He betray his friends in that fashion! No, sir! He wouldn't even tell them of the offer. Murray and Denny and Green and Carter and the others had stood by him, and had built their hopes on his, and he was not going to play them false now. He would be a scoundrel. And there had never been a scoundrel of his name yet. Good-by, then, to this portion of his life, this period of simple drudgery, and the freedom from anxiety that a salary gives. He would be his own man at last. And it was true; there would be plenty to do with establishing his invention.

He thought he would walk home. It was only a few miles to their small suburb. He did not want to talk in the trolley cars; he was quite too excited. He felt the need of oxygen, and his legs wanted stretching. He strode off sturdily, with his head in the air. There was enough in the machine for all of them; he had figured it out many a time. Their wants were modest, dear fellows.

He had never been an envious man. He had seen other men at the windows of their luxurious clubs, and had never wished to be one of them; he had never coveted high-stepping four-in-hands of other men, or their racers, or their thousand-dollar terriers, or anything that was theirs.

But by the turn of the last mile Mr. Harrison was somewhat tired with walking, and when a young fellow driving a tandem flashed past him, and he was conscious of an ache in his weary feet, it occurred to him that it would be extremely pleasant to be met after office hours by such a team as that. And when a huge motor car, offensively red, shot along like a comet, the low sun shining on its burnished brasses and its fiery vari-

ous, then the swiftness and ease of motion, the sense of luxury and power, struck a chord of which he had never been conscious, and the condition of those who could command such things suddenly rose before him like an angel with a flaming sword. "Oh, well," he said, "I could be driving one, too, if I chose. I don't choose."

But by this time the hot blood with which he had left the bank had begun to cool, and it occurred to him to ask why he didn't choose. Was it—was he—could it be—that possibly he was making a mistake? Might it not, after all, be better, he was not saying it would be better, but if it could have been arranged honorably in the first place, might it not have been a wiser policy to have his invention taken up by rich men than by men with hardly enough savings, indeed, to start it even in a small way? Let alone advertising it and forcing markets for it. Of course there could be no doubt that that would have been superior business and sharper foresight. Pity. Almost too bad he had given his word to those others! Very likely they would let him off if he explained. But they would be terribly disappointed. Oh no, it wasn't to be thought of! He had been too precipitate—that was it—in too much of a hurry. Why, in the name of common sense, hadn't he waited and told Mauleverer about it first? Mauleverer—yes, he was calling him by his surname, quite on terms of equality, as he would be doing if he had accepted the president's proposal. Yes, by George! if he had accepted, he wouldn't be coming home to this seven-by-nine shelter; he would be driving up the avenue of an estate. A boy on roller skates wheeled into him and sent him staggering and scrambling—one of Murray's—Murray indulged his kids out of all reason! Why in the world, he was saying, as he regained the balance that little Pete had endangered, should he sacrifice himself and his future and his boy's future to these men who were nothing but his neighbors!

To be sure, when he should be pulling in money in Mauleverer's com-

pany he could make a point, as the president had said, of giving every one of these men all that they had ever expected from the machine. The trouble was, they wouldn't take it. "Dash it all!" said Mr. Harrison, as he wiped his feet lingeringly on the door mat. "I've been a blamed fool! When I gave my word I didn't know what I was about. I was an idiot. A man isn't obliged to keep a promise he made when he didn't know what he was about. If there was any way to be out of it! By George! I don't know—with only twenty-four hours. Denny'll be back Wednesday. Rather a rough trip, that of his. If anything happened to him—" He caught himself back, pushing off the welcoming dog, suddenly fearing those great soft eyes. What in the name of Heaven had he been thinking? Was he going to be accessory in his thoughts to a railroad massacre? What in the name of Heaven or the other place—was he coming to! He finished wiping his shoes and went in. But it seemed to him, as he closed the door, that he had just lost a great deal of money.

Little Jolly, in his mother's arms, was waiting to spring from behind the door with shrieks of laughter. They had been watching for him at the window—the precious two in the red firelight. And there was a great romp with the boy, whose cheeks were burning like deep roses. And then all was quiet, and whether his mind was in tune or not, he and Louie were teaching the broken speech of the little fellow to murmur his "Now I lay me."

Mr. Harrison sat looking into the coals moodily a while after he came downstairs. When Louie joined him he was figuring on sheets of paper, and then throwing them angrily into the fire. Through dinner he was silent and far away in thought; and he went to his workroom early. He had no sooner turned on the light there than the machine looked at him like some demon, capable of coining money for which he had sold his soul, till he felt cold chills running up his back. But money was money; it

meant power, pleasure, the kingdoms of the earth. "By all that's good!" he exclaimed aloud before he left the room, "I won't be made a fool of! I'll accept Mauleverer's terms! And I'll see what can be done for the fellows afterward." And if he slept soundly it was because contending emotions had tired his soul, and because he did not hear Dane howling to the moon.

It was hours later that, in the dead waste and middle of the night, Mr. Harrison and his wife found themselves sitting up in bed, waked by a horrible sound that echoed through the house like the loud sucking of the sea in a cave. It was little Jolly's labored breathing in the croup.

To run for the doctor, asking a neighbor's wife—Mrs. Murray—to be with Louie while he was gone, seemed the work of an hour, although it was, perhaps, three minutes. Back again, having the child breathe the steam of alcohol, putting teaspoonfuls of nauseous stuff into the dear little mouth, torturing him and themselves too, through what eternities the agonized hours of the night and day were dragged! And in the intervals, when there was nothing to do but to wait dreadfully, while the dear child struggled for his breath, the man was either kneeling by the mother's side, his arm across the bent neck and his head on her shoulder, sobbing under his breath, "Oh, my poor wife, my dear Louie!" or hurrying up and down the room with half-articulate beseechings, now challenging Heaven, now offering his life for little Jolly's life. His neighbors were in and out, wishing to relieve the watch, bringing food and drink, keeping up the fires, walking the floor beside him, trying to divert his thoughts, encouraging, consoling, soothing, helping in every way they could, showing they felt his trouble as their own—Dane walking up and down with them. Their interest in little Jolly was like that they might have had in some rare bird alighting among them—perhaps because they had something of the same feeling for Jolly's father.

The gray despairing dawn, the long

day with its pitiless blue unfeeling sky, wheeled into the indifferent dusk before Jolly's father breathed freely once more, the child himself breathing freely. Then, as he stooped, the little boy had put up his arms and clasped them round his father's neck and had hidden his face there in the way he had when afraid, and had fallen into deep sweet sleep, and the house grew chill as death itself. It was a long time before his father laid Jolly down at last, and kissed his weary wife, and went away to his workshop, crying then like a child himself—Dane following and lifting up his voice with him.

Mr. Harrison had not time to hide his tears, when two or three of his friends came in by the outer door.

"You needn't be ashamed of it, boy," said Murray. "I've been there myself. When Pete—"

"And in my case I didn't know," said Carter, "but the happiness at last was worth the misery."

"I never had the happiness," said Green, in a lower tone than usual. Mr. Harrison reached over and wrung Green's hand.

By and by they went away—Dane going too. But Jolly's father hardly knew it. He sat there and listened to the stillness of the night till the morning star looked in like a great summoning spirit. It seemed to him—his head was perhaps so light from fatigue—as if he had been journeying through space by infinite distances, and all the affairs of life had other relations. Only one thing remained a fixed quantity—Jolly. What if Jolly had died, and looking for his father, had found what he was on Tuesday night! A creature who had bartered his right to heaven for the pride of the eye and the lust of the flesh—a sordid knave! But now he had passed through fire. God grant it had burned away the base metal! The boy was going to live; he must find his father at the end all he had believed him to be in the beginning. No price could pay for the constant knowledge that his boy's belief in him was belief in another and different being, for the fear that at some time the

boy might know he had betrayed his friends for thirty pieces of silver. Those kind good friends of his! Men across whose minds could never come a dream of the possibility that he had so lately escaped, who had denied themselves so much, whose wives had helped them do it, that they might prove their faith in him. To whom, indeed, through the way in which their confidence, their companionship, and encouragement had held up his hands, the machine belonged almost as much as it did to him, the dear fellows!

He crept in, after the sun was up and busy, to look at the sweet sleep of mother and child, a great beam of purple light slanting over them, and he felt no painter ever drew lines or dreamed colors diviner than theirs. And then he drew the curtain, and went and took his bath, and, shoes in hand, crept downstairs, drank his coffee standing, and hurried into town and to the bank. He would be back presently, of course; and he would bring Louie an armful of white roses if it took every cent he had. Then he sent Dane back to his mistress; for the dog had tried to follow him. Perhaps Dane was not quite sure that he could trust him.

Only a few of the clerks had come in. Mr. Harrison quickly gathered some private papers from his desk and secured a slender parcel that had storage in the safe—three or four bonds and his life insurance policy. He was just putting them into an inner pocket, and looking round the familiar place with a sort of yearning farewell, when the president hurried in breezily, as he was wont, and, as he passed, he asked Mr. Harrison to follow him.

"Glad to see you, Harrison," said Mr. Mauleverer. "I suppose, by your being here, that you accept my proposition. Very well—"

"No, Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, standing very straight, but his blue eyes shining with a glad light. "It was tempting. I admit I nearly fell to it. But the—the keeping of my word, sir—I—I cannot change my previous arrangement."

"What! Do I understand you—"

"Certainly, sir." Although Mr. Harrison was a fair-faced young man, of certain regular contour of feature, and although he did not look exactly like St. Michael slaying the dragon, on Raphael's or on Guido's canvas, yet he felt as that angel did.

"Come, come," said the president, getting out of his greatcoat and hunting through all his pockets for his keys. "This is preposterous! I must talk with you. You can't be quite decided."

"Absolutely, Mr. Mauleverer."

"Now, look here! I can't submit to see you stand in your own light."

"It is really idle—I—I beg your pardon," stammering and blushing after his old custom. "I am absolutely decided, sir."

"Joliffe Harrison," said the president, throwing himself into his chair and rubbing his head till it shone, his face beaming rubicund pleasure, "we have been looking for an honest man with a lantern, looking for an honest man to take a position of serious trust in connection with the work of the bank. And I believe we've found

him! I don't want your little machine, though we'd have taken it if you had consented, very like. We'll let you have all the credit you want to start it with, anyway. But you won't want much. You'll be in the way of a very pretty pot of money yourself in your regular business after this—big salary, big opportunities. By mighty! an honest man's worth any money! Now," said the president, "to get down to details."

"Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, "if you please, this is enough for one day. I must—must go home—and tell Louie. My boy—" But he could say no more. And the president pushed him out of the office; and he went home with his arms full of roses.

And that night his wife, innocent of all the coil, was surprised as if he had told her, as a new discovery, that the sky was blue on pleasant days, when leaning over him on one elbow she heard him murmuring in his sleep, "Thank God that Jolly's father is an honest man!" while Dane, outside the door, growled as if some one had doubted it.

The Heart-Beat of a City

Each day the living tide throbs in and out—
 A rush of human atoms to and fro;
 Some carry healing—health and hope and truth—
 And some a secret poison, as they go.
 Some feed the hungry veins through which they pour,
 And unto life bring new life—flame to flame.
 While others, ruled by wolfish passions, rend
 The very heart whence their own being came.
 In love and hate these fluent atoms strive,
 Flung back and forth by Time's insistent breath:
 For weal or woe the fitful torrent runs—
 The blood that gives the city life—or death!

Herbert N. Casson.

The White-Slashed Bull

By Charles G. D. Roberts in *Saturday Evening Post*

HER back crushed beneath the massive weight of a "deadfall," the mother moose lay slowly sobbing her life out on the sweet spring air. The villainous log, weighted cunningly with rocks, had caught her just above the withers, bearing her forward so that her forelegs were doubled under her, and her neck outstretched so that she could not lift her muzzle from the wet moss. Though her eyes were already glazing, and her nostrils full of a blown and blood-streaked froth, from time to time she would struggle desperately to raise her head, for she yearned to lick the sprawling, wobbling legs of the ungainly calf which stood close beside her, bewildered because she would not rise and suckle him.

The dying animal lay in the middle of the trail, which was an old, half-obliterated logger's road, running straight east into the glow of the spring sunrise. The young birches and poplars, filmed with the first of the green, crowded close upon the trail, with here and there, a rose-blooming maple, here and there, a sombre, black-green hemlock, towering over the thick second growth. The early air was fresh, but soft; fragrant with the breath of opening buds. Faint mists streamed up into the sunlight along the mossy line of the trail, and the only sounds breaking the silence of the wilderness were the sweetly plaintive calls of two rain-birds, answering each other slowly over the treetops. Everything in the scene—the tenderness of the color and the air, the responses of the mating birds, the hope and the expectancy of all the waking world—seemed piteously at variance with the anguish of the stricken mother and her young, down there in the solitude of the trail.

Presently, in the undergrowth beside the trail, a few paces beyond the deadfall, a twig snapped sharply. Admonished by that experience of a

thousand ancestral generations which is instinct, the calf lifted his big, awkward ears apprehensively, and with a shiver drew closer to his mother's crushed body. A moment later a gaunt black bear thrust his head and shoulders forth from the undergrowth, and surveyed the scene with savage, but shrewd, little eyes. He was hungry, and to his palate no other delicacy the spring wilderness could ever afford was equal to a young moose calf. But the situation gave him pause. The mother moose was evidently in a trap; and the bear was wary of all traps. He sank back into the undergrowth, and crept noiselessly nearer to reconnoitre. In his suspicious eyes even a calf might be dangerous to tamper with, under such unusual conditions as these. As he vanished the calf shuddered violently, and tried to climb upon his mother's mangled body.

In a few seconds the bear's head appeared again, close by the base of the deadfall. With crafty nose he sniffed at the great timber which held the moose cow down. The calf was now almost within reach of the deadly sweep of his paw; but the man-smell was strong on the deadfall, and the bear was still suspicious. While he hesitated, from behind a bend in the trail came a sound of footsteps. The bear knew the sound. A man was coming. Yes, certainly there was some trick about it. With a grunt of indignant disgust he shrank back again into the thicket and fled stealthily from so dangerous a neighborhood. Hungry as he was, he had no wish to try conclusions with man.

The woodsman came striding down the trail hurriedly, rounded the turn and stopped abruptly. He understood at a glance the evil work of the game poachers. With indignant pity, he stepped forward and drew a merciful knife across the throat of the suffering beast. The calf shrank away and

stood staring at him anxiously, wavering between terror and trust.

For a moment or two the man hesitated. Of one thing he was certain: the poachers who had set the deadfall must not profit by their success. Moreover, fresh moose-meat would not be unappreciated in his backwoods cabin. He turned and retraced his steps at a run, fearing lest some hungry spring marauders should arrive in his absence. And the calf, more than ever terrified by his mother's unresponsiveness, stared after him uneasily as he vanished.

For half an hour nothing happened. The early chill passed from the air, a comforting warmth glowed down the trail, the two rain-birds kept whistling to each other their long, persuasive, melancholy call, and the calf stood motionless, waiting, with the patience of the wild, for he knew not what. Then there came a clanking of chains, a trampling of heavy feet, and around the turn appeared the man again, with a pair of big brown horses harnessed to a dragged. The calf backed away as the man approached, and watched with dull wonder as the great log was rolled aside and his mother's limp, crushed form was hoisted laboriously upon the sled. This accomplished, the man turned and came to him gently, with hand outstretched. To run away would have been to run away from the shelter of his mother's presence; so, with a snort of apprehension, he submitted to being stroked and rubbed about the ears and neck and throat. The sensation was curiously comforting, and suddenly his fear vanished. With his long, mobile muzzle he began to tug appealingly at a convenient fold of the man's woolen sleeve. Smiling complacently at this sign of confidence, the man left him, and started the team at a slow walk up the trail. With a hoarse bleat of alarm, thinking he was about to be deserted, the calf followed after the sled, his long legs wobbling awkwardly.

From the first moment that she set eyes upon him, shambling awkwardly into the yard at her husband's heels,

Jabe Smith's wife was inhospitable toward the ungainly youngling of the wild. She declared that he would take all the milk. And he did. For the next two months she was unable to make butter, and her opinions on the subject were expressed without reserve. But Jabe was inflexible, in his taciturn, backwoods way, and the calf, till he was old enough to pasture, got all the milk he wanted. He grew and thrived so astonishingly that Jabe began to wonder if there was not some mistake in the scheme of things, making cow's milk the proper nutriment for moose calves. By autumn the youngster was so big and sleek that he might almost have passed for a yearling.

Jabe Smith, lumberman, pioneer and guide, loved all animals, even those which in the fierce joy of the hunt he loved to kill. The young moose bull, however, was his peculiar favorite—partly, perhaps, because of Mrs. Smith's relentless hostility to it. And the ungainly youngster repaid his love with a devotion that promised to become embarrassing. All around the farm he was forever at his heels, like a dog; and if, by any chance, he became separated from his idol, he would make for him in a straight line, regardless of currant bushes, bean rows, cabbage patches or clotheslines. This strenuous directness did not further endear him to Mrs. Smith. That good lady used to lie awake at night, angrily devising schemes for getting rid of the "ugly brute." These schemes of vengeance were such a safety-valve to her injured feelings that she would at last make up her mind to contend herself with "takin' it out on the hide o' the critter" next day, with a sound hickory stick. When next day came, however, and she went out to milk, the youngster would shamble up to greet her with such amiable trust in his eyes that her wrath would be, for the moment, disarmed, and her fell purpose would fritter out in a futile "Scat, you brute!" Then she would condone her weakness by thinking of what she would do to the animal "some day." That "some day," as luck would

have it, came rather sooner than she expected. From the first, the little moose had evinced a determination to take up his abode in the kitchen, in his dread of being separated from Jabe. Being a just man, Jabe had conceded at once that his wife should have the choosing of her kitchen guests; and to avoid complications, he had rigged up a hinged bar across the kitchen doorway, so that the door could safely stand open. When the little bull was not at Jabe's heels, and did not know where to find him, his favorite attitude was standing in front of the kitchen door, his long nose thrust in as far as the bar would permit, his long ears waving hopefully, his eyes intent on the mysterious operations of Mrs. Jabe's housework. Though she would not have acknowledged it for worlds, even to her inmost heart, the good woman took much satisfaction out of that awkward, patient presence in the doorway. When things went wrong with her, in that perverse way so trying to the careful housewife, she could ease her feelings wonderfully by expressing them without reserve to the young moose, who never looked amused or attempted to answer back.

But one day, as it chanced, her feelings claimed a more violent expression—and got it. She was scrubbing the kitchen floor. Just in the doorway stood the scrubbing-pail, full of dirty suds. On a chair close by stood a dish of eggs. The moose calf was nowhere in sight, and the bar was down. Tired and hot, she got up from her aching knees and went over to the stove to see if the pot was boiling, ready to make fresh suds.

At this moment the young bull, who had been searching in vain all over the farm for Jabe, came up to the door with a silent, shambling rush. The bar was down, surely, then, Jabe was inside! Overjoyed at the opportunity he lurched his long legs over the threshold. Instantly his great, loose hoofs slid on the slippery floor, and he came down sprawling, striking the pail of dirty suds as he fell. With a seething souse the slops went abroad, all over the floor.

At the same time the bouncing pail struck the chair, turned it over, and sent the dish of eggs crashing in every direction.

For one second Mrs. Jabe stared rigidly at the mess of eggs, suds and broken china, and the startled calf struggling to his feet. Then, with a hysterical scream, she turned, snatched the boiling pot from the stove, and hurled it blindly at the author of all the mischief.

Happily for the blunderer, Mrs. Jabe's rage was so unbridled that she really tried to hit the object of it. Therefore, she missed. The pot went crashing through the leg of a table and shivered to atoms against the log wall, contributing its full share to the discouraging mess on the floor. But, as it whirled past, a great wedge of the boiling water leaped out over the rim, flew off at a tangent, and caught the floundering calf full in the side, in a long flare down from the tip of the left shoulder. The scalding fluid seemed to cling in the short, fine hair almost like an oil. With a loud bleat of pain the calf shot to his feet and went galloping around the yard. Mrs. Jabe rushed to the door, and stared at him wide-eyed. In a moment her senses came back to her, and she realized what a hideous thing she had done. Next she remembered Jabe—and what he would think of it!

Then, indeed, her conscience awoke in earnest, and a wholesome dread enlivened her remorse. Forgetting altogether the state of her kitchen, she rushed through the slop to the flour-barrel. Flour, she had always heard, was the thing for burns and scalds. The pesky calf should be treated right, if it took the whole barrel. Scooping up an extravagant dishpanful of the white, powdery stuff, and recklessly spilling a lot of it to add to the mixture on the floor, she rushed out into the yard to apply her treatment, and, if possible, poultice her conscience.

The young moose, anguished and bewildered, had at last taken refuge in the darkest corner of the stable. As Mrs. Jabe approached with her pan of flour he stood staring and shaking.

but made no effort to avoid her, which touched the over-impetuous dame to a fresh pang of penitence. She did not know that the stupid youngster had quite failed to associate her in any way with his suffering. It was the pot—the big, black thing which had so inexplicably come bounding at him—that he blamed. From Mrs. Jabe's hands he expected some kind of consolation.

In the gloom of the stall Mrs. Jabe could not see the extent of the calf's injury. "Mebbe the water wasn't quite bilin'!" she murmured hopefully, coaxing and dragging the youngster forth into the light. The hope, however, proved vain as brief. In a long streak down behind the shoulder the hair was already slipping off.

"Sarved ye right!" she grumbled remorsefully, as with gentle fingers she began sifting the flour up and down over the wound. The light stuff seemed to soothe the anguish for the moment, and the sufferer stood quite still till the scald was thoroughly covered with a tenacious white cake. Then a fresh and fiercer pang seized the wound. With a bleat he tore himself away, and rushed off, tail in air, across the stump-pasture and into the woods.

"Mebbe he won't come back, and then Jabe won't never need to know!" soliloquized Mrs. Jabe, returning to clean up her kitchen.

The sufferer returned, however, early in the afternoon, and was in his customary attitude before the door when Jabe, a little later, came back also. The long white slash down his favorite's side caught the woodsman's eye at once. He looked at it critically, touched the flour with tentative finger-tips, then turned on his wife a look of poignant interrogation. But Mrs. Jabe was ready for him. Her nerve had recovered. The fact that her victim showed no fear of her had gradually reassured her. What Jabe didn't know would never hurt him, she mused.

"Yes, yer pesky brat come stumbelin' into the kitchen when the bar was down, a-lookin' for ye. An' he upset the bilin' water I was goin' to

scrub with, an' broke the pot. An' I've got to have a new pot right off, Jabe Smith—mind that!"

"Scalded himself pretty bad!" remarked Jabe. "Poor little beggar!"

"I done the best I know'd how fer him!" said his wife with an injured air. "Wasted most a quart o' good flour on his worthless hide! Wish't he'd broke his neck 'stead of the only pot I got that's big enough to bile the pig's feed in!"

"Well, you done jest about right, I reckon, Mandy," replied Jabe, ashamed of his suspicions. "I'll go in to the Cross Roads an' git ye a new pot to-morrer, an' some tar for the scald. The tar'll be better'n flour, an' keep the flies off."

"I s'pose some men ain't got nothin' better to do than be doctorin' up a fool moose calf!" assented Mrs. Jabe promptly, with a snort of censorious resignation.

Whether because the flour and the tar had virtues, or because the clean flesh of the wild kindreds makes all haste to purge itself of ills, it was not long before the scald was perfectly healed. But the reminder of it remained ineffaceable—a long, white slash down across the brown hide of the young bull, from the tip of the left fore-shoulder.

Throughout the winter the young moose contentedly occupied the cow-stable, with the two cows and the yoke of red oxen. He throve on the fare Jabe provided for him—good meadow hay with armfuls of "browse" cut from the birch, poplar and cherry thickets. Jabe trained him to haul a pung, finding him slower to learn than a horse, but making up for his dullness by his docility. He had to be driven with a snaffle, refusing absolutely to admit a bit between his teeth; and, with the best goodwill in the world, he could never be taught to allow for the pung or sled to which he was harnessed. If left alone for a moment he would walk over fences with it, or through the most tangled thickets, if thereby seemed the most direct way to reach Jabe; and once, when Jabe, vain-gloriously and at great speed drove him in to the Cross

Roads, he smashed the vehicle to kindling wood in the amiable determination to follow his master into the Cross Roads store. On this occasion also he made himself respected, but unpopular, by killing, with one lightning stroke of a great forehoof, a huge mongrel mastiff belonging to the store-keeper. The mastiff had sprung out at him wantonly, resenting his peculiar appearance. But the store-keeper had been so aggrieved that Jabe had felt constrained to mollify him with a five-dollar bill. He decided, therefore, that his favorite's value was a luxury, rather than a utility; and the young bull was put no more to the practices of a horse. Jabe had driven a bull moose in harness, and all the settlement could swear to it. The glory was all his.

By early summer the young bull was a tremendous, long-legged, high-shouldered beast, so big, so awkward, so friendly, and so sure of everybody's good-will that everybody but Jabe was terribly afraid of him. He had no conception of the purposes of a fence; and he could not be taught that a garden was not meant for him to lie down in. As the summer advanced, and the young bull's stature with it, Jabe Smith began to realize that his favorite was an expensive and sometimes embarrassing luxury. Nevertheless, when September brought budding spikes of horns and a strange new restlessness to the stalwart youngster, and the first full moon of October lured him one night away from the farm on a quest which he could but blindly follow, Jabe was inconsolable.

"He ain't no more'n a calf yet, big as he is!" fretted Jabe. "He'll be gittin' himself shot, the fool. Or meb-be some old bull'll be after givin' him a lickin' fer interferin', and he'll come home to us!"

To which his wife retorted with calm superiority: "You're a bigger fool'n even I took ye fer, Jabe Smith."

But the young bull did not come back that winter, nor the following summer, nor the next year, nor the next. Neither did any Indian or hunter or lumberman have anything

to report as to a bull moose of great stature, with a long white slash down his side. Either his quest had carried him far to other and alien ranges, or some fatal mischance of the wild had overtaken his inexperience. The latter was Jabe's belief, and he concluded that his ungainly favorite had too soon taken the long trail for the Red Men's land of ghosts.

Though Jabe Smith was primarily a lumberman and backwoods farmer, he was also a hunter's guide, so expert that his services in this direction were not to be obtained without very special inducement. At "calling" moose he was acknowledged to have no rival. When he laid his grimly-humorous lips to the long tube of birch-bark, which is the "caller's" instrument of illusion, there would come from it a strange sound, great and grotesque, harsh yet appealing, rude yet subtle, and mysterious as if the uncomprehended wilderness had itself found voice. Old hunters, wise in all woodcraft, had been deceived by the sound—and much more easily the impetuous bull, waiting, high-antlered and eager, for the love-call of his mate to summon him down to the shores of the still and moon-tranced lake.

When a certain Famous Hunter, whose heart took pride in horns and heads and hides—the trophies won by his unerring rifle in all four corners of earth—found his way at last to the tumbled wilderness that lies about the headwaters of the Quah Davis, it was naturally one of the great New Brunswick moose that he was after. Nothing but the noblest antlers that New Brunswick forests bred could seem to him worthy of a place on those walls of his, whence the surly front of a musk-ox of the Barren Grounds glared stolid defiance to the snarl of an Orinoco jaguar, and the black, colossal head of a Kadiak bear was eyed derisively by the monstrous and malignant mask of a two-horned rhinoceros. With such a quest upon him, the Famous Hunter came, and naturally sought the guidance of Jabe Smith, whom he lured from the tamer distractions of a "timber cruise" by

double pay and the pledge of an extravagant bonus if the quest should be successful.

The lake, lying low between its wooded hills, was like a glimmering mirror in the misty October twilight when Jabe and the Famous Hunter crept stealthily down to it. In a dense covert beside the water's edge they hid themselves. Beside them stretched the open ribbon of a narrow water-meadow, through which a slim brook, tinkling faintly over its pebbles, slipped out into the stillness. Just beyond the mouth of the brook a low, bare spit of sand jutted forth darkly upon the pale surface of the lake.

It was not until the moon appeared, a red ominous segment of a disk—over the black and rugged ridge of the hills across the lake, that Jabe began to call. Three times he set the hollow birch-bark to his mouth, and sent the hoarse, appealing summons echoing over the water. And the man crouching invisible in the thick shadow beside him, felt a thrill in his nerves, a prickling in his cheeks, at that mysterious cry, which seemed to him to have something almost of menace in its lure. Even so, he thought, might Pan have summoned his followers, shaggy and dangerous, yet half divine, to some symbolic revel.

The call evoked no answer of any kind. Jabe waited till the moon, still red and distorted, had risen almost clear of the ridge. Then he called again, and yet again, and again waited. From straight across the strangely-shadowed water came a sudden sharp crashing of underbrush, as if someone had fallen to beating the bushes furiously with sticks.

"That's him!" whispered Jabe. "An' he's a big one, sure!"

The words were not yet out of his mouth when there arose a most startling commotion in the thicket close behind them, and both men swung around like lightning, jerking up their rifles. At the same instant came an elusive whiff of pungency on the chill.

"Pooh! only a bear!" muttered Jabe, as the commotion retreated in haste.

"Why, he was close upon us!" remarked the visitor. "I could have poked him with my gun! Had he any special business with us, do you suppose?"

"Took me for a cow moose, an' was jest a-goin' to swipe me!" answered Jabe, rather elated at the compliment which the bear had paid to his counterfeit.

The Famous Hunter drew a breath of profound satisfaction.

"I'll be hanged," he whispered, "if your amiable New Brunswick backwoods can't git up a thrill quite worthy of the African jungle!"

"St!" admonished Jabe. "He's a-comin'. An' mad, too! Thinks that racket was another bull, gittin' ahead of 'im. Don't ye breathe now, no more!" And raising the long bark, he called through it again, this time more softly, more enticingly, but always with that indescribable wildness, shyness and roughness rasping strangely through the note. The hurried approach of the bull could be followed clearly around the head of the lake. It stopped, and Jabe called again. In a minute or two there came a brief, explosive, grunting reply—this time from a point much nearer. The great bull had stopped his crashing progress and was slipping his vast, impetuous bulk through the underbrush as noiselessly as a weasel. The stillness was so perfect after that one echoing response that the Famous Hunter turned a look of interrogation upon Jabe's shadowy face. The latter breathed almost inaudibly: "He's a-comin'. He's nigh here!" And the hunter clutched his rifle with that fine, final thrill of unparalleled anticipation.

The moon was now well up, clear of the treetops and the discoloring mists, hanging round and honey-yellow over the hump of the ridge. The magic of the night deepened swiftly. The sandspit and the little water-meadow stood forth unshadowed in the spectral glare. Far out in the shine of the lake a fish jumped, splashing sharply. Then a twig snapped in the dense growth beyond the water-meadow. Jabe

furtively lifted the bark, and mumbled in it caressingly. The next moment—so suddenly and silently that it seemed as if he had taken instant shape in the moonlight—appeared a gigantic moose, standing in the meadow, his head held high, his nostrils sniffing arrogant inquiry. The broadly-palmated antlers crowning his mighty head were of a spread and symmetry such as Jabe had never even imagined.

Almost imperceptibly the Hunter raised his rifle—a slender shadow moving in paler shadows. The great bull, gazing about expectantly for the mate who had called, stood superb and indomitable, ghost-gray in the moonlight, a mark no tyro could miss. A cherry branch intervened, obscuring the fore-sight of the Hunter's rifle. The Hunter shifted his position furtively. His crooked finger was just about to tighten on the trigger. At this moment, when the very night hung stiller as if with a sense of crisis, the giant bull turned, exposing his left flank to the full glare of the moonlight. Something gleamed silver down his side, as if it were a shining belt thrown across his shoulder.

With a sort of hiss from between his teeth Jabe shot out his long arm and knocked up the barrel of the rifle. In the same instant the Hunter's finger had closed on the trigger. The report rang out, shattering the night; the ball whined away high over the treetops, and the great bull, springing at one bound far back into the thickets, vanished like an hallucination.

Jabe stood forth into the open, his gaunt face working with suppressed excitement. The Hunter followed, speechless for a moment between amazement, wrath and disappointment. At last he found voice, and quite forgot his wonted courtesy.

"D—n you!" he stammered. "What do you mean by that? What in —"

But Jabe, suddenly calm, turned and eyed him with a steadying gaze.

"Quit all that, now!" he retorted crisply. "I knowed jest what I was doin'! I knowed that bull when he were a leetle, awkward staggerer. I brung him up on a bottle; an' I loved him. He skun out four years ago. I'd most ruther 'ave seen you shot than that ther' bull, I tell ye!"

The Famous Hunter looked sour; but he was beginning to understand the situation and his anger died down. As he considered, Jabe, too, began to see the other side of the situation.

"I'm right sorry to disapp'int ye so!" he went on apologetically. "We'll hev to call off this deal atween you an' me, I reckon. An' there ain't goin' to be no more shooting over this range, if I kin help it—an' I guess I kin!—till I kin git that ther' white-slashed bull drove away back over on to the Upsal Gultch, where the hunters won't fall foul of him! But I'll git ye another guide, jest as good as me, or better, what ain't got no particular friends runnin' loose in the woods to bother 'im. An' I'll send ye 'way down on to the Sevogle, where ther's as big heads to be shot as ever have been. I can't do more."

"Yes, you can!" declared the Famous Hunter, who had quite recovered his self-possession.

"What is it?" asked Jabe doubtfully.

"You can pardon me for losing my temper and swearing at you!" answered the Famous Hunter, holding out his hand. "I'm glad I didn't knock over your magnificent friend. It's good for the breed that he got off. But you'll have to find me something peculiarly special now, down on that Sevogle."

Reaping the Ten Year Cork Crop

By Evelyn Stewart in Technical World

ALTHOUGH millions of corks are used annually, there are comparatively few people who know anything of the origin of these very necessary items of traffic in liquids of all descriptions. Yet the story of the cork is a very interesting one.

The outer bark of a species of oak tree is that which provides the common cork of commerce with which we are familiar.

The tree is an evergreen, growing to a height of about thirty feet. Its fruit is an edible acorn, resembling the chestnut in taste. The successful growth of the tree does not demand the nourishment of a rich soil; indeed, it thrives best on poor and uncultivated land. The cork tree abounds in many districts in Spain and Portugal, especially in the former country. Italy, Sardinia and France can boast of their cork tree forests; the environs of Bordeaux being well supplied. Algeria is another country where the cork oak is very plentiful, thousands of acres being occupied by it, cork harvesting forming one of the principal Algerian industries.

The basin of the Mediterranean seems peculiarly adapted for the successful aforesting of the cork tree; its climate, soil, etc., have a most stimulating effect upon the development of the bark. Immense plantations are laid out from time to time, seed being frequently used for the purpose. As a rule, large, sweet acorns soon set forth strong, healthy shoots, developing with great rapidity into trees of regular growth, to yield, in due time, cork of excellent quality. Plantations are usually laid out with fifty trees to the acre.

The tree in the course of its growth will naturally shed its bark, i.e., the outer casing which we call cork. The latter periodically completes its growth, whilst the inner bark always

progresses, when consequently the cork splits off. The earlier splittings are coarse and woody and of very little value. During this period it is highly important to keep the forest cleared of naturally shed virgin cork, which, drying quickly in the great heat, soon becomes intensely inflammable, when, if once fired, it would probably be the cause of a huge conflagration in which the entire forest would in all likelihood be destroyed. Therefore, of little value as the early strippings are, they must be collected and stored safely away, to produce whatever small sum may be bid for them.

The time for artificial stripping varies with the locality from fifteen to thirty years. The first yield much resembles naturally shed cork and hardly pays for the workmen's time employed. But it is necessary to perform the operation at the proper period, so that the tree may begin to produce the second growth, which is of somewhat greater value. This, however, will not be ready for "barking" for at least eight or ten years, and subsequently the period named enables the tree to produce further growths, which become more valuable until the life of the tree begins to close—some 150 years or thereabouts during which it is valuable.

Andalusia, that most picturesque province of sunny Spain, is remarkable for its huge forests of cork trees. By far the largest supplies and best quality of cork come from that locality. The value of the cork annually collected throughout Andalusia is enormous. With such an attraction to those who have no scruples about making the most they can out of their neighbor's property, these forests are frequently visited by poachers, who, were they not watched, chased, and (sometimes) captured, would strip the trees of their valuable bark for their own gain. The authorities are

compelled, owing to this custom of itinerant "explorers," to employ a large number of watchers whose duty it is to see that the poachers are restrained in their efforts to gain wealth quickly. Frequent conflicts between the guards and the poachers ensue, but the forests afford excellent cover for the intruders, who use every wile to baffle the efforts of their enemies and to succeed in their nefarious designs on the cork, and despite the watchers many a load is carried off surreptitiously and disposed of through channels more or less illegitimate.

The cork harvest, it is hardly necessary to say, forms a very important annual event in Andalusia, an immense number of hands being employed during the two or three months in which the trees are in proper condition for barking. July and August are the months of the year when the industry is at its zenith.

The day having been chosen for the beginning of operations, as in an ordinary English harvest, the various workers are summoned, and the whole company proceeds to the spot agreed upon as a camping-place. It goes without saying that most of the men engaged in the cork harvest are of a somewhat rough and uncouth appearance, in some cases by no means pleasant to look upon, but their garb being of a picturesque description, if somewhat ragged, they are not without a certain charm to the foreigner who happens to observe the scene of making preparations for the coming sojourn in the forest. The company is usually in charge of one of the owners of the forest or his chief man, and a line of discipline is, perforce, laid down to which subordinates are subject under pains and penalties that need not be mentioned here. Hot words, and even stronger methods—in which knives sometimes play a part, if only for show—have often to be used, but on the whole the cork harvester is a happy-go-lucky, somewhat boisterous creature, full of song and laughter and seemingly enjoying the life.

Supplied with all the requisites for

the sojourn in the forest, the party tramps through the wood urging on heavily laden donkeys at the point of the stick, until a suitable spot for camping is reached. It is seen that the trip is properly organized for cooking utensils, food, and other necessities are promptly produced, and a good meal is provided for all. Tables, chairs, or other means of enjoying a meal in the shape of knives or forks, plates, etc., are almost invariably dispensed with as unnecessary. The food when cooked is laid out in huge wooden bowls, each large enough to hold sufficient for a dozen men. Every man is provided with a big spoon; this is inserted into the wooden bowl and withdrawn full of what appears to be something appetizing and dainty, for the diners devour it with exceeding relish, meantime standing about or walking around the camp, until the big spoon requires replenishing when another dip into the wooden bowl takes place, and the partaker of the fare is satisfied.

The daily round of the camp is somewhat monotonous, but to the Andalusian, who objects to hurry and scurry, the life appears to be pleasant enough. Work generally begins at 5.30 a.m., a pause for breakfast being made at eight o'clock; dinner at noon, a two hours' rest from the midday sun, and supper at six. An English "hopper" or fruit picker would probably turn up his nose at the quantity and quality of the food provided for the Andalusian cork harvester, but no complaints on that ground are heard by the visitor. Very little in the shape of physical enjoyment satisfies, there being much solace, apparently, in the cigarette, which the worker must have under all circumstances. Although a fire in the forest would be nothing short of a catastrophe, and in the hot weather there is considerable risk of this, the inevitable cigarette is to be seen in close proximity to the more or less inflammable material peculiar to the surroundings of a cork tree forest.

The harvesters are content with a gipsy life of the roughest description.

Here and there are roughly built huts, sometimes augmented by tents, and other still more primitive covering from the night air. With these and a remarkably small allowance of food the Andalusian is content for the time being. In his leisure he smokes or gambles or chats according to his inclination and the strength of his finances, which, by the way, are never of Rothschild-like proportions, for his pay is but scanty.

The corcheros, or bark strippers, are the first to begin work when camping preliminaries and refreshments are over. They are provided with sharp axes, having handles shaped somewhat after the fashion of a burglar's "jimmy." With the edge of the axe a cut is made around the trunk of the tree two or three feet above the ground. Experience has given these men the knack of delivering a blow upon the bark whereby the axe is inserted to an exact depth in the outer bark without penetrating the inner one in the very slightest, for, if the inner bark were injured the tree would probably die. When the lower cut meets with mathematical precision, a similar line is made with the axe just below the fork. Then, starting at the top ring, the stripper cuts a perpendicular line to the lower one. Then the wedge-shaped axe-handle is introduced into the perpendicular cut, and with a gentle pressure exercised the bark begins to come away from the trunk gradually in one piece until finally it drops off in semi-tubular form. The operation is usually performed with wonderful rapidity considering the amount of care and precision necessary. The stripper work done, the tube of cork is seized upon by a couple of assistants, who, by means of slings, carry it to a convenient place where a heap can be formed to await transportation in quantities.

According to the age of a tree, the upper branches also are stripped, the finer cork being that produced by that part of the tree. The thickness of the bark removed from any part of the tree is seldom less than three-quarter inch or more than three

inches. In France, by the way, are strictly enforced laws governing cork culture, no bark under a certain thickness being removable. In any case thin bark is of very little value and the cutting of it is time wasted.

The stripped bark being of a tubular shape and therefore inconvenient for handling or transport, various methods are adopted for straightening it out into "planks." The larger pieces are sometimes placed one on top of another partially flattened under heavy stones and then transferred to a big and roughly constructed screw press. In other cases, the curved bark is placed in front of a large fire, when the heat removes the warp in a more or less successful degree when the screw press is called into use and the pulling and pushing power of a couple of strong men reduce the bark to a state of comparative flatness which facilitates its removal to the factories. The larger pieces, stripped from the trunk, are cut into uniform "tables" of three and one-half feet long by one and one-half feet wide. This cutting is performed by skilled workers, known as rajadores.

As soon as the flattening and splitting has been done, the crude cork is conveyed to various points in the forest convenient for removal afterwards and stacked in large piles, where it is left lying for ten or twelve days, sometimes less, so that some of the moisture may evaporate in the heat of the sun. This, of course, reduces the weight considerably and renders transport to stores or factories less difficult.

Owing to the nature of the surroundings transport is mostly accomplished by the help of a donkey corps of great strength. The cork having been dried and tied up in bundles of one hundred pounds weight or thereabouts, are ingeniously packed on the backs of the donkeys until there is scarcely anything of the animals visible except their poor little legs, which form a very ludicrous contrast to the enormous burden with which they are laden. However, that burden is not so heavy as it looks and the donkey corps makes great headway—and

footway too in the more difficult parts of the route—to their destination, covering an astonishing distance upon each journey.

Next come the various processes by which the crude cork is made ready for its various uses—and they are legion. In cork-growing countries the material does duty in many responsible positions: as pavements, sometimes as buttresses for churches, and even as coffins for the dead!

For the moment, however, we are interested in the future of the "tables" of cork as stoppers for bottles and other vessels. From the forest, they have been transported to the store yards of a mighty cork factory in the town of Algeciras, where hundreds upon hundreds of stacks of crude cork are always to be seen waiting their turn for manipulation and transformation into the common cork of commerce so largely in demand.

An important process necessary for that purpose is the effectual closing of its pores, otherwise it would be of little use.

The most common method of filling up cavities in crude cork is by placing the "table" before a hot fire to char or singe it, the heating being conducted with great care, the sides changed constantly. Objection to this process was taken because it causes a secretion of oil, which is apt to make its presence felt at inconvenient moments. The much better plan now generally adopted is to boil the "tables," scrape the surface and then dry in the sun. The pores are more effectually closed by sun than by fire-heat, and the sun-dried material does not show any of the darkness visible in that dried by artificial heat.

Having been extracted from the huge tanks of boiling water, the bales of corkwood are unroped and dried, and the scraping process ensues in due time. Skilful workers are employed at this process, as a good deal depends on the proper scraping of the material. A small hoe-shaped in-

strument is used, and in the hands of a clever workman the cork assumes a clean, smooth appearance, to which it has previously been a stranger.

The next process is the "trimming." This means a cleaning of the ends and sides of the "tables" of cork, which gives them a clean, bright appearance. In this way they are ready for pressing and tying by iron bands, in which condition they are exported to factories in other countries for further manipulation.

But when not intended for export the "tables" are subjected to further processes until they become "corks."

"Slicing" is the cutting of the corkwood into various sizes according to the purpose for which they are intended, or the size of the bottle or other vessel to which they will act as stoppers.

The "squares" are then washed by the primitive means of a tub filled with water and a boy with a stick, the latter being used to stir up the pieces of cork to make the cleansing effective. They are then ready for cutting into corks. It will come as news to most readers that even in this age of machinery corks are mostly cut by hand. Invention after invention for the mechanical shaping of corks has come and gone. The fact is, cork blunts the sharpest instrument almost directly, and a blunt knife won't cut cork. It is found, however, that a man with a specially prepared sharpening board before him can keep his knife constantly in good condition, and though many machines have failed at this point, latterly some cork-cutting machinery has come into use and has proved fairly successful for the purpose.

In many factories, however, the cut cork is still the work of a knife manipulated by a man. He works with marvelous rapidity, and it does not take long for a large heap to lie beside him. Then comes sorting and a final cleansing, and the cork is ready for packing and a customer.

Margaret's Lace

By B. H. R. Stower in Pearson's

"THERE!" exclaimed Mrs. Kell impatiently, at the same time closing her box with a bang; "that is packed at last and we shall be leaving Brussels in a couple of hours without one bit of lace. It's a great bother having to leave so suddenly. To take back some Brussels lace for Margaret was my chief object in coming here with you, John!"

"More lace!" groaned the Reverend John Kell wearily. "It has been nothing but lace, lace, all day. I tell you, Mary, I dare not spend any more money. We have only just enough to take us home."

"You managed to spare enough to buy some tobacco for old Giles and a box of cigars for yourself," remarked his wife with annoyance.

"Tobacco is cheap here," said the Reverend John, tying a label on his portmanteau with a sigh of relief; "but I shall not argue the matter. I am going down to have a smoke."

From this brief conversation it may be gathered that Mrs. Kell was a little out of humor. She admitted it herself. But then, it was unbearable to visit Brussels and not buy some lace.

Just then the door flew open in the usual unceremonious manner of Europe and a waiter came in with a letter.

Mrs. Kell recognized the writing. She eagerly tore it open and read:

"Dearest Mother—Auntie has just sent me the enclosed notes"—here a cry of pleasure escaped Mrs. Kell's lips and she hastily extracted several crisp notes—"Please buy me a lot of white lace, also a fichu——"

The Rue du Midi abounded in the desired shops. One particularly attracted her attention. The window was artistically dressed with lace, and in large letters stuck on the glass, she read, "English here spoke."

After spending some minutes admiring it, Mrs. Kell went inside.

"I want some lace," she said.

"Oui, oui, madame. I will show you the best in all Brussels."

"I will take that," said Mrs. Kell, pointing to a charming fichu, "and this." She laid aside several yards of excellent lace. "How much?"

"Dat vill be ten pounds."

He looked at the notes as Mrs. Kell handed them over.

"Bank of Angletterre notes—oui, oui, I vill take dem."

At that moment a sudden thought struck her.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried in alarm. "What about the duty? I have spent all my money on the lace."

"Your ladysheep need not excite herself about dat," said the little man coolly, giving her the parcel of lace. "Lots of peoples buy lace from me. Vun man I know crosses de frontier and carries his lace like dis." He lifted his leg and imitated a person binding something around it. "Den dare is an Engleeshman. He came into mon establishment so thin, but, mon Dieu! he goes over de frontier so large, and I grow rich."

"How dare you tell me such abominable stories!" cried Mrs. Kell indignantly. "Good-day," and she swept haughtily out of the shop.

The short walk to the hotel gave her time for consideration. She racked her brain in vain for a suitable plan. One thing—she would not breathe a word to John.

It was not until she had locked herself in her bedroom that inspiration came. She wondered why she had not thought of it before. It was so simple.

Precisely ten minutes after entering, she unlocked her door and came down-stairs. The lace had vanished.

Mrs. Kell discovered her husband fast asleep in the smoking-room.

"Come! Wake up, sleepy head!" she cried playfully, giving him a shake.

The Reverend John rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch.

"Dear me," he said; "it is four o'clock. Only half an hour more in Brussels. Just time for a cup of coffee."

Having finished their coffee they drove to the railway station, and in a short time were seated in the train for Antwerp.

Mrs. Kell's thoughts would recur to the lace. She began to feel a trifle nervous. The passengers appeared to look at her suspiciously. When the train pulled up at a station it was worse. Everybody seemed to look in the carriage. And when a policeman entered the compartment at Malines, Mrs. Kell very nearly collapsed.

It was a relief when the train reached Antwerp. They soon boarded the boat. Mrs. Kell immediately retired to her cabin and did not appear on deck until the steamer had sailed some miles down the Scheldt.

It was wonderful what a damping effect the lace had on her spirits. She had been looking forward with pleasure to the voyage home, and now she did not enjoy anything.

"John," she said suddenly, interrupting him in the midst of an eloquent eulogy on the view, "do they search everybody at Harwich?"

"No, my dear, not everybody. But I have heard that the customs officers are so experienced that they can tell at a glance whom to search. Such people, you know, always give themselves away somehow or other."

Mrs. Kell felt more uncomfortable than ever.

"Do you think they would search me?"

"My dear Mary! Why do you ask such absurd questions? Let us change the subject. See," waving his arm up the river, "how stately Antwerp looks as we recede. Does not the cathedral spire look splendid in the distance. However, I am feeling hungry. We might as well go down to the saloon and have dinner."

Mrs. Kell could not eat and felt annoyed at seeing her husband make a hearty meal. What right had he to eat when she felt so wretched!

"What do you think the customs men would say if they found lace on me?" she said, trying to appear indifferent.

The Reverend John laid down his knife and fork and laughed unsuspectingly.

"Oh, Mary! you will never forget that lace. Find lace on you, indeed! Why, you might as well say at once if they found lace on me!"

"And why not?" said Mrs. Kell warmly. "Of course, I know you are a model of virtue," this sarcastically. "But please answer my question."

"Well, then, of course, I can't say exactly, but I read of a woman the other day being detected at Harwich trying to smuggle saccharine. She got six months, and well deserved it!"

"You are a heartless brute!" exclaimed his wife warmly, at the same time rising from the table.

The boat had now entered the sea, and her rolling added to Mrs. Kell's alarm.

It was growing late. The Reverend John Kell having smoked a cigar advised his wife to go below.

"I am too much worried to sleep."

"You need not be alarmed, my dear," he said soothingly; "this powerful steamer will not sink."

"I wish it would! I don't want to reach Harwich!"

"Why! what is the matter?"

"Only this," said Mrs. Kell, determined now to confess all. "Your wife is a—smuggler!"

"A what!" he almost shouted in surprise.

"Yes, a real smuggler, with yards and yards of lace concealed on her! I did it for Margaret—Margy sent me ten pounds this morning to buy her lace—I spent it all. It was all the fault of the little Belgian shopman—he persuaded me to buy such a lot—then he told me some tales of smuggling—that made me do it—it was the only chance of saving the lace—oh, John, dear, do help me! I am so frightened."

The Reverend John Kell had listened to this confession in mute sur-

prise. He could not realize that Mary, his wife, after all the eloquent sermons she had heard from his lips, had yielded to temptation!

"In the first place, where is the lace?" he said, collecting his thoughts.

Mrs. Kell blushed.

"I—er—I will go and fetch it," she stammered confusedly.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed before she returned and handed her husband a small brown paper parcel. This the Reverend John took, and stepping to the side of the ship he raised his arm as if to throw it over. A cry from his wife changed his mind, and, instead, he put it in his pocket.

"Oh, John! It is so beautiful! Poor Margaret will be disappointed. I shall blame you for its loss if I am not searched after all."

The Reverend John made no answer and, wishing each other good-night, he and his wife retired to their respective cabins.

The reverend gentleman locked the door, sat down and undid the parcel. Fortunately the ship was not crowded, so he had the cabin to himself. He spread the fichu on his knees. He was charmed with it. What marvellous work! It would be a sin to throw it away. He opened his purse. No good! With a sigh he laid the lace on the chair, undressed, and climbing into his berth, in a few minutes was fast asleep.

He was aroused by the steward tapping at his door: "Time to get up, sir; we're just off Harwich."

The Reverend John clambered out of his berth and commenced dressing.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, his eyes alighting on the lace. "I must drop it through the port-hole."

He tried in vain to unfasten the latch. Quite overcome with his exertions he sat down. Once again his eyes were attracted by the lace. How disappointed Margaret would be. He could not make up his mind to destroy it; the port-hole refused to open—this must be the hand of fate.

The boat was fast approaching the dock and in a few minutes would be

moored alongside, so there was no time to be lost.

The Reverend John Kell therefore thoughtfully rolled up one trouser leg. He next divided the lace into two equal bundles; a little twisting and tying and the calf of that leg had developed to a size that would have turned Sandow green with envy. Half the lace had vanished. A similar operation on the other leg absorbed the remainder.

Having completed his toilet he went on deck and soon discovered his wife.

"Good-morning, my dear," he said, "I hope you had a good night."

"I could not sleep a bit for thinking of the lace. What did you do with it?"

"It is below," he said evasively, looking at his boots. "Let us go ashore."

They found their baggage placed on a long table awaiting the customs inspection.

"I suppose we shall be searched soon?" remarked his wife, observing the officers hurrying about in all directions.

The Reverend John did not reply. He appeared lost in thought.

"I'll risk it!" he thought; "it will show Mary that I was right and may also divert suspicion from myself."

Without saying a word he walked quickly to the farthest end of the inclosure, quite unconscious that his wife's eyes were curiously fixed on his retreating figure.

A customs officer was examining a box. He touched him on the shoulder.

"I say, my man," he said in a low voice, "do you see that lady over there, with the furs round her neck?"

The officer nodded.

"Well, I think you had better search her; but don't say who gave you the information."

The officer hastened away, and the Reverend John Kell anxiously awaited developments.

"Madam, will you kindly step this way?"

Mrs. Kell wheeled round and discovered a blue-coated, peak-capped man standing in front of her.

"What for?" she demanded indignantly.

"You had better come quietly. It is useless to make a disturbance. I have just received information which warrants me in having you searched."

Mrs. Kell protested. It was ridiculous! He was most insulting! Did he know who she was?

The officer was obdurate, and she eventually followed him into an office, where a female searcher made a most minute examination of her apparel.

The investigation proved unproductive, and she left the office burning with rage against that "somebody." Outside, she was met by the peak-capped man, who apologized for the mistake.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Mrs. Kell icily. "The innocent are often mistaken for the guilty."

She laid her hand on his arm.

"But, listen, I believe a clergyman caused this search."

He nodded and muttered something about wishing he had an opportunity of landing him.

"Well that man deceived you! He only set you on to me to remove suspicion from himself—you noticed how stout he was; and——"

But the officer had vanished.

The Reverend John Kell was beginning to breathe more freely. His trunk had been searched and duly "chalked." Everything had gone off happily, and he was inwardly congratulating himself, when a hand fell somewhat roughly on his shoulder.

"Got you at last!" exclaimed the customs officer.

"How dare you speak to me like that!"

"Now, look here, you aren't going to bluff me a second time, I can tell you! You just come along with me.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the reverend gentleman coolly. "Nothing but a team of horses will induce me to go along with you."

Such drastic measures, however, were not found necessary. Two officers easily accomplished the work, and the Reverend John was led down the dock.

A cold feeling crept over him as he stepped into the office. He immediately confessed, and turning up his trousers discovered the lace.

"Hem," said the officer, grinning sarcastically, "rather a shame to hide such pretty trimming!"

"Such comments are unnecessary," said the Reverend John, quietly and with many blushes unwrapping the lace.

"So that is all, sir?"

The officer glanced at the small heap which had accumulated on the floor.

"Yes!" emphatically.

"Just so! But I seem to remember your face. It strikes me you left here a few weeks ago with a much smaller waist. You lived well on the Continent—eh?"

"You are most impertinent!" said the Reverend John, endeavoring to restrain his anger. "Kindly attend to your own business."

"I will," was the brisk reply. "Take off your coat and vest."

The Reverend John Kell submitted to the examination without even losing his temper. He knew it was best so. Even when the officer gave him sundry nips through his shirt, to see that there was no padding, he only smiled and accepted them with Christian forbearance.

The officer seemed quite displeased at finding that his figure was genuine and, with an expression of annoyance, proceeded to turn out his pockets.

"Hullo! What's this?" he demanded triumphantly, holding up a small packet.

"Well, I declare!—I had completely forgotten. That is a pound of tobacco which I had bought for a friend—I asstire——"

"Ah! Here's another!"

The officer pulled out a small box of cigars.

"That looks like nothing more, doesn't it?" he said, annoyed at his victim's complacency and apparent good-humor. "Why, you're like a department store. Chock-full of all sorts of things. Nothing more, indeed! Just you come along with me

and have a talk with the Chief Inspector!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Kell could not imagine why her husband was detained so long. At last, growing impatient, she walked down to the dock and peeped in the searching-room. Nobody was there.

The peak-capped customs officer happened to pass at the moment.

Mrs. Kell, assuming an air of indifference, inquired about his victim.

"Oh, we have made a grand capture!" he said, delighted to have some one to brag to.

"He was stout," he continued facetiously, "but I have considerably reduced his weight—just think of the old fellow trying to get you into trouble, when all the time he had no end of tobacco—cigars—and yards and yards of lace."

"Lace!"

"Yes; m'am, lace!"

"What are they going to do with him?"

"Oh, he will be out soon. The chief has been rather lenient. I expect he thinks he's a parson."

Mrs. Kell heaved a sigh of relief.

"If I were you," continued the officer, mistaking it for fear, "I should scoot. There is no knowing what he might do if he suspected you. It makes them wild."

"Tell me where he is."

The officer pointed to a building.

"He's in there. But, remember, I warned you."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Kell was at the door. She opened it, and, heedless of the astonished Chief Inspector, rushed forward and impetuously threw her arms around her husband's neck and with many ex-

pressions of sorrow begged his forgiveness.

"It's all right, Mary," he said. "Half my case is settled. I am so far fined fifteen shillings on the tobacco and cigars."

"What about the lace?" she whispered.

"He hasn't come to it yet. Goodness only knows how much that will be." This also whispered.

Mrs. Kell stood up and faced the officer.

"You have fined him quite enough," she said. "I think you might at least overlook the lace."

"Under the circumstances I will grant your request," agreed the Chief Inspector with a short laugh.

"Trust your wife to get you out of a fix, John!" cried Mrs. Kell gayly.

The Reverend John was delighted at getting off so lightly.

"I hope," he said, as he paid the fine, "you will accept the cigars as a slight recognition of your courtesy. I would like to include the tobacco, but I have already promised it to a friend."

"Thank you!" said the Chief Inspector drily, "unfortunately, both are confiscated!"

Throughout this interview Mrs. Kell's spirits had been rising and falling like a barometer. They now sank from "change" to "stormy."

"Is—er is—the lace also confiscated?" she faltered.

The Chief Inspector rose from his chair, and placed the lace in her hands.

"You need not have gone to so much trouble in bringing it over," he said, laughing. "The fact is, there is no duty on lace, nor has there been for the last forty years."

On the whole, it is patience which makes the final difference between those who succeed or fail in all things. All the greatest people have it in an infinite degree, and, among the less, the patient weak ones always conquer the impatient strong.—J. Ruskin.

The Former Rulers of The Canadian West

THOSE who look upon trusts as modern growths may be surprised to learn that one of the most powerful on the North American continent is 86 years old. This is the Hudson's Bay Company, which probably furnished the muff, collar or the fur overcoat which you are wearing this winter. It is the continent's oldest trust.

Age isn't the chief distinction of this trust, however. It can claim, what no other trust can, that it has made a nation; for it would be difficult to exaggerate the Hudson's Bay Company's part in creating modern Canada. Many of the great Dominion cities of to-day have developed from trading posts established by the fur company many years ago.

In the forming of this trust and its development, tragedy and romance run riot. The killing of rival traders in close encounter, in duels and in pitched battles; the accidental death of many a man while engaged in his perilous work; the hardship of life in isolated sections, to some of which mail, even at this day, goes only once a year; the commercial romance connected with bay-tree growth of cities in the wilderness—these things might, if inanimate objects could speak, be told by the fur which drapes feminine shoulders or is exposed for sale in the store window.

Before the Hudson's Bay Company absorbed its rival and formed the first trust of the continent, its stirring history had already extended over a century and a half, and for a long time enjoyed a monopoly of the rich fur field.

If the Hudson's Bay Company had not absorbed the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal, in 1821, thus forming America's first trust, it is perhaps not too much to say that Canada for many years thereafter, perhaps almost to the present, would have been little more than a chain of towns and cities along the St. Lawrence and

around Lake Ontario, and a group of semi-isolated maritime provinces.

Not long ago a Toronto writer expressed this opinion, and found none to dispute it. It is not in itself an excuse for the existence of a corporation, as such, although it speaks volumes for the enterprise of this particular trust.

Misled by its many names, many people have thought the company's original scope of operation was only in the Hudson's Bay district, when, as a matter of fact, it extended from ocean to ocean, and from the latitude of Alaska south as far as the Great Lakes—a country hardly smaller than the whole of Europe. This immense region was populated by about 160,000 Indians, half-breeds and Eskimos.

Only twenty years after the landing of the English at what is now Jamestown, Va.—to be exact, in 1627—the nucleus of the Hudson's Bay Company had its birth.

At the present day the only thing in this country that can be compared with that struggle is the sheep feuds of the Northwest, in which shots have been taken at shepherds at sight and the sheep driven over cliffs to death.

In these battles up in the Canadian wilds guns were freely used. When it so happened that the combatants got close enough together, knives were brought into play. Fists were seldom used—this would have been too mild.

Stirred to commercial competition, the Hudson's Bay Company for a time paid the highest prices to the Indians, thus securing the pick of their furs; but the Frenchmen, so it is recorded, got around this by introducing firewater. And, in order to offer a formidable front to the English, the French traders in 1773 organized into the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal. Soon this company overshadowed its rival.

Instead of paying salaries to its men, as its rival did, the Northwest permitted them to work on commis-

sion, or to acquire partnership in the business, and so in a few years it was making annual profit of \$200,000, which in ten years jumped to \$600,000.

The principal "Northwesters," as partners in the Northwest company, were called, formed an exclusive aristocracy in Montreal and Quebec, living in lordly style, yet preserving associations with the superintendents of their trading posts, joining them in pleasures, dangers, mishaps and novel adventures.

When they ascended the streams, it was in magnificent barges, decked with red furs, with every luxury at hand, carrying with them their cooks and barbers—like sovereigns making a progress.

Colonists came from Great Britain, their coming spurred the French Northwesters on to acts of intimidation and violence. At this time Lord Selkirk, acquiring a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company and determined to punish the pertinacious rivals.

Where they established a fort they placed one. Every method that artifice, fraud or violence could suggest was adopted to get the skins from the Indians, who cared not who got them so long as the money and firewater were sufficient.

What ruses were tried to gain the upper hand in this odd rivalry! Once the Hudson's Bay people, on the pretense of making friends, got up a grand ball with the Northwesters as their guests, and while the merriment was on, a few agents slipped out to meet a company of Indians whom the scouts had reported as headed for the town. When, next day, the Northwesters learned of the Indians' approach, they found them all gloriously drunk and not a skin left.

Another time, two trading parties met in the woods. The Northwesters proposed a fire and a round of drinks. Then, while the others drank, they poured their liquor on the ground.

Finally, when every Hudson's Bay man was helplessly drunk, the Northwesters bound them to their sleds, turned the dogs towards the Hudson's

Bay camp, and then hurried on to the Indian camp. This time they had the skins all to themselves.

Forts were attacked, burned and the settlers and officials made prisoners and terribly maltreated. In vain did the Governor-General of Canada exhort and threaten. These bloody scenes led up to a frightful battle at Fort Garry, the post of the Hudson's Bay people, in which seventeen men and three officers of the company, including Governor Semple, fell, pierced by bullets.

Officers and men on both sides were hired with a view to their fighting qualities; prices were sent so high and firewater flowed so plentifully that the trade was ruined.

Such was the condition when, in 1821, the cooler heads of both companies got together and formed the first trust on this continent. Like those of to-day, it was for mutual preservation.

Then, talk of your captains of industry of the present day! How small most of them seem beside a young Scotchman who, simply on account of his business acumen, was singled out among all the residents of British Columbia to be head of the new trust and governor of Rupert's Land, as the fur country was called.

This man was George Simpson—Sir George he afterwards became, for he was knighted because of the wonderful ability he displayed in his new position. For forty years he remained at the helm, and his reign was one of peace and prosperity.

When, in 1860, the Hudson's Bay Company was induced by the Canadian Government to part with all but about one-twentieth of the immense tract of land in its grant, the money recompense was \$1,500,000.

This ended the romantic, thrilling side of the company's history; it thenceforth became simply a very prosperous corporation, with capital swollen to \$10,000,000, no competition and enormous dividends assured.

As indicating the perilous lives of the hunters and half-breeds in those early days, it is recorded that of those Northwesters who assisted in the kill-

ing of Governor Semple and his nineteen associates, sixty-five died violent deaths.

First, a Frenchman dropped dead while crossing the ice on the river, his son was stabbed by a comrade, his wife was shot, and his children were burned; Big Head, his brother, was shot by an Indian; Contonohais dropped dead at a dance; Battosh was mysteriously shot; Lavigne was drowned.

Fraser was run through the body by a Frenchman in Paris; Baptiste Moralle, while drunk, was thrown into a fire by inebriate companions; another died drunk on a roadway; another was wounded by the bursting of his gun; Duplicis was impaled on a pitchfork; Gardapie was scalped by Indians; another was gored to death by a buffalo, and still another shot by mistake in a buffalo hunt.

And so on down the list—there are fact and fate for every one of the sixty-five cases.

But, while some people prefer to consider this a punishment for what they term "the massacre," it is perhaps no more than an illustration of the dangers attending the fur-hunting business on every hand.

To-day all is changed. Those places which the old school geography designated as trading posts have become prosperous cities, some of them with department stores as elegant and comprehensive as those found in the largest American and British cities.

For instance, near the head offices of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the point where used to stand the walls of Fort Garry, one may now see the

principal stores of the city of Winnipeg, which is likened to Whiteley's Necessity Store in London, where you may buy a house or anything belonging to or around a house.

The great retail emporium of Victoria is the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and in Calgary the metropolis of Alberta and the Canadian plains, the principal shopping place is the Hudson's Bay store.

Since the opening of the Northwest provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the Dominion Government, about three years ago, the boom has been continuous. The country is becoming one of the most prosperous and up-to-date in America. And yet to-day, as two centuries ago, the Hudson's Bay Company is the greatest of fur-trading corporations, and fur trading is to-day a principal source of its profits.

As in the early days, the Indians come to the trading post with their packs of skins on their backs, to be traded for tobacco, sugar, corn, cooking utensils, lodge furnishings and money.

And to-day, as of yore, the scouts and agents of the company penetrate to the homes of the more isolated tribes, buy up their skins and "tote" them to the trading post on their backs or by dog team. But they are not the picturesque old fellows with tomahawk and moccasins and muskets and quaint accoutrements; they are prosaic-looking individuals.

Like the commonplace, present-day cowboy on the western ranch, they have become simply ghosts of vanished romance.

The Spirit of Progress

What is the Spirit of Progress? It is the desire to know what constitutes true success and the willingness to take the patient steps which lead to it; the desire to correct errors, traits and tendencies which retard progress and the willingness to receive new ideas and act upon them; the desire to act from sound motives, and the willingness to give up false and temporary success for vital and permanent growth; the eagerness to utilize every wholesome opportunity, the enthusiasm to strive for excellence for its own sake, and the energy to push on, pausing only when the victory is won.

The Cure of Hezekiah

By Norman Duncan in Harper's Monthly

IT was Hezekiah's mother—the widow of Red Tom Usher, of

Wrath Harbor of the Labrador, and the mother, also, of Tommy—it was she who discovered the whereabouts of a cure. "Hook's Kurepain," she declared, convinced beyond doubt, "will sure do it!" There was no denying the virtues of the Healing Balm. They were set forth in print, in type both large and small, on a creased and greasy remnant of the Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger, who had, as the mother of Hezekiah was immediately persuaded, providentially strayed into that far port. The works of the Invaluable Discovery were not to be disputed. The Boon to Suffering Humanity was a positive cure for bruises, sprains, chilblains, cracked hands, stiffness of the joints, contraction of the muscles, numbness of the limbs, neuralgia, rheumatism, erysipelas, pains in the chest, warts, frost-bites, sore throat, quinsy, croup, diphtheria, toothache, and various other ills. Moreover, it was an excellent hair restorer. And if it had cured millions, why should it not cure Hezekiah?

Hezekiah's mother greatly desired a bottle.

"I've found something, Tommy," said she, a little twinkle in her eye, when, that night, the elder son came in from the snowy wilderness, where he had made the round of his fox-traps.

"Have you, now?" he answered, curiously. "An' what might un be?"

She sought to mystify him a moment longer, that his delight might be the more. "'Tis something, b'y," said she, "t' make you glad."

"Come, tell me!" he cried, his eyes shining.

"I've heered you say," she went on, smiling softly, "that you'd be fair willin' t' give anything t' be able t' find it. I've heered you say—

"'Tis a silver fox!"

"I've heered you say," she continued, shaking her head— "Oh, I've heered you say, 'if I could only find it, I'd be happy!'"

"Tell me!" he coaxed. "Please tell me!"

She laid a hand on his shoulder. The remnant of the Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger she held behind her.

"'Tis a cure for Hezekiah," said she.

"No!" he cried, incredulous; but there was yet the ring of hope in his voice. "Have you, now?"

"Hook's Kurepain," said she, "never failed yet."

"'Tis wonderful!" said Tommy.

She spread the newspaper on the table and placed her finger at that point of the list where the cure of rheumatism was promised.

"Read that," said she, "an' you'll find 'tis all true."

Tommy's eyes ran up to the top of the page. His mother waited, a smile on her lips. She was anticipating a profound impression.

"'Beauty has wonderful charms,'" the boy read. "'Few men can withstand the witchcraft of a lovely face. All hearts are won—'"

"No! no!" the mother interrupted, hastily. "That's the marvellous Oriental Beautifier. I been readin' that too. But 'tis not that. 'Tis lower down. Beginnin', 'At last the universal remedy of Biblical times.' Is you got it yet?"

"Ay, sure!"

And thereupon Tommy Usher, of Wrath Harbor, discovered that a legion of relieved and rejuvenated rheumatics had without remuneration or constraint sung the virtues of the Kurepain and the praises of Hook. He was a lad remotely born, unknowing; not for a moment did he doubt the existence of the Well-known Traveler, the Family Doctor, the

Minister of the Gospel, the Champion of the World. He was ready to admit that the cure had been found.

"I'm willin' t' believe," said he, solemnly, the while gazing very earnestly into his mother's eyes, "that 'twould do Hezekiah a world o' good."

"Read on!"

"'It costs money to make the Kurepain,'" Tommy read. "'It is not a sugar-and-water remedy. It is a cure, manufactured at great expense. Good medicines come high. But the peerless Kurepain is cheap when compared with the worthless substitutes now on the market and sold for just as good. Our price is five dollars a bottle; three bottles guaranteed to cure.'"

Tommy stopped dead. He looked up. His mother steadily returned his glance. Tommy had provided for the house ever since his father died. It had been hard work, and there had been times when the provision was lean enough. Five dollars a bottle! Five dollars for that which was neither food nor clothing!

"'Tis fearful!" he sighed.

"But read on."

"'In order to introduce the Kurepain into this locality we have set aside One Thousand Bottles of this incomparable medicine. That number, and no more, we will dispose of at four dollars a bottle. Do not make a mistake. When the supply is exhausted, the price will rise to eight dollars a bottle, owing to a scarcity of one of the ingredients. We honestly advise you, if you are in pain or suffering, to take advantage of this rare opportunity. A word to the wise is sufficient. Order to-day.'"

"'Tis a great bargain, Tommy," the mother whispered.

"Ay," Tommy answered, dubiously.

His mother patted his hand. "When Hezekiah's cured," she went on, "he could help you with the traps, an'—"

"'Tis not for that I wants un cured," Tommy flashed. "I'm willin' an' able for me labor. 'Tis not for that I'm just thinkin' all the time

about seein' him run about like he used to. That's what I wants."

"Doesn't you think, Tommy, that we could manage it—if we tried wonderful hard?"

"'Tis accordin' t' what fur I traps, mum, before the ice goes an' the steamer comes. I'm hopin' we'll have enough left over t' buy the cure."

She patted his hand again. "There's credit t' be had at the store," she said.

"But I'm not wantin' t' get in debt."

"You're a good son, Tommy," the mother said at last. "I knows you'll do for the best. Leave us wait until the springtime comes."

"Ay," he agreed; "an' we'll say nar a word t' Hezekiah."

Hezekiah was eight years old—younger than Tommy by four years. He had been an active, merry lad, inclined to scamper and shout, given to pranks of a kindly sort. But he had of a sudden been taken with what the folk of Wrath Harbor called "rheumatics" of the knee. There were days, however, when he walked in comfort; but there were times when, thus walking, he fell to the ground in agony, and had to be carried home, and there were weeks when he could not walk at all. He was now more affectionate than he had been, but he was not so merry nor so rosy.

"'Twould be like old times," Tommy said once, when Hezekiah was put to bed, "if the lad was only well."

"I'm afeered, b'y," the mother sighed, "that he'll never be well again."

"For fear you're right, mum," said Tommy, "we must give un a good time. . . . Hush, mother! Don't you cry, or I'll be cryin' too."

But since they had laid hold on the hope in Hook's Kurepain life was brighter. They were looking forward to the cure. The old merry, scampering Hezekiah, with his shouts and laughter and gambols and pranks, was to return to them. When, as the winter dragged along and Tommy brought home the fox-skins from the wilderness, Hezekiah fondled them,

and passed upon their quality as to color and size of fur. Tommy and the mother exchanged smiles. Hezekiah did not know that upon the quality and number of the skins, which he delighted to stroke and pat, depended his cure. Let the winter pass! Let the ice move out from the coast! Let the steamer come for the letters! Let her go and return again! Then Hezekiah would know.

"We'll be able t' have one bottle, whatever," said the mother.

"Twill be more than that, mum," Tommy answered, confidently. "We wants un cured."

With the spring came the great disappointment. The snow melted from the hills; wild flowers blossomed where the white carpet had lain; the ice was ready to break and move out to sea with the next wind from the west: there were no more foxes to be caught. Tommy bundled the skins, strapped them on his back, and took them to the storekeeper at Shelter Harbor, five miles up the coast; and when their value had been determined he came home disconsolate.

The mother had been watching from the window. "Well?" she said, when the boy came in.

"'Tis not enough," he groaned. "I'm sorry, mum; but 'tis not enough."

She said nothing, but waited for him to continue; for she feared to give him greater distress.

"Twas a fair price he gave me," Tommy continued. "I'm not complainin' o' that. But there's not enough t' do more than keep us clear o' debt, with pinchin', till we sells the fish in the fall. I'm sick, mum—I'm fair sick an' miserable along o' disappointment."

"'Tis sad t' think," she said, Hezekiah's not t' be cured—after all."

"For the want o' twelve dollars!" he sighed.

They were interrupted by the clatter of Hezekiah's crutches, coming in haste from the inner room; then entered Hezekiah.

"I heered what you said," he cried, his eyes blazing, his whole worn little

body fairly quivering with excitement. "I heered you say 'cure.' Is I t' be cured?"

They did not answer.

"Tommy! Mamma! Did you say I was t' be cured?"

"Hush, dear!" said the mother.

"I can't hush. I wants t' know. Tommy, tell me. Is I t' be cured?"

"Tommy, b'y," said the mother, quietly, "tell un."

"You is!" Tommy shouted, catching Hezekiah in his arms and rocking him like a baby. "You is t' be cured. Debt or no debt, lad, by the Lord, I'll see you cured!"

It was easily managed. The old storekeeper at Shelter Harbor did not hesitate. Credit? Of course he would give Tommy that. "Tommy," said he, "I've knowed you for a long time, an' I knows you t' be a good lad. I'll f' you out for the summer an' the winter, if you wants me to, an' you can take your own time about payin' the bill." And so Tommy withdrew twelve dollars from the credit of his account.

They began to keep watch on the ice—to wish for a westerly gale, that the white waste might be broken and dispersed.

"Tommy," said Hezekiah, one night when the lads lay snug in bed and the younger was sleepless, "how long will it be afore that there Kurepain comes?"

"I low the steamer'll soon be here."

"Ay?"

"An' then she'll take the letter with the money?"

"Ay?"

"An' she'll be gone about a month an' a fortnight, an' then she'll be back with—"

"The cure!" said Hezekiah, giving Tommy an affectionate dig in the ribs. "She'll be back with the cure!"

"Go t' sleep, lad."

"I can't," Hezekiah whimpered. "I can't for joy o' thinkin' o' that cure."

By and by the ice moved out, and in good time the steamer came. It was at the end of a blustering day, with the night falling thick. Passengers and crew alike—from the

grimy stokers to the shivering American tourists—were relieved to learn, when the anchor went down with a splash and a rumble, that the "old man" was to "hang her down" until the weather turned "civil."

Accompanied by the old schoolmaster, who was to lend him aid in registering the letter to the Kurepain Company, Tommy went aboard in the punt. It was then dark.

"You knows a Yankee when you sees un," said he, when they reached the upper deck. "Point un out, an' I'll ask un."

"Ay, I'm traveled," said the schoolmaster, importantly. "And 'twould be wise to ask about the company before you post the letter."

Thus it came about that Tommy timidly approached two gentlemen who were chatting merrily in the lee of the wheel-house.

"Do you know the Kurepain, sir?" he asked.

"Eh? What?" the one replied.

"Hook's, sir."

"Hook's? In the name of wonder, child, Hook's what?"

"Kurepain, sir."

"Hook's Kurepain," said the stranger. "Doctor"—addressing his companion—"do you recommend—"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you do not?" said the other.

The doctor eyed Tommy. "Why do you ask?" he inquired.

"'Tis for me brother, sir," Tommy replied. "He've a queer sort o' rheumaticks. We're thinkin' the Kurepain will cure un. It have cured a minister o' the gospel, sir, an' a champion o' the world; an' we was allowin' that it wouldn't have much trouble t' cure Hezekiah. They's as much as twelve dollars, sir, in this here letter, which I'm sendin' away. I'm wantin' t' know, sir, if they'll send the cure if I sends the money."

The doctor was silent for a moment. "Where do you live?" he asked at last.

Tommy pointed to a far-off light. "Hezekiah will be at the window," he

said, "lookin' out at the steamer's lights."

"Do you care for a run ashore?" asked the doctor, turning to his fellow tourist.

"If it would not overtax you."

"No, no—I'm strong enough now. The voyage has put me on my feet again. Come—let us go."

Tommy took them ashore in the punt, guided them along the winding, rocky path, led them into the room where Hezekiah sat at the window. The doctor felt of Hezekiah's knee and asked him many questions. Then he held a whispered conversation with his companion and the schoolmaster; and of their conversation Tommy caught such words and phrases as "slight operation" and "chloroform" and "that table" and "poor light, but light enough," and "rough-and-ready sort of work" and "no danger." Then Tommy was despatched to the steamer with the doctor's friend; and when they came back the man carried a bag in his hand. The doctor asked Hezekiah a question, and Hezekiah nodded his head. Whereupon the doctor called him a brave lad, and sent Tommy out to the kitchen to keep his mother company for a time, first requiring him to bring in a pail of water and another lamp. When they called him in again—he knew what they were about, and it seemed a long, long time before the call came—Hezekiah was lying on the couch, sick and pale, with his knee tightly bandaged, but with his eyes glowing.

"Mamma! Tommy!" the boy whispered, exultingly. "They says I'm cured."

"Yes," said the doctor; "he'll be all right now. His trouble was not rheumatism. It was caused by a fragment of the bone, broken off at the knee-joint. At least, that's as plain as I can make it to you. I have removed that fragment. He'll be all right after a bit. I've told the schoolmaster how to take care of him, and I'll leave some medicine, and—well—he'll soon be all right."

When the doctor was about to step

from the punt to the steamer's ladder, half an hour later, Tommy held up a letter to him.

"'Tis for you, sir," he said.

"What's this?" the doctor demanded.

"'Tis for you to keep, sir," Tommy answered, with dignity. "'Tis the money for the work you done."

"Money!" cried the doctor. "Why, really," he stammered, "I—you see, this is my vacation—and I—"

"I 'low, sir," said Tommy, quietly, "that you'll 'blige me."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the doctor, being wise, "that I will!"

And Tommy Usher was very much obliged.

What I Found Out as a Business Girl

By Laura A. Smith in *Ladies' Home Journal*

THERE are three vital qualities which the girl who succeeds in business must have. The common names for these are energy, "get-up-and-get" and "stick-to-itiveness." If you are serious in wishing to amount to something in your chosen line of work you must resolutely shake off sloth ("the mother of poverty") and laziness, greeting each day afresh with enthusiasm and buoyancy. Eternal vigilance must be your portion. You cannot afford to let even apparently unimportant details of your work escape you. Though you do your task successfully nine times and grow careless the tenth, you will hear from the tenth or imperfect time. As a business girl you must not hang back and find excuses when a disagreeable task is offered you. Take it cheerfully and willingly. The Girl-Afraid-of-Work cannot spell success. She who gives up a hard bit of work easily, in despair and disgust, will never attain the heights of the girl who sticks to difficulties with bulldog persistency. The latter may have to give up the task defeated, but she has the satisfaction of knowing that she made a good fight.

Stick to one line of work long enough to give it a fair trial and be thoroughly convinced of your fitness for that particular kind of work. Butterflies have their place in society but not in the business world. To change from office to office and from

one kind of employment to many new ones in a short period of time may give one a reputation for instability, incompetence and untrustworthiness. This does not mean we must never change work or employers. We must grow, and, growing legitimately, step into higher things. Fatal to any business girl is the desire to secure employment that is very easy and yet that pays a large salary. Such positions do not exist for the average girl. If this is your ambition, stay out of business. The employer who can afford to pay well wants value received and will seek until he gets it.

The habit of concentrating mind and interest on the task of the moment is worth many dollars to you. Determine to accomplish your task in the very best manner possible, though the task seem a trifle which might be slighted. Your work represents you, therefore you cannot afford to be careless and slipshod. Thus you will be judged if you let imperfect work go from your hand. Learn to shut out diverting thoughts and noises and apply yourself to the task in hand. You will get along easily and quickly, although you may not be conscious that you are working rapidly. Every day is a habit cultivator. Train mind and hand so that careful, efficient doing becomes a second nature. If you slight your tasks you will not advance in position, salary or self-culture. Do not be the girl who scatters her

thoughts over yesterday's tasks and vexations, to-day's work, noon and closing hours, and good times past and future. If your thoughts wander into strange fields letters will be filled with errors or misdirected and important inclosures forgotten. It is useless to be sorry or petulant when reminded that the thought given by your employer to that particular letter went for naught; the time to rise to the occasion is when you have the letter in hand.

One of the very first and simplest things for you to learn is to make legible letters and figures and to write an address neatly, legibly and correctly. This seems such primerlike advice that, if you have big business aspirations, you will laugh. There are several items necessary in addressing in envelope or package—the name, street, number, city, State, and sometimes county and country. Leave off one of these items and some one will have to make up your deficiency. It is impossible to estimate the time, money and hard work devoted by the United States Post-office Department and business concerns to letters and parcels carelessly addressed. See that you do not conduct an annex to the Dead-letter Office. Nothing calls forth more just indignation in an office than when a pile of important mails comes from the post-office with the red line, "Returned for Correct Address."

If a clerk in a store you need this suggestion as much as does the girl in an office. Upon you depends largely the safety of the delivery of the valuable package the customer wishes sent to her home. Your particular business for the moment is to write that one address so that it will land the package where it belongs. You can see what it is worth to you if there is a mistake and your employer can say, "It is very unusual for this clerk to make a mistake. She is one of our most careful employes." While learning to write names carefully learn to call them correctly and to associate the name with the person who bears it. This is a gift which men in public life consider worth cul-

tivating. If, the second time a person comes to your place of business you can give her a smile of recognition and say, "Good-morning, Mrs. A," you have won a friend. Mrs. A immediately likes you, for she thinks, "Why, she remembered me; how nice." How far the girl who says, "Yes, Mrs. A" towers above the one who drawls, "Yes, madam," plain Yes," or the tabooed "Yes, lady." You have doubtless been instructed long ere this never, never to use "lady" as a term of address. If you have not decided from this moment to use "Madam" or the individual's name. "Lady" goes hand in hand with chewing toothpicks in public. Let us drop both.

Do not pride yourself on not knowing how to do things. Be business-like and master the little details which count for experience when you seek new employment. Nothing is accidental in a well-ordered office. Watch the trained and experienced person and you will find that every move means time saved and work facilitated. There is even a proper way to fold a letter and place it in an envelope. Learn how to make copies of important letters and file them for future reference, even though that may not come directly in your line of work. Learn to locate places on the map and on the railroad. Learn how to word telegrams, to send registered and special-delivery letters. Remember the close relationship between time and money, and know when to use telegraph, long-distance telephone or special-delivery letter if you are in charge of affairs. Notice carefully what you are signing if it is a business paper. This is your golden opportunity to learn something about different kinds of business paper and forms. This includes banking, making out or endorsing cheques, opening an account with a bank, making deposits, book-keeping enough to keep your personal accounts correctly, and other details which will help you handle money throughout life. Ask for receipts from collectors and messengers to whom you give money or packages. File these receipts where

you can readily place your hand on them. Learn to decide and to act quickly in an emergency. Rely on your own judgment when there is no one at hand to advise. Be slow about paying out money for your firm on a C.O.D. package, unless you are convinced that you should. If you advance money from your own purse have a receipt to show for it. This is not sentiment, it is business. Your desire to keep money matters straight will enhance your worth in your employer's estimation. Keep receipted bills as long as possible to protect yourself should you be asked by a firm to pay the same bill twice.

Diplomacy and tact will carry you through awkward situations where lack of them might cause a break in your business relations. Remember that the public you serve is sensitive and you must win not lose, friends. Remember, too, that you have a personal reputation as a business woman to sustain when tempted to strain a point of truth or honesty and do something that is bound to react against your business integrity. Be loyal to your firm and consult its interests always. Give heart and not lip service. If you have committed an error in your decision in an emergency profit by the experience and try harder next time. No matter what happens you must not stop trying. Learn to disassociate yourself as an individual from yourself as a representative of the firm. By doing this you will save yourself much unhappiness. Do not be sensitive and feel resentment toward the person making a legitimate complaint about a piece of goods or article. She is not complaining of you personally, but of the thing with which she is dissatisfied. Use discretion about repeating criticisms and suggestions to those over you in authority. If employed where suggestions are welcomed you can tell the proper person in a diplomatic way, not allowing the personality of the one complaining to color your report. Unimportant criticisms you can answer at once and pleasantly pass over. Never bother busy men with idle tales of busy-bodies

and chronic faultfinders. When you feel that the good-will of your firm is threatened report it in confidence to the one whom it most concerns, and above all, be brief in the telling.

One of your most difficult lessons will be to learn to go to headquarters to find out things which concern yourself and your work. Nine girls out of ten lack the moral courage to bring most important questions to an issue. Generally there is just one person who can grant you privileges or whose opinion makes a difference in your salary. Therefore, do not begin with the office boy and go all along the line wondering if Mr. A will do this or that for you, or complaining if your work becomes too heavy or unpleasant. Go direct to Mr. A. There is no royal way; just take the plunge and have it over with. A man busy with big schemes may not have dancing-school manners and he may "growl" at you, but he is likely to be fair and just and your interests will not suffer. At any rate, it will put an end to your surmisings and suspense. You may strike Mr. A in an unfortunate moment and suffer defeat. Never mind; learn to take business hurdles gracefully. Shake off the dust of the header, mount with a laugh and spur ahead. Keep your colors flying at any cost. The slogan of old bicycle days fits into business beautifully: "Keep pedaling and look straight ahead." If you keep pedaling you will keep progressing. If you look ahead you will go the way you are looking. Have grit enough to keep still and ask no sympathy for your particular brand of worry. Silence is a grand weapon. Try it some day when you are harassed. A laugh, too, often saves the day and clears the atmosphere.

Keep sunny and contented in your work for your own sake and for the sake of the office atmosphere. Do not let misguided persons stir up discontent and persuade you that you are doing "a man's work and should receive a man's salary." You are doing your own work and are entitled to the highest salary you can earn. You could not be a man in business

if you tried. Really, why should you or any girl wish to be? Men get the hardest tasks, the longest hours and the hardest part of the business strain. If you grow into a woman with fine executive ability, poise and a thorough knowledge of business you will command a good salary and receive a great many privileges on your own account. Be content to be a girl in business, clinging to your womanly ideals, keeping your heart young and envying no one. Pay the men with whom you work the compliment to feel, and to show them that you feel, that they will treat you fair, protect you and look out for your interests. A very, very confidential bit of advice: when there is a cyclonic storm, followed by a decided outburst, in the office make yourself very small and unobtrusive. See nothing and hear nothing but your work. Storms will come. We cannot have smooth, plain sailing every day in any business office. After the storm passes consider the incident closed. Banish it from your thoughts and its effects from your countenance. Recognize any little kindly after-act and accept it cordially and sweetly with no reference to the late unpleasantness. The girl who pouts, the girl with "nerves," the girl who holds a grudge and the girl who nags are not popular in an office.

Business will do much for you. It will make you quick, alert, self-reliant and progressive. Being a business girl gives you no excuse for lack of gentle manners. Watch yourself carefully and try very hard to be as well-bred in your business as you are

in your social relations. It will be your own fault if you do not keep up with current affairs and if you do not increase your general knowledge every day. Do not shy at new words, but make them your own and use them. Look in the dictionary yourself for spelling and definitions. The dictionary habit is one of the best you can acquire. Business will teach you the value of dollars and pennies—how hard it is to earn and how easy to spend them. It will broaden your sympathies for the thousands of your fellow-creatures who make such a brave showing on very little money. It will teach you to judge not by externals but by achievements.

Take it for granted that every person is your friend, ready to do you a kindness. Greet persons in this spirit. There are more good people in the world than there are bad—more ready to help and encourage than to block your progress. Throw this thought into your manner when you approach persons and it will act like a charm. One great mistake we make is to forget a kindness shown and remember a blow. Control your recollections and thus keep your mind healthy. Drop business when you leave office or shop. Avoid having the business stamp on you so plainly that it can be detected at a glance. Talk shop with a few congenial spirits from whom you can learn, but avoid it when off duty. You may have difficulty convincing your social acquaintances that you prefer other topics of conversation, but persevere until you succeed.

However slight a man's education may be, there is nothing to prevent his learning to talk correctly. He can do more than that: he can learn to talk entertainingly upon any subject. This does not require a great depth of knowledge. It requires an observant attitude when others talk.

Retirement from Business

By Marcus M. Marks in *American Review of Reviews*

THERE are many business men who could render most valuable service to the community and at the same time benefit themselves physically, morally, and intellectually, if they would but recognize their possibilities. To give full measure of their service involves retirement from the all-absorbing detail of everyday business. It is my purpose to point out that such retirement is within the reach of many business men (and in that classification I include merchants of all kinds, manufacturers, promoters, agents, etc.), and to offer some practical suggestions to this end.

Many men whose success has been phenomenal, and whose fortunes have far exceeded their fondest hopes, continue the daily grind of business because they have no taste for anything else. From early boyhood they have been completely absorbed in business, to the exclusion of everything that interfered in the least, until they have become slaves to their occupations. These men now go about their daily routine like the imprisoned squirrel treading the wheel in his cage, turning and turning, without making any real progress.

There are some who contend that business, per se, is a proper end in life; that any man may well devote all his years to building up and improving his establishment, giving himself up entirely to the one ideal of commercial development. The plea is made that wherever one's lot in life may cause him to be placed, there he should work out his destiny and develop the best that is in him; that business is an honorable and can be a noble calling, and that a great service to mankind may be performed by pushing a business to its highest plane, even though this may require a man's whole lifetime. A minister of the gospel may fairly take this position and carry on his good work

to his last day, spreading blessings among those with whom he comes in contact, and giving himself up with free heart to the service of God and man. A physician who has the spirit of self-sacrifice may also consecrate himself to the cause of humanity, responding day and night, summer and winter, to the call of the suffering.

There are also other callings that bring men into holiest touch with the hearts of their fellow-men, that may also well be followed to the last day in properly working out man's highest destiny. Shall business be included among these occupations? It is certainly not my intention to deprecate in the slightest degree the great constructive opportunities of a business career. In the relations with employes, with customers, with fellow-merchants, there are possibilities of achieving the highest ideals by co-operation. But let us not forget the restrictions of business. Hard as it may sound, business is not a philanthropic institution. Its first test is its earning power; it is a failure if one doesn't make money. To make money one must meet competition. This entails a great and cruel limitation of one's ideals; it restricts liberality and compels one to push and grind whether so inclined or not. The position of the minister and of the physician is different. The amount of money they have saved does not enter into the consideration upon which is based their "rating" in the community.

Now, as to the exaggerated idea of service to society in perfecting one's commercial scheme: What business man cannot retire with little loss to those who use the articles he may be manufacturing or distributing? In case he decides to step out, will not some one else be able, in a reasonable time, to grow into his place? In fact, may not the new man, possibly younger and more ambitious, put

new life and energy into the development of the ideals of the business? This plea of a life-mission to be worked out to the end in business is, to my mind, usually not a reason for continuing in business, but more likely an excuse for satisfying the miserly instinct to pile up more money.

The complete absorption in business which we so often see seems to me positively unethical. Piling up business after the need of it is past is, I contend, as sinful and useless as the hoarding of gold by the miser. No man has a right to give up his soul exclusively to financial gain. If men do not arrive naturally at the realization of this fact, the day will come when the feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, now strongly showing itself among the poorer classes, will break forth in tumult and disorder. It is not only right but politic to give heed to this sign of the times. Men who cling to business after securing a competence, are encouraging discontent by their commercial avarice. Having secured the means to live, why should they not truly live and give others a chance to work up, and in turn get their competence?

It frequently happens that men acquire the means which would fully enable them to retire at an early age—say, when forty or fifty years old—but feel that they are too young to retire; feel, in fact, that they have no right to retire in the prime of life. How do they know that they will ever reach old age, or that in the rapid ups and downs of business they will be able to retain what they have acquired till they reach the age which they have arbitrarily set as the proper one? Many a man has been rich at fifty and well able to retire, and poor at sixty. Happy the man who can live the better life while the blood is still running warm and vigorous in his veins. Were there only enough such men to take an active part in public life, in the preservation of the rights of true citizenship, where would the scheming "bosses" be? There is crying need in public work for practical, successful, honest men who have time.

Nearly everybody seems to be "too busy" except the political "heeler," who, taking advantage of the situation, puts his time into the scales with, alas! too much effect.

No one with a reasonable competence should be afraid to retire young. I do not mean retire like an oyster in its shell, to a narrow sphere, but retire from the detail and routine of business to do what is best for his own higher development, best for his family, best for humanity. If a man retire young, he can properly work out his life's problem. If he wait, he may be too old, his habits too firmly formed, his ability or even desire to adopt a new manner of life, gone.

If a man should decide to withdraw from active business, plans must be carefully laid and carried out with judgment to supply to the organization the equivalent of the talent and energy that are to be withdrawn. It will take time and thought to shift duties and responsibilities gradually and wisely upon the shoulders of others. A corresponding increase in the share of the profits of the business and of the honors of its management should compensate those who now assume these added cares. The founders of a business as well as the ones who have led it to success are entitled to fair consideration for their important constructive work. Whatever the good-will of the business is worth should properly be credited to them. But the new managers should not be handicapped; they should be liberally dealt with and encouraged, for their own sakes and for the safety and earning power of the investment which may remain in the business.

If the business has been well organized, there is reason to expect that the withdrawal can be effected without appreciable loss and without changing the personnel of the juniors; but if there has been too much concentration of authority in the hands of the one who now contemplates retirement, the process of reorganization will not be so simple. New blood may have to be infused by acquiring one or more men experienced in simi-

lar undertakings. But with patience, skill, and determination, there is usually a way to solve the problem in a reasonable time.

Some men, when they have acquired a capital of, say, \$25,000, set the sum of \$100,000 as the standard of their ambition. They declare, in all sincerity, that if they are ever fortunate enough to amass that amount of wealth they will certainly retire from active business, devote themselves to study and to travel, and get acquainted with wife and children, whom they now more or less neglect in the absorption of their affairs. They figure out their budget about as follows: \$100,000 at 4 per cent. would give a reliable income of \$4,000 a year. Their expense now is, say, \$2,500 a year; so even allowing for an increase of \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year in their expenses, retirement at \$100,000 would still be conservative, and leave them beyond any possibility of deficit. But alas for human calculations! As prosperity continues, one luxury after another is indulged in, and gradually becomes a necessity; there is a move from the little flat to a neat house, at higher rent, and requiring an additional servant; other conditions change in proportion, so that by the time the \$100,000 dream of fortune becomes a reality, expenses have doubled and show signs of still growing; and the thought of retirement is put aside till the day when a fortune of \$200,000 may make it conservative to figure on an income of \$8,000. Thus the standard of retirement from business is, like the cup of Tantalus, always a little out of reach; and expenses grow and grow.

Meanwhile the business man has been working and planning, his whole soul absorbed in his occupation. He leaves home early, before his young children are about, and returns home late, after they have retired. Weary, often fretful and impatient, after the strain of the day, he is hardly a proper companion for his wife. The telephone, the stenographer, and other modern facilities have put two days' business stress into one; the pressure

is intense. More agencies, more customers, more employes; rush, rush, rush; no time for anything but business; no time to do a true citizen's duty; no time for charity; no time for any of the higher, better things of life. And at home more luxury, more society, more expenses—an automobile, perhaps—and the day of retirement further and further away. If, some day, exceptional success should roll up a fortune beyond his ever-growing requirements, what then? The chances are that by this time the man has become so attached to his daily tasks that he hasn't the heart to leave them. He no longer does business to make money, but for the mere pleasure of merchandising. All the higher hopes of his youth have been stifled. The most serious mistake was made when his home expenses were allowed to grow out of proportion to his means. This is what kept him "in harness" so long, that, like the old car-horse, he can be happy only when he hears the wheels rattle and the bells ring.

Few so-called merchant princes who keep on toiling laboriously after the need of such toil is past are willing to admit their weakness. Some of the reasons they give for continuing (that are really only excuses) have already been mentioned. Another so-called reason is their consideration of the welfare of their children. They say that they do not wish their boys to be compelled to work as hard as they themselves did, nor their girls to have any need to work at all. The girls, of course, should be provided for; and so they will be. For they are much more protected after their father has retired than when he has all his capital at the risk of a single undertaking; for, in the latter case, his chances of failure increase with his years. The boys, naturally, would have an easier time were they to receive a prosperous business, in good running order, or a substantial capital to start in with, than if they had to strike out and build up for themselves. But they would lose that most satisfying and proud feeling which comes to those

who, by enterprise and ability, push their own way to the front.

The father, in taking from his son this great satisfaction, is also depriving him of the important knowledge of the value of money, which only he thoroughly appreciates who has earned his first dollar; who knows what it means to be in need; who denies himself comforts, perhaps at times even necessities, in order to tide over a critical period. This father is taking from the son he loves so much the best opportunity for the development of strong character which comes in the first hard struggle with the world; and, on the other hand, he is laying him bare to a great danger. A young man coming into his father's well-established business is exposed to many temptations. He is at once in the false position of having received what he has not earned. On account of his name, deference is shown him which is not due either to his ability or his experience. This is apt to demoralize not only the young man himself, but the employes of the business, who see the old standard of worth displaced by the new standard of birth.

Putting all these considerations aside for a moment, let us carry the father's argument to its logical conclusion: If it is the duty of his father to continue in business for years after he has a competence, for his son's supposed welfare, will it not be just as much the duty of the son, in his turn, to keep the wheels moving for years and years for his son's sake, and so on? In other words, will not each generation be compelled to sacrifice vainly for the next? For the chances are great that a business, easily secured, will not be appreciated or properly guarded. How much oftener do we hear of the failure of a son who inherits a business than of one who has worked up his own. Another suggestion: Before you place your son into business ask yourself this question: What will he do after retiring? If we live to do business, then my suggestion is irrelevant; but if, as I firmly believe, we do business to live, then I feel that business men

should prepare to retire from the absorbing detail of everyday routine as soon as they have secured a fair competence. This being conceded, a youth intended for a business career should, wherever possible, be given the opportunity to develop those higher tastes, for literature, art, languages, the sciences, etc., which will enable him to enjoy life more and appreciate leisure when he has earned it.

The American business man occasionally falls back on another excuse for not retiring: He would be "out of things," would feel lost, would have no company, no friends situated similarly to himself; in other words, he says he fears to retire because we have no leisure class. If by leisure class he means the lazy, idle class, the drones in the human hive, let us accept his excuse; for business life with all its limitations is much to be preferred. But he forgets that, with retirement from business, new duties will soon come to him, which, if he does not shirk, will occupy his time to such an extent at least that he will have no cause to be lonesome. In England, in Germany and in France there is a substantial leisure class; in America it is only now in formation. And, with the spread of the movement in America, every year will strengthen the bond of sympathy between those who arrange to devote themselves to true living. In England there are some men who live on their income and give all their time to hunting, fishing and other sports; but a comparatively large number enter public life actively, throwing their effort and their influence in the direction of municipal and national betterment.

In Germany, while there are some men of the leisure class who spend their time at the coffee-houses and beer gardens, there are many who lead most useful lives, always ready to lend a helping hand wherever needed, in private or public affairs. In France, though gambling and other dissipations attract many who have achieved leisure, others in large num-

bers interest themselves in the field of art, in philanthropy, and in public matters.

Here, then, is the opportunity, the mission of our successful business men. As soon as they can afford it, let them retire from the pursuit of gain, joining the true leisure class, devoted to the patriotic work of highest citizenship. Their children may

not receive as large a legacy in the shape of fortune as they would if the father had slaved all his life, but they will have a much dearer and more enduring inheritance in the proud memory of a parent who co-operated with them to work out the best that was in them, and whose life was spent in developing the highest ideals of humanity.

The Story of the Clarendon Press

By J.P.C. in *Pall Mall Magazine*

TO be precise, one ought to say the Clarendon Press, of Oxford, and the Oxford University Press, of London, but these matters of punctilio are difficult. I have diligently ploughed in the wake of a hundred predecessors, consulted the best living authorities; and studied at the Bodleian; but with all this searching, catechising, and Boddling, I fail to perceive where the one Press begins and the other ends. It is one of those undemonstrable things that the faithful must be content to accept as mysteries. There are things where it behooveth not to be over-wise, and even if one had the necessary knowledge it is not always easy to convey it. The man who could write the history of Oxford University afresh is a hero. The man who could expound what it might be if it had the funds, would be a visionary and a genius. But the person who undertook to say how the Clarendon Press is governed and financed and maintained on the high plane it occupies, and how it dovetails in with the Oxford University Press, and why one makes a profit and the other is indifferent, has probably never been born. At least, we have not met him, and in his absence we may imitate Charles Lamb, and not waste good opinions on a myth.

First as to the origin of the name "Clarendon," you may say that what

Wosley was to the University, Lord Clarendon was to its Press. When Oxford first wanted a printing-press in Reformation times, it had to stamp its title-pages, as it still does its Bibles, *Cum Privilegio*, in acknowledgment of one of those monopolies which royalty enjoys, like the shooting of herons and the minting of coin. Fitly enough the first printer who used the University arms bore the name of Scolar, but the succession since is a broken one, for at the whim of some one at Court who ought to have known better, the privilege was withheld for as many as thirty and fifty years at a time, and it was 1585 before Joseph Barnes obtained a loan of £100 from the University, and started the press on a career that has never ceased. In 1636 another royal privilege was granted by charter for the University to print Bibles; but the parliamentary war began, and it had to lease this right to the Stationer's Company and betake itself to the printing of King Charles's pamphlets and proclamations. When the war ended, new strife began about Bible-printing, and after producing a Bible and Prayer-book, which the trade promptly imitated and undersold, the University gave the Stationers another lease of twenty-one years. Ultimately the right was divided between the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge and the King's Printers. As for its develop-

ment, the Clarendon Press owned precious little in early days to its royal patrons, and its chief benefactors were Archbishop Laud, Sir William Blackstone and Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, and the victim of certain uncharitable lines that need no quoting. Laud obtained the charter expanding an old Star Chamber grant, and directing all productions to be submitted to the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellors, and three doctors—wherein we see the origins of the Delegacy above described. Blackstone gave it his best energies, and Dr. Fell enriched it with new fonts of Dutch type, including the quaint shovel-shapes that figure in rare old Oxford hymnals. Lastly, Lord Clarendon gave the Press his "History of the Rebellion" by embodying it in that strange anomaly, a perpetual copyright, and out of the proceeds of this princely endowment was built the Clarendon Printing House in Broad Street.

Previously the Press had been a wanderer on the face of Oxford, for having begun under the shadow of Merton, it migrated to Butcher Row where it was burnt out, then to the Old Convocation House near St. Mary's, then to Cat Street, then up to the dome of the Sheldonian Theatre and down again into the basement. When the Sheldonian began to shake with the clatter of the presses, the undertaking was evicted and divided as well. The secular or "learned" portion moved to a place called Tom Pun's House, and the Bible portion to a house in St. Aldate's; and divided, in a sense, they remained for many years. It was 1713 before the new Printing House began to be used, and the Bible was still farmed out, like the taxes and customs of those days. In 1830 the new and present buildings were finished at a cost of over £30,000, and the two wings perpetuated the battle of the books, divine and secular. Each had its own manager until the arrangement grew unworkable and then Dr. Price, the learned Secretary of those days, took a masterly resolve. He lumped the sections together and appointed a mas-

ter printer, the first that the Delegates had ever had under their direct control. That was twenty-five years ago, and Mr. Horace Hart has been Architypographus Academiæ Oxoniensis ever since. Nine years earlier Mr. Frowde had been engaged as publisher, and in these two remarkable men the Oxford and London businesses find their embodiment. Distinctions are difficult, as already remarked, and to allot their functions would require an Athanasius. It is pardonable, then, if throughout this article the names of Frowde and Hart keep recurring, like that other illustrious head in the brain of Mr. Dick; but so long as we undertake neither to confound the persons nor divide the substance, all may yet be well.

The production par excellence by which the Oxford Press must stand or fall is its printing of the Bible, and when it has sent any display of its work to the great exhibitions, the Bible has been foremost in the number and variety of specimens. It issues seventy-one editions, ranging from the tiny edition in the type called "brilliant" to a resplendent pulpit folio like an altar-slab. America takes over six tons of these different Bibles every week, and the totals issued in the year mount up to millions. And yet the variety of editions is nothing to the variety of the four hundred languages and dialects in which the sacred text is printed. For the parable of the mustard-seed has been fulfilled in more ways than one, and out of those four crumbling codices which are the most precious bequest that Christianity derives from the past, have grown a Babel of type and an orbit of paper that speak to every man in the tongue wherein he was born—from Gurumukhi, Tamil, and "high-piping Pehlevi" to the still more uncouth jargon which assails the missionary on the wave-lapped fringes of Polynesia. Think of the difficulties of typing alone. A hundred characters are sufficient for our common Roman—what you may call the Vulgate of typography—but some of these exotic tongues either run into a different character for every word, or

else require each letter to be built up out of ten or a dozen pieces. Running the length of a long room at Oxford, sky-lit, whitewashed, and beset with a forest of "cases," are a hundred compositors who have each a smattering of a dozen languages, and a touch-and-go acquaintance with a hundred more; but for the most part they reck not their own rede, and set blindly, hoping for the best. As for the various result it baffles description, for it ranges from a hieroglyphic that looks like the patterns spun on an old-fashioned "sampler," or the Runic lettering that resembles a row of Palmer Cox's "Brownies," to the formidable Slavonian, that is like nothing so much as a cyclist's set of spanners lying among the fragment of a broken monkey-wrench.

But typing is not the greatest task by any means, and it costs far less to set up the Bible than it does to "read" it. A text like the Bible that is familiar to eye and ear is vastly more difficult of supervision than anything else, and it has been the dread of mistakes that has caused so many editions to be printed from electrotype—that is, a mechanical replica of type already passed as accurate. At Oxford every edition is "read" five times, letter by letter, and though in a spirit of modesty and gratitude the Press pays any one a guinea for each error first detected, the total paid yearly for all the Bibles issued never exceeds five guineas. Some years ago, it is said, two letters fell out of a page, and the text thus represented the Redeemer as "aching" in the Temple, instead of "teaching"; and on its discovery, the missing letters were printed by hand into the fifty thousand copies of that particular edition. The Bible, it is interesting to know, stands above all other works in another respect, for Bible type has a genus of its own, and as the result of this hard-and-fast rule a line of the type used for secular words, if it escaped into a Bible page, would disfigure it completely—which fact, come to think of it, may rank among the things that are sent for our edification. And as there are 773,746 words in the Auth-

orized Version, and these contain 3,566,482 separate letters, one may roughly compute that it takes, with spaces and rules and margins, about five million pieces of type in the setting-up; and then all this labor is multiplied over again for the Revised Version. The story of the Revised Version has been often told—of its initiation, of the learning and labor it involved, and the deep interest it aroused all over the Christian world. But as it took a couple of generations to settle the Jacobean version into the minds of the people, so this Revision has never yet, and probably never will, uproot the established text of 1611. Nevertheless, it was a Herculean labor to edit, set, and read the new text, and print a million copies in such secrecy as to secure it against divulgence until the appointed day of publication. I have already said something to show the unworthy devices that were employed to get a glimpse of the precious text of the New Testament and, have only to repeat that the loyalty of an English firm's staff was proof against cajolery, money, and fraud. And the story of that fateful Monday, the seventeenth of May, 1881, when the first million copies went out in a single morning, makes one of the romances of Pater-noster Row.

It was in the endeavor to bring the text of Holy Writ into small compass, free from blemish or abridgment, that Oxford arrived at the famous India paper, and though its discovery was providential, it was not brought into actual use and sufficient quantity without thirty years of hard searching and experiment. A missionary brought back from the Far East in the 'forties a paper amazingly opaque, thin and tough, and again we Westerns marvelled that the East should be ahead of us in paper, as well as ink and printing. No one could match the paper when it came. It was a case of the Sibylline leaves, but vastly worse, for there was no repetition of the offer; and when the original quantity was turned into a few copies of the Bible, these looked like mounting to fabulous prices, for

there came no more. The paper became more precious than the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life. Agents were sent in search of it, paper-makers were set to match it; all in vain. When opaque, the papers obtained were neither thin nor tough, and when they were tough and thin they were transparent and useless. Thirty years passed in these trials and investigations East and West, until the day when the long-sought texture proclaimed itself, and the Oxford India paper was an accomplished fact. Immediately the Bible shrank to a third of its original bulk, and the grateful evangelist, spending his eyesight beneath antipodean stars, could carry with him a neat and compact volume and read it in a bold and legible type. This paper is so tough that a ribbon of it three inches wide will bear a weight of twenty pounds without breaking, yet it brings a volume of eight hundred pages into a thickness of half an inch. So when a certain dread day comes, as prophesied, and we find ourselves being crowded into the surrounding seas by the accumulation of our printed matter, all we need do is to print it over again on Oxford India paper, and I believe the Clarendon Press and its paper mills at Wolvercote would be equal to the task at very short notice. But the receipt and method of the manufacture are a secret, and a secret they are likely to remain.

After the Bible the next point of pride with the University Press is the Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Dr. Johnson, that oracle among the lexicographers, would have it that in the matter of dictionary-making one Englishman was worth

sixteen hundred Frenchmen, and by this modest computation, Dr. Murray's undertaking, which has occupied seven times as big a staff as Johnson had, and two thousand volunteers as well, ought to outweigh all the other dictionaries in the British Museum. Honestly we believe it will. The Philological Society started collecting material for it, at Dean Trench's instigation, many years ago, but it was 1888 before the volumes dealing with A and B were out. Since then Oxford has beaten all the compilations of other countries in this particular line. Grimm's German Dictionary took half a century, and the Dutch Woordenboek, I believe, which was started in 1852, is not finished yet. I forget what was the record of Webster's Dictionary, or, as Bill Nye called it, "How One Word Led to Another"; but you may depend, the patriotic view is the right one. Besides, Oxford beats them all again in being more tolerant and more inclusive, and the editors of the new Dictionary do not strike out of their quotations the sentence of a homilist as Johnson did, because he detected an unsoundness in his doctrines of the Trinity. It is hoped by issuing four hundred and fifty pages a year to complete the work before this decade is out, and then we shall be in full possession of a vocabulary worthy of our noble selves. It will contain more than twice as many words as any previous dictionary, the longest among them being Dr. Benson's term, "antidisestablishmentarians," and not one of these many thousand words, admitted from every nation under the sun, has ever been stopped at port of entrance or paid a penny in the way of duty.

Love is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth, fill your life with it.

The Airship Age

By Harris Burland in *London Magazine*

FROM time immemorial, the great God of War has claimed the first tribute of every invention that could render his strength more terrible and his cruelty more hideous. The first steel was used to kill, the first gunpowder to propel a bullet. The first roads of any importance in Europe were constructed that armies might move more rapidly along the path of conquest. The one primal instinct of the human race is to fight; and every brain is on the alert to seize on some new discovery which will give the fighter an advantage over his adversary.

It is not strange, therefore, that the imagination, fired by the prospect of the vast changes which the steerable airship will bring over the face of the whole world, should first draw a picture of the revolution in naval and military warfare. A terrible picture, this—death dropping silently from the clouds or from some grey blur that is scarcely visible in the blue sky; the smoking wreck of battleships, powerless to strike a blow even in the hour of their destruction; fair lands devastated and swept from end to end; shattered armies, blackened and crumbling fortresses, the ruins of proud cities; men living in caves and burrows to escape the rain of gun-cotton and dynamite. And then the meeting of aerial fleets, the rip of silk, the whirr of broken wings, the headlong fall of men and ships into the abyss.

But if the inventors of the airships were to give us no more than this, mankind could very well dispense with their gifts. The means of offensive warfare are already increasing at such a tremendous rate that even the greatest nations are feeling the burden of keeping pace with each other in the struggle for supremacy. The introduction of a force which may destroy thirty million pounds' worth of property in five minutes is not likely to

arouse much enthusiasm among those who will have to pay the bill. Fortunately, however, the airship promises to do more for the inhabitants of the world than wreck their cities and rob them of their lives.

From the remotest periods of antiquity to the present day the progress of civilization has depended largely on the means of communication at the disposal of the human race. At first man was content to use his feet, then he harnessed the horse, the mule, the ox, and the camel, and brought them into his service. Then he went forth on to the sea in ships; and distant lands were brought into touch with one another, with the inevitable result that the less-civilized nation benefited by the contact.

Then for a long while—for many centuries—there was no further progress in the way men moved from one place to another. The people of the Middle Ages were no better off in this respect than the Romans or the Carthaginians. To ride on horseback was still the speediest form of locomotion; and the ships that ploughed their way slowly from land to land were still small and incapable of facing the terrors of the great ocean storms.

Then, with the coming of the steam-engine, a new and stupendous force came into the history of the world. Greeted at first with doubt, and even with ridicule, it has lived to prove itself one of the greatest factors in the civilization of the human race. Every year the network of railways extends itself over the land, bringing men into closer touch with each other, and every year the turbulent seas are being brought more and more into subjection; and wherever there are deep waters and harbors the modern Leviathan of the ocean can carry men with speed and safety.

Then there came the telegraph, so

swift and wonderful that a man could ask a question of a friend on the other side of the world, and receive an answer in less than a minute and a half.

And then, in later times, the motor, which promises to revolutionize the internal goods and passenger traffics of every country in the world. It has even been proved, in the Pekin to Paris race, that a motor-car can traverse the wild and trackless wastes of the desert; and the possibilities which lie before it are so great that it may supersede every other form of locomotion on both land and sea.

And the eventual conquest of the air, to which all the discoveries of steam and electricity must one day yield supremacy, has been made possible by the petrol-driven engine, which at present is the only machine that is light enough to give the requisite power in proportion to its weight.

The mere balloon was a great invention, yet useless for all practical purposes, as it was of necessity at the mercy of the winds. The aeroplane, from which much is expected, and from which much may come, is at present so far off a state of practical utility that a few hundred yards represent the record of its flight. But the steerable balloon is an accomplished fact; and the future—at any rate, the immediate future—of the navigation of the air will rest with the airship.

And what a future! The brain reels at the thought of it, and the most vivid imagination can scarcely picture the stupendous change which will before long sweep over the face of the whole earth.

Yes, the whole earth! Not merely those portions of the globe which are known to us, but lands where the feet of a white man have perhaps never yet trod, and the dark places of the world, which from the day they first evolved from chaos have kept their secrets hidden from the eyes of all men—black, white, red, or yellow.

For at last man will have found his feet on the great, smooth road over which he can move without finding

any obstacle to his progress. North and south, east and west, the pathway of the air extends over the whole surface of the globe. All the barriers of earth and sea will disappear, as though at the touch of a magician's wand. Impassable mountain ranges, unfordable rivers, impenetrable forests, the ice-strewn plains of the Polar regions, and the sand-swept deserts of Africa; all these will no longer prevent men from traveling where they will in their airships. The explorer will in a few years be a relic of the past. There will be no places left to explore. Every inch of the earth's surface will be mapped out, surveyed, and named. The novelist, who desires to write of unknown lands, will have to turn to other worlds than this.

But though the work of exploration may only last a few years, what golden years those will be for the men who will gladly risk their lives in order to be the first to set foot on an unknown land! These men, the pioneers, will not wait till the airship has reached such a state of perfection that their journeys are as safe and easy as cycling along a smooth road. They will take the best materials that are ready to their hands, and set out on expeditions from which, it is to be feared, some of them will never return. Mile after mile will they push forward and month after month they will establish new bases for those who come after them. Yet whatever they suffer, they will be repaid by the glorious ecstasy of the moment. Whether they see beneath them the wide, green forests of the Amazon, the ice hummocks of the North, or the dun, level sand of the desert, they will feel all the glow of victory, even though they realize that their own lives will be the price.

There is to be no waiting. At the time of writing, Walter Wellman is preparing to start for the North Pole in the airship "America." It is now eleven years since Andree went forth and never returned. Much has been done and learnt since then in the science of aeronautics. The passage of the airship is a matter of hours, not

of months. Success or failure will come in the space of a few days. There will be no long winters in the ice, no anxious waiting for news. The "America" will glide across the Polar regions with the speed of a railway train. Her victory will be swift, or else she will fail. It is safe to say that Walter Wellman will be the first of hundreds who will follow his example in trying to explore the unknown regions of the earth.

So much for the explorers—the pioneers. After them will come the man of commerce, the missionary, and, it is to be feared, the soldier. Year after year the uncivilized portions of the globe will be brought into closer touch with civilization. The airship will no longer be an experiment; there will no longer be any risk in using it as a certain and reliable means of locomotion. The Airship Age will have begun.

And when this day comes, there is little doubt that every other form of locomotion will eventually be superseded. Trains and steamers and motor-cars will remain for many years, perhaps for centuries, but they will only be retained for goods traffic. Human beings will prefer to travel in airships, which will represent more nearly than anything else the perfect poetry of motion.

It is difficult to think of any invention which can ever supersede the airship except the aeroplane, or some contrivance which will give each separate individual a pair of wings and enable him to fly as easily as he can now walk or swim. In any case, the future pathway of the world will not be on the land or through the water, but in the air. And all inventions relating to locomotion will be confined to improving aerial navigation. The first step has been taken. The steerable airship is now an accomplished fact. It is reasonable to suppose that when the inventive faculties of all the world are concentrated on perfecting the form of the ship and the machinery, progress will be almost startling in its rapidity. It is the first step that counts. It is taken after years—nay, centuries—of experiment. But, when

it is once taken, the faltering feet break into a run, and scientists and mechanics will move swiftly towards the final goal

This is the story of the man who fell asleep in London in the year 1907, and woke again in the Airship Age, 19—?

The first thing that struck him was the silence. When he fell asleep, his last waking impressions had been of the roar and din of traffic. The thunder of motor-buses, the shriek of engine-whistles, and the clang of tram-bells were echoing in his ears, and only grew fainter as sleep overcame his senses. But now, as he woke, there was almost complete silence.

"It must be early morning," he said to himself; "one of those few hours of quiet that come between the noises of night and day."

But, as he looked out of the window, he saw that the sun was high in the heavens. The street was almost empty. Only a few people were astir. There were no vehicles of any kind.

Then a shadow passed between the sun and the window—a small shadow, such as a bird might make. The man did not look up. His eyes were still riveted on the street below. He wondered if some terrible plague were abroad. Else why this silence and these deserted streets?

Then another shadow passed, larger than the last. Still the man did not look up. He gave the matter no thought, supposing that a small cloud had drifted quickly across the sunlight. He still watched the street, and for a moment he experienced a sensation of fear. Then he heard a faint whirr, and, looking up, saw a long, cigar-shaped balloon gliding down between the rows of houses. It carried twenty passengers, and bore the words "London Aerobus Co.," in large, red letters. It moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and was apparently as easily steered as a ship or a motor-car.

And then, as he watched, other airships came in view, some large and grey, constructed without ornament or

any desire to please the eye; other, small and gaily decorated, glittering with gold leaf and polished brass and nickel. Private conveyances, these, evidently, for not a few of them were blazoned with armorial bearings and the drivers were in livery.

For a time the man was fascinated by the strange sight. Then a doctor entered the room. At first the talk was of the strange disease which had sent the man to sleep for many years, and of all that had happened to his friends and affairs during the long period of oblivion. Then he questioned the doctor about the airships.

"Ah, yes," the physician replied, "the world has certainly moved on a bit. Let me see," was the "Patrie" built before your illness, or the "Parseval"? Do you remember the names of Wellman or Count Zeppelin?"

"Yes, I remember the names, but little else."

"Well, Zeppelin's rigid airship carried eleven people over Lake Constance, and could have carried three times the number. It measured 135m long and 12m in diameter. The size of this ship was so enormous that it seemed as though the problem of size and expense would prohibit the carrying of any large number of people. But at that time an interesting discovery was made. It was calculated that, by increasing the diameter by only 2m, the tonnage would be increased by 4,000kg, while the weight of the airship would only be increased by 1,000kg. This meant that Zeppelin's airship would have carried seventy people if its diameter had been increased by 2m."

"I see. But this increase in diameter could not go on indefinitely?"

"It could go on until the diameter was a sixth of the length. That is to say, Count Zeppelin's airship could have been made 21m in diameter, in which case it would have carried over 200 people. Experience has shown that when the proportion of length to diameter is six to one, the best results are obtained."

"Most interesting," said the man, "and now, I suppose, instead of tak-

ing a train or a cab or a bus, one takes an airship?"

"Precisely. Directly the difficulty of cost was overcome, and the ships were brought to such a state of perfection that they could move either with or across the wind, with equal ease and certainty, the world realized that every other form of locomotion must go."

"A great change, indeed, but I suppose the world goes on just the same?" After all, there has only been an improvement in the means of locomotion."

The doctor laughed.

"The change is greater than you think," he said. "All the industrial, social, and political conditions of the world have changed. In the first place, there is no longer any possibility of war."

"Airships and no war! Impossible! Why, I remember that every nation in Europe was eager to be the first in the field with an air battle-ship."

"You remember rightly. And, but for the possibilities of the airship in warfare, it is conceivable that it would never have reached its present state of perfection. But five years ago there was a great European war, and the horrors of it were so hideous that the whole world agreed to disarmament. The fleets and armies of the five combatants were ultimately wiped out."

"And England? What of her naval supremacy?" cried the man eagerly.

"England has no Navy nor naval supremacy. This would have happened in any case, even if there had been no war. Directly the air supplanted the sea as the great highway of the world, England's position as mistress of the sea was no longer of value. Her strength had lain in the fact that she was an island. For centuries she had made use of her insular advantages. She is no longer an island, either from a military or commercial point of view. Her boundaries are no more difficult to cross than the boundaries of France or Germany. In fact, what was her strength at first became her weakness. Before war was abolished she had still to carry on her vast com-

merce by means of ships, which were at the mercy of the airships of other countries."

"But surely England was not behind hand? She could make airships as well and as quickly as any other nation."

"She was handicapped from the start," the doctor replied. "Her motor industry was far behind that of France and Germany. Besides, the very fact that she was an island was against experiments in aerial navigation. Aeronauts did not like the sea in the early stages of the airship. They liked to be sure that they would alight on dry land. The British Isles are small; and the man who ascended in a balloon might soon find himself in the water. France and Germany had nearly the whole Continent of Europe at their disposal. And so it came to pass that England, when the supremacy of the sea no longer mattered, found herself left behind in the race for power."

"And now?" this man asked eagerly. "How does she stand now? Has she lost her Colonies, her independence?"

"She has retained all her Colonies, and is better able to rule them than she ever was. She is no longer an island—a great sea power. She is as much part of the Continent as France or Germany. She is a great continental land power. Her aerial fleet was second to none till the year before last."

"And then —"

"The aerial navies were disbanded by common consent; and the power of every nation is now reckoned neither by the number of its soldiers nor the range of its artillery, but by its commercial stability and its capacity to breed men of worth and intellect."

"And the other nations?"

The doctor did not answer, but, leaving the room, returned with an atlas.

"Look at that," he said quietly. "It will explain to you better than words what has happened in the world."

The man turned over page after page of the atlas, giving vent to exclamations of surprise as he noted the

changes which had taken place in the history of nations. Germany and Austria-Hungary were now one Federation, which had extended its territory over the Balkan Peninsula and Asia Minor to the borders of Persia. Turkey had ceased to exist. Japan had evidently gained the supremacy in the East, as China, and even part of Siberia, were under the standard of the Rising Sun.

But more extraordinary still than the redistribution of territory was the way in which every part of the globe was mapped out. Darkest Africa was now as well surveyed and as well known as Surrey and Sussex. The two Poles had already been claimed by European powers. Russia and America had taken the North, and England the South. The wildest nomad tribes were now in subjection. The Bedonins and the Esquimaux were both under the heel of civilized races. In the whole wide world there was not a single patch of uncharted land, not a single square mile that had not been claimed by one of the great nations of the earth.

"It is wonderful!" said the man, as he closed the atlas and stared out of the window at a passing airship. "I always thought that the conquest of the air would bring great changes, but I thought that they would be only surface changes. I never dreamt that the boundaries of empires would be altered, and that in a few years every unknown portion of the globe would be mapped out as though it were part of England."

"The change is deeper still," replied the doctor. "It is something more than the shifting of geographical boundaries, something greater than the surveying of unknown regions. The triumph of the airship bids fair to bring about the universal brotherhood of the human race. Already war has become impossible, and men are able to devote themselves to the spread of truth and morality. The savage will soon be as extinct as the dodo. Every little island in the Pacific, every inaccessible place in the midst of vast continents, is now in touch with the great cities of Europe and America.

A fortnight ago an airship went round the world in fifteen days, crossing both Poles on the journey. Soon the time will be reduced to ten days. Do you realize what that means? It means that the light of civilization must very shortly shine on every member of the human race. There is no corner so remote or so dark that it cannot be reached by the airship."

In a few days the man who had slept went out into the world, and saw with his own eyes the things he had heard. The absence of traffic in the streets and the new swift means of locomotion had made London a very pleasant place to live in. He noted with feelings of thankfulness that there was no discharge of ballast as the airships glided to and fro across the city. He had expected a continual rain of sand, which would have made all the town unendurable, and would have even been a considerable nuisance to dwellers in the country. But there was nothing of the sort. The inventive faculties of man had soon been able to overcome this difficulty; and the rise and descent of the airships were regulated by a less primitive method than casting out weight or releasing gas.

He noted, too, the great advantage the aerial traffic had over that which used to run through the streets. Not only was the superficial area of the atmosphere much greater than that of the roads, thereby enabling vehicles to pass on the same plane with less danger of collision, but the depth of the atmosphere allowed the airships to pass along different planes. The slow-moving machines kept close to the earth, and the faster ones swept above them.

For a while the man was content to see the changes in the great metropolis, and to enjoy the new experience of traveling from one part of the city to the other. Then he purchased an airship of his own, and commenced a series of tours through England.

He found that the country had benefited even more than the towns from the introduction of the airship. There was no longer any talk of agricultural depression, or of the depopu-

lation of the villages. The new means of locomotion had brought the rural districts into close touch with the cities. Enormous numbers of men, either rich or of moderate means, lived right in the heart of the country, and went to and from their business every day. This had a leavening effect on the rural population. The laborer was more intelligent, and realized that the world was not bounded by the limits of his own parish. He was better housed and better fed. He had money to save, and was able to think of other things than how to drag out a base existence.

Everywhere there were signs of prosperity. Trade was good, food was cheap, and the enormous burden of taxation placed on the shoulders of the nation by naval and military requirements had been removed.

A visit to the various ports and harbors round the coast showed that the shipping had not yet shared the fate of the vehicles which had once been used on land. The fleets of the air were not yet able to cope with the millions of tons of merchandise which enter and leave our shores every year. There were no longer any liners, but the great cargo-boats were as busy as they had ever been.

Having completed a survey of his own country, the man resolved to visit the Continent, and then to travel to those lands which had only been explored since the steerable airship had become a practical means of locomotion.

He spent a year in touring through Europe; and everywhere he found the same advance in civilization. There was light on the dark Steppes of Russia, and the turbulent Balkan States had settled down into a peaceful and industrious community under the German flag.

He crossed Asia Minor into the desert of Arabia, and then made his way over the African continent, traversing it first from east to west, and then from north to south. The charts that were stored in the cabin of his airship were so complete that the aeronaut in charge was never out of his reckoning. The map was cover-

ed with a series of small red spots, exactly three hundred miles from each other. These were bases; and on their efficiency the whole system of aerial navigation depended. At each of these places the voyager would find petrol, if he needed it, and also a machine for recharging the balloon with gas.

From Africa the traveler flew into Asia, where Japan was now the supreme power. Here he was much astonished at the progress made by a nation that fifty years before had only just emerged from barbarism.

Then he visited South America, now one great commonwealth; and for the whole of three days he hung over the trackless forests of the Amazon—a wide, green ocean of leaves

that no man had ever looked upon before the age of the airship.

Thence he made his way through North America to the North Pole, and as, wrapped in furs and securely ensconced in his warm cabin, he gazed across the plains of rugged ice, he thought of the many lives that had been sacrificed—lives of brave men who had resolved to overcome the stupendous barriers of Nature or die in the attempt.

"The age of exploration is over," he said to himself. "The brain of man has triumphed over every obstacle. He has at last been given dominion over earth and sea and air. There will be light in the darkest places of the world."

Life on Board The "Dreadnought"

By Frank T. Bullen in *London Magazine*

QUITE recently it was my great and pleasant privilege to spend nearly a fortnight on board the "Dreadnought," not only Britain's greatest battleship, but a vessel which has surprised and considerably disconcerted all the naval powers in the world. The ship was under service conditions, being the flagship of the just mobilized immense Home Fleet, and, whether in harbor or at sea, by night or by day, was a scene of the most strenuous activity.

Due, possibly, to the fact that I am fairly well known in the fleet, but more, I think, to the innate kindness and courtesy of the naval man of whatever grade, I was not only made welcome, but with every branch of the working of this unique ship I was made most intimate. Here comes cause for tears. On many points—and those, as always happens, the most intensely interesting—my lips are sealed, as they would be about the private affairs of a friend whose guest I happened to be. Again, I am precluded from mentioning any names

or characteristics of the various officers who have been so kind, because service rules forbid, selection is invidious, and comprehensive description is impossible from lack of space.

But what I can say, and do gratefully assert, is this: that in the latest British battleship the grand old traditions of the service are fully maintained; that one and all rise to the height of their opportunities, and handle this vast, complicated box of tricks with as perfect an assurance as if they had been on board of her all their lives. If there is any higher praise than that, I am not acquainted therewith.

Few people outside of the inner circle of high scientific authorities and the men in charge of this ship can possibly form any idea of the immense and almost miraculous success she is. How long she was in designing I know not; but most people know that in addition to being the most revolutionary example of battleship construction and armament, she also constituted an astounding record in the

time occupied from the laying of her keel until she was commissioned for sea, exactly twelve months—from October 2nd, 1905, to October 3rd, 1906. Hundreds of contractors were concerned in her equipment, all liable to error, some unscrupulous; but all their efforts had to be concentrated in this ship, which, under a supreme driving force, was got to sea at the appointed time.

I know and admire with all my heart the men who watched her grow, who amidst entirely new conditions scrutinized every bit of work that was put into her with the most jealous care, their eyes ever on the clock as the time flew by. These men, unmanned, unnoted under service rules, took the wonderful ship to sea, and in the face of all difficulties, such as engineers only can appreciate, made her do what she was laid down to do.

Between seven and eight hundred men, all young and all British, all under the same discipline, and in their various positions carrying out the same great ideal, living within a space a little under five hundred feet long, about eighty feet beam at the extreme width, and about forty deep. Their duties are almost as multifarious as their characters, but in a very special way they are interdependent. Here, if anywhere, is the scriptural axiom exemplified that no man liveth to himself. Coming into this microcosm from without, the landsman or merchant seaman is at first almost stupefied by what he ignorantly imagines to be the many masters giving orders, the many duties being performed in apparently utter indifference to anything else that may be going on at the time. In short, he is inclined to regard life on board a battleship as a sort of happy-go-lucky chaos out of which emerges in some mysterious manner the perfect order and fitness for the prime duty of the ship, which is apparent at the bugle-call "Prepare for action."

Now, I do not wish to take any cut-and-dried routine of an ordinary day and present it to you, for it has often been done before. A typed copy of the ship's routine is framed and hung

in a conspicuous place, often opposite the commander's cabin-door, and, in the absence of that special work which may at any moment by the will of the captain or, if in a fleet, at the admiral's orders, be intruded, will be adhered to. For it is in the essence of naval training that every man shall be possessed by the knowledge that emergencies are to be expected at any moment, placid routine exceptional.

It can never be too vigorously emphasized that we have in each individual captain of a ship in the navy, when alone, and in the senior officer when in company with other vessels, a perfect autocrat in the highest sense. He is restrained from acts contrary to the articles of war by his allegiance to the Crown, apart from his own sense of what is due to his position; but in the carrying out of his general orders to make and keep his crew as efficient as can possibly be he is absolute monarch.

But, as should be the case in a truly well governed kingdom, the captain of a battleship has no need to concern himself with niggling details. His Prime Minister or chief executive officer stands between him and the thousand and one incidents that go to make up a day in a battleship; and I have little fear of any contradiction when I say that this officer, the commander, is the hardest-worked man in the ship. Certainly, it is an axiom that the commander makes the ship. He messes in the wardroom with the officers, is on the most familiar terms with all of them there, with the slight difference that in speaking to him a "sir" is occasionally slipped in, but he is the chief of them all. The whole of this article might be taken up in describing the work of a commander, but it would be very incomplete then.

In considering the "Dreadnought," however, especially as she was during my stay on board of her, we must take note of several exceptional circumstances. In the first place, she was the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, Sir Francis Bridgman, K.C.V.O., a potentate who had under his orders five other admirals and a commodore. This con-

dition of things imposed upon Captain Reginald Bacon, who has commanded the ship since she was first commissioned, the additional and extremely onerous duties of chief of the staff, while lightening none of his other labors as being in command of the greatest series of new departures in battleship construction and equipment the world has ever seen.

There was of necessity also carried quite a large staff of special officers, mostly of the rank of commander, who, however, were hardly connected with the work of the ship herself, except in very special cases, such as gunnery trials. It was only in this way that the complement of the giant battleship was brought up to about 750, for really her crew, under ordinary conditions, number less than 700—692 I believe is the exact number, or about sixty less than the complement of a battleship of the "Majestic" class, with all their vast inferiority to the "Dreadnought."

One other essential factor in the life of the "Dreadnought," as compared with that of any other battleship in the navy, is the tremendous innovation as to the quarters of men and officers. The difference would appear to be trivial to a landsman, but it is really revolutionary. I allude to the fact of the rank and file being berthed aft and the officers forward, while the admiral's quarters, with those of his chief subordinates, are almost immediately beneath the fore bridge, or "Monkey Island" as those irreverent seamen term it, so that access to his position of direct oversight of his fleet is at once easy and swift.

No one who is not a seaman can understand the complications in terms, the strange subversive feelings among all classes of the ship's company, to which this revolutionary alteration has given rise. The older men in other ships look sourly upon the "Dreadnought," with the once sacred quarter-deck infested by skylarking sailors. No stately admirals walk round the stern; and, an unsightly square opening at the water-line right aft, through which the debris from

messrooms and galleys escapes into the sea. But when once the change has been lived down, all hands are agreed that the new is by far the better way.

Life in the wardroom, or the senior officers' mess, is usually very happy. Though there be great variety of occupations as well of seniority among its inmates, within its doors all are equal, meeting as gentlemen meet in their club; and nowhere would a snob, if such a creature be possible in a wardroom, find his proper position with greater rapidity and certainty. In fact, I should define the wardroom as the officers' club, towards the upkeep of which every officer contributes liberally out of his pay, the balance being made up by the Admiralty. But—note well—extravagance of any kind is severely frowned upon, since in the navy it is not money but brains that makes the officer; and it is unthinkable that a good officer should find himself looked down upon because his purse happens to be shallow.

The gunroom is the adytum of the wardroom in a very special sense. It is the dining-room, living-room—home, in fact—of the junior officers, such as sub-lieutenants, assistant engineers, assistant paymasters, midshipmen, and cadets. One special manner in which it differs from the wardroom is that the members of the latter have each a commodious and comfortable cabin wherein to retire for study or privacy, while the juniors of the gunroom, outside of its doors, have only the hooks whereon their hammocks are slung, and the big chests which contain all their possessions. In fact, for them privacy only comes with promotion, as it does to the great majority of a battleship's company. Most of the men who man a battleship never know during the whole of their sea career what it is to be in private except during their leave ashore; many of them never have a corner which they can call their own, except that portion of the bag-rack where their kit is bestowed, and access to which is only available at stated times.

But we must not leave wardroom

and gunroom just yet. The three meals of the day—breakfast, luncheon and dinner, at eight, noon, and seven—are always most happy functions, attended by much lively chat, mostly on "shop" subjects—for your naval officer is far too sensible a man to be ashamed of being interested in his profession—and an enormous amount of chaff and "leg-pulling." Nothing is harder for the guest of a wardroom for a few days to learn—I doubt if he ever appreciates it—than this mania of the naval officer for giving a fellow some information, with a perfectly straight face, which is pure joke. Nothing, apparently, gives him more delight than to sell somebody in this way; and the greater the victim's annoyance, if he be unwise enough to show it, the greater the joy of the perpetrator.

Sport, of course, is discussed, but never, in all my experience, given undue prominence to. In fact, remembering the enormous amount of highly specialized knowledge that a naval officer must possess if he wishes to remain in the service, and the very arduous nature of his active duties, most especially in a ship like this, I fail to see how sport can be, as it is with so many landmen, the be-all and end-all of life, and work only a disagreeable incident.

In the gunroom, fun is on a wilder and more boyish scale when it is indulged in. The junior naval aspirant lets himself go with a will when he does break loose; and the piano suffers assault and battery of the severest kind, often illegitimately. But, owing to the increasing pressure upon the youngsters in the matter of learning, I fancy there are fewer corroborees than there used to be—there really isn't time.

Apart, however, from its man-making facilities, there are in the life itself the advantages of seeing so much of the world, and mixing with the best cosmopolitan society, privileges which officers of all ranks share equally, and of the highest value in the formation of character.

Passing on to the next class on board a battleship which claims at-

tention, as well as highest respect, we come to the warrant officers—men who, I venture to say, are, as a class, without their peers in the world. Several new ratings have been added lately, so I am not quite sure of all of them; but there are such old-established ones as boatswain, carpenter, gunner, captain of the quarter-deck, and, now, torpedo-gunner, engineer artificer, chief stoker, signal boatswain, &c.

All these non-commissioned officers dress in uniform similar to the commissioned officers, but without stripes on the cuffs; all wear frock-coats and swords on special occasions, and all are—must be—addressed as "sir" by their subordinates and "Mr." by their superiors.

But what I find so admirable in these men is that, although all in the very prime of life, they have literally fought their way to the front from the ranks in the face of the most strenuous competition and against countless pitfalls of temptation, one slip or error of judgment even, under the iron discipline of the navy, meaning often the loss of years of strenuous striving.

Therefore, when you meet a warrant officer, remember he is a man to take off your hat to. No amount of luck, or favoritism—if such a thing could be where crews so often change—or anything else save the highest qualities of skill, patience, intelligence, and pluck, can bring a man to this position.

These gentlemen—and very rough diamonds in speech some of them are—have each a cabin to themselves. They have also a messroom to themselves, on the same lines as the officer of the wardroom, but, of course, on a lower scale economically. Most of them are married, and looking forward to a peaceful retirement in their old age on a sufficient pension to keep them in comfort—a pension well earned if ever money was. As might be expected, they are usually very staid, quiet men, whose conversation is mostly on service matters; indeed, were it otherwise, they would not be what they are.

And now we come to the bluejacket in all his varieties—the handyman par excellence—who, whether he be second-class petty officer or second-class boy, wears the familiar and sensible costume we all know and love.

I am sadly in want of a new term for him, since it is now utterly ridiculous, especially in a ship like this, to call him a sailor. True, you shall yet find among the petty officers men who, while they have absorbed the new learning, are skilled mechanics—specialists in various highly difficult mechanical directions—have not forgotten their early learning of knots, splicing, sailmaking, and fancy-work. Evidence of this is found in most unexpected places. Wandering one day among the byways of this amazing ship, I came across a massive and complicated contrivance in brass jutting out from a bulkhead. What its use was—whether it was electrical or steam, or hydraulic or compressed air—I do not know; but a curious thrill went through me as I noted how some neat and skilful seamen of the old school had worked "turks' heads" with fishing-line around the principal pipes, to make the dividing line between paint and polished brass. The "turk's head," which doubtless the Phoenicians worked on the footropes to their lateen sails—I have seen it copied in ivory on a bishop's pastoral staff of the ninth century—brought into useful play amid the mighty masses of metal in the latest of battleships!

But what shall I call this wonderful man, whom I know and love so well? Bluejacket? No; for he never wears a jacket when in uniform, and his most frequently worn rig is white, not blue. On the whole, I think, setting aside his own nicknames of *matelot* (matelot), flatfoot, &c., I shall vote for *seaman*, with the prefix naval, to differentiate him from his brother in the merchant service.

But before taking him in detail, I must not omit mention of the warrant officer in chrysalis, as it were—the first-class petty officer, such as a chief boatswain's mate or leading stoker. He has attained to the dignity of a

jacket and peaked cap, and he has usually a great voice and a strenuous driving method, which, added to an almost uncanny knowledge of what every unit of the scattered crowd under his immediate charge is doing at any given moment, gives you the clue to his position. These qualities have brought him thus far on his way up; and their momentum will eventually land him at the goal of his ambition, bar accidents.

But what can I say of the second-class petty officers, leading seamen, &c., with all their varying duties, responsibilities, and distinguishing marks? To the casual eye, all look alike as far as uniform is concerned, all wearing the loose blouse, tight, loose trousers, and round cap of the seaman; but on their arms they carry mystic signs, such as crossed flags, torpedoes, crossed cannon, single cannon, &c., which spell to the initiated the various duties they perform.

I have the highest desire to be impartial, but I confess that, if pressed closely, I should say that this large and most important class are my favorites of all a battleship's personnel. They are so amazingly able, so full of vitality, so obsessed with the importance and dignity of their profession, and yet, alas! so many of them have fluctuated between leading seamen and warrant officers for years, having the cup of their ardent desire hurled from their lips time and time again because—Well, because of a variety of reasons, but all too often because of the allurements of another cup, and the natural geniality that all of them seem to possess.

To know them is to love them; to watch them at their work as drill-instructors, gun-layers, in charge of telephone exchanges, switchboard-rooms, torpedo-flats, is to be filled even to overflowing with admiration of their amazing knowledge, allied to executive ability.

I have several times lately had a severe qualm when wondering where such men are to come from under the new short-service system, remembering that many of these fine fellows have been upwards of twenty years

in the navy, and are only now in the prime of life. I should say that it was worth any sacrifice in reason to keep on breeding such men, for they are the string upon which the jewels of the navy are strung.

A great many of these men are married (nay, most of them, I think), and look forward (or used to look forward) hopefully to a cottage in some seaside village, where the pleasant duties of the coastguard and their substantial pension would combine most satisfactorily. But I fear that the coastguard is to be abolished; and, without setting my feeble private judgment against the mature wisdom of the authorities, I feel sad to think of the possibility of such a thing. That, however, is a side issue.

One peculiar feature about these men emerges upon close study of them, which is the way in which the principles and practice of economy lay hold of them. In their young days, doubtless, they were—as most seamen are—fairly reckless with their pay, which, scanty though it was, looked a lot when accumulated upon a commission. But now they will be found taking care of the pence in all sorts of curious ways, chief among which comes the use of the sewing-machine.

A great deal of money is earned by the skilled use of this little engine, by boot making and repairing, by hair-cutting, &c., nothing being done without an equivalent return in cash, for the navy's self-respecting motto is "Nothing for nothing, and a tot for a needle." Which is as it should be, though Jack is a most generous soul.

What he will not stand for a moment, however, is a bummer—a selfish brute who will spend all he has on himself, and then cadge for what he has been too mean to buy. That type is hardly ever found in the navy; the atmosphere is too highly charged for them to blossom in.

The rank and file of the ship's company—seamen and stokers—lead a life which, take it all round, is, I think, harder than that of any class of

the community. But it is an uplifting life, a life with very many avenues leading out of it to higher levels and better conditions, and many beckoning, as well as helping, hands always held out.

It is a strange life, which has no counterpart elsewhere, for nowhere else do large bodies of men of good character live under such communal conditions, nor yet where individuality is more strongly cultivated. Thus, while it is true of all ranks—with two prominent exceptions—in the Navy that the careful observer can tell the naval man by the cut of his jib, as we say, pointing to a pronounced type, it is emphatically true that nowhere is individuality more marked or more greatly encouraged than here. A man of exceptional ability but no ambition—and there are many such—is immediately spotted, and very drastic methods are often used to arouse that ambition, since the man is wanted badly in the Service.

Again I am forced to specialise. Being familiar with the intricacies of the ship, watching the quiet seaman caressing his glittering web of complications in submerged torpedo-flat, lower conning-tower, switch-board room, telephone exchange, and magazines; observing him manipulating the terrific forces of electricity, compressed air, and hydraulic engines; watching the artificer engineer handling his gigantic charges at ever-varying speeds, and the modern stoker tickling the latest water-tube boilers, and noting how fiendishly complicated is everything connected with them, my thoughts fly ever back to the bridge, where the signal boatswain and his crew are charged, as here in a flagship with the duty of keeping the admiral in constant communication with every member of the whole fleet of ships.

I do really believe that, beside the lightning quickness and amazing sight of the signal staff, all other occupations appear trivially easy. Watch that young seaman standing with an Admiralty pattern telescope at his eye—none of the best, by the way—and hear the message trickling from his lips which yonder cruiser is send-

ing by the waving arms of a semaphore on the bridge.

You couldn't see the semaphore, much less read from it. At the same time, three or four strings of flags are ascending and descending, in addition to speed-signals. The mental exercise practised by every one of these seamen, to say nothing of the man in charge of them—the signal boatswain—would shame any Senior Wrangler. But look at the environment also.

Flags are devilish things to handle in bad weather, and, besides, mist and rain do not aid sight; but constant communication must be kept up—is kept up—and failure is not contemplated. It is the most fascinating sight on board a battleship, this work of the signalman.

At night the work is simplified, because all communications are made by means of flashing lamps; but even then, when you have a fleet of, say, twenty vessels, the winking eyes at each masthead seem as if they would induce madness. In this fleet we have well over a hundred vessels, all of whom must be kept in touch with the Commander-in-Chief from our bridge. But the steady work goes on; messages pour in and out with unhalting rapidity and flawless accuracy, and an utter absence of any idea on the part of the workers that they are doing anything extraordinary.

I approach with fear and trembling the motive power of the battleship, and the huge staff of unseen workers who are responsible for it. At the head of them comes the chief engineer, who is here a commander in rank, and has under him several engineer officers, who are inmates of wardroom and gunroom, according to their rank. They are highly trained in practice and theory, but the note of their service is *responsibility*.

Immediately beneath them comes the artificer—"tiffy," in naval parlance—who not only drives the engines, but, being a skilled mechanic, must needs repair them in an emergency. There are many thorny questions concerning him, the discussion

of which would be entirely out of place in this article, which are matters of hot debate and vexed controversy wherever working engineers do congregate.

One thing I can say whole-heartedly, and in this every officer will agree with me, which is that the "tiffy" is the linchpin of the ship, and that, remembering his onerous duties, he is all too poorly remunerated, while his prospects are in no wise commensurate with the wonderful work he does. I may not enter upon any controversial questions here, but I yield to no one in my appreciation of the work of the A.E.; and in all his legitimate efforts to obtain adequate recognition and pay he has my very best wishes.

Now for the lighter side, in one sense only. Such a community of stalwarts needs feeding, well and promptly. Hence a great array of cooks and domestics, who pursue their calling in cheerful indifference to whatever else is going on. Blast of bugle or shrill of bo's'un's mates' pipe trouble them not; only the gravest emergency, such as fire or sinking, can turn them from their arduous duties of supplying the power of the best engine of all—the men. They form a little community of their own, the peculiar feature of which is, to my mind, that they may, and do, occupy their little niche on board this huge and complicated machine afloat for many months, and yet know nothing about her, outside of their own immediate sphere of action.

To this civilian category also belong the wardroom attendants, but they are nearly all marines, with drill and other duties to perform as well as the sick-bay attendants, fine, intelligent men; and the paymaster's staff, whose duties are simply clerical.

All of these folks have their own aims in life, which are purely civil. They are on the sea, yet not of it; and, although they do mix with the seamen at times, it is only as oil and water mingle, for in every essential detail they are wide as the Poles asunder. But in time of battle all these non-combatants have their places assigned to them, and they must perform essential

duties in aid of the fighting-men. At certain times they are drilled in those duties, much to their disgust and the dislocation of their work, for the drill is of a very stringent and onerous character, all the more so because of its infrequent occurrence.

I have left myself with little space in which to deal with the military element, the Royal Marine Light Infantry and Royal Marine Artillery, bodies of which are to be found on board of every battleship.

The first-named are soldiers pure and simple, and, however long they may be at sea, never lose their essentially military character. They fraternize far more freely than they used to do with the seamen; and I believe the idea of the authorities tacitly fostering antagonism between the two ranks has entirely passed away with the apparent need for it. But the Royal Marine Artillery, who handle the big guns, although they, too, are soldiers, seem to be an intermediate class between the seaman and the marine.

They are certainly held in the highest respect and admiration by the seamen, for their great ability and smartness in doing the same kind of work; they are highly esteemed for their prowess in all forms of sport that may be indulged in on board ship, and also for their skill and endurance at the oar.

I remember once, when with the Channel Fleet on one of their autumn cruises, how a boat's crew of R.M.A. successfully contested the supremacy of the whole fleet of over twenty ships for rowing, and held it all the cruise.

I do not for one moment pretend that this is anything like an exhaustive account of the life of the personnel of the "Dreadnought," or of any battleship, for space does not permit of it, and I should much like at least double the room in which to deal with the manifold interests and employment of the stokers, the paymaster's folk, the carpenter crew, tradesmen of all kinds who go to make up this floating microcosm. But I must not fail to seize a

few lines wherein to mention that most necessary but obviously far from popular body of men who wear on their sleeves the ominous letters N.P. (naval police).

The crew of a battleship is an essentially law-abiding community. To whatever branch a man may belong, he has continually drilled into him not only the absolute necessity of discipline, but its essentially beneficial character, not only for himself, but for all concerned. Yet where several hundreds of men are pent up together, even if the supposition were possible that they were all angels in point of disposition, there are bound to be offences against perfect discipline, breaches of law and order, omissions to perform certain duties in the proper way and at the proper time, which must be marked and punished. No such minute discipline is or could be possible elsewhere; here it is essential.

And consequently the N.P., with his notebook, is constantly on the prowl. He pervades the whole ship; and at the petty sessions each morning, when offenders—defaulters in naval parlance—are haled before the commander, he is on hand in force, armed with big books, wherein every infraction of discipline by the present offender during his stay in the ship is recorded and held up for reference at the word of command.

This informal court is quite a solemn function, but both offences and punishments would in the majority of cases seem to a landsman most trivial, the latter being often literally based on the good principles of the Mikado, whose object all sublime is so familiar to most of us. In conclusion, and leaving a fascinating subject most reluctantly, I can earnestly say that except for the introduction of the short-service system, about which I have the very gravest doubts, life on board a battleship tends ever not only to become the most perfect form of training in manliness, but to the eager, healthy, and willing, one of the jolliest and fullest forms of existence imaginable.

To Cut the Ocean in Two

By P. T. McGrath in Technical World

THE best thing I know between France and England is the sea," said Douglas Jerrold. And a quarter of a century before the English playwright had voiced these words, Napoleon boasted that, if he were given but twenty-four hours' control of the English Channel, the world would be his. The old fear of each other is still with the nations. Their natural dikes they jealously guard.

In the early months of this year four great projects were revived—projects that, if consummated, would link Ireland to Great Britain; Great Britain to Europe; Newfoundland to Canada; and the Americas to Asia; so that one might travel by rail all the way from St. John's to Killery Harbor. Four great tunnels beneath the ocean's bottom were to constitute the binding chains. The English looked across to France, the coast of which on a fine day may just be mistily discerned from Kent, and shook their heads. The Russians were not particularly enthusiastic over the tunneling of Bering Strait; and so far as the people of the United States were concerned, they could see no immediate commercial advantage in joining with steel rails Alaska to Siberia. There remained, then, the two proposals: the burrowing under the bed of the choppy Irish sea, and beneath the fog-encompassed Belle Isle Strait. Perhaps it is because of the native sluggishness of the English temperament, or it may be because their enterprise is not urgent; at any rate, it looks as if the Canadians and Newfoundlanders, taking the initiative, would start the work long before their conservative English cousins have decided just what they will do regarding the matter.

The building of the Belle Isle Strait tunnel would mean much more than appears at first glance. It is not merely the offering of better trans-

portation facilities to the inhabitants of the misty island of the north. The first result would be that the distance across the Atlantic Ocean would be cut from 3,000 to 1,650 miles, and the voyage's duration to three days, just time enough for the ocean traveler to get seasick and recover, or if the traveler has his sea legs on, to enjoy a good sail and the ocean breezes.

A week at sea seems a long time, but three days—why, it takes longer than that to run from New York City to San Francisco! On land we have such fast service to clip the minutes as the Twentieth Century Limited offers. But in crossing the Atlantic we are going to save time in a new way—not by increasing the speed, but by literally annihilating distance. We are going to have a new starting point and a new destination.

At a recent session of the Newfoundland legislature, a firm of English contractors was granted the concession of establishing a steamship line between Killery Harbor, on the west coast of Ireland and Green Bay on Newfoundland's eastern coast. For Newfoundland feels keenly her economic isolation. She yearns to expand, to reach out, to take a part in the humming activity that suddenly seems to have possessed the main land. Give Newfoundland railroad communications with Labrador and Quebec Province. Let her seaport, St. John's, be one of the outlets of a continent, and who will dare prophesy the limits of her future? Within five years the favored company must, by the terms of its charter, take advantage of its concessions. Passenger traffic alone between Newfoundland and Ireland would scarcely be worth while. Freight must be carried—freight in vast quantities. It is essential, therefore, that the tunnel be built. An additional three years is granted for this purpose. It is believed that financiers, American,

Canadian and English, will, by that time, be vitally interested in the development of this new commercial path and that the Irish project, as well as the Newfoundland one, will be put through. With what results? Killery may, on the European side of the Atlantic, stand as the great rival of Liverpool, and on the American side St. John's as New York's. Why should not a tourist cut his hours on the ocean in two, and substitute for the perils and inconveniences of ocean travel the speed,

East in general. By following this path instead of sailing through the Seuz Canal, the Englishman may save nineteen days in his journey from London to Tokio.

But it is not passenger traffic alone that makes for great seaports. The quantity of commercial products, grain, cattle, hogs, and manufactured goods, that pass through a city is a factor of still greater importance. Canada teems with wealth. Her vast plains are golden with grain and dark with cattle. Great pines crash be-



Wabana Iron Mine, Bell Island, Newfoundland.

safety, and comforts of the railway express? Three million persons, it is estimated, cross the Atlantic every year. Of course, an enormous number of these are immigrants—glad to reach this continent, no matter how great the miseries they may experience in so doing. But the others will seek Killery Harbor and St. John's—to be reached by railroad from London and New York, respectively.

The Killery-St. John's route also furnishes the shortest, most direct route to Japan, China and the Far

neath the sturdy blows of the woodsman. Her bosom is pierced with pick and raked with dynamite that she may reveal her mineral hoards. At present the bulk of her foreign commerce finds its way to the world's markets down the channel of the St. Lawrence. This is for seven months of the year, when that waterway is free from ice. During the five of these months the ships on passing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence turn north through the Strait of Belle Isle on their voyage to Liverpool. For the remainder of the year vast im-

penetrable fogs enveloped in chill, white fog, block this passage. It is then that the vessels from Montreal gain the open sea through Cabot Strait, south of Newfoundland. This latter course lengthens the voyage to Liverpool by one hundred and sixty-eight miles. When Cabot Strait is closed by winter's icy hand, Halifax is Canada's most northerly port.

With the recent phenomenal development of her natural resources, and the accompanying great influx of foreigners, Canada suddenly finds herself too big for her transportation facilities. The United States cannot

of Belle Isle is likewise proposed. There would be little point in building a railroad through this Saguenay country, as it is termed, for the sake of the brief summer period when it would be possible to run steamers to Labrador, because there are numerous harbors along the Gulf that would serve the same purpose at far less expense. If, however, Belle Isle Strait were tunneled and the railway system extended through Newfoundland to St. John's, it would be possible to utilize it the whole year round; and this is what is contemplated. It must be remembered



LOG CABIN INN.

A Famous Resort of the Reid Newfoundland Railway.

greatly assist her. At the present time the American railroads are overworked. J. J. Hill's declaration that the railroad companies of the United States must within the next five years expend not less than \$500,000,000 if the volume of our business is to be handled is familiar to all of us.

To meet her most urgent needs two great lines of steel track are being thrown across the rich Canadian plains, namely, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern. The Laurier cabinet promises a road to Hudson Bay. A line to the Atlantic seaboard in Eastern Labrador—in the neighborhood of the Strait

that the shortest and most direct route between these western territories and the British Isles lies through Labrador and Newfoundland, and that cities like Chicago and St. Paul would be brought as near to Belle Isle Strait as to New York, so that the gain by this route would be as the difference of a steamer run of 1,050 miles against one of 3,130 miles. Cattle and grain could be moved direct from the ranches and elevators to St. John's even in the midst of winter. The climatic conditions in Newfoundland and Labrador are not so trying as in the Northwest, Ontario, or Quebec, nor



On the Humber River, Newfoundland.

is the snowfall so great. The average snowfall at Moose Factory, Hudson Bay, is only eighty inches, while at Montreal it is one hundred and seventy-seven inches, and the Lake St. John railway, in the northern section of Quebec, was operated continuously all through the exceptionally severe winter of 1904, when the railways in maritime Canada were blocked with snow for days together. Sir Wm. Van Horne, the great railway magnate of Montreal, recently declared that "Canada's hopper was too big for the spout"; in other words, that her products for export were increasing far more rapidly than her

Canada would no longer be dependent upon the United States for the bonding privileges through American ports and territory, which are no small factor in the effective development of her foreign trade.

Here then, we have the motives for the building up of a great seaport, which, in its turn, depends upon the construction of a tunnel under the Belle Isle Strait: it will greatly enhance the economic and political importance of Newfoundland; furnish an outlet of that big section of the continent called Canada, just back of her; free Canada from her partial dependence upon the United States for



Hay Time in Newfoundland.

facilities for exporting them, and it was to remedy these conditions that the building of her new trans-continental railways was determined upon. In like manner, when the Dominion Parliament, in March, 1907, declared itself in favor of granting only to British goods, landed from British vessels in Canadian ports, the preferential tariff treatment which Canada now accords to the mother country, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in accepting the principle, suggested that the date of enforcing it be left to the Cabinet, as by 1911 the new railways would be able to convey grain from the prairies of the West, and then

transportation privileges; and render her self-sufficing.

At its narrowest point—between Point Amour and Savage Cove—the Belle Isle Strait is slightly less than nine miles wide. A few years ago it was proposed to construct a vast dam here of gigantic proportions and use this as a causeway for railway tracks. Such a feat is entirely practicable. Flagler is doing that very same thing between the mainland of Florida and Key West. The plan had great merit. It would turn aside the chill arctic current, and correspondingly raise the temperature of the adjacent islands mainland. Looks

for liners to pass through were contemplated. The scheme fell through, however, for the reason that the strait is one of the natural highways of the sea, and such highways may be closed only by international agreement.

The tunnel project was then proposed. The feasibility of such an enterprise has never been questioned. The geological formation encourages the belief that the rock beneath the sea could be bored without danger of encountering any serious fissures. The Simplon tunnel, twelve and one-fourth miles long, cost \$16,000,000. But the work was done "above

ground"; i.e., the debris was removed by means of cars on a track and did not have to be raised to the surface. This latter factor greatly increases the cost of a tunnel. It is estimated that the tunneling of the English Channel would cost \$80,000,000. On this basis to burrow, under the Belle Isle Strait would cost about one-third that sum. With its approaches the Belle Isle tunnel would be some fourteen miles long. It would take three years to build it. But Canada will spend the time and money on no better object, and those who are watching her development look for an early beginning.

THE HUSKERS

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,

Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;

But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,

Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn-crop stood,

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,

Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed in many a verdant fold,

And glistened, in the slanting light, the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain

Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;

Till, broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down at last

And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.



MR. R. L. BORDEN

Leader of the Conservative Party in Canada

Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons, has just completed a series of public meetings covering the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Everywhere they have been well attended, and he has been given a good hearing. What the effect of his campaign will be time alone will tell, but he has certainly caused the citizens in the West to give more thought to national questions. Mr. Borden has certainly had a most strenuous trip, and in order to keep engagements arranged for him had to make many night trips on freights when he should have been resting. On several occasions he has stepped out of a conductor's caboose, dusty and grimy, to shake hands with Reception Committees and he immediately hurried off to address the voters. The people in the West asked why he had not a private car. It was explained that the matter had been considered by the leaders of the party in Ontario, who thought it more politic for him to travel through the West as an ordinary citizen. This caused one of the leading Conservatives in the West, where copper coins are unknown, to remark: "Just like the people in the One Cent Belt."

Dr. Robertson's Work for the Training of Canadian Farmers

By George Hles in *American Review of Reviews*

OF yore the educator was wont to look at the work-a-day world from afar, and somewhat askance. At college he had passed from the student's desk to tutoring, from tutoring to a professor's chair. He was accustomed to regard men and things chiefly as depicted in books, tabulated in statistics, or reported in the proceedings of legislatures and courts. How the college looked from outside, wherein it failed to prepare its graduates for the toil and tug of actual life, he knew not. And thus usually the college staffs of a generation ago were heaven indeed, but heaven that kept to its own corner, secluded from the lump. In contrast to these aloof educators of times past are thousands of teachers throughout the technical and agricultural schools of America to-day. They stand for a revolution profoundly affecting all other schools. Not many years ago all boys were educated as if to become clerks, or pass to the professions of law, the ministry, or medicine. But most boys must earn their bread at farming or railroading, in the factory, or workshop; why not, therefore, begin at school to teach how these life tasks may be performed faithfully and well? And why not, also, bring out the significance of these tasks, involving as they do principles of the highest importance and interest?

A notable leader in this work whose career is here sketched, came from the wheatfield, the milkroom, the warehouse, thence deriving golden lessons, and thither returning to broaden the knowledge of practical men with the windings of the laboratory and the experimental plot. His labors, ever rising in width and dignity, declare a public-spirited pioneer of the first order; he asks: What great opportunities are there for good

to all the people? How best may these opportunities be developed?

James Wilson Robertson, a farmer's son, was born in Dunlop, Scotland, in 1857. From fourteen to seventeen he was clerk to a firm in Glasgow, where he learned much that has since stood him in good stead. He was taught to keep accounts accurately; to write letters promptly, clearly, and civilly; he was impressed with the essential morality of living up to an agreement. Every day, and especially at the annual stock-takings, he came to a sense of values; he saw how depreciation may overtake well-bought goods, how wear and tear bring down the worth of buildings, machinery, fittings.

In 1875 Robertson's father, with his family, emigrated to Canada, taking up the Maple Grove farm, three miles from London, Ontario, in the centre of a rich agricultural district. Here the elder Robertson resumed his business as a farmer, and began exporting farm produce to Great Britain, in all this being assisted by his son. Young Robertson soon remarked that cheese and butter were in active demand across the Atlantic, that there markets promised wide extension if supplied with prime qualities. But how was this excellence to be secured? At that time but little Canadian butter and cheese was of the first grade; most brands, indeed, were below medium quality. Young Robertson resolved that, as far as possible, the making of inferior grades should cease. Near Ingersoll, Ont., he found a first-rate factory where he could thoroughly learn how the best export cheese was made; he took service at \$13 a month. Soon, through his employer's illness, he was given charge of the place. His management was a success from the start; he had uncommon ability,

energy, and conscience; he turned out products which won the respect of his farming critics.

Before long, at Cotswold, Wellington County, not far away, he took charge of a factory for a joint stock company of farmers, but it was not big enough to keep him busy. In a few months he was looking after eight similar factories, and doing well by them all. His talent for initiative, for administration, was already in evidence. Then from many dairymen, whose output was second-rate, came questions as to his working methods. In winter evenings he told them, first in groups of a dozen or twenty, then in assemblies that rose to 100 or more. He laid stress on cleanliness, on the use of the thermometer. He pointed out that hay, a common crop for export, grievously impoverished the soil, while dairying withdrew from land hardly any mineral values. He showed that corn is a cheap and good fodder; he distributed seed that his hearers might prove this at home. He demonstrated simple tests for the quality of milk, which decide whether a cow should be kept at work or sent to the butcher; and he offered prizes for the cows yielding most rich milk. He attracted and held his hearers because he was one of themselves; speaking their own and not an academic tongue. Not long before he had shared their ignorances and perplexities; he rejoiced to tell them the way out, that they might exchange a lean wage for a decent profit. In dexterity and information Robertson has his peers; in good will, in the passion to have his neighbor thrive as himself, I know not his equal.

Once his labors were interrupted, but only that they might be renewed with more zest and discernment than before. During the winter of 1878-79 he attended the college at Woodstock, Ont., where he received an inestimable impulse at the hands of that born teacher, Prof. S. J. McKee, now of Brandon, Man. Robertson, returning home, resumed his dairying, and continued his informal talks far and near, gaining power as an expositor, grow-

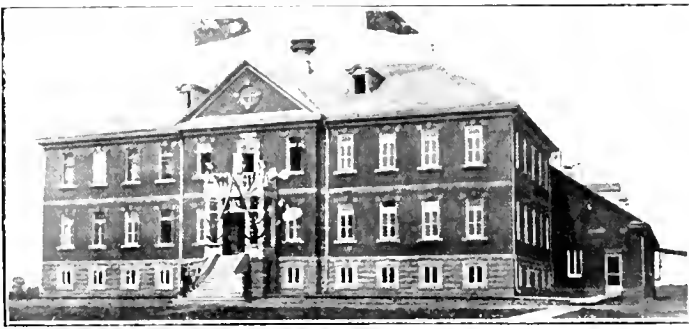
ing constantly in the confidence and regard of the people. Naturally enough, many of his auditors told their representatives in the Ontario Parliament of his mastery of an industry vital to the province, of his facility to make others as proficient in the milkroom as himself. In 1886 the Ontario Government asked Robertson to become professor of dairy husbandry at the Agricultural College at Guelph, to promote and advance the dairying of the province at large. During his stay at Guelph the college sought more earnestly than ever before to further the welfare of farmers at home. Its staff went the length and breadth of Ontario addressing the farmers' institutes, which flourish there as nowhere else on the continent. As a rule, each institute meets four times a year; the speakers on dairying, live stock, field crops, or other topics are men of successful practice. In this work, of course, Robertson took part, growing still happier in making plain to his hearers how care and intelligence, order and cleanliness could better their products and lighten their toil. As his stay in Guelph drew to a close the college began to organize its famous traveling dairies. In this task Robertson had a share, glad that appliances simple and good should take their way through the villages of Ontario for the behoof of thousands of farmers who otherwise might never be stirred to reform.

More than once Robertson accompanied shipments from Canadian farms and dairies to the markets of Great Britain. There he saw the butter of Denmark, the bacon of Ireland, the eggs and poultry of France, the apples from the United States, all better than the Canadian exports. Why were they better? Because produced with more skill and transported with more care. He came home informed as to improved strains of cattle and swine, their best housing and feeding; the latest apparatus for creameries and cheese factories; instruction as to how chickens should be fattened, killed, shaped and shipped for the tables of London, Manchester,

and Glasgow. He sketched how Canadian butter, cheese, and poultry should be packed and forwarded at low temperatures, so that no link should be wanting or weak betwixt a farm or factory in Canada and a shop counter in Liverpool or Leeds. With persistence and address he carried these projects to complete adoption; he had studied the situation as a whole; he persuaded all concerned to a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether. Soon Canadian farmers, dairymen, railroad managers, and steamship owners joined hands to develop a trade which grew fast to stupendous proportions. Backed throughout by the Dominion Treasury, the dairy exports which in 1890 were

of Canada invites the settler as Minnesota and the Dakotas did a generation ago. At a bound this influx has opened a new era in the Dominion, and thoroughly aroused her farmers to the gifts proffered by the new education.

While Robertson journeyed from his home in Ottawa to Prince Edward Island, thence stage by stage to British Columbia and back again, he steadily gained experience as an educator, but of adults solely. Would it not be well, he thought, to give lessons to girls and boys, who, after all, are somewhat more plastic and teachable than their parents? In 1899, accordingly, he addressed himself to Young Canada: he had seen the profit in scien-



A New Dairy School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

but \$9,700,000 rose, in 1900, to \$25,000,000, and in 1906 reached \$31,500,000. The man who chiefly wrought this great result had a national helm in his hands. In 1890 Robertson was appointed Commissioner of Dairying for the Dominion, so that the good practice of Ontario might extend to her sister provinces. In 1895 he was given the additional post of Commissioner of Agriculture for the Dominion. Loyal-ly did he discharge his trusts. From ocean to ocean he lifted farming and dairying to new excellence, until his ambition to see their methods at the highest level seems fast approaching fulfilment. And his hour is fortunate. New areas for the plow in the United States are too few for national needs, and the scarcely breached wheat-belt

tific dairying, he knew that equal gain awaited the twin pursuit of farming through sowing selected seed. He offered \$100 in prizes to girls and boys who would send him the largest heads from the sturdiest wheat and oats from their fathers' farms. So gratifying were the responses that he enlisted the sympathetic aid of Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal. This wise and generous friend of education had given technological departments to McGill University, at a cost of more than \$2,000,000. He at once offered \$10,000 as prizes to girls and boys who from the most vigorous plants on home farms should select the largest heads, and grow seed from these on plots of their own. By 1903 the yield of spring wheat thus

sown and reaped was 28 per cent. heavier than that of three years before from unselected seed; in oats the increase was 27 per cent., area for area. All told, 1500 entries were received, 450 young folk rounding out three years' work, their parents always among the best farmers in their counties.

Of course, part of the recorded gain in yield was owing to improved cultivation; but the chief part was unquestionably due to systematic selection of seed. And the rule was confirmed which regards a plant as a whole, and restricts the choice of seed to only the most vigorous plants. It may be asked, when, in 1903, the prizes ceased, did selection come to an end? No. A Seed Growers' Association was formed, of seniors as well as juniors. In 1906, at their annual meeting, they reported manifold gains: kernels had been improved in size and quality, harvests had matured more evenly, strains had become better adapted to local conditions, more resistant to disease and more productive. It is estimated that in 1906 the crops directly bettered by the Macdonald seed-grain competition, were increased in value by half a million dollars. And immensely more is under way. In the Canadian Northwest, Red Fife is the best variety of wheat to sow. In 1900, outside the experimental farms there was not known to be more than 360 acres in reasonably pure Red Fife in that vast territory. There was plenty of No. 1 hard wheat for marketing, but the seed grain had become mixed, had lost quality. To-day, thanks to the 360 acres just mentioned, to the experimental farms, and to the Macdonald competition, no less than 34,000 acres are sown with reasonably pure Red Fife, with the expectation that in about five years the whole Canadian Northwest will be seeded with wheat true to name and true to strain.

Sir William Macdonald, warmly interested in the higher education, also earnestly desired to aid primary schools, especially those in country districts. He took counsel with Dr. Robertson, who reviewed their prob-

lems in the light of wide observation, and then, as is his wont, inquired: "Where are the best examples for our guidance?" He examined kindergartens, and classes in manual training, nature study, and domestic science in the United States and England, that their best methods might be adapted to Canada. He was convinced that Canadian elementary schools were too bookish, that they did not appeal as they should, to the skill of hand and eye which fully call out intelligence, and prepare for the home, the farm, the workshop, the mill, where most girls and boys as they grow up must do their work. With Dr. Robertson as planner and counsellor, Sir William Macdonald founded throughout Canada manual-training centers at twenty-one places attended by 7,000 children, and costing \$3,600 a month for teachers' salaries during three years. At the end of that term the local authorities were free to continue the schools if they pleased. In every province manual training has been continued, and with constantly widening popularity. In Nova Scotia, for instance, more than twenty school centers of the Macdonald type have arisen, built and conducted with local funds. Ontario had at first Macdonald schools in three cities; now, counting their progeny, she has forty manual-training centers. What more can an apostle desire than to gather disciples in such telling fashion? To-day about 22,000 children are attending manual training classes in Canada, and that instruction now forms part of the normal school courses throughout the Dominion.

In Canadian townships the schools were long sadly inadequate, chiefly through being too small, and out of touch with home life, with parental occupations. Most of them were attended by as few as twenty to thirty pupils, and, as a rule, one teacher taught as best she could boys and girls all the way from seven to fourteen years of age. Here, surely, were defects crying for remedy. Hand in hand Sir William Macdonald and Dr. Robertson

went to work with a will. They investigated how in Ohio, and other States of the Union, many petty schools had been superseded by consolidated schools at central points. In many cases it was found that the consolidators had continued much the same courses, and methods of study, which had prevailed in the one-room schools of old. It was deemed well that in Canada consolidation should be chiefly a means of enriching the whole round of instruction by school gardening, by sewing and cooking classes, by carefully chosen courses in manual training. All these to be of the very essence of a school, not merely tacked on as extras, to be pursued or omitted at will.

A prime necessity of the reform was, of course, in providing transportation. How this might easily be accomplished had been shown long before as individual dairies had given place to creameries and cheese factories. If routes for the carriage of their milk and cream could be readily established and maintained, why not similar routes for the conveyance of children to a consolidated school? There they would receive varied and complete instruction, the classes graded as in cities, every teacher, as in Montreal or Toronto, keeping to subjects she had thoroughly mastered. Four consolidated schools were founded by Sir William Macdonald, in Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, with classes in manual training, household science, and nature study, based on work in school gardens. The cost of preparing special teachers, of erecting and equipping the schools, and of meeting all the expenses beyond those previously borne by the twenty-six districts concerned, was \$180,000 for three years. This capital example had the usual effect of inciting onlookers to do likewise. At Riverside and Florenceville, New Brunswick, are handsome consolidated schools, reared and sustained by these communities for themselves; Nova Scotia has now twenty-two consolidations in the room of fifty-three

schools of the old and inferior scale. On an average the daily attendance at the Macdonald consolidated schools has been 55 per cent. more than at the schools they supplanted; at Kingston, New Brunswick, the figure is 140 per cent. Thanks to the Macdonald movement, sound education in rural Canada is acquiring the force of fashion. Yet a few years and the Dominion will rank with Scotland itself, the land of good schools.

A moment ago it was said that every Macdonald school has a school garden. Besides those at the four original consolidated schools, a garden was laid out at each of five rural schools in each of five provinces, twenty-five in all. A trained instructor took charge of every group of five, giving one day every week to each school in his circuit. The outlay during three years grew to \$40,000. The plots varied from 15 to 120 square feet, the smallest being assigned to little tots. A wide variety of grains and grasses, vegetables and flowers were sown, with the incidental effect of adding much beauty to school grounds. At Hillsboro, Prince Edward Island, partnership was one year introduced with happy effect. While each pupil was responsible for his own plot, he shared with three others the work of keeping in order the intervening paths, of making the whole co-operative area as handsome as possible.

Everywhere these gardens prove with what delight and profit children may begin at school the work of later life, how principles of unending interest may be unfolded in simple tasks of sowing and pruning, hoeing and reaping. Here, harking back to noteworthy experiments, selected seeds are sown, with the striking contrast between their harvests and the crops reaped from ordinary seeds. Not less instructive is it to compare two plots planted with potatoes, one sprayed against blight, the other neglected and so only producing a few undersized tubers. In the course of four years a special area, of, say, twenty-five square yards, is cropped the first year with wheat, the second with

clover, the third with grass for pasture, and the fourth with a cultivated crop as Indian corn or potatoes. All to illustrate the profit of a rotation which in four years works much less exhaustion to the soil, yields larger crops, and leaves the land freer from weeds, than if only grain had been sown year after year. These simple lessons form what Dr. Robertson calls the tripod of good farming: (1) sowing selected seed on prepared soil; (2) protecting crops against insects and fungous diseases; (3) a rotation of crops adapted to the soil and to the markets. At Tryon School Garden, Prince Edward Island, the children reaped 32 per cent. more wheat from a plot sown with selected seed than was borne on an adjoining plot sown with unselected seed. When barley followed clover it yielded 17 per cent. more than when barley followed a cereal without clover stubble having been plowed in. As remarkable as these results in crops are the effects on the young sowers and reapers themselves. Uniform examinations for entrance to high schools are held throughout Ontario in July. In 1906 in Carleton County from schools without gardens 49 per cent. of the candidates were successful; from five Macdonald schools, where all candidates had been school gardeners for three consecutive years, 71 per cent. were admitted, mostly with high standing. As in all such education it was shown that when part of a school-day is given to toil with the hands, at the bench and out of doors, the book work at the desk takes on a fresh meaning, and inspires a new zest.

Sir William Macdonald and Dr. Robertson had now entered upon an educational reform so broad and deep, so novel in many details, that it demanded teachers trained on purpose. Recognizing this need Sir William Macdonald provided at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, two large buildings, equipped for the due instruction of teachers. Here are headquarters for manual training and household science, with brief courses in cooking, sewing and other

domestic arts. Short courses in nature study and school gardening are free to teachers. To promote their attendance four Provincial Governments have granted scholarships which have already enabled two hundred teachers to take elected instruction. In one important regard this College at Guelph has an enviable record: Two out of every three of its graduates return to the farm. This dividend back to the land is considerably higher than is usual at other such institutions.

Taking many a sterling lesson from the college at Guelph, from sister colleges throughout the Union, has arisen the Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, on the Ottawa River, twenty miles west of Montreal. The grounds, through which pass the main lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railroads, are 561 acres in extent, arranged in three areas: First the campus, with plots for illustration and research in grains, grasses and flowers, 74 acres; second, the small-cultures farm of 100 acres, for horticulture and poultry keeping; third, the live stock and grain farm of 387 acres. All the buildings are of fireproof construction, in stone, brick, steel, and concrete, with red tile roofing. Every building is heated, lighted and furnished with water from a power house having six horizontal tubular boilers, each of 150 horsepower. The college now about to be opened, has Dr. Robertson for its principal or president. It is understood to have cost Sir William Macdonald about \$2,000,000. He has placed its administration in the hands of the trustees of McGill University, Montreal, with a sum exceeding \$2,000,000 as endowment. Some of the courses at the college lead to degrees from the McGill University.

Macdonald College has three departments: First, the School for Teachers, which takes the place of the Protestant Normal School, removed from Montreal. Special regard is paid the needs of rural districts. Second, the School of Agriculture, which aims to provide

thorough training both in theory and practice. Third, the School of Household Science, to impart instruction in all that concerns good housekeeping. In engaging his staff, in discussing item by item the programs of study, Dr. Robertson has sought to profit by the widest available experience. He stands ready to modify any detail in which the future may show an opening for improvement. There is no charge for tuition. Board costs, with a room to oneself, \$3.50 a week; where two share a room, \$3.25 each. Next year the college farms will be worked, in part, by apprentice-students, who will have an opportunity to earn enough in six months to pay for their board the following winter.

This school offers many courses; let it suffice to mention the two-years' course. It includes field and cereal husbandry, animal and poultry husbandry, home dairying, and horticulture. Farm machinery will be taken apart, reassembled and tested; at need mowers, self-binders, and the like will be repaired. Object lessons of the first order are given on the main farm; its 387 acres are thoroughly drained and cultivated, and have good roads. Its buildings comprise a farmhouse, several cottages and barns, with stables for horses and cattle, and a sanitary pigery of concrete. The equipment for the study of cattle and swine is capital; a fair example is the dairy herd of pure-bred Ayrshires, one of the best in America.

The small-cultures farm of 100 acres is for productive work, for investigations in fruits large and small, in vegetables and poultry. There are several acres of apple orchard, displaying the Fameuse and other leading varieties. Spacious poultry runs accommodate about a thousand fowls.

Last August on the college grounds I saw the results of an experiment which might well be repeated by school gardeners throughout America: Five adjoining plots had been sown with wheat; one on the earliest possible day; the others at intervals

each one week later than the sowing next before it. The plot first sown bore much the largest and best crop. This lesson, added to Dr. Robertson's "tripod," already outlined, clearly proves that the farmer who puts brains and energy into his business can readily earn a dollar where a careless farmer finds 50 cents.

A word as to the School for Teachers, which proffers a comprehensive and thoroughly practical training in the art and science of teaching. Its five classes are (1) elementary, (2) advanced elementary, (3) kindergarten, (4) model-school instruction, (5) pedagogy, including study of the history of educational theories and practice of educational methods and philosophy, the organization and management of schools. On the campus is a school for the village of Ste. Anne's, embodying the best rural methods; its classes are available for teachers-in-training. In addition, they have access to schools in Montreal, easily reached in less than an hour.

The School of Household Science affords a wide range of instruction, an important feature being the house-keeping of the college itself, in which students bear part. The one-year courses embrace the study of foods, cooking, household economies, clothing materials, dressmaking and millinery; fuels, ventilation and house sanitation; home nursing and hygiene, and home art. These courses admirably supplement those of the sister School of Agriculture, which show how wealth is won from the soil and the dairy, the cattle barn and the poultry shed. How to earn a good income is taught in one school, in the other school is learned the equally important art of using an income with economy, good sense, and good taste withal.

In all its departments the college offers excellent short courses, adapted to the needs of young men and women limited in means and time. Such courses are among the most useful afforded by the agricultural colleges of Ontario, Wisconsin and Iowa, and similar institutions of mark.

Education, it would seem, may in many cases come too early. When a learner in the fullness of his powers, comes to great principles unstaled by premature familiarity, he may have reason to rejoice in the lateness of his lessons.

Much, too, is learned by the inter-

ested visitor at such a college as that at Ste. Anne's. Negotiations are afoot which next year will offer excursions to Macdonald College at nominal rates, following the example of the Guelph College, which welcomes every year in June, no fewer than 30,000 visitors.

A Russian Leader in Canada

By Lally Bernard in *The Globe Magazine*

“WELL, Lally Bernard, what do you think of your Doukhobors now?” was the question put to the writer about a month ago by an old acquaintance made in a remote district of the far west some seven years previously, when “Lally Bernard” had made her second visit to the Doukhobor colonies. Well, what did the writer think of the Doukhobors during that hurried visit of a few days, when during a drive of a hundred and forty miles through the autumn-tinted prairies she stopped at villages and saw the community-life in full swing, and here and there interviewed individualistic Doukhobors who had discarded the last link with community life and were homesteading with the zest and vim of genuine Canadians? The writer had recently arrived from England to find various sections of the Canadian press filled with paragraphs about the sixty odd Doukhobors who were on the march, seeking for a “promised land” which they imagined awaited them.

The eyes of the public were focused on this small fraction out of many thousands of Doukhobors settled in the country, and from the importance attached to the movements of the perambulating few one would have imagined that a wholesale exodus of the people was in progress. This is the way of the world. All that is abnormal, sensational and unfortunate attracts the attention of the modern

world in a degree which is quite out of proportion with the brighter side of ordinary everyday life. The visit of a few days was all too short. There is material for pen, pencil and public platform in those localities which would take months to accumulate, and the impression of a migratory journalist should always be weighed in the balance. With this frank confession, let me begin my account of my third visit among the Russian Doukhoborts. The first visit was paid in 1900, when these people were endeavoring to locate the sites for their villages, when the greater portion of the men were employed in railway construction work, and many of the families were gathered in great log “seris” built by the Immigration Department for their temporary housing, or in bell tents loaned by the Government. There were others who had made for themselves habitations out of what material was at hand, sometimes of woven poplar wands, covered with clay, and even then one was struck by the order and method with which these people conducted their daily existence and the sort of military discipline which pervaded their ranks.

In the year 1900, during the month of September, the writer went among the Doukhobor settlements to distribute work which the National Council of Women had started to aid the women of the sect by giving them occupation and earning power during

the long winter months in these remote districts. The same organization had during the previous winter distributed spinning wheels, looms, stoves, "Duffle" (a thick sort of flannel) among the villages where such comforts were sorely needed. So the visit made this year was of peculiar interest, when, armed with old notebooks containing the names of villages, the number of "souls" in each, a list of the stock, etc., in her possession, the writer tried to sum up the changes which had taken place dur-



PETER VERIGIN.

ing the seven years which had elapsed since her first visit.

Again the train carried her through the fertile belt which lies parallel to the railway line from Winnipeg to Yorkton, a district much changed by reason of the continued influx of settlers during the intervening years. Cattle ranches, wheat ranches and mixed farms were seen on every side. Here and there the ravages of frost were seen, but to the inexperienced eye the scene was one of prosperity

and progress. Late in the evening one found oneself at the hotel in Yorkton, now a thriving town, with a large population, formerly the rail-head of what is now the Canadian Pacific line. One learned with pleasure that Peter Verigin, the recognized leader of the Doukhobors, was in town, but an evening interview was impossible, for the gentleman was indulging in a "Russian bath," an undertaking which would terrify many of the stoutest-hearted Canadian settlers. The writer had experienced the process in one of the Doukhoborts villages some eight years ago, when by the side of a stream a rough log cabin was built, with a series of broad shelves in the interior, a heap of red-hot stones in the corner on which icy cold water was dashed to produce steam, and where one was bidden to lie prostrate on one of the benches until the "steaming" process was complete, then massaged by strong-armed and skillful Doukhobor women, and finally doused with cold water brought straight from the creek in huge buckets, to be tucked into a bed mainly consisting of huge cushions and warm blankets, to sleep the sleep of the just after a long and fatiguing day in the open. But this is to digress from the present to the past.

The morning following the arrival in Yorkton, Mr. Verigin and his interpreter, a bright young specimen of a "Douk," arrived at the hotel to pay a visit to the writer. One looked with keen interest at the leader of these thousands of "souls" about whom so much has been rumored—a tall, heavily-built man, with a heavy face and lightning glance, who, dressed in the ordinary garb of a city man, might pass for a broker or banker, but who on this occasion wore a garb which might possibly be considered suggestive of the phase of character through which he was passing. A long, dark overcoat of fine Oxford grey cloth, with silk revers, was worn over a Russian substitute for a waistcoat. The overcoat was evidently made by a London tailor, so far as one could judge from the cut and finish, but it

did not altogether hide the inner garment of a Russian peasant! One scanned the impassive, grave face, the well-kept hands, immaculately white, and to a student of palmistry they would suggest in their contour both idealism and practical ability of a high order.

This man is the manipulator of men. Conversation was difficult to carry on, for he paused long before replying to queries translated by young Reibin. As Verigin turned over some photographs which the writer happened to have brought with her of the Doukhoborts as they appeared when they first came to Canada, a sudden smile appeared, which lightened the heavy face immensely.

"Who," asked Reibin, translating his chief's words, "asked these people to carry their handkerchiefs in the absurd fashion?" This I could not answer, but remembered seeing the women on fete days folding their embroidered handkerchiefs and putting them over their clasped hands in just such a way as that he found so "absurd."

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Seymour and the Government agent for that district, the Hon. Mr. MacNutt, Speaker of the Regina House, who was to accompany the writer on her tour. Dr. Seymour proceeded to ask if someone could be found who would translate into Russian the leaflets to be distributed on the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, as he was then on his way to the colonies to make a medical inspection, having heard that the disease was more or less prevalent among the Doukhoborts. Peter Verigin's reply was essentially that of a Russian.

"These things we have known for centuries," was his rather scornful answer to the appeal, and then he went on to remark that the habits of Canadians in expectorating in public conveyances and the streets was a great menace to the public health! But the discussion ended in an amicable arrangement by which the leaflets should be translated and distributed. The incident, trivial as it may

appear, gave one some inkling of what was passing in the mind of the man whose Russian waistcoat or blouse was covered by a fashionable lightweight overcoat.

Rightly or wrongly, the impression left by this interview with a more or less common specimen of the Slav race was that the authorities of this country are, to use the vernacular of the west, "up against" a pretty stiff proposition in the person of this astute Russian. However, a man must be judged by his policy as a whole, and the first evidence brought before the eyes of the writer was a reassuring one. Thanks to the kindness of Dr. Seymour, the Government medical inspector from Regina, the writer was "spun out" in an admirably-driven motor car to a brickyard, some distance from the town, where a small regiment of Doukhobors, men and boys, are turning out from one of the most up-to-date brick-making machines some twenty-five thousand bricks per day, working with a system and neatness which entirely differ from one's preconceived ideas of the usual untidiness and confusion about this industry. A line of tents was occupied by the workers and their families, and the majority of men and boys spoke fairly good English, one or two of them with fluency. But one smiled as one heard the familiar, "I guess" and "sure," which they used for the affirmative instead of "yes."

So far, so good. To enter into the industrial life of Canada on the outskirts of a thriving town is in itself a step towards assimilation and Canadian citizenship. Twenty thousand dollars was the price of the plant, and above the machinery the men were busy erecting an excellently-constructed cement building, while beneath it was a deep rain water tank, for soft water is less injurious to the boiler than the alkali-charged well water of the neighborhood. All was so orderly, so neat and so substantial that one regarded it with unfeigned admiration. There was no difficulty about the "labor question" in this business; for wages there are none in the com-

munity system. The overseer of the works and the chief engineer give their services as freely as the most humble of the small boys who take the bricks from the machine on long trays and pile them in neat rows one above the other.

But it will not last. Let no one run away with the idea that as years go on men can live surrounded by the strong individualistic influence of the west, which places the family unit in the midst of a hundred and sixty acres, that these young men will be long content to share and share alike. A party of independents have already arisen and they will yearly increase their strength as a new language, the language which is used by many millions of people living under individualistic conditions, will bring with it a new set of ideas. Communism is, like high protective tariffs, adapted to the beginning of things in new countries, but education in one of its phases may develop the "ego" in the man, who later, with the larger vision, lapses again in the quasi-system of communistic government, where each individual contributes his mite to the funds expended for public welfare. All the movements in the municipal centres are more and more tending towards what is in truth community of interests, as evidenced in a thousand public institutions. The distribution of Government lands to the homesteader is in a certain sense communism. So we should be slow to too readily condemn what is the less practical form of communism as practiced by a peasant people.

Viewed from a certain standpoint, the Doukhobor communities have made it apparent that their system enables them to live on the products of a much smaller area of cultivated ground than the individual settler. But one cannot arrive at any definite conclusion on this point, for one has no statement to show how much of their prosperity has been due to their earning power on the railways which are under construction. Then one has to take into consideration that they have spent nothing on tobacco and whisky, that their butcher's bills

have been absent from household expenditure, that a few other items which increase the expenditure of household funds have been absent. So the amount for granaries, school-houses and new residences and the purchase of stock and implements, clothing, etc., has been astonishingly large.

When one regards the fact that on their arrival in this country only four per cent. of the Doukhobors could read or write, and that the fear of an official class had been deeply rooted by more than a century of alternate persecution, prosperity and subsequent confiscation, it is not astonishing that there are difficulties in persuading them to accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of full Canadian citizenship. Fear and suspicion are difficult feelings to eradicate, and the calm way in which certain Canadian citizens assume that corruption is part and parcel of our Government system certainly is not calculated to reassure foreigners or Britishers who come to seek their fortune in our country.

By 11 o'clock in the morning we were off, packed cosily into a double-seated wagon, on our way to Verigin, the new Doukhobor village on the Canadian Northern line. Through miles of newly-broken prairie land we passed. Wherever the eye turned there were those acres upon acres, showing how great was the increase in settlement. Here against the velvety blackness of the upturned earth there would from time to time spring into view a vivid splash of deep rose color, one of the "last roses of summer," a blossom cheated out of its spring finery by the mass of metal which ploughed relentlessly through the thick matting of prairie grasses, turning them downward as the velvet loam rolled upward, facing the sky. But the little flower was not to be cheated out of a last glimpse of the autumn sky, which had so often smiled down upon its late debut in days gone by, and poking up between the stiff ridges of earth the little pink flower sent its messages of promise of summers to come, and cheered us on our thirty-mile drive to Verigin.

The Heroism of Mr. Peglow

By E. J. Rath in *Everybody's Magazine*

EVEN though the door to the inner office was closed, the ears of Simeon Hobby could not escape from the maddening peck-peck-peck that came from beyond it. For at least the tenth time that afternoon he straightened up wearily from his desk, sighed, and shook his head slowly. Then he looked in the direction of Mr. Peglow, who was shifting restlessly on the top of his high stool. There was some satisfaction in knowing that Peglow shared the misery.

Mr. Hobby wondered if ever again the firm of Hobby & Hoople would know the joy of quiet, peaceful concentration, safe from the distracting peck-peck-peck that issued from behind the glass door. For three months now he had been unable to figure an estimate, write a letter, or even read a newspaper, except to the accompaniment of Miss Pickett's typewriter.

For sixty years Hobby & Hoople had prospered, in spite of the fact that their correspondence was not typewritten. The original Hobby and the original Hoople were dead these many years, but the firm, which was now none other than Simeon Hobby, solely and exclusively, had never seen any reason to change its sign. It was not much given to change, in fact. It had the same office, the same furniture, the same habits. It was highly respectable, deservedly prosperous, and enjoyed such a fame for conservatism that some people said it was old-maidish.

The buying of a typewriter and the employment of a young person to manipulate it had been a matter of long and serious consideration by Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow. By birth, instinct, and long training, Mr. Peglow was even more conservative than his employer. To-

gether, he and Mr. Hobby had grown up in the business, one to become the firm, the other its chief clerk and book-keeper. Together they had pursued an even tenor of commercial placidity. Mr. Peglow was little and thin and bald. Mr. Hobby was comfortably fat. They shared a serenity that nothing had ever disturbed—until Miss Pickett came.

It was Mr. Hobby who was really responsible for her. In a deferentially shy manner Mr. Peglow had let it be known that he considered her advent a dangerous innovation. He might even have carried the day had he been firm, but Mr. Peglow was far too considerate of his employer's desires to dream of anything like open opposition. So, in a moment of weakness, Mr. Hobby had yielded to the insidious advance of that thing called Progress. Henceforth, the letters of Hobby & Hoople would be typewritten.

Miss Pickett was young and brisk and smiling, in sharp relief to the dinginess of the office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow did not mind that so much—although when two men have passed the fifty-year mark together, without marriage, they are apt to be "set." It was the noise that hurt. That was something to which they had given no consideration. But for three months now they had been able to give consideration to little else.

They had never spoken to each other about it. Secretly, Mr. Hobby pitied Mr. Peglow, whose annoyance he had furtively watched for some time. Secretly, also, Mr. Peglow had observed the misery of his employer, and his grief had an added poignancy because he realized that, at the crucial moment, he had failed to be sufficiently outspoken against the impending evil. Miss

Pickett, who observed nothing of their distress, conscientiously pecked away at the typewriter, with what seemed to be a daily increasing ardor.

On this particular afternoon Mr. Hobby watched the trim figure of Miss Pickett depart from the office with a feeling of relief. Then he was seized with sudden resolution.

"Mr. Peglow," he said quietly.

Mr. Peglow slipped from his high stool and approached his employer's desk.



The Original Hobby and the Original Hoople.

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow sat down, with full understanding that something of importance had happened.

"Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby, holding his hands across his waistcoat, "Miss Pickett has now been with us for three months."

"Yes, sir," confirmed Mr. Peglow.

"And we are having our correspondence typewritten."

"Yes, sir."

"Is our business increasing, Mr. Peglow?"

"It is normally good, sir," said Mr. Peglow conservatively.

"What I am getting at," explained Mr. Hobby, "is whether, as a result of having our correspondence typewritten, we are increasing the volume of our business."

"Hum," said Mr. Peglow reflectively. "I—I think it's about the same, sir."

The house of Hobby & Hoople remained silent for several moments, thinking deeply. At last he observed:

"I have been watching you at odd times, Mr. Peglow, ever since Miss Pickett came."

"Yes, sir."

"I think she annoys you."

"Oh, indeed," protested Mr. Peglow, "I am sure Miss Pickett is quite ladylike."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby hastily. "I did not mean that. Miss Pickett is, indeed, a genteel person. What I mean is, I think the noise of the typewriter is distressing to you."

Mr. Peglow shrugged his shoulders.

"I think it distracts your mind," continued Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow waved his hands in a deprecating way.

"In short, I think you no longer work in comfort, Mr. Peglow."

"Um—m—well—possibly," admitted Mr. Peglow.

"And do you know that I have the same feeling myself?" said Mr. Hobby, eyeing his chief clerk.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow promptly.

Mr. Hobby looked surprised. He did not know that Mr. Peglow had been observing him. After another pause he cleared his throat and said very firmly:

"We both owe a certain duty to the house of Hobby & Hoople, Mr. Peglow."

"We do, sir; most assuredly."

"The duty of always doing our best," added Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow confirmed it with a nod.

"On the other hand, Mr. Peglow, the firm"—Mr. Hobby always spoke impersonally of the firm—"owes to us an opportunity to do our best work. It owes us quiet and freedom from interruption, and a fair chance."

"Yes, sir; I think so, sir."

"But we are not getting that opportunity, Mr. Peglow," said his employer, with sudden and significant emphasis.

Mr. Peglow nodded his head mournfully.

"We are being annoyed," continued Mr. Hobby.

A shrug.

"Our nerves are being destroyed," added Mr. Hobby, in further indictment of the firm.

Another shrug from Mr. Peglow.

"Very good, then," said Mr. Hobby. "The duty of the firm is clear. We—I—shall dismiss Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow gazed out of the window and felt uncomfortable. Never in his day had the firm of Hobby & Hoople discharged anybody. Lifetimes were spent in its service, rather. The very idea of a discharge was a shock to Mr. Peglow. To be sure, Mr. Hobby had softened the word, but he could not soften the fact.

"The firm owes it to us, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby judicially. "I shall dismiss Miss Pickett to-morrow. Er—how long do you think it is customary to give notice?"

Mr. Peglow shook his head helplessly, for this was another innovation.

"A week?" asked Mr. Hobby doubtfully.

The chief clerk spread his hands in a gesture of doubt.

"Two weeks?"

Mr. Peglow pursed his lips, but made no gesture.

"Very well; it shall be two weeks," decided Mr. Hobby. "Thank you very much, Mr. Peglow."

It was quite nine o'clock the following morning when Miss Pickett arrived. Mr. Peglow had

been at his desk for an hour, and Mr. Hobby was already immersed in the morning's mail. As Mr. Peglow nodded a good morning to Miss Pickett, he felt a vague sense of pity for his employer. Presently he saw the young woman come out of the inner office with her notebook and seat herself beside Mr. Hobby's desk. Then he bent over his books and shut his ears against the world.

After a little while Miss Pickett went back to her office, and the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter again disturbed the serenity of the firm. Mr. Peglow wondered how



He Shut his Ears Against the World.

she had stood the blow. It seemed to have produced no discernible effect; rather, there appeared to be an added note of cheerfulness in the racking sound that came from behind the glass door. Nor was there any sign the next day, nor the next, in fact, all that week. Each morning Mr. Peglow would greet Miss Pickett gravely, almost sorrowfully, and each morning she would be smiling as gaily as the day before. It was inexplicable.

A second week began and Mr. Peglow found it necessary to consult his employer on a most unusual matter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said hesitatingly, "but shall I remove Miss Pickett's name from the payroll after this week?"

Mr. Hobby made no answer for a minute. Then he said:

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow."

Mr. Peglow sat down and waited.

"I—er"—began Mr. Hobby, with averted eyes—"I—well, the fact is, Mr. Peglow, I have not yet discharged Miss Pickett."

"Ah!" said Mr. Peglow, in mild astonishment.

"No," continued his employer. "You see, Mr. Peglow, there was a difficulty. I could not discharge her without sufficient cause. That would be unjust, and the firm of Hobby & Hoople cannot afford to work injustice to any one."

"Certainly not, sir."

"So I have been looking for a reason."

"I understand," said Mr. Peglow sympathetically.

"Can you think of a reason?" inquired Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow thought for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders.

"We must have a reason, Mr. Peglow."

"Yes, sir; of course. I was just thinking——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Hobby eagerly.

"Well," said Mr. Peglow uneasily and with a sense of guilt, "I was thinking that Miss Pickett is not always very punctual in the morning."

"You have spoken a truth, Mr. Peglow," declared his employer, nodding his head. "Miss Pickett is not punctual. Yet punctuality is one of the fundamental laws of business. I am glad you mentioned the matter. I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for not being punctual."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow, returning to his books.

A moment later he heard Mr. Hobby's bell tap gently. Miss Pickett came out of the inner office

with her notebook and slipped into her accustomed seat.

"I shall not dictate, thank you, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

Miss Pickett lowered her pencil from its poise.

"Miss Pickett," began Mr. Hobby, with an effort.

"Yes, sir?" said Miss Pickett encouragingly.

"Hem," coughed Mr. Hobby, gazing at his desk. "There is something I very much regret to mention, Miss Pickett. It is that—how shall I put it?—that—er—that you are not what I should call quite punctual in the mornings."

Miss Pickett nodded her head in confession.

Mr. Hobby coughed again. "Really, you know," he added, "it is unpleasant to be compelled to speak of these things, but——"

"You are quite right to speak of it, Mr. Hobby," said Miss Pickett.

"Thank you, Miss Pickett," said her employer gratefully. "I felt sure you would agree with me. You see our hour for beginning business is eight o'clock. It is quite necessary that we should get things under way by that time. And it would not be right to make exceptions in favor of anybody."

"Certainly not," assented Miss Pickett, nodding vigorously.

"Even though you are a young lady," added Mr. Hobby. "It would not be fair to others."

"Of course it wouldn't, Mr. Hobby."

"I hate to say it, you know," continued Mr. Hobby hesitatingly, "but——"

"You were perfectly right to say it, Mr. Hobby," broke in Miss Pickett. "I am glad you did. I shall do better in the future, sir."

"Wha—what?"

"I shall be down promptly at eight hereafter," said Miss Pickett resolutely.

"But I—that is, you see——" stammered Mr. Hobby.

"I can do it very easily, sir," said

Miss Pickett, "and I am grateful to you for calling my attention to it."

Mr. Hobby gazed vacantly at a pile of papers on his desk and seemed bereft of speech. He stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Is that all, sir?" asked Miss Pickett, gathering up her notebook.

"You are quite sure you can do it?" asked Mr. Hobby sadly.

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. It will be no hardship at all."

"Very well, Miss Pickett. That is all just now, thank you.

Miss Pickett retired to the inner office. For many minutes the head of the house of Hobby & Hoople sat immersed in thought. Then the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter aroused him and he sighed wearily.

Three days later Mr. Peglow approached his employer with the self-effacing, deferential manner that always cloaked him.

"Shall I make the change in the pay-roll, sir?" he inquired.

"Not yet, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby in a subdued tone.

The chief clerk did not permit himself to express astonishment.

"You see, Mr. Peglow," explained the firm, "the circumstances are somewhat changed. Miss Pickett has promised to be punctual in the future."

"I see," said Mr. Peglow, with an understanding nod.

"Which removes the cause for dismissal," added Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow ruefully.

At that instant the typewriter in the inner office began a new staccato movement, and Mr. Peglow and Mr. Hobby looked at each other sympathetically.

"Can't you think of another reason?" asked the head of the firm, squirming.

Mr. Peglow appeared to think deeply. The task was most unpleasant, but he realized that it was necessary.

"I might suggest, sir," he said, at

length, "that Miss Pickett does not always spell accurately. That is, not habitually," he added hastily.

"Thank you, Mr. Peglow," said his employer. "Now that I come to think of it, I have noticed the same thing. Miss Pickett, indeed, spells quite badly. Our correspondence should never be misspelled."

"No, sir; of course not."

"Therefore, I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for faulty spelling."

Mr. Peglow sighed and returned to his books, while Mr. Hobby, firm in his resolution, immediately sent for Miss Pickett.

"Sit down, if you please, Miss Pickett," he said, waving her to a seat. He took a letter from his desk.

"This letter, Miss Pickett," he began, "is addressed to one of our oldest customers, the firm of Gammidge & Tillson."

Miss Pickett indicated her comprehension with a nod.

"Gammidge & Tillson," repeated Mr. Hobby. "But I find that you have spelled Gammidge without a 'd.'"

"Did I?" asked Miss Pickett, in a tone of surprise. "Why, so I did. But now I think of it, sir, I have always been spelling it that way."

"You have, indeed," said Mr. Hobby, his task enlightened by the frank admission.

"I never knew there was a 'd' in it," added Miss Pickett.

"You didn't?" exclaimed Mr. Hobby in amazement.

"You never told me," said Miss Pickett simply.

Mr. Hobby showed traces of embarrassment.

"I—I guess you are right, Miss Pickett," he said, fumbling for another letter. "We will pass that over, if you please. It was quite my fault; I should have told you. But here is a letter where the case is quite different. Here, where you make us say 'we would beg to state that we are shipping to you,' etc., you have spelled 'beg' with two

'g's' and you have put only one 'p' in 'shipping.'"

Miss Pickett leaned over and examined the letter.

"So I did," she said apologetically.

"And down here," continued Mr. Hobby, "you have spelled the word 'transmit' with two 't's,' and 'quote' as if it were 'quoit' and you have put but one 'l' in 'respectfully.'"

Miss Pickett again examined the letter with interest.

"I am a bad speller," she admitted. "A dreadful one."

"I fear so, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby in a regretful tone. "Yet

with it. But I've just thought of a scheme."

"Yes?" said Mr. Hobby faintly.

"Couldn't you buy me a dictionary?"

Miss Pickett's eyes were sincere and appealing, and as Mr. Hobby met their friendly gaze he faltered.

"Even a small dictionary would do," added Miss Pickett.

Mr. Hobby turned an uneasy glance in the direction of Mr. Peglow. That faithful little man bent low over his ledger. The head of the firm stirred nervously in his seat, and then said, in a low voice:

"Certainly, Miss Pickett. You shall have a dictionary to-morrow."

"That will be lovely," said Miss Pickett gratefully, rising and picking up the offending letter. "Did you say there ought to be two 'l's' in 'respectfully'?"

"Yes, two," said Mr. Hobby, turning to his work with a sigh.

The following morning Mr. Peglow unwrapped a large package at the office. When his employer arrived he hastened to announce:

"A dictionary has been sent to us, sir. Doubtless there is some mistake."

"No, there isn't any mistake," said Mr. Hobby humbly.

"Is it meant for us?" asked Mr. Peglow in surprise.

"It's for Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow, mouth open, gazed at his employer for several seconds. Then he shook his head slowly from side to side and went back to his stool.

The pecking noise from the inner office continued to destroy the peace of the firm of Hobby & Hoople. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow endured in silence, as a sort of penance. For a fortnight they spoke no more of it. Each knew that the other's heart was full, but each possessed such an acute sense of delicacy that he refrained from allusion to an unpleasant topic. Miss Pickett continued to be conscientiously punctual in the mornings, and thumbed the pages of her dictionary so per-



Miss Pickett Thumbed the Pages of her Dictionary Persistently.

it is necessary that our correspondence should be correctly spelled."

"Of course it is," declared Miss Pickett. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write that letter all over again."

Mr. Hobby looked startled and began hastily:

"But, Miss Pickett, spelling——"

"I know; I know, sir," interrupted Miss Pickett, nodding her head vigorously. "Spelling is very important. I always did have trouble

sistently that spelling became a dead issue. There was more type-writing than ever now, for Miss Pickett wrote each letter twice. From the original copy she would carefully compare doubtful words with the bulky volume at her elbow; then she would rewrite each letter in accordance with the accepted standard of orthography. The educational value of the undertaking was great—for Miss Pickett—but it was wrecking the nervous systems of Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow.

going to break down under it. So am I. We shall never become accustomed to it. We are too old to learn. We must think of some other way."

"I wish I could," said Mr. Peglow unhappily.

"But you must," declared Mr. Hobby, with unwonted emphasis.

Mr. Peglow thought long and deeply, and then said:

"Couldn't you just do it on account of the real reason?"

Mr. Hobby brightened.



"Where did you ever get the idea that the typewriter needed a new ribbon, Mr. Peglow?"

"Cannot you think of any other reason, Mr. Peglow?" asked his employer one day, when his mood had become desperate.

"For what?" asked Mr. Peglow, temporizing weakly.

"For dismissing Miss Pickett."

Now, Mr. Peglow gladly would have been of assistance, but he could think of nothing, so he shook his head to signify that fact.

"But, don't you see," said Mr. Hobby, "that you and I cannot stand this much longer? You are

"Yes, I could, I suppose—and, by Jove I will! I will do it at once. Miss Pickett! No, no, Mr. Peglow: remain here, if you please."

Mr. Peglow shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as Miss Pickett appeared with her notebook.

"Er—Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Peglow and I"—it was cowardly to bring Mr. Peglow into it, but his employer felt the need of moral support—"Mr. Peglow and I

think—that is, we have come to the conclusion—that the typewriter is—er—why— By the way, what was it we were saying about the typewriter, Mr. Peglow?”

Mr. Peglow gave his employer a glance of bitter reproach. Then he looked at Miss Pickett.

“I think we were saying, sir,” he said slowly, “that the typewriter was in need of a new ribbon.”

Mr. Hobby gazed at his clerk in amazement. Mr. Peglow was slightly flushed. Had he been anybody other than himself, his expression might have been interpreted as one of defiance. The head of the firm ventured to look at Miss Pickett. Then he groveled.

“Does it need a new ribbon?” he asked, swallowing hard.

“Why, I hardly think so,” said Miss Pickett, puzzled. “I put on a new one yesterday afternoon.”

Mr. Hobby bent his head over his desk and began to examine minutely a letter that he had just signed.

“So you did; so you did,” he murmured. “Where did you ever get the idea that the typewriter needed a new ribbon, Mr. Peglow?”

“—I don’t know, sir,” said Mr. Peglow awkwardly. “Perhaps I was mistaken.”

“Yes, you were mistaken,” said Mr. Hobby almost severely, still examining the letter. “The ribbon seems quite new. I guess that’s all, Miss Pickett, thank you.”

Miss Pickett went back to the inner office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow ventured to look at each other. Not a word was spoken. The chief clerk sighed eloquently and returned to his high stool. The firm shook his head slowly and bent over his desk.

They endured another week of it, during which Mr. Peglow made no further allusions to the payroll. What they suffered neither confided to the other, though each continued his surreptitious and sympathetic observations.

Then, late one day, Mr. Hobby summoned his chief clerk.

“Mr. Peglow,” he said, “I shall not be here to-morrow.”

Mr. Peglow looked incredulous, for this was another innovation.

“No,” continued Mr. Hobby. “And I shall not be here probably for several weeks.”

Mr. Peglow stood in mute amazement.

“I am going away, Mr. Peglow,” said the firm wearily. “Going away for a rest. My nerves demand it. I can endure it no longer. You will have to look after the business.”

Mr. Peglow bowed his head submissively.

“There is one other thing,” added Mr. Hobby. “I have been thinking of it for a long time, Mr. Peglow. I am going to make you an offer of partnership.”

Mr. Peglow was too overcome for speech. There was an almost painful silence, broken only by the peck-peck-peck from the inner room.

“You have long been a faithful employe, Mr. Peglow,” his employer continued at last. “I have reached the point in life where I wish to share the burdens—and the profits—of the business. I can think of none so deserving as you.”

The chief clerk was still speechless.

“Therefore,” said Mr. Hobby, “I intend to make you my partner—on one condition.”

He looked up at Mr. Peglow very gravely, then over his shoulder to see whether the glass door was closed. After that he leaned forward and whispered hoarsely:

“On condition that you dispense with that—that noise.”

Mr. Peglow swallowed hard, his face showing an expression of mingled joy and anguish.

“Mr. Hobby,” he began, “I am so deeply grateful to you that I cannot find the right words to say. But——”

“Good-by, Mr. Peglow,” said Mr. Hobby abruptly, rising from his

chair, slamming down the lid of his desk, and reaching for his hat "Good-by, sir. I am going at once. I may be gone a couple of weeks—or a month; I don't know. I leave it all in your hands."

He seized Mr. Peglow's unresisting hand, wrung it warmly, and walked briskly out. Mr. Peglow gazed after him stupidly. A partnership! The dream of his life was to become a reality. No longer would he be with Hobby & Hoople; he would be of them. He drew a deep breath and straightened his little figure manfully. He glanced about the dusty office with the old feeling of tenderness, and an entirely new sensation of proud possession. Then his eye fell on the glass door and his ear caught the sound that came from within. The joy faded out of his countenance and he became a picture of dejection. For a full minute he stood thus, his hands twitching nervously. Then Mr. Peglow did something that no man had ever seen him do before. He doubled up his first, raised it over his head, and shook it in impotent rage.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople was gone for a full three weeks, during which time he wrote not a single letter to Mr. Peglow, greatly to that gentleman's alarm. Then he appeared one forenoon, as suddenly as he had departed. Mr. Peglow found himself whacked heartily on the shoulder, and whisked about to view a rejuvenated Mr. Hobby, ruddy and smiling and almost boyish.

"And how are you, Mr. Peglow?" said the firm heartily.

"I am well, Mr. Hobby, and I am indeed glad to see you, sir."

"You are looking fine," commented Mr. Hobby. "Has everything gone all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I think so."

Mr. Hobby swept a glance around the office and nodded his head, as if in confirmation. The door to the inner office was closed. No sound came from beyond it, although he

listened almost fearfully. Then he tiptoed toward it softly, listened again, and finally opened it and entered.

There was nobody there. The typewriter stood pathetically on Miss Pickett's desk. He ran his finger along the top of the frame and found it thick with dust. Another layer of dust coated the dictionary. Mr. Hobby contemplated the scene for a moment and then sighed deeply.

Peglow had done it, after all. Peglow was a braver man than he. There was something unpleasant in the thought. Peglow was his



"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hobby, "So she went in happiness and not in sorrow."

partner now. Why shouldn't Peglow have been brave? He had a motive, an ambition. For the sake of the ambition he had—Mr. Hobby tried not to think about it. Of course, he wanted Peglow for his partner, but he disliked to reflect that his desire had been won in such a way. At any rate, it was his own fault, and he reproached himself for it. He never should have made such a condition. He had forced Peglow to do it. He had shirked his own duty, and had offered the performance of it as a sort of bribe to another. The old-time

silence of the office no longer seemed so joyful as it did in other days. Actually, he seemed to miss that maddening peck-peck-peck.

Mr. Hobby stepped into the outer office again and closed the door behind him softly. Mr. Peglow was laboring over his accounts, his conscience apparently easy. The head of the firm studied his back in silence for half a minute. Then he said almost sharply:

"Mr. Peglow!"

"Yes, sir?" said Mr. Peglow, slipping off his stool.

"I believe you are my partner now, Mr. Peglow."

The little man dropped his eyes modestly.

"By that I mean," said Mr. Hobby, "you have—er—dismissed Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow did not lift his eyes, but made a slight inclination of the head.

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Peglow, how you accomplished it?"

"Why," said Mr. Peglow, in a low voice, "Miss Pickett left to be married."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hobby, his face brightening. "So she went in happiness and not in sorrow. I am glad, very glad, sir."

Mr. Peglow himself looked pleased.

"And whom did she marry?" inquired Mr. Hobby, with polite interest in the affairs of his late amanuensis.

"Me," said Mr. Peglow, with a blush.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople stared open-mouthed at the junior partner. Mr. Peglow's eyes fell again and he shifted his weight to the other foot. There was a long, embarrassed silence. Then Mr. Hobby roused himself and stepped forward impulsively. He seized Mr. Peglow's hand in a viselike grip, shook it violently, and turned to his desk without a word.

Five minutes later he paused midway in the task of opening a pile of letters, and muttered:

"I wonder why in the world I didn't think of that myself."

ACQUIRING TACT

It is generally conceded that tact is a quality which serves as well at all times and under all circumstances. And while all regard it as a thing greatly to be desired, many fail to recognize that it may be consciously cultivated. If we analyze tact we find that it is made up of certain elements:

A sympathetic knowledge of human nature, its fears, weakness, expectations, and inclination.

The ability to put yourself in the other person's place, and to consider the matter as it appears to him.

The magnanimity to deny expression to such of your thoughts as might unnecessarily offend another.

The ability to perceive quickly what is the expedient thing, and the willingness to make the necessary concessions.

The recognition that there are millions of different human opinions, of which your own is but one.

A spirit of unfeigned kindness such as makes even an enemy a debtor to your innate good will.

A patience that supplants accusation with the opportunity for self-discovery.

A recognition of what is customary under the circumstances and a gracious acceptance of the situation.

Gentleness, cheerfulness and sincerity—and such variations as the spirit of these may suggest.

The Creative Power of Advertising

By Truman A. De Weese in System

ADVERTISING is to-day the mightiest factor in the business world. It is an evolution of modern industrial competition. It is a business-builder, with a potency that goes beyond human desire. It is something more than a "drummer" knocking at the door of the consumer—something more than mere salesmanship-on-paper.

Advertising is a positive creative force in business. It builds factories, skyscrapers and railroads. It makes two blades of glass grow in the business world where only one grew before. It multiplies human wants and intensifies desires.

The result is that it forces man to greater consumption, hence stimulates his production to keep up with his buying desires.

Before advertising was developed into a fine art and before it became a factor in the commercial world, the business of the manufacturer and merchant was to supply the normal needs and desires of the human family. Merchandizing was bounded by man's necessities and by his meager knowledge of the luxuries which he deemed within his reach.

Modern advertising has made the luxuries of yesterday the necessities of to-day. It fills the human mind with new and fascinating desires. It has multiplied human necessities beyond the dreams of the merchants of twenty-five years ago.

Advertising is not merely a method of diverting trade away from the merchant or manufacturer who does not advertise. Its function is not merely to pull business away from unprogressive competitors. It actually creates business that would not have been. For it has psychological power as well as news value.

It not only supplies regular information at stated periods concerning the best and most economical methods of supplying the needs of a normal and

comfortable existence, but, operating through well established psychological laws upon the human mind, it gradually implants in multiplied mentalities the idea that certain things are needed which were never before regarded as necessary to human contentment or happiness. It enlarges and expands the horizon of man's daily life and experience by bringing to his attention new commodities designed for his comfort and convenience without which he would have been perfectly happy in a state of blissful ignorance; but, having learned of their existence, he cannot find it in his heart to be happy or contented until he possesses them.

It is the constant reiteration of the so-called "selling arguments" in connection with a product that convinces and finally impels the reader to purchase. The constant dropping of the water of publicity gradually wears away the stone of indifference. The human mind is so constructed that it is appreciably affected by repetition—and, after all, advertising is nothing but repetition.

The average man was perfectly willing to use an old fashioned razor all his life. It apparently answered all the necessities of the tonsorial performance. The barber, indeed, still finds it a very satisfactory implement for removing the beards from the faces of his customers.

But along came the advertising man to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction, and now we find safety razors in use by thousands. Men were gradually impressed with the idea that they were behind the times and were unnecessarily depriving themselves of a source of comfort and convenience. In years gone by these same men who have been converted by the safety razor were content to make lather for their faces in shaving mugs. After much laborious oscillation of the brush they finally managed

to produce enough lather to cover their faces. Now, having learned the beauties of the shaving stick, they make lather on their faces instead of in a mug.

Breakfast cereal advertising has revolutionized our notions of dietetics. The oatmeal porridge habit, brought over by the Scotch Presbyterians, has gradually developed through the medium of educational advertising into a universal cereal habit, until now it is a generally accepted fact that no breakfast is hygienic or complete that does not be-



"Our parents were happy and contented if they could have one pair of shoes at a time."

gin with a cereal food. After reading the seductive and persuasive advertisements for a certain well known substitute for coffee, the woman who is disturbed by frequent flutterings and palpitations in the cardiac region becomes impressed with the notion that she has a "coffee heart," and it is this notion, multiplied and intensified over and over again, that has built up an enterprise employing

thousands of persons, which annually does a business of many millions of dollars.

Time was when the ambitious musician was willing to go through the travail of daily practice on the piano under the direction of an expensive music master to acquire the art of extracting melody from the instrument. Unless the clever and persistent advertising man is headed off, however, piano playing will soon become a lost art. The picture of a pianola in front of the piano instead of Paderewski gradually impresses the reader with the uselessness and foolishness of the long and laborious hours expended upon piano practice.

In former times most women were content to worry along through this vale of tears enveloped in the cuticle which Nature gave them, regardless whether it was alabaster or whether it was tinted with the brown pigment that colors the epidermis of the Oriental races. Nowadays, under the influence of the man who writes the beautiful lines about skin foods, and creams, the modern woman conceives it to be her duty to be "beautiful" and she becomes impressed with the fact that certain creamy and oleaginous compounds are supposed to make the skin as smooth as velvet and to supply the deficiencies of Nature; hence new factories, new laboratories and new industries.

The advertising man has also made six pairs of shoes grow in the average man's closet where formerly there flourished but one.

Our parents were happy and contented if they could have one pair of shoes at a time. Nowadays, under the influence of some of the most persuasive advertising that appears in the public press, no man is content without a half dozen pairs of shoes to provide him with all the changes necessary to bring about the "foot ease" which he has been persuaded to believe is his by natural right.

Under the spell of modern advertising genius, we are prone to

wonder, indeed, how we could have worried along in our earlier days with one pair of shoes.

And think for a moment what modern advertising has done for human happiness and enjoyment by bringing within our reach the witchery of the kodak. How it has brought to the poor and rich alike the most fascinating of all outdoor pastimes. The mystic alchemy of the camera man has become an open book. Advertising has let daylight into the "dark room." Photography with all its artistic joys and thrilling surprises is no longer a sealed book. Through advertising the kodak man has imbued us with the idea that it is our duty to preserve in yards of film the images of loved ones as well as the records of instances and occasions that are invested with unusual joy—records that will recall the pleasurable and delightful associations of the past. By multiplying these impressions in the human mind the advertiser has built a mammoth industry and a business which ramifies every quarter of the habitable globe.

In many instances the advertiser becomes an evangel of conciliation who breaks down our deep seated but unreasonable prejudices. Witness his work in popularizing the automobile and in hastening the day when the horseless carriage will be the universal vehicle of conveyance. When the automobile first made its appearance upon our streets and highways its progress was impeded by the jibes and jeers of those who could not believe that a locomotive running wildly in the streets would ever be permitted to supplant the ordinary forms of conveyance. The popular prejudice against it seemed well nigh insurmountable.

Printer's ink, skilfully and persistently used, has broken down this prejudice, and now thousands of smoking chimneys mark the industrial monuments to the genius of the modern advertiser. Popular

prejudice has been removed and the human mind is gradually acquiring the notion that the automobile is no longer a luxury and a plaything but a convenience and utility.

Not only in man's desires but in his demand for quality has he been educated by advertising. Flour ground at the old grist mill on the outskirts of the village above the old swimming pool made the bread we ate as boys. But now,



"Nowadays, no man is content without a half-dozen pairs."

since the flour miller has bought big space telling us about purity and cleanliness and grade in flour, we buy a "brand."

In clothing, we ask for "all-wool" and voice our suspicions of "mercerized cotton." Advertising has educated us and instilled the desire for better quality.

In canned meats and vegetables, in hams, in tonics—everywhere we talk wisely of the factors that make

for quality. And all this knowledge and consequent demand for quality is due to advertising.

Advertising creates business. But it does more. It impels a man to greater buying. To buy more, he must earn more. It therefore inevitably increases his productiveness and actually increases the spending power of the public.

You remember the many stories of the country lad, who saw, in a passing train or a chance meeting, the splendor of clothing and surroundings of the wealthy man; and how he silently determined to get those luxuries for himself some day; and put more energy and ambition into his effort from that day on?

We are all like the country boy. Advertising shows the convenience of six pairs of shoes, of steam radiators, of safety razors, the healthfulness of eating pure flour, cereals, meats; the pleasures of the phonograph, the piano player, the kodak.

We want those things. To buy them requires money. We must earn more money. If the desire were created for only one or two articles the effect would probably not be so marked. But this buying pressure is on us from all sides, constantly; and unconsciously but surely we speed up our efforts to secure the wherewithal that will satisfy our desires.

FRAGRANT PHILOSOPHY

No true Christian is both good and disagreeable.

Haste and distrust are certain indices of weakness.

Whether or not all love is blind, self-love certainly is.

A man to climb far must each day surmount at least one fear.

Some humans are labeled "Contented" when "Lost Ambition" is meant.

Will is as far removed from wilfulness as is courage from cowardice.

Flattery is turned to good account when used as a guidepost to all one ought to be.

There is truth in all creeds. Each is a segment in the circle of the truth completed.

The main ingredients of true manliness are a forgetfulness of self and a constant regard for duty.

The wise man knows enough to change his opinions with conditions; only the fool is invariably consistent.

If you like your neighbor he is "decided"; if you dislike him he is "obstinate." It's all in the point of view.

Science and Invention

Gold as a Medicine

THE chief use of gold in medicine would appear at present to figure as a reward for the physician's services, and doses of this kind are often by no means homeopathic in quantity. A much-advertised cure for alcoholism professes to use chlorid of gold, and although its critics assert that the therapeutic value of this substance is absolutely nil, some reputable physicians would appear to be using this or some similar salt of gold in the treatment of various ailments. Professor Grasset uses chlorid of gold and sodium in chronic rheumatism. Dr. Bue, of Paris, injects a dilute solution of the

same substance into tuberculous tumors. Professor Lemoine, of Lille, gives bromid of gold in epilepsy. Professor Robin has announced the use of this same bromid in the treatment of cancer. Finally, Dr. Calmette, of Lille, uses in cases of viper bite a hypodermic injection of a dilute solution of chlorid of gold. Gold in the colloidal form has also been tried as a medicine, as well as silver and platinum in the same form. The king of metals was once also the king of medicines; it is doubtless so no longer, but it has not lost all prestige, possibly it may be worth taking up again.

Photography in Natural Colors

A PROCESS of color photography successful and cheap enough to be practicable has been perfected and last month was put on the market in the United States. This invention of the famous house of Lumiere, of Paris, is the realization of the dream of photographers ever since the first daguerreotypes were taken. And it will probably be revolutionary of the art of photography.

The process has not yet achieved a colored reproduction on paper, but these successful colored transparencies are wonderful enough. They alter the essential character of photography—the making of pictures by contrasts of light and shadow. There are no shadows in the color process. For instance, the side of a sitter's face that is away from the light does not appear on the plate as a black, but simply as a darker flesh-tint. Hence, these plates produce a startling effect of reality, as if one saw before him a living thing. Think of a portrait of Lincoln that should

show not only his height and breadth and the lines of his face and figure, but that should show also the exact color of his eyes, the tints of his complexion, the exact shade of every gray hair among the black, the gold of his watch chain, the rusty black of his hat and coat—all in shades so delicately graduated that the almost indistinguishable difference between the flesh-tint of the face and the flesh-tint of the hands is clearly indicated. Think of the interest and value of a national gallery of such portraits of the past. Such a dazzling prospect for the future seems open by the perfection of a process that seems already well-nigh perfect.

In landscapes and in "still life" pictures, equally wonderful results have been achieved. In one plate the delicate shade of green reflected on a white surface by the sunlight on green leaves is caught perfectly.

The process is as simple as ordinary photography, and is very similar to some of the old processes of developing and fixing. One plate has

been made—exposed, developed, and fixed—in nine minutes.

The most intricate part of the entire process is the manufacture of the plate, which does not need to concern the photographer. The "autochrome" plates, as they are called, are made with the aid of minute grains of starch—dyed violet, green, and orange—which are mixed and dusted over the plate. When it leaves the inventors' hands the plate resembles a piece of ordinary ground glass, the intermingled colors being indistinguishable. Its surface is, of course, coated with a sensitive photographic emulsion.

This plate is placed in the camera with the glass side toward the lens,

so that the light rays from the object being photographed must pass through this mosaic of colored starch grains before reaching the film, on which the corresponding color values are impressed. After the developing baths, the result is a color positive which, when held to the light, shows the object in its natural colors.

The inventors of the process are the Lumiere brothers, Louis and Auguste, of Paris, working under the inspiration of their father, M. Antoine Lumiere, the distinguished dry-plate manufacturer, inventor of the moving-picture machine, philanthropist, and portrait-painter. M. Antoine Lumiere is now visiting the United States.

A Thirty Knot Vessel

THERE is now under way in Great Britain an experiment, which, if successful, will mark a new step in marine propulsion and achieve results by which the Lusitania's speed record will be put in the shade. The keynote of the idea is the application of electricity to turbines, and a well-known firm of engineers is equipping a vessel with an apparatus designed to make the test both practical and complete.

It must be remembered that the steam turbine is most efficient when running at high speed, while a ship's propeller, on the other hand, will not work efficiently at the highest speed. If the speed be increased beyond a certain point, far below the most efficient speed of the turbine, the blades of the propeller simply churn the water instead of driving the ship. It is impossible to gear down from a turbine to a propeller shaft, for the horsepower of marine turbines is too great for any practical form of gearing. Consequently the turbine has to be run slowly, and an inevitable loss of efficiency in this direction is put up with.

The plan upon which the firm of engineers which is now preparing to make the practical test spoken of is not that the turbine should be coupled

directly to the propeller shaft, as is now done, but should drive high-speed electrical generators and supply current to electrical motors for driving the propellers. Some alteration in the disposal of the machinery would be necessary, but, on the whole, there would be a gain of space, but more important than any consideration of space, the electrical system possesses the advantage that the motors can be reversed almost immediately.

A future Lusitania may be driven by turbo-generators of 100,000 horsepower at a speed of thirty knots. Such a vessel would have six turbo-generators of 20,000 horsepower each, one of which would be in reserve. Each of her four propellers and the shafts would be provided with six motors of 5,000 horsepower, five of which would do the work, while the other would be a standby, running light, but ready on the pressure of a button on the bridge to take up its share of duty.

For the bridge electrical transmission will mean a revolution; the navigating officer will no longer have to signal his orders for the manoeuvring of the ship to the engine room. He will have beside him a keyboard of push buttons by which he himself

will control every movement of the ship instead of ordering the engineers. To go astern, for example, he will push a button which will reverse the motors, and so with every variation of speed and direction. The eye that sees the danger and the hand that prevents disaster will be controlled by one brain, and the navigat-

ing officer on the bridge, conscious of imminent peril, will not have to transmit mechanically his orders to the unseen engine room below, where their immediate performance, on which the vessel's safety depends, may be hindered by slow comprehension or an accident of some other nature.

Woman as an Inventor

UP to ten years ago, a search of the patent office reports would have attested to the customary claim of the male doer of things that woman was backward where great originality was required. But behold what a decade has done; not a page of the official report of patents but that some woman's success is recorded. And not alone this; for each year there is to be found an increasing number of successful women inventors whose inventions are not patented in their own names, but bought outright by manufacturers and business firms who themselves secure the patent.

Inquiry at manufacturing plants and mercantile houses reveals the fact that women employes are constantly suggesting improvements in the machinery and methods employed by the firms. A woman clerk in a New York store invented some time ago a parcel delivery system which netted her substantial returns. And one New England mill owner, herself an inventor, enjoys the right to several patents that represent the ingenuity of the women operators in her employment, one of the devices bringing in over twenty thousand dollars a year.

Those acquainted with the field say that fully three hundred of the patents taken out by women within the last ten years are yielding unusually large returns to the inventors, and that others not yet put on the market are destined to be equally successful. When a device can command within a few minutes after being patented, twenty thousand dollars, the originator of the idea is

quite beyond masculine criticism, and such was the offer to the woman inventor of the satchel bottomed paper bag. A simple glove buttoner is yielding the woman who thought out the scheme five thousand dollars a year. A patented adjustable waist supporter has made the inventor independent. A device for opening letters has proved exceedingly profitable; and the young woman who originated a convenient traveling bag has made money enough to set herself up in business.

School teachers have easily fallen into the class of originators of practical ideas, and have furnished valuable educational methods and devices. These range from kindergarten utilities to school room furniture, and include rest books, blackboard erasers, school bags, and so forth.

The gradual increase of the number of women factory workers is evidenced in the factory appliances which come improved from their hands. Again, the far Northwest runs to household novelties, like butter workers, brushes for cleaning upholstery, and compositions for kindling fires.

To enumerate the inventions which have come from women in the last five years is to include a lock with three thousand combinations, a letter box for the outside of houses which shows a signal when there is a letter inside for the postman to collect, an improved canteen, an apparatus for removing wool from skin by electricity, a speedy and profitable process for making horseshoes, a new aluminum solder, improvements in harnesses and vehicles, and

a buttonhole cutting machine by which the distance between the buttonholes is measured automatically.

Nothing could be more divergent than the inventions which have engaged women inventors during any two consecutive months of last year. A woman pupil at a New York school of embalming invented a burial apparatus that has been approved by popular undertakers. And then the list runs through alarm clocks; a fire escape device, a brake for vehicles, a fruit press, a carpet stretcher, a system of ventilating buildings, a barrel tapping and emptying device, a

hammer guard for firearms, a bottle filling apparatus and an invalid chair.

Undoubtedly the opportunities for higher education enjoyed to-day by women are responsible for their great activity in this new field. Again, the four million women workers in this country are more than industrious; they are bringing great skill and fine training to bear on the work. Woman has become dissatisfied with the few learned professions. She wishes to attest her practical nature; and the fact that she is doing inventive work of a high order demonstrates her efficiency as a practical worker.

"Amphibious" Machine, Latest Gasoline Invention

JULES RAVUILLIER, a French inventor, is demonstrating in New York the utility of an invention he calls a "canot voiture." The machine, which is practically an auto for land and water travel, has the appearance of a lifeboat on wheels and can go, it is said, at a speed of 40 miles an hour on land and 19 knots on water.

Mr. Ravuillier has succeeded in bringing his invention before the French naval authorities, which re-

sulted in an order for 60 machines which will be placed at different life saving stations along the coast of France. It is covered like a canoe, with an opening in the centre, to contain the operators, and the wheels are rubber tired like a motor car. In speaking of the merits of his machine, M. Ravuillier said that it would ride out the heaviest seas, could not capsize, and would take the water like a duck when launched from the beach.

The Smoke Menace

SMOKE or soot is rated by Dr. A. Jacobi as the chief cause of acute inflammations of the lungs, which Ascher, of Stuttgart, has shown are increasing in England, Germany and America. The increase is chiefly among infants and old people. Industrial districts had a mortality of nurslings six times as great as agricultural communities, and districts of dense smoke had a much larger death rate than other industrial centres. The rate among coal miners is 130 per cent. above the

average of the male population. Animals inhaling smoke—like those in large cities—have been found to contract pneumonia and tuberculosis much more frequently and quickly than those in clear air, although there is a singular belief that soot in the lungs prevents tuberculosis. On that theory the metal grinders of Sheffield, until 25 years ago, sought immunity by visiting places charged with coal-dust after being in metal dust all day. Few escaped "grinders' asthma," and that is really tuberculosis.

What Men of Note Are Saying

A Talk on Opportunities

By Rudyard Kipling

IN all walks of life in every quarter of the empire you will find to-day men content, more than content, eager to endure any hardship, any misunderstanding, for aims that are not even remotely theirs, for objects in which they have no specific interest except the honor and integrity and advancement of their village, their town, their state, their province, or their country. Now, the history of Canada, of all young nations, as I read it, is the record of just that spirit, the story of just those men, the pioneers who rode out in advance of the community, and who broke the trails for their brothers' use. And we are so new even now that in every quarter of the empire to-day you can see those pioneers putting forth on their quests. Behind them lie little towns, collections of shacks or tin-roofed houses, where they buy their trading outfit and their trading goods. The men you know, the men who live in them, will tell you seriously that in a few years they will be second Torontos, second Johannesburgs, second Wellingtons, second Melbournes, as the case may

be. And we laugh, knowing how miracles are wrought on our own behalf. We cannot conceive that they will be wrought for anyone else.

But we do not laugh a few years later when one of those lonely pioneers rides up to us, the Mayor of his city—no mean city—and well on his way to be a millionaire. We laugh still less when his city writes to our dearest hated rival and wishes to know how soon he can deliver a million and three-quarters city water mains, with pipes and sewers, as per specification appended. Then we mourn. Then we grieve. Then we say to ourselves if we had only known, had only guessed that that dear little jumping-off place to nowhere was going to be what it is we would have paid it some attention, we would have had more faith in it; and then we would be sharing the contract. But we have only to meet another man, and we go straight away and make the same mistake, laughing at this man on another pony, hailing from another collection of houses which will be another city.

Early Marriage an Aid to Financial Success

By E. H. Harriman

MATRIMONY is not essentially a business proposition, in fact it never should be regarded as such, but, nevertheless, marriage often plays an important part in the race for what is commonly called success.

I shall tell you what success really is. It is the accomplishment of any one task as well or better than the same task can be accomplished by another. To the young man who

would be a success in life I would give these hints:

Always be courteous, always be friendly, and do the best you can under all circumstances.

Are you married? No? Well, then, you should get married soon. Choose a good woman, a co-operative woman, one who will interest herself in whatever work it may be incumbent upon you to do.

American-Japanese Relations

By K. Tsudzuki, Japan's Representative at the Hague Conference

THE question now is not what may be said concerning war but what may be said to maintain peace. It is almost a maxim of officials of every government that the word war should be omitted from the vocabulary until that unfortunate state exists.

There is every reason why America and Japan should maintain our long established friendly relations. Nations are much like men. The impressions of youth are likely to be lasting, and we cannot forget that the United States of America first awakened our nation to a realization of the benefits of western civilization and implanted in us as a nation the spirit of ambition to improve. Since the arrival of Commodore Perry's fleet in Tokio harbor down to the present time the United States has been our friend in time of trouble.

You were the first power to recognize the necessity for the abolition of extra territorial jurisdiction. You were the cause of the restitution to us of \$3,000,000 Shimonoseki indemnity, which we were forced to pay to several nations because we refused to allow foreign ships to pass through Shimonoseki Straits. Even in the supreme crisis of Japan's existence, during the Russo-Japanese war, the sentiment of America was so greatly in our favor that our hearts were filled with gratitude.

When I refer to these acts of your people's friendship and the gratitude we still feel toward you I want you to understand this is the attitude of all right thinking people in Japan, and from the utterances of Secretary Taft, recently in Japan, I venture to say only a small proportion of the people of the States fail to see the question in the right light.

I have visited the States many times, the last time in the suite of Marquis Ito during his visit of 1901, and I am a great admirer of the

American people. Both the marquis and myself were charmed with American frankness. We liked the way the people shook hands and said what they thought and found your hospitality irresistible.

If for nothing else America and Japan should keep in good friendship because the people of the two countries have so many common characteristics. We both are quick to take up new ideas and always willing to change for the better. We both like to travel and to find out what the rest of the world is doing. Above all, we are dependent, in a way, one upon the other.

You must dispose of your great natural resources and manufactured products and Japan needs them. I don't really think the recent unpleasantness will permanently interfere with our trade relations, and I believe within a short time Japan will be as good a customer of the United States of America as ever. Foolish as it would be to go to war, the actual contest would prove more disastrous to both countries than is generally imagined.

The Pacific Ocean provides a great buffer between the two countries, and, from the standpoint of sending fleets long distances, would prove an almost insuperable obstacle. This can at once be seen when it is remembered no war could be settled without land fighting. It would be necessary for America to extirpate the entire population of Japan before the war ended.

I think all the unpleasantness soon will be forgotten if speakers and the press of both countries will let the subject drop. I don't think such an utterance as is credited to one of your naval officers at a dinner recently in New York will tend to help the situation. On the other hand, we also must exercise great care in this respect in Japan.

Relations of Newspapers to Labor and the Paper Trust

By Herman Ridder

AN enormous burden has been put upon newspapers by the protection of every interest with which they deal, until they have found themselves the only industry refused the protection of the Government. The recognition of labor unions by publishers has cost much. In New York city alone the newspapers pay \$1,500,000 a year as their tribute to the closed shop and organized labor. They are approaching the limit where they must stop further concessions and allowances.

The Paper Trust is probably "the most remarkable financial freak" in a long list of "combination monstrosities." With a capital exceeding \$60,000,000, the International Paper Company does a gross annual business of only \$21,000,000, requiring three years to turn over its capital.

It has watered itself until it has no more money to invest. It has borrowed upon everything it has. It cannot earn any more money unless it can do more business, and it cannot do more business because it has not the money with which to do it.

Instead of accepting its responsibilities and extending its business to keep pace with the growth of its customers, the International Paper Company is producing less newsprint paper to-day than it turned out immediately after its organization. The available funds at its command, which should have been used for new paper machines have gone toward the acquirement of 2,597 square miles of timber limits registered in one of the four land offices in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

To maintain that concern and its allied combinations, with their oppressive weight of over capitaliza-

tion, and to provide a pretext for protecting the labor of 15,000 paper mill employes, receiving less than \$9,000,000 per annum, the publishing business has been subjected to a series of deliberately planned schemes of extortion.

The first step was accomplished in the Dingley Bill, so that publishers could not buy paper elsewhere. The next step was one that has just been consummated, whereby through combinations made in defiance of the federal courts, the supply has been brought below the demand, the market has been starved, the surplus has been exhausted and the price for the present year has been advanced \$12 per ton upon a consumption of nine hundred thousand tons, an addition of \$10,000,000 within one year. Increased cost of manufacture does not justify such an advance.

Aggravating that situation is a threat of another advance of \$10 per ton next year, or nine million dollars more, a total of nineteen million dollars' advance in two years by an industry that pays an aggregate of less than nine million dollars a year to its labor, while clamoring to Congress for a continuance of its opportunities to combine and oppress publishers.

The newspapers insist that the paper manufacturers who induced Congress to protect them against competition from abroad are under obligations to provide for the present and prospective demands of consumers in this country. To repress manufacture, or to starve the market, so that the paper maker is in a position to create a famine and to stop the supply to any publisher, should rank as a crime.

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: ::

ARMY AND NAVY.

The Cruise of the American Fleet to the Pacific....Spectator (Oct. 12)
 Submarine Navigation.....Spectator (Oct. 12)
 An Amateur at the French Manoeuvres. H. R. Reade..Empire Review

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

Art in Italy and Elsewhere.....Studio
 A Consideration of the Work of Anton Mauve. F. Rutter.....Studio
 Characteristics of Mr. Vosey's Architecture. M. H. Baillie
 Scott.....Studio
 Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture.....Studio
 Ideas of Decoration. Laurence Binyon.....Studio
 Art Effects at the Jamestown Exposition Ernest Knaufft.
 Am. Review of Reviews
 L. H. Meakin, a Painter of the Middle West. Maude I. G.
 Oliver.....Studio
 Wm. Keith, Landscape Painter of California. Henry Atkins....Studio
 Art (1857-1907). Hamilton W. Mabie.....Atlantic Monthly
 The Art of Reading and Preaching. Sir Squire Baneroff.
 Empire Review
 The Art of John Bagnold Burgess, R. A. A. Chester.....Windsor
 Painting and the Word. Chas. H. Caffin.....Putnam's Monthly
 Art Critics and Art Interpreters. Elizabeth L. Cary..Putnam's Monthly
 Babyhood in Art. Katherine Chaldes.....Pearson's (English)
 Has America An American Art? Jas. S. Dickerson.....World To-day

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

Side Profit From Geraniums. M. C. Wood.....Garden Mag
 Farmer, Manufacturer and Railroad. L. G. McPherson...N. Am. Review
 Retirement From Business. Marcus M. Marks...Am. Rev. of Reviews
 The Lumber Industry of America. Milton C. Nelson..Am. Rev. of Revs
 Mail Order Methods in Politics. Barrett O'Hara...Am. Business Man
 The Knack of Shrewd Buying. Richard W. Sears...Am. Business Man
 Business Possibilities of the Deep Waterway. Wm. Lorimer.
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 The Salesman as the Customer Sees Him. Florence.....
 McCarthy.....Am. Business Man

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| Secrets of Successful Business Correspondence. | H. M. |
| Graves. | Am. Business Man |
| Keeping Up Factory Standards. | IL R. King.....Am. Business Man |
| Retail Competition and How to Overcome It. | G. L..... |
| Louis. | Am. Business Man |
| Where Toys Come From. | Rene Bache.....Circle |
| Where Gentle Dolls and Fearsome Beasts Are Made. | Scrap Book |

CHILDREN.

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| What a Dandelion Did for City Children. | Jacob Riis.....Garden Mag. |
| School-Fed Childhood. | Spectator (Oct. 19) |
| The Cigarette boy. | Wm. A. McKeever.....Education |
| The Children's Educational Theatre. | A. Minnie Herts.....Atlantic Monthly |
| Raising a Family. | E. S. Martin.....Harper's |

EDUCATION AND SCHOOL AFFAIRS.

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| School-Fed Childhood. | Spectator (Oct. 19) |
| Boarding School v. Day School. | Irish Monthly |
| The Function of Knowledge in Education. | Chas. H. Gilbert..Education |
| Philology in the French Class. | Prof. F. R. Arnold.....Education |
| Memory Types in Spelling. | F. N. Spindler.....Education |
| Examination Questions for Scott's Lady of the Lake. | Education |
| Some Oxford Colleges. | English Illustrated |
| A College Head on University Reform. | A. E. Zimmerman....Fort. Review |
| Esperanto, the Wonderful New Language. | D. O. S. Lowell...Munsey's |
| The Children's Educational Theatre. | A. Minnie Herts..Atlanta Monthly |
| The Coming and Going of Expletives. | Prof. Lounsbury.....Harper's |
| The Mission of the Parochial School. | Cardinal Gibbons. World To-day |

FICTION.

Complete Stories.

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| Chief Hili's First Christmas. | Sir Gilbert Parker.....Circle |
| Miss Scrooge. | Georgia Wood Pangborn.....Circle |
| Bringing in the Backlog. | Frank H. Sweet.....Circle |
| Unto Them a Child. | Florence G. Tuttle.....Ladies' Home Journal |
| Teddy and the Pie. | Irish Monthly |
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| Miss Mchitable's Backbone. | Helen Talbot Porter.....Lippincott's |
| An Inevitable Christmas. | Marion R. Oliver.....Lippincott's |
| The Basket of Allah. | Geo. L. Knapp.....Lippincott's |
| How Mrs. Carraway Went to the Exposition. | Edith M. Willett.....Lippincott's |
| The Laborer's Hire. | Margaret B. Shipp.....Smith's |
| The Good-Conduct Prize. | Eden Phillpotts.....Smith's |
| The Girl from Nebraska. | Jno. Camden.....People's |
| A Thousand-Dollar Desperado. | Edwin L. Sabin.....People's |
| The Wheat Deal of Mr. and Mrs. Pike. | Byron Bullard.....People's |
| The Story's End. | F. Van R. Dey.....People's |
| Hiam's Son-in-Law. | Lizzie G. Wilcoxson.....Collier's (Oct. 26) |
| The Little Heiress. | G. Morris.....Collier's (Oct. 26) |
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| Charley Johnson's Fine. | Algernon Tassin.....Collier's (Nov. 9) |
| A Man's Foes in his Own Household. | F. C. Philips....Eng. Illustrated |
| A Dulditch Courting. | Mary E. Mann.....Eng. Illustrated |
| The Haunted Needle. | Eng. Illustrated |
| Mr. Tutson's Error. | W. G. Walters.....Eng. Illustrated |
| The Christmas Light. | Harriet P. Spofford.....Home Magazine |
| The Lady or the Turkey? | Home Magazine |
| The House of Santa Claus. | Mary C. Ringwalt.....Overland Monthly |
| The Dignity of Dollars. | Jack London.....Overland Monthly |

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| Jules--A Child of the Church. Ethel Armes..... | Human Life |
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| A Choice of Heroes. Ralph D. Paine..... | Recreation |
| The Bull-Pig of Schackelford Bank. R. Jenkin Hains..... | Recreation |
| The Yellow Peril. Bertrand W. Sinclair..... | Popular |
| Lastluck Lake. S. Carleton..... | Popular |
| The Mate's Romance. A. M. Chisholm..... | Popular |
| The Outlaw. B. M. Bower..... | Popular |
| The Good Conduct Prize. Eden Phillpotts..... | Windsor |
| Mrs. Lyndon's Adventure. Baroness Von Hutton..... | Windsor |
| The Fair Guide. Walter E. Grogan..... | Windsor |
| The Hundredth Bow. Florence Wilkinson..... | Windsor |
| A Wild Boar Rampant. Robert Barr..... | Windsor |
| Under the Ice Roof. Chas. G. D. Roberts..... | Windsor |
| Aunt Martha. Barry Pain..... | Windsor |
| The Gay Deceiver. Edgar Jepson..... | Pearson's (English) |
| The Reckoning of Chin Sin. Ratcliffe Martin..... | Pearson's (English) |
| The Gardendale Burglar Cure. E. J. Rath..... | Pearson's (English) |
| The Nomad. Robert Hichens..... | Metropolitan |
| The Spoils of Victory. Geo. H. Shelton..... | Metropolitan |
| Through the Fog of the Coal. Homer Saint-Gandens..... | Metropolitan |
| The Mystery of a Studio. Sadie Preston..... | Metropolitan |
| Vengeance is Mine. E. Hamilton Currey, R.N..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| The Conversion of Conky..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| Some Old Ghost Stories. J. A. McCulloch..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| The Salving of the Serean. Brew Molohan..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| The Last Stand of the Argonauts. Jno. Fleming Wilson..... | Pacific Monthly |
| That Which Was Lost. H. Austin Adams..... | Pacific Monthly |
| The Gift. James Hopper..... | Pacific Monthly |
| The Claim Jumpers. Herman Whitaker..... | Pacific Monthly |
| A Twentieth Century Misogynist. L. Allen Barker..... | Cornhill |
| Through the Vortex of a Cyclone. Wm. Hope Hodgson..... | Cornhill |
| The Burden of Christmas. Dr. W. Gladden..... | Home Magazine |
| L'Ingrat. H. J. M..... | Rod and Gun |
| Her Masterpiece. Henry C. Rowland..... | Ainslee's |
| The Branding of the Maverick. Ralph H. Barbour..... | Ainslee's |
| The Subliminal Sin. Edith Macvane..... | Ainslee's |
| The Boy and the Bishop. Arthur A. Knipe..... | Ainslee's |
| The Silence of Jim. Owen Oliver..... | Ainslee's |
| The Score Against Him. Elizabeth Y. Miller..... | Argosy |
| The Scarlet Necktie. C. Langton Clarke..... | Argosy |
| When the Tenderfoots Scored. Howard D. Smiley..... | Argosy |
| A Diamond in the Rough. F. Raymond Brewster..... | Argosy |
| Mrs. Darcy's Dilemma. Chas. B. Cremon..... | Argosy |
| The Madonna's Necklace. Olive M. Briggs..... | Munsey's |
| A Present From Peter. Anne S. Allen..... | Munsey's |
| As Man to Man. Ralph Bergengren..... | Munsey's |
| Mrs. Manton Waring Plays Trumps. Johnson Morton..... | Munsey's |
| The Attribute of Fools. Mary W. Hastings..... | Scrap Book |
| The Swing of the Pendulum. Powell Millington..... | Scrap Book |
| The Father. Bjornstjerne Bjornson..... | Scrap Book |
| The Wolf. Guy de Maupassant..... | Scrap Book |
| The Backsliders. Dorothea Deakin..... | Smart Set |
| The Dark Ferrash. Beatrix D. Lloyd..... | Smart Set |
| The Edge of a Dream. Katharine M. Roof..... | Smart Set |
| The Inexplicable Fee. Jas. H. Willard..... | Smart Set |
| The Blight of Knowledge. Johnson Morton..... | Smart Set |
| The Big Trouble and the Little Boy. Fanny K. Johnson..... | Atlantic Monthly |
| The Travis Coup. Arthur Stringer..... | Success |
| Four Wild Beasts and a Cow. Jas. W. Foley..... | Success |
| A Deputy Santa Claus. Howard Brubaker..... | Success |
| Courtesy of the Road. Gelett Burgess..... | Red Book |

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| The Ordeal of Marian Josephine. Lillian Collins..... | Red Book |
| The Sin of the Silent One. Newton A. Fuessle..... | Red Book |
| Their Wedding Day. Robert G. Bellah..... | Red Book |
| The Elopement of Naneen. Harriet Gaylord..... | Red Book |
| The Girl and the Rubies. J. Frank Davis..... | Blue Book |
| The Wier-Wolf of Mr. MacTavish. Paul E. Triem..... | Blue Book |
| The Honesty-Pill. Harry B. Allyn..... | Blue Book |
| Every Inch a King. Laura L. Hinkley..... | Blue Book |
| The Claw of the Whisky Bottles. Wm. J. Bacon..... | Blue Book |
| His Own Burglar. Johnston McCulley..... | Blue Book |
| The Mistaken Mirror. Isabel E. Mackay..... | Blue Book |

Serial Stories.

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| The Ghost Kings. H. Rider Haggard..... | Pearson's (English) |
| The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. Roman Doubleday..... | Popular |
| The Weapons of Women. J. Kenilworth Egerton..... | Popular |
| Zollenstein. W. B. M. Ferguson..... | Popular |
| Rose MacLeod. Alice Brown..... | Atlantic Monthly |
| A Conflict With Caesar. F. K. Scribner..... | Argosy |
| On the Brink of the Precipice. Fred. V. Greene..... | Argosy |

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| An Art Museum for the People. Frank J. Mather.... | Atlantic Monthly |
| The Man Who Can Take Chances..... | World's Work |

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

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| The Doubting Folly. Dr. Geo. L. Walton..... | Lippincott's |
| To a Business Man Suffering From Overwork. F. Peterson, M.D. | Collier's (Nov. 9) |
| The Cigarette Boy. Wm. A. McKeever..... | Education |
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| American Healing Around the World. Edgar A. Forbes.. | World's Work |

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| Rome, Before the Battle of Mentana. Rev. E. F. Wayne..... | Cornhill |
| General Hamilton's Letters While With General Taylor...Metropolitan | |
| Who Was King Arthur? J. E. G. de Montmorency.. | Contemporary Rev. |
| Red Day of Amboise, 1560. Mrs. Clement Parsons.. | Eng. Illustrated |
| Aurelio Saffi: Triumvir of the Roman Republic. H. I. Buller. | Fortnightly Rev. |
| The First Printer of Bibles Almost Burned Alive..... | Scrap Book |
| David the National Hero of the Jews. Wm. A. Gill..... | Munsey's |
| English Historical Pageants. George Turnbull..... | World's Work |
| The Fatal Cruise of a Slave Ship. Thos. V. Briggs..... | Harper's |
| Civilization of Ancient Babylon. Prof. Delitzsch..... | Harper's |

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

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| An Example in Agriculture..... | Spectator (Oct. 12) |
| How to Dispose of the Stumps. F. E. Bonsteel..... | Garden |
| Seeding Down Wheat. F. E. B..... | Garden |
| What to Send to the Christmas Market. F. H. Valentine.... | Garden |
| Balanced Rations for Dairy Cows. F. E. Bonsteel..... | Garden |
| Care of Setting Hens. Harley S. Herrick..... | Garden Mag. |
| The House Dignified. Lillie H. French..... | Putnam's Monthly |
| Scientific Poultry Raising. Clarence E. Edwards.... | Overland Monthly |

Decorative Plants for Winter Use. E. Ryman-Gaillard. Suburban Life
 The Parlor Palm. W. R. Gilbert. Suburban Life
 The Sensible Bedroom. Claudia Q. Murphy. Success

HUMOROUS.

When We Were Boys. Circle
 The Sword of Light. Seumas MacMannus. Lippincott's
 Where There Aren't No Ten Commandments. Jno. H. Bacon. Smart Set
 Extract from Capt. Stormfield's Visit to Heaven. Mark Twain. Harper's

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

The Japanese and the Pacific Coast. Will Irwin. Collier's (Oct. 26)
 The Real Yellow Peril. Hugh H. Lusk. North Am. Rev.

INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATION.

The Financial Panic in New York. Spectator (Oct. 26)
 A Handicap to Business. Geo. Rublee. Collier's (Nov. 2)
 Investment Securities. Financier. North Am. Rev.
 The Rand of To-day. W. P. Taylor. Empire Review
 The Ethics of Speculation. Chas. F. Dole. Atlantic Monthly
 The Financial Situation. J. Laurence Laughlin. World To-day
 The Nether Side of Finance. W. R. Givens and S. Cowdick.
 World To-day

LABOR PROBLEMS.

Conciliation in Labor Disputes. Sat. Rev. (Oct. 12)
 Two Ways of Taking Care of the Unemployed. Scrap Book
 A Fight Against the "Closed Shop." Harrison G. Otis. World's Work
 Fear and a Good Times Panic. Orison Swett Marden. Success

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

L. H. Meakin, a Painter of the Middle West. Maude I. G. Oliver. Studio
 William Keith, Landscape Painter California. Henry Atkins. . . Studio
 Chas. W. Eliot. North Am. Rev.
 Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. Wolf von Schierbrand.
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 Glimpses of Whittier. Lippincott's
 Francis Joseph: The Man and the Monarch. A. R. Colquhoun.
 Fortnightly Rev.
 A Seventeenth Century Tolstoi. Julia Wedgwood. Con. Review
 Sir Charles Nugent, Bart. Alfred E. T. Watson. Badminton
 Mr. Wm. Randolph Hearst as an Employer by an Employee.
 Overland Monthly
 The Other Mr. Rogers. Overland Monthly
 John Hayes Hammons. Edwin Wildman. Human Life
 The King of the Gun-Players. Alfred Henry Lewis. Human Life
 The Story of the Real Mrs. Eddy. Sibyl Wilbur. Human Life
 Wilhelm II., Emperor of Germany. Mary S. Warren. Pearson's (Eng.)
 Our Hard-Worked King. Herbert Shaw. Pearson's (Eng.)
 Whittier: An Appreciation. H. W. Boynton. Putnam's Monthly
 Two Famous Musicians: Joachim and Grieg. Richard Aldrich.
 Putnam's Monthly
 Prince Bulow, The German Imperial Chancellor. Dr. Louis
 Elkind. Fortnightly Review
 A Turning Point in the Career of Governor Hughes. E. F.
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 Newsboys Who "Made Good". Scrap Book

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| Henry Clay Barnabee's Reminiscences..... | Scrap Book |
| Josiah Wedgewood. R. T. H. Halsey..... | Scribner's |
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| The Literary Transformation of Scotland..... | Spectator (Oct. 19) |
| How Cubans Differ From Us. Lieut. Col. R. L. Bullard.... | |
| U. S. A..... | North American Rev. |
| Practical Bookbinding. Morris Lee King..... | Studio |
| An Autumn Reverie. M. I. J..... | Irish Monthly |
| The Golden Rule: What it Means to Me. Brand Whitlock..... | Circle |
| The Poems of Mary Coleridge. Robert Bridges..... | Cornhill Mag. |
| Where Are the Most Beautiful Girls Found? Joaquin Miller. | |
| | Pacific Monthly |
| In Old Bohemia. Chas. Warren Stoddart..... | Pacific Monthly |
| London in the Time of Romney..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| The Romance of Wild Animal Collecting..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| The Evolution of the Deer Forest..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| The Gentle Art of Ju-Ju-Tsu..... | Chambers' Jnl |
| The Tragedy and Comedy of Monte Carlo. C. N. and A. M. | |
| Williamson..... | Pearson's (Eng.) |
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| How the Sisters of the Holy Family Care for the Children | |
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| Where the Hard-Up Rich Get Cash..... | Scrap Book |
| A Thousand-Year-Old Tower is Tottering..... | Scrap Book |
| The Treasures of the Vatican. F. Marion Crawford..... | Munsey's |
| Christmas Before Christ. Henry J. Markland..... | Munsey's |
| On North Polar Problems. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.... | Geographical Jnl |
| The Future of Our Navigable Waters. Jno. L. Mathews.... | At. Monthly |
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| The Philippines and the Pacific Demonstration..... | Sat. Rev. (Oct. 19) |
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| Roumania and the Jews. Herman Rosenthal..... | North Am. Rev. |
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| The London County Council. Philip E. Pilditch..... | Empire Rev. |
| The New Australian Tariff. Sir Alfred L. Jones..... | Empire Rev. |
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| Start Now to Grow Your Christmas Gifts. Laura F. Mordaunt.. | Garden |
| How to Decorate for Christmas. Thos. McAdam..... | Garden |
| Red Flowers for Christmas. Leonard Barron..... | Garden |
| My Grandfather at Christmastime. Chas. Dickens.... | Ladies' Home Jnl |
| Superstitions That Folks Have About Christmas. Clifford | |
| Howard..... | Ladies' Home Jnl |
| What Christmas Means to Me. Mary Baker G. Eddy.. | Ladies' Home Jnl |
| Christmas as it Was in Shakespeare's Time. Hamilton W. | |
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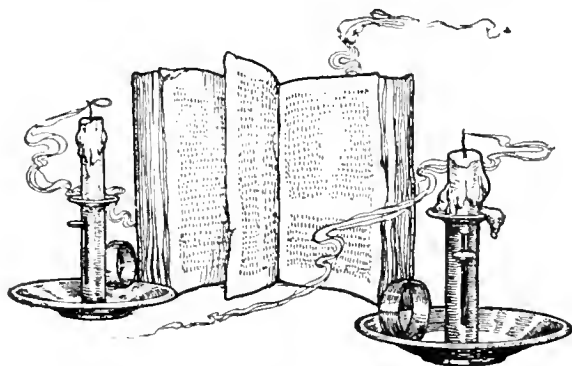
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The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

Best Selling Books.

“The Weavers,” by Sir Gilbert Parker is now the leading novel before the Canadian public. It is also the best selling book in England, while in the United States, it holds a position among the best selling six.

Canadian Summary.

1. Weavers. By Gilbert Parker.
2. Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
3. Satan Sanderson. By H. E. Rives.
4. Daughter of Anderson Crow. By G. B. McCutcheon.
5. Brass Bowl. By Joseph Vance.
6. Car of Destiny. By C. N. & A. M. Williamson.
7. Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.

United States Summary.

1. The Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
2. Satan Sanderson. By H. E. Rives.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. By G. B. McCutcheon.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. By Frances Little.
5. The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
6. The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon.

English Summary.

1. Weavers. By Gilbert Parker.
2. Fair Margaret. By Rider Haggard.
3. Kate Meredith. By Cutcliffe Hyne.

4. Robert Thorpe. By Shan F. Bullock.

5. In Wildest Africa. By C. G. Schillings.

6. An Artist's Reminiscences. By Walter Crane.

Business.

MONEY AND INVESTMENTS. By Montgomery Rollins. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. Cloth, \$2.00 net. A manual of expert information arranged in encyclopaedic form. The author is an acknowledged expert, with a very wide connection in the best banking and investment circles. He has devoted years to closet study of his subject. The entire subject matter and treatment are such that the book cannot fail to be of great assistance to any investor.

STOKES' CYCLOPAEDIA OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. Compiled by Elford Eveleigh Trefry. London: W. & R. Chambers, Limited. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net. This valuable compilation contains five thousand selections from six hundred authors, with a complete general index and an index of authors. The field of the book is narrowed practically to English and American literature, but within this field every effort has been made to include a wide range of authors, subjects and literary styles.

PITMAN'S WHERE TO LOOK. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Limited. 8vo. limp cloth, 1s. net. A new work of reference intended as an easy guide to the contents of certain specified books of reference. Questions

are continually cropping up which demand a reference to some annual and it is not always easy to know where to look for an answer. Nearly 300 books of reference have been indexed.

Fiction.

COLONEL FROM WYOMING. By John Alexander Hugh Cameron. The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. \$1.25. A new book by a new Canadian author, which will be welcomed as a valuable addition to our steadily growing Canadian literature. Its strong points are its descriptions of the early settlers in the Maritime Provinces—their characteristics and mode of life. The later developments in mining and finance also

receive a share of attention, and the writer has cleverly exploited the coal areas for material.

LIGHT-FINGERED GENTRY. By David Graham Phillips. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25. A story of "high finance" among the large insurance companies of New York, exposing the means whereby men and corporations prey upon and rob their fellowmen. A love story runs through the book, wherein a man and his wife become divorced and afterwards appreciate each other as they never did when married, and, of course, the inevitable result follows. Can be recommended as a most interesting and readable book.

Humor in the Magazines

A young man who had not been married long, remarked at the dinner table the other day :

"My dear, I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make."

The bride smiled and answered in a voice that did not tremble :

"Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make."

* * *

Can the sardine box ?

No, but the tomato can.

Did you ever see a ship spar ?

Yes, and I have seen the rail fence, the ginger snap and the cracker box, the sausage roll and the bed spring, and the night fall.

It is queer to see the sugar bowl.

But the funniest thing was to see the milk shake and the apple turn over.

Why did the fly fly ? Because the spider spider.

* * *

A dear old New England spinster, the embodiment of the timid and skrinkling, passed away at Carlsbad, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest kinsman, a nephew, ordered her body sent back to be buried—as was her last wish—in the quiet little country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined, when on

opening the casket, he beheld, instead of the placid features of his aunt Mary, the majestic port of an English general in full regimentals, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he cabled to the general's heirs, explaining the situation and requesting instructions.

They came back as follows : "Give the general quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."

* * *

A gentleman recently gave employment in his garden to a man who proved utterly unfitted for the work, as well as very lazy.

One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called this man, Sam, into his room and told him to look for another job.

"Will you give me a reference?" asked Sam, pitconslly.

Although he knew that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the gentleman felt he could not refuse the appeal. So he sat down, and composed with much thought the following :

"This man, Sam H—, has worked for me one week, and I am satisfied."



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from the "Busy Man" to the "Busier Woman." The poet has written: "Man's work ends with the setting sun, but woman's work is never done." We desire to make her work easier and at this time of the year especially. We wish to do part of the cooking—to provide the Cooked Ham for Christmas and New Year dinner. No holiday dinner is complete without a tasty, delicious Baked Ham, and there is no Ham quite so good as Fearman's "Star Brand." Ask your grocer to provide you one in your Christmas order.

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Once a Scotsman was visiting New York, and coming across a statue of Washington stood gazing at it.

Just then a Yankee came up, and said to Sandy, "There's a good man. A lie never passed his lips!"

"No," said the Scotsman. "I suppose he talked through his nose, like the rest of you."



A MORMON.

Willie—"Uncle Dudley, are you a Mormon?"

Uncle Dudley—"No; why?"

Willie—" 'Cause I heard pa tell ma that you were married to all your wife's relations."—Judge.

An Irishman was giving a spirited address on the glories of the British nation. After describing some affronts received from other nations, he exclaimed:

"And must England stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?"

He made an effective pause, which, however, was quite spoiled by the roar of laughter.

• • •

There was a sophomore who was very hard up in the early fall, and pawned all his good clothes. A little before Thanksgiving he got a big cheque from home, and, accordingly, like a wise sophomore, redeemed his wardrobe. When he got home for the holidays, his mother said she would unpack his trunk for him. The first thing his mother

took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned, he saw to his horror, the pawnbroker's ticket that he had forgotten to remove. Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said:

"Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance, when I left it in the cloakroom."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Frank," she said, "surely you didn't leave these in the cloakroom, too, did you?"

• • •

As Hartwell, a New York lawyer, stepped from the train to the platform of a little Virginia station, a negro porter advanced and touched his hat. "I know yo' is a drummer, suh. Show me where yo' grips is, and I'll carry um up to the hotel."

The lawyer smiled in a quizzical way. "I am a drummer," he said, "but a drummer of brains."

The porter sniffed suggestively as he said: "Hub, fust time ever I see a drummer as didn't carry no samples!"



Young Wife: "How did you like that food? I cooked it myself."

Peddler: "Oh, please don't apologize! I was formerly a sword swallower!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

• • •

When Robertson entered his sitting-room, he found Prescott there, resplendent in full evening-dress, and helping himself to one of his—Robertson's—best cigars.

"Hallo!" he said. "Why the war-paint?"

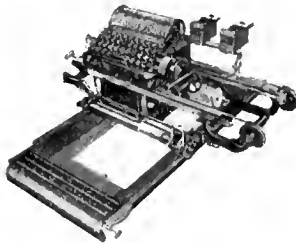


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When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

The young man with the uncut hair and hungry look had submitted a poem for editorial consideration.

"Well," said the man behind the blue pencil, after a hurried glance at it, "how does thirty shillings strike you?"

"Why—er—really," stammered the rhymester, "that is more than I—er—"

"Well, that's the best I can do," interrupted the busy editor. "I couldn't think of printing a poem like that for less."



AN EYE ON THE FUTURE.

"Faith! whin th' railroads gits to runnin' their thrains by 'lectricity, Oi wonder phwere Oi'll git me coal."—Judge.

* * *

His name was Augustus Athrobald Robinson, but in the business where he had lately secured a position as office boy everybody called him Jim, on the ground that his name was too long for business purposes.

He was very keen on retaining his position, so, when a caller came in one day and made a violent complaint about a letter that had not been posted to him, Jim listened in terror.

"Where's that boy?" cried his em-

ployer in a fury. "Here, you imp, take your coat and hat, and get out! I'm ashamed of you! Go to the cashier and get your salary, and don't let me see you here again, you wretched little bungler!"

Jim, terrified, and almost crying, left the office and hurried away.

The next morning his employer called at his home, and the youth came to the door.

"You young donkey," exclaimed the visitor, "do you suppose I really sacked you yesterday? Of course not! Come on back to the office, and every time a caller makes a complaint and I sack you, go round the corner till the customer's gone, and then come back."

And that's how Jim started in business, grew up to be the manager of the concern, and now has an office boy of his own, whom he sacks regularly with every complaint that is made.

* * *

The married ladies in a small American town recently formed themselves into a union, on the same principle as the great labor associations.

Soon afterwards a young bride was found one afternoon, by a friend, crying bitterly on the couch in her dainty drawing-room.

"Why, my dear," said the elderly matron, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh," sobbed the bride, "I am going to leave George. I am going straight back home to mother."

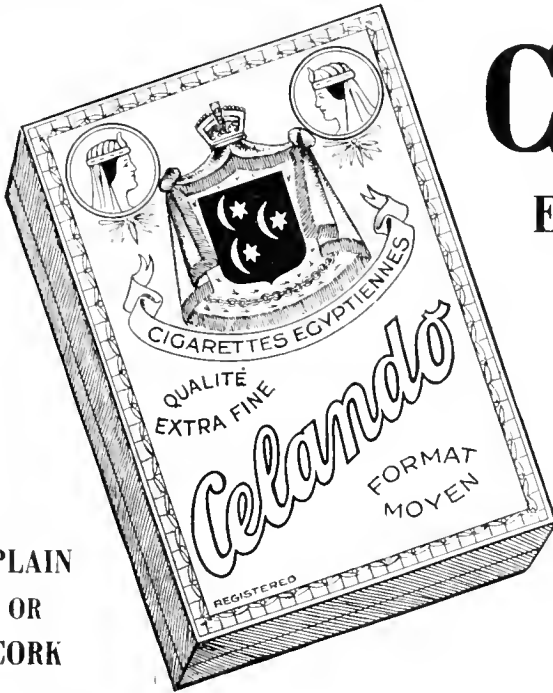
"What," exclaimed her visitor; "has George already proved unkind? Well, they're all alike, my—"

But the weeping bride interrupted her. "No," she said, her shoulders shaking with grief, "George is perfect. But that mean Henry Simmons has refused to buy Mrs. Simmons a new dinner gown, and the Amalgamated Wives' Union has ordered a strike."

* * *

Hungry Higgins—Wot! You don't know wot a miser is? A miser is a man that denies hisself the necessities of life when he has the money to buy 'em.

Weary Watkins—Oh, I have met some of them fellers. But I t'ought they called themselves Prohibitionists.



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This book is full of "wrinkles" as to the shortest way of carrying out your office duties. Over one hundred different subjects are treated upon—any one of them will show you how to simplify detail work. Articles on

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Perpetual Inventories
and numerous other subjects.

"Short Cuts" is full of sound, practical advice to the man anxious to save time—and, therefore, accomplish more work. It will prove an eye-opener to you—you will marvel at the easy solution to seemingly difficult questions.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

"Going to the Bellingham's to dinner," was the reply. "Why don't you buy better cigars?"

Robertson looked his friend up and down.

"The effect isn't so bad," he said. "Anyone that didn't know you might take you for a gentleman. But I didn't think you boasted an evening-suit."

"I don't," said Trescott. "These duds are yours."

"Well, of all the gigantic cheek——"

"But I didn't come down to talk about that. I want to know if you'll lend me your umbrella; it's raining."

"I'll see you in Jericho first!" said the indignant Robertson.

"Oh, very well!" said Trescott. "It's for your benefit, you know; I only want it to protect your togs."

And, with a choking gasp, Robertson handed over his best, gold-mounted rain-defier.



ASKING PAPA.

The Modern: How-d'ye-do-old-boy sort of style.

Bronzed by foreign suns, he entered the office of his colleague, but the cashier's chair as vacant.

"Is Mr. Smith out?" he asked, anxiously. "I am an old friend of his."

"No, sir," returned the clerk. "Mr.

Smith is not out. He won't be out for ten years."

Here the clerk smiled grimly.

"The firm is out, though," he went on, "fifteen thousand pounds exactly."

• • •

An old colored mammy, of Charleston, South Carolina, who had never seen any modern street cars (this was many years ago), visited some relatives in Savannah, Georgia, after the introduction of the trolley lines. So great was her wonder and delight, that she exclaimed, with genuine African enthusiasm:

"My Lawd! De Yankees done 'mancipate de niggers, and now dey 'mancipate de mule!"

• • •

Russian Official: "You cannot stay in this country, sir."

Traveler: "Then, of course, I will leave it."

"Have you a permit to leave?"

"No, sir."

"Then I must tell you that you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."

• • •

Recently a young man had the misfortune to be run over. It was not until the wheel had passed over the poor man's leg and gone a few yards farther that the driver shouted, "Look out!"

The unfortunate man struggled to a sitting posture and replied, with bitter sarcasm, "You're not coming back, are you?"

• • •

I was walking in the country one day with a woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs.

"You wicked little boy," said my companion, "are you going up there to rob that nest?"

"I am," the boy replied.

"How can you?" she exclaimed; "think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she won't care," said the boy. "She's up there in your hat."

The Busy Man's Magazine

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A decorative border of repeating floral and scrollwork motifs frames the entire page.

The Bells of Yule

THE Bells of Yule ring loud and clear
Across the threshold of the year ;
The quiet moon is rising slow
Beyond the margin of the snow ;
The white glint sparkles far and near.

How long have those old sounds been dear !
How long have we from youth to sear
Re-heard their rippling carol flow,—
The Bells of Yule !

Old days return ; old dreams appear ;
Old conflicts rise of Hope and Fear !
And yet, with all 'tis good to know
Despite Life's change of kiss and blow,
We still thank God to hear once more
The Bells of Yule !

Austin Dobson in Pall Mall

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XV

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No. 3



The Personal Factor in History

By Right Hon. James Bryce in Pall Mall

QUER since the rapid progress of the physical sciences led a certain school of writers to try to claim for history the honor of being also science, there has been a tendency to represent all the changes and developments which history records as being the result of general causes operating upon mankind at large or upon large groups of mankind, races and peoples and nations.

Such causes are to be found partly in the geographical position of peoples, partly also in their social state, in their wealth or poverty, in the beliefs and ideas they hold. By these causes the conditions under which men live are altered. So too their thoughts and their habits are altered; so their political systems grow and change. Thus one generation comes to differ from the generation that went before; thus each generation finds new questions to solve and looks at the old questions with new eyes.

Writers of this school are, in their effort to represent the whole course of history as due to general causes, obliged to neglect or disparage what may be called the Personal Factor in history—that is to say, the influence of individual men who overtop their fellow-men, and who have exercised a specially powerful influence upon

the world either by their acts or by their writings.

These conspicuous men cannot well be fitted in to what is called the scientific treatment of history, because no one can tell when they will appear, nor where, nor why it is that they appear at one time and are wanting at another. Hence the school referred to tries to represent the "great man" as being merely the product of his age. He is, they say, himself the result of "general causes." All he does is to express ideas which some one else would have expressed if he had not done so, or to lead in a path of action which some one else would have pointed out if he had not done so.

Other writers, again, have conceived of history as being first and foremost the result of the action of a succession of great men. Thomas Carlyle, for instance, regards it as primarily a series of biographies. He does not ignore general causes and tendencies; he knows too much to fall into that error. But he loves to dwell upon the Individual. He sees a great figure towering above the crowd, and fixes his eye upon that figure. History is to him the record of what the Heroes have done in driving the dumb or irresolute masses. Julius Caesar, Cromwell,

Mohammed, Frederick II. of Prussia, are among the Heroes.

All dispassionate students will admit that both the schools of writers referred to have got hold of a part of the truth. There are such things as general causes governing the march of events. But it is no less the fact that there appear now and then men of such exceptional force that they affect the march of events, and make its course different so far as we can judge—from what it would have been if these men had not appeared.

One of the chief reasons why we can so little predict the future is our inability to foresee what individual man will appear to lead other men. Six years ago people who knew the broad facts of the situation might have foretold that there would be a conflict between Russia and Japan, and might have foretold also that the Japanese would, with their intense patriotism and their strenuous earnestness in fitting themselves for war, prove formidable antagonists. No one, however, could have foretold the respective talents for naval and military strategy of the Japanese and Russian commanders; yet it is to these talents that the course of events has been largely due.

Accordingly the careful and cautious student of history will not venture to lay down many general propositions regarding the respective importance of General Causes on the one hand, and of the Personal Factor on the other. Perhaps he will not go beyond such statements as the following:

The most potent forces in history, and the most widely operative, are the general causes.

No single man can turn back or even stem these forces when they have already become strong.

But it is only after the event that we can tell how strong a force has become. There is no way of measuring it except by the result. Accordingly an individual man who finds himself opposed to a tendency which appears to be at the moment dominant ought not to cease to resist it, for

it may prove to be weaker or more transient than it seems. His resistance may lead others to resist whose antagonism has not yet declared itself.

Although general causes move the world and sweep individuals before them, the individual is not therefore unimportant. A movement may be general and irresistible. But the personality of the man who leads it may accelerate it if he is bold and resourceful, may retard it if he is over-prudent, may turn it into some particular line, may color it by his own beliefs or passions, may place it on a higher or a lower moral level. The Personal Factor may be great and have enduring consequences, even though the tendency existed before the man appeared and continues after he has vanished.

It is useless to try to define in general terms the part played by the Personal Factor. Beyond the recognition that it is a factor, although a secondary one, there are no principles to be applied to the matter. All that can profitably be done is to illustrate by a number of instances the ways in which the Great Man and the General Tendency work into one another. Nor is it only the great man that has to be regarded. The small man also makes a difference, if he be in a position of power and influence. A weak or wicked king or pontiff may leave a mark in history almost as enduring as does a hero.

The more civilized men become, and the greater the share which the people at large take in the direction of affairs, so much the less is the importance which we are nowadays likely to attach to the political leadership of any single man. Nevertheless, there have been instances in comparatively recent times in which the qualities of the individuals have made an immense difference.

What would have happened in England during the Great Civil War had there been no Oliver Cromwell? Without him the king might probably have been overthrown, probably also dethroned, very possibly put to death. But when the throne was

empty, no man except Cromwell was big enough to fill it, under a title lower than regal, but with equal or greater powers. No lesser man would have conquered Scotland. There might, perhaps, if we may venture to guess, have been a republic. But a republic might well have broken down before 1660; and in any case the subsequent history of England would have been different.

What would have happened if the gigantic figure of Bismarck had not stepped upon the stage of Germany? In 1862, when he became First Minister of Prussia, the German patriots had for half a century been planning and striving to secure the unity of their country.

Little success had been attained. The country was distracted by the rival pretensions of Austria and Prussia to play the leading part, as well as by the jealousies and self-interested claims of the minor potentates. In four years Bismarck, aided no doubt, by the talents of a great general, had ejected Austria from Germany and drawn half of the country together into a Confederation controlled by Prussia; in five more years he had, after the war with France, created the German Empire with his master King William as its first Emperor.

When the American Colonies declared themselves independent of Great Britain in 1776, their enterprise seemed to European observers almost hopeless. Ships, money, men, military experience, were all on the side of King George III.; and a considerable party in the colonies still adhered to him.

Many were the causes which gave victory to the colonial arms; and three of them were purely personal causes, due to the individual qualities of the men concerned.

George III. was an obstinate man, not without cleverness, but narrow-minded and an inept diplomatist, who did not know how to divide his opponents by timely concessions. His ministers were mostly incompetent, and his generals, with few exceptions, still more incompetent. Wolfe

was dead and Clive was dead. Wellington and Moore were still boys. If Britain had a great commander among her sons, she did not find him until, near the end of the war, when the game was up, she found a great admiral in Rodney.

But the importance of the Personal Factor comes out most clearly in George Washington. Suppose that he had died on July 5th, 1776. Was there any other leader then living in the revolted colonies who could have planned and conducted successive campaigns as Washington did? Any one else who could have inspired the confidence which enabled him to sustain the hopes and spirits of his comrades and his countrymen through months and years of depression, when their cause seemed sometimes well nigh desperate?

Had George III. and his ministers possessed political wisdom, they might have retained the colonies, in spite of the badness of their generals. Had Washington lacked such wisdom, the party of the Revolution might have broken up through despondency or jealousies, and the resistance to the British forces have collapsed.

So, too, when peace came, and the inadequacy of the Confederation as a bond of union between the States became evident, the presence of a person so respected and trusted by the whole nation as Washington was became a fact of the first moment in enabling the Constitutional Convention of 1787 to meet, to hold together and to carry through its difficult task.

It may be said that even if Washington had not been there, and if the colonies had not triumphed in that particular war, they would sooner or later, under the operation of general causes, have secured the rights for which they were contending. This may be admitted. We cannot feel certain, but it is at least probable that within thirty or forty years from 1776 communities which were growing fast and in which the spirit of self-government was active would have obtained perhaps a legal, any-

how a virtual, independence of the mother country.

So, too, even if the Constitutional Convention had not framed, or the people had not accepted, the Federal Constitution of 1787-9, still the thirteen States would sooner or later, under the operation of economic as well as political forces, have been drawn together into one national republic.

But let it be remembered that the happening of all these events between 1776 and 1789 instead of, let us say, between 1805 and 1815, made an immense difference not only to America but to the whole world. Think, for instance, of the impression made upon Europe by the success of the revolting colonies. Think of its influence upon the revolutionary movement which began a little later in France.

Some one may suggest that if Cromwell and Napoleon Bonaparte and Bismarck and George Washington had not appeared to do the work they did, others would have arisen, equally capable of doing it, though perhaps in a different way. There is always some one to lead, and a great man who is leading at the moment prevents others who may be no less capable of leadership from coming to the front, just as the young trees cannot spring up and reach their proper size while they are overshadowed by the towering forest monarch.

To this suggestion there are two answers. One is that it is pure conjecture. There may have been in 1644-54 men in England with gifts equal to Cromwell's. There may have been able strategists and profound statesmen in the American colonies fit to replace Washington, had Washington fallen in battle. But we do not know that there were any such, at least in such a position as to enable them to have a chance of showing their gifts. Yet both in England and in America the opportunities were ample for such men to come to the front and win the confidence of the people.

The other answer is that History shows us many occasions when the great man was needed, and when the

need of him was actually felt, and yet when he did not appear.

During the French Revolution, till the emergence of Napoleon, there was no genius worthy of the amazing opportunities for leadership which had presented themselves. When Pitt and Fox died in 1806, they left nothing but mediocrities behind them.

How often during the last half-century in many countries have we seen moments when the presence of a great statesman or great general or even of a great orator or journalist might have filled the space which every one felt to be vacant, and when the man of the gifts that were needed did not appear!

We have so far been thinking of men who belong to the sphere of action. If we turn to those who owe their place in history to the ideas they have originated or the beliefs they have propagated, the significance of the individual mind, with all that is distinctive of it as an individual, stands out even more clearly.

To dwell upon this aspect of the matter is not to ignore the supreme importance of what have been called the General Causes and Tendencies. It is they that, after all, guide the main stream of events. For it must be remembered that the individual man whose action tells, "the man who makes a difference" to the course things take, is not necessarily the man of greatest intellect or of most powerful character. His influence depends not solely upon his own gifts, but upon the fact that those gifts happen to suit the time and the circumstances in which his lot is cast.

The greatness of some men is largely due to favoring conditions. Other men, perhaps more brilliant, achieve less than their powers seemed to promise, because they were not quite in key with their own age. Perhaps they were ahead of it.

"I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but Time and Chance happeneth to them all."

Rev. William Briggs, D.D.

An Eloquent Preacher and Successful Publisher

By H. P. Moore

“GOOD morning, Dr. Briggs. I have been requested to write a sketch of your career as Book Steward and General Superintendent of this great business, which has grown to such magnificent proportions under your management during the past quarter century, and I have come to crave the favor of a few minutes of your time in securing some data required.”

“Now, my dear fellow,” replied the genial Doctor, “you know I am always glad to see you, but you will please me best by not writing any sketch of my career for publication. The Methodist Church long ago laid hands upon me and has claimed everything I possess but my modesty, and I would like to preserve that. Just let the matter rest until my work is over, and then you have my full permission to write my obituary.”

The above is a fair index to the modest and unassuming character of this great man—great in the eyes of the general public, of the business world, and of the church which has profited so largely from his business sagacity and able management. Modesty has ever been a prominent characteristic. Self-interest has always been subservient. Wirepulling for personal advantage or preferment has ever been remotest from his thoughts. A trusted servant of the church of his choice, its interests have been given unstintingly the best that was in him, with never a thought of self-advancement. Always uppermost in his considerations has been the upbuilding, the expansion, the success of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. Most strenuous have been his endeavors from the outset to establish and maintain an institution worthy of the church which in June, 1879, took him from the

Metropolitan Church, where he had been the successful and much loved pastor for three years, and placed him at the head of its publishing interests. So well has his work been done that for seven successive quadrenniums the General Conference has elected Dr. Briggs to continue in office, and the last election in Montreal, in September, 1906, was no less hearty than was his first election twenty-seven years before. Every election has been practically unanimous.

As has been said, personal profit has not been an element in his active efforts, but the great success which has characterized the concern must be genuinely gratifying to him. From a business with 45 employes, and having an annual business turnover of less than \$60,000, he has had the satisfaction of seeing it grow under his administration, until to-day it is the largest publishing house in Canada, has 350 employes on its pay rolls, and had a turnover last year of \$400,000. In 1870 the Christian Guardian, the official paper of the church, had a circulation of 10,050, to-day it has 24,000. The combined circulation of the Sunday School publications was 50,303; to-day it is 332,738. When Dr. Briggs took office the business was conducted in the small establishment at 78-80 King street east, a door or two from the old and well-known firm of Brown Bros., now at Wellington street west. The expanding business demanded larger premises, and in 1877 the commodious Wesley Buildings, at 33-37 Richmond street west, with a large frontage on Temperance street, were completed at a cost of about \$150,000. Last year the premises were again found to be too circumscribed, for the expanding business, and a \$50,000 addition has just been completed on the Temper-

ance street side of the property. Not only has he given personal supervision to business matters, but the new buildings and improvements have also been constructed under his direction.

Like his grandfather, Wm. Briggs, and his father, Thomas Briggs, the

honors in presenting this information. Interrogating Dr. Briggs on this point the other day, I said: "I presume, Doctor, you are aware that it is popularly surmised that because of your comparatively youthful appearance and your strenuous life, you are averse to revealing the exact date of



REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, D.D.

subject of this article was a native of Banbridge, county Down, Ireland. This as to his birthplace, respecting which all his biographers have apparently been well informed. As to the date of his birth, however, no extant sketch has, so far as I can ascertain, ever given it. The Busy Man's Magazine, has, therefore, first

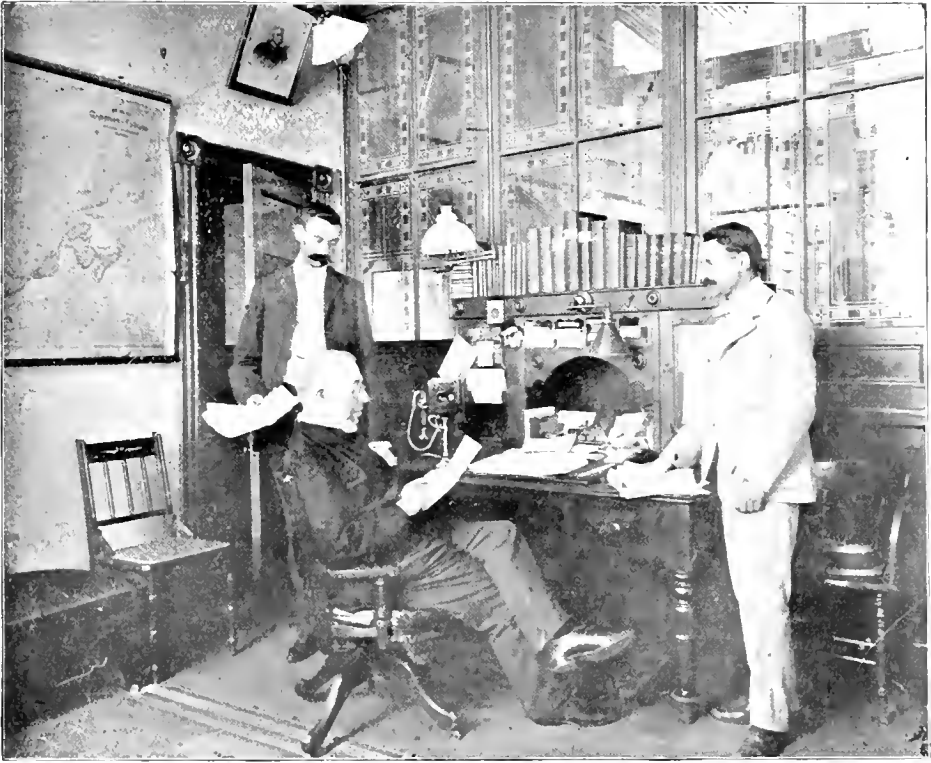
your birth?" "Not at all," he promptly replied. "I have no objection whatever to giving you the information. I was born at Banbridge, county Down, Ireland, on September 9th, 1836."

All the observable effect of his early residence in the North of Ireland is that of giving a crisp, firm ac-

cent to his distinctly-uttered, pure English diction. Dr. Briggs has a remarkably resonant voice and clear utterance.

When he was six years of age he had the great misfortune to lose his mother, a worthy Scotch woman; which loss it may be, had the effect of developing a self-reliance which has been a commendable characteristic of his career. His pious father, a Wesleyan class leader, most assiduously

had the advantage of schools of the very best class in his boyhood and youth. After a preparatory classical schooling his education was principally commercial, as he was intended for business in which his father was engaged before him, the practical details of which he had the opportunity of verifying for himself. He attended first the Mount Street School, and afterward the Collegiate Institute, of which the celebrated Dean Howson



Dr. Briggs in His Office at the Methodist Book Room.

ously, and, as it proved, successfully performed the two-fold parental duties toward his motherless boy which thus devolved upon him. At the age of ten he removed with his father to the great commercial seaport of Liverpool, a bare sojourn in which city, some one has said, would afford an education and a training of its own. But his was not merely the education of the street and the market, and of social intercourse. He

was the head master. To this he added then, and has always continued, the companionship of the very best English authors. He always eschewed the superficial and trashy. To good books he gave his days and nights, "marking, learning and inwardly digesting" their helpful contents. This course has resulted in his becoming one of the most thoroughly versed in the British classics among the educated men of the country. His

habits of careful reading, watchful listening and frequent annotation of whatever has been worth remembering, has furnished him with a vast reserve of ready apothegms and apposite illustrations with which to clinch an argument, "point a moral

The godly teaching and example of an upright and consistent father, and the impressive instruction received at the Sunday School in the notable Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel in Liverpool, resulted in an undoubted conversion in his boyhood. He en-



REV J J REDDITT
Recently Appointed Assistant to Dr. Briggs.

or adorn a tale." A man thus informed and with his ready tongue, who has besides always made careful preparation for every engagement, could not be other than the commanding public speaker and the convincing, tender and popular preacher that he is.

tered upon labors of usefulness in his teens in connection with the prayer services, the leaders' and exhorters' meeting, and the local preachers' plans in succession, and through these he was prepared and led to exercise his gifts as a preacher in and around the city. In fact, before he

left Liverpool he had occupied every Wesleyan pulpit in the city and vicinity.

The Rev. Mr. Chettle, one of his last superintendents in the old land, took especial interest in advancing him into full connection with the ministry. It was through the intervention of Rev. Dr. Stinson, brother-in-law of Mr. Chettle, then President of the Canada Conference, that he came to this country. He became a member of the Conference here in 1859—nearly half a century ago.

Dr. Briggs soon stepped to the front rank in this new country. That such attributes and characteristics as those described should—with absolutely no “management” on his part—have secured for him desirable and important appointments, is not at all surprising. He occupied such fields as Dunham, Que.; Adelaide Street, Toronto; Hamilton; London; Belleville, and the Metropolitan, Toronto, which was his last pastoral charge.

During his ministry at London he had an experience unique for a Canadian clergyman, which the writer heard him rehearse before a small group of clerical and lay friends when attending one of the Conferences last June. It was during his ministry in London in 1869. Commodore Vanderbilt, the well-known millionaire railroad man of New York, arrived in London one morning by special train, accompanied by a party of friends of high social position. The Commodore engaged a suite of rooms at the Tecumseh, gave the ubiquitous newspaper reporter the impression that he was in Canada on a matter of private business—which the newspaper man concluded must be some big railroad deal—and then inquired of the manager of the Tecumseh where he could find a Methodist minister. Being friendly to that denomination, he desired to have a chat with one of the ministers during his stay in the city. He was informed that Dr. Briggs was the leading Methodist minister of the city. Mr. Briggs was sent for, and upon arrival at the rooms of the Commodore was informed that he desired him to per-

form a marriage ceremony. The Commodore explained that Miss Crawford, who was a member of the party, and himself, desired to be joined in the bonds of holy wedlock, and stated that their presence in Canada for the solemnization of the important ceremony was out of deference to the bride's wishes. The affair was a genuine love match. The date, it will be remembered, was just a year or two after the Civil War of the United States. Miss Crawford belonged to one of the foremost families of the South, and absolutely declined to have the wedding in the North. Commodore Vanderbilt was equally strong in his prejudices against the South, and refused to go there to have the ceremony performed. Finally, like all happy couples, “whose hearts beat as one,” they made a mutual and satisfactory compromise. It was agreed that the marriage should take place on neutral ground. Canada was therefore chosen, and London—which was situated on one of the railways affiliated with the Vanderbilt system—was made the objective point. After the interview with Dr. Briggs the license was procured, the ceremony proceeded, and the nuptial knot was tied. Subsequently the Commodore handed the Doctor the customary envelope containing the marriage fee. This the Doctor failed to examine until he had returned to his study, when, he found it contained an amount overwhelmingly large to a Methodist parson. “It was a good, fat fee,” said the Doctor. “How much was it, Dr. Briggs?” interrogated one of the ministerial members of the company. “Ah, ha, that's a secret,” replied the jovial Doctor. “No one but myself knows until this day how much it was. But this I will say, it was a fee well worthy a Vanderbilt.”

Dr. Briggs himself was married in 1865, in Montreal, to Miss Clark, whose home was in Melbourne, Australia, and where the family still resides. Mrs. Briggs has been a true helpmate, an ideal wife and mother, her energetic work in the church, and especially in missionary enterprise,

has been most useful and effective. Mr. A. W. Briggs, the well-known barrister, whose office is in the Wesley Buildings, is the only surviving child. He is a noted and useful Methodist layman, and was a delegate with his father to the last session of the General Conference in Montreal.

"He is a son of whom his father is not ashamed," is the Doctor's expressed estimate.

Dr. Briggs' financial and business abilities soon became known, and his services were sought after for important duties of the church outside the regular pastoral work. He was honored with such positions as Financial Secretary of his district, Secretary of the Conference, etc., and the conferring of honors did not cease when in 1879 he was elected—for all these connexional positions are bestowed by popular vote of a delegated body—to the responsible position of Book Steward of the western section of the Methodist Church in Canada. In 1882 he was elected Fraternal Delegate to the Methodist Episcopal Church South; in 1885 he was President of Toronto Conference; in 1891 delegate to the Ecumenical Conference at Washington, D.C., and in 1901 to the same body, which met in London, Eng. He has been a member of every General Conference. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Victoria University twenty-one years ago.

It has been said that but one objection has ever been heard to his appointment to the position which he has so long occupied. This was that with Dr. Briggs' conspicuous abilities as a preacher and pastor it was a mistake to take him from the pulpit and place him in a position which is more or less secular and commercial. But, aside from the fact that the presses he controls as Book Steward are issuing a continual stream of books and periodicals, the chief characteristic of which is that they are instinct with the vital principles of morality and religion; Dr. Briggs is very truly in the "active work" of the min-

istry still. As a matter of fact, his appointment has but enlarged his opportunities for usefulness. He belongs to no particular pulpit now, but to the church at large. Although the duties of his office necessarily render him one of the busiest of busy men during the week rarely a Sunday passes but he is in the pulpit at some point near or remote. His ministrations have reached from Halifax to Vancouver. He is in constant demand for church openings and anniversaries, educational and missionary meetings and other important occasions. How he stands this strain in addition to his exacting, everyday duties, is a marvel. He seems to have found the fountain of perennial youth, for Monday morning finds him in his office bright and early, fresh and vigorous for another week's strenuous work. And he rejoices in this well-filled round of engagements.

Dr. Briggs has absolutely no use for the proverbial clerical "Blue Monday." Upon returning to his office from a meeting of the Ministerial Association on a recent Monday morning, he was overheard to remark with an impatience which his genial spirit rarely gives expression to: "Well, I am amazed to hear some of these young preachers complain about being all used up this morning as a result of their ministerial duties of yesterday. Why, they even went so far, some of them, as to suggest that the meetings of the association be changed to some day later in the week, so as to give them an opportunity for undisturbed rest on Monday. Why," continued the Doctor, "I preached twice yesterday at a church anniversary, traveled sixty miles this morning to get home, and am thankful to say I feel as fresh as a daisy, and quite fit and ready for the week's business." And he keeps his programme thus full year after year, and has at the present writing engagements extending for many months into this new year.

It is required of a Steward that he be found faithful. This is especially needful in the case of a Book Steward. Dr. Briggs very conspicuously

fills this requirement. As the years have rolled onward he has grown in the approval of his church, in popular esteem, and in business influence. He is indefatigable in his efforts. Year in and year out he is found in his office, with rare exceptions, every day and all day. He occupies the hours of every succeeding day with a business industry that knows no surcease. Like other superintendents of great business concerns he has on his desk a series of electric buttons which place him in instantaneous communication with every department of this large establishment. It has been said that this is a very apt symbol of his function as Book Steward. He is the nerve centre of the whole system. He inspires, directs, controls and guards the entire concern. Watchful as with the hundred eyes of Argus, and "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit," himself, he expects and requires fidelity and diligence in those whose services he employs. Moreover, he is kind and considerate with everyone of his army of employees.

Dr. Briggs is most emphatically a "Captain of Industry." When the extent of the publishing house and its ramifications is realized, the force of this statement will be more fully appreciated. His business methods, his integrity of character, and his personal worth are best estimated by those who know him most intimately. An illustration of this was made manifest in the presentation by the employes of the establishment of a handsome silver service to commemorate the completion of the twentieth year of his incumbency of office.

Speaking of the employes—Dr. Briggs has the rare faculty of surrounding himself, not only with faithful men and women in the rank and file of helpers, but with capable leaders or heads of departments. When he finds a man who measures up to the responsibilities of the position he was chosen to fill, he keeps him in that position, utilizing to best possible advantage his services. These services very naturally become enhanced every year by the added year's experience, and are tangibly

recognized as they deserve. A canvass of the heads of the various departments amply substantiates the statement that good men are permanently retained, and there will be nothing invidious in naming those who have served the house for extended periods:

Ed. Caswell, manager of the publication department, has been in the Book Room for over quarter of a century. James Dale, manager of the periodicals department, came to the concern as an errand boy, when he was so short and small that he had to stand on his tip toes to enable him to see over the old-fashioned counter at the old King street store. For more than thirty years he has been on the pay roll. Martin Merry, chief accountant, also went there as a lad, and began climbing up the ladder when Dr. Briggs placed responsibilities upon his shoulders. Francis Byrne, the head cashier, has held the combination of the treasury vault for twenty-nine years. Richard Whitaker, manager of the Church and Sunday School Books Department, has given twenty-six years of efficient service under Dr. Briggs. John Berkinshaw, Superintendent of the Entry Room, has been with the concern in various responsible positions for a round twenty-five years. S. F. Ewens has had charge of the Special Orders and Imported Books Department for nearly a score of years. W. J. Slater was made manager of the Retail Department shortly after the Richmond street premises were completed. Ernest W. Walker has been at the head of the Wholesale Department for a number of years. William McLellan, foreman of the Press Room, has been in the office for twenty-seven years, and John Mills and Robert Self have held frames in the Composing Room for forty and thirty-two years, respectively.

The man who will faithfully perform his duties will find in Dr. Briggs an appreciative employer, who will note and duly reward his efforts; but woe be to the man who shirks his work or neglects his duties. He had better try this on somebody else, for

faithfulness and eye-service will be very promptly followed, if persisted in, by dismissal.

The General Conference at each quadrennial session elects a Book Committee, which has control and supervision of the Book and Publishing establishment of which Dr. Briggs is in effect the General Manager. The Book Committee is, in fact, the Board of Directors of the institution. When it is known, however, that this committee meets but once a year, and its executive only twice a year, it will be very evident that the administration is very largely given over to the man whose personality has been so successful and constructive an element in its operation. Nevertheless, Dr. Briggs religiously follows to the minutest detail all instructions and recommendations made by the Book Committee. He goes very safely upon the principle that "a committee at your back is an element of greatest advantage and power; but a committee on your back is something devoutly to be avoided." His committees have been at his back from the outset. Greatest harmony has prevailed. Indeed, to be consistent with existing facts, it must be stated that Dr. Briggs by his wise and astute administration and keen business prescience, has generally led his committee, and has seldom needed to be led by them.

In assuming office he soon revolutionized the business methods of the institution. This was especially the case in the matter of the purchase of stock. It had been the custom to buy the raw materials for the printing office and the bindery, and the printed books for the sales department from middlemen. His commercial training convinced him at once that this was a poor policy. The credit of the concern was ample and there was no reason why purchases should not be made from the manufacturers. To this end large direct orders were placed with paper mills, ink manufacturers, the producers of bindery supplies, and the book publishers in New York, London and other centres. The result of this change of policy was

promptly manifest. Special advantages accrued to the business, and prices to the public were made more attractive. The business grew by leaps and bounds, and the profits provided sufficient capital to meet the expansion. To-day expert buyers make regular visits to the great centres of the United States, Great Britain and the Continent to secure the large quantities of goods necessary for the manufacturing and retail departments.

Naturally it will be concluded that the great Methodist Church, which shows its appreciation of the valuable services of this able man by re-electing him to office at each succeeding quadrennium, suitably rewards him for his onerous labors. It would indeed, if Dr. Briggs would permit adequate remuneration; but he will not. Notwithstanding that he attends all week to the duties of his office, and preaches almost every Sunday, his salary is less than that of the pastors of the leading churches in Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. This modest and unselfish servant of the church, has over and over again refused increases of salary proffered, nay, pressed upon him by the Book Committee. To the personal knowledge of the writer, on three distinct occasions within the past dozen years, Dr. Briggs has absolutely and decidedly put his foot down and said: "No, brethren; you may pass as many resolutions as you please respecting increase of salary, but I will accept no more, not one cent more. I am a Methodist minister. I preach nearly every Sunday for my brethren, many of whom have much smaller salaries than I am receiving, and I want to be able to look these brethren in the face and have them feel that we are on terms of equality." "But, Dr. Briggs," said a member on one of these occasions, "we are well aware that you could have situations in the city, if you would accept, that would give you twice or thrice the salary you are receiving, and we desire to increase your salary to a point more commensurate with the position

you are filling so satisfactorily." But the Doctor was as obdurate as ever and the salary was not increased. On one occasion, some four or five years ago, when his health was somewhat impaired, he was prevailed upon by the Book Committee to take a leave of absence for three months, and accept an honorarium of \$500 for expenses. He took the trip, enjoyed a month in the Old Land, but was back in his office again in six weeks, and the morning he resumed his duties he called upon the cashier and returned to him the balance of the \$500 remaining after paying the bare cost of his steamship and railway transportation.

At the last meeting of the Book Committee it was very keenly felt that the exactions of the constantly expanding business were getting beyond the strength and ability of any one man to overtake and give necessary personal attention to details. With a view to affording the needed relief the committee gave authority for the appointment of an assistant to the Book Steward. Dr. Briggs nominated Rev. J. J. Redditt, an honored ex-President of Toronto Conference—who has for many years been regarded as a man of superior executive ability—for the position. The committee endorsed the appointment and Mr. Redditt has been giving valued assistance since the 1st of July last.

Dr. Briggs' talents, outside his business duties, are not confined to church work. He is highly esteemed in the secular organizations of his fellow-business men. As a member of the Employing Printers' Association his long experience, wise judgment and fair-minded deliverances, have been much appreciated. This was especially true when, a couple of years ago, he acted as chairman of the committee negotiating with the Typographical Union representatives. Conferences were frequent concerning the demand for a higher scale and an eight-hour day. The averting of a costly and disastrous strike was to a large degree due to his wise counsel and strenuous plea

for a peaceful settlement. The Doctor's presence has always been welcomed in the deliberations of the guild. He frequently has been an after dinner speaker at its banquets.

The Christian Advocate, of Belfast, in September, 1890, said: "It goes at this time of day almost without saying that Ireland has contributed to the Methodism of the world many of its best and most prominent workers, and that if Irish Methodism could have kept all her sons she would now be one of the strongest churches on earth. It is, however, better she could not have done so, as they have had opportunities for usefulness and for development in other lands, that they could not have hoped for in this comparatively small island of ours. Thus Ireland has had the honor and privilege of being the nursery for some of the best life of other countries. Among those who have gone forth from us few have risen to greater influence than Rev. William Briggs, D.D., who for the last twenty years has administered the largest printing and publishing house in the Dominion of Canada. The success of this establishment is a monument to the unwearying energy and business ability of the Book Steward—to give him the old-fashioned Methodist title. Dr. Briggs is a gift to Canada from that green isle which has contributed so many distinguished sons to Methodism the world over."

The Methodist Church in Canada never has had cause for regret that Rev. William Briggs was elected Book Steward. Historians of the future will be better able to write a truer appreciation of his great work as a preacher and as a successful man of business.

FOOT NOTE—For facts respecting the childhood and earlier days of the subject of this sketch, the writer is indebted to the late Rev. John Carroll, D.D., who published an article respecting him in the Canadian Methodist Magazine about the time of his appointment as Book Steward.

Wheat, the Wizard of the North

By Agnes Deans Cameron in *Atlantic Monthly*

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man from sleep, and shaking her invincible locks."

TO-DAY the young men of Canada see visions where the old men dreamed dreams. Five years ago a far-sighted farmer from Alberta journeyed to Ottawa, to interest the Dominion Government in the sending of Canadian wheat to Japan. "Wheat for Japan!" was the pettish response from the seats of the mighty. "Why in the world can't they grow their own wheat?" Here was a brain of the same vintage as that of the boarding-house keeper who could not see the sense of killing his fat pig and getting another when that pig ate all the table scraps he had.

The fur-trader of Canada was no colonizer; the herder followed the trapper, and both looked askance at the farmer; wheatfields cannot flourish on fur preserves or cattle ranges, and the interests of Jean Baptiste and Piebald Pete and J. Solid Smith, the grain-grower, are felt to be antagonistic. But Solid Smith is winning out. The prairies west of Winnipeg produced in 1906 no less than 201 million bushels of grain, and the farmer driving in his 40-bushel wheat to the elevators snaps his whip at the cattleman with, "Johnny Bowlegs, you must pack your kit and trek."

The Canadian cattle exported in 1907 put over \$12,000,000 into the pockets of the cow-men, but the cow-men have to get out of the way of the wheat elevators and whirring binders. A man rides away debonair to a round-up, and coming back ten weeks later rubs his eyes to see a brand new town with popcorn stands and his Majesty's Post Office where he had left bare range. It is swift work. One day the wind in the prairie, the next a surveyor's stake, two weeks later the sharp conversation of the ham-

mer on the nail-head, the chartered bank, the corner grocery, another little blotch of red on the map, and a new city of the plains. For between the parallel of 49 and Arctic ice a nation is developing which will be able to furnish the world with bread as un-failingly as its vast territory for two centuries has furnished the world with fur. The evolution of modern Japan represents the progress of the last half of the nineteenth century; the awakening of Canada is the index of the genius of the twentieth.

Western Canada in 1906 had five million acres sown to wheat—but one thirty-fourth part of her total 171 million acres suitable for wheat-production. In 1870, grain crops in Western Canada were a negligible quantity, the cultivated spots meagre fringes on the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and wheat elevators unknown. These great red storehouses of grain now dot the prairies north, east, south and west, representing (terminal elevators included) over fifty million dollars of invested capital. One hundred and eighty-seven new elevators were built within the last two years, making a total elevator capacity of over fifty-five million bushels. There are 956 elevators on the Canadian Pacific Railway lines and 207 on the Canadian Northern, with twenty on other lines. Canada's exports for 1906 showed an advance of forty-four million dollars over those of 1905; her total foreign trade for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, was \$617,965,110, an increase of sixty-seven million dollars over the previous year. The three prairie provinces had 55,625 farms in 1901; last year they had one hundred and twenty thousand. And such farms!

Dreams of pay-dirt and golden nuggets drew with magnetic power young manhood to the Yukon, yet a surer harvest of gold lies at the feet. Manitoba, the smallest of the three

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wheat-growing provinces of Canada, produced in the year 1906 eighty-seven million bushels of wheat, which at seventy-five cents a bushel represents sixty-five million dollars. The Klondike, the richest gold field in the world, yields a yearly harvest of a scant ten million dollars, with cruelty and cupidity and cunning as necessary accompaniments.

The town of Indian Head, Saskatchewan, is an example. It proudly boasts that it handles more grain in the initiative stage than any other point in the world, for in 1906 over ten million bushels were harvested here. When the train sets you down at the station, you are confronted with a long row of elevators, twelve or thirteen in all, having a combined capacity of a third of a million bushels. The Government Experimental Farm here has, by summer fallowing and careful rotation of crops, secured for the last five years the splendid all-round average of 46.12 bushels of wheat to the acre. By actual measurement wheat has grown here two inches in twenty-four hours, and in mid-summer there are eighteen hours of dazzling sunshine in each twenty-four, giving to growing "No. 1 hard" its virtue and its value.

At Lethbridge, Alberta, last year, the writer saw a wheat farm belonging to a Mormon from Utah. As far as the eye could reach, wheat, wheat, wheat, two thousand acres of it in one field, the heavy heads ripening for the harvest. A stalk pulled at random into our buggy as we drove along measured five feet six inches in height; the ear was nine inches long and contained 101 kernels. In this stalk we see the magician's wand that beckons the people of four continents to the last unoccupied half of the fifth.

As we drive on in silence through a landscape of wheat, beyond those nodding heads we divine acres illimitable of virgin soil with magnificent possibilities. And something else we see. Not very long ago the Daily News put before the thoughtful people of London a haunting object-lesson. The interior of Queen's Hall

was divided into little stalls, each the model of a squalid London apartment. In these boxes of rooms sat women working at their usual day's task, each woman the type of hundreds of her kind. The maker of boys' shirts provides her own thread and her own machine and makes shirts at four cents a dozen. The manufacturer of matchboxes earns four cents for each 144 boxes she makes, and finds her own paste, and hemp for tying up. By toiling twelve hours a day she earns a dollar and a half a week, sixty cents of which goes for rent.

Workers who stitch buttons on their cards are paid two cents for each four hundred buttons, at the rate of seventy-five cents per hundred gross. Tennis ball coverers receive nine cents a dozen. Compare this with growing forty bushels wheat on the Canadian prairies.

"God, for the little brooks
That tumble as they run!"

Is there any way of bridging the gulf between this soul-stifling sweatshop and the all-sweetness of the prairies? The labor unions have not found it and church organizations miserably fail. One is jealous for man's material interests, the other seeks to save the soul. The Salvation Army attempts both, and it seems within the range of possibility that the great body militant called into existence forty years ago by General Booth may prove the most powerful force in solving the social and economic problems which have risen out of our complex civilization, for in 1907 it brought over twenty-five thousand assisted immigrants into Canada. For this purpose eight steamships were chartered. A labor bureau is opened on ship-board, and so far as possible the destination of each newcomer is settled before he lands; officers of the army accompanying each incoming contingent, every member of which is a "picked" man.

What kinds of people hear the call of the wheat and where do they come from? When the Dominion Liner

Canada arrived in Halifax with a sample cargo of 1379 would-be Canadians, all bound for the West, the second-class and steerage passenger lists showed Scots, English, Irish, Italians, Austrians, Russians, Norwegians, Welsh, Swedes, Greeks and Hebrews. What could they do? Anything and everything one would think, except growing grain. In the little groups on shipboard, eagerly scanning maps and talking wheat, are cabinet-makers and upholsterers; machinists, engine drivers, and electricians; gardeners and goldsmiths; bricklayers, shoemakers, and stone-cutters; bookkeepers and butchers; clerks and cooks and sailors.

A lecturer on Canada and things Canadian accompanies each contingent, and many and diverting are the questions he struggles with. To Swiveller even some of them would prove "staggerers." "Are the Indians very dangerous?" "Do you consider moccasins or snowshoes the best for winter?" "Is it 'Igh Church, or Low Church?" "Do the game-keepers interfere with your shooting?"

But more important than Church or State, more insistent than anything social or ethical or aesthetic, is the question of money. The woman who all her life has covered gay sunshades in an attic at twelve cents a dozen doesn't think over-much of prairie sunsets; her inquiry is, "An' 'ow does the oof go, you know? 'Ow do they brass up? Wot's the wages?" And following out some old primal law of self-preservation, the immigrants, as they approach the dock, gather in clusters according to their nationalities. It's good to hear your own speech in a land where even the birds twitter in a strange tongue.

The placard on the Halifax Inspection Building is a striking commentary on the cosmopolitan nature of Canada's citizens in the rough, who all summer long in thousands are knocking at her eastern gate. Here it is. If he who runs cannot read he can follow the crowd:

To Inspection and Railroad Ticket Office.

Au Bureau d'Inspection et de Billets de Chemin de fer.

Till Inspektionen och Jernvagnarnas Biljettkontor.

Tutkint don Seka Rautatic-Piletti Konttoriin.

Do Biura Inspekevinego, I Kasy Biletow Kolejowch.

Zum Unter suchungs Bureau und Bilette-Ausgabe.

The extent of the Salvation Army Canadian immigration work is realized when one learns that in 1906 alone eighty-three thousand letters of inquiry reached the London headquarters and twenty-five thousand personal applications. Out of these, fifteen thousand men and women were selected and helped to a start in the Land of the Willing Hand, and of this number but nineteen were subsequently rejected by the Canadian authorities as unsuitable citizens. In fact, there is room for every one on the broad wheatfields of Canada, but the Dominion Government is anxious to get the best. As part of its immigration policy, a score of successful farmers, who have themselves made good among the wheat, tour England, Scotland and Ireland, interesting the best people in this New Empire of Opportunity. Besides these, there are resident agents at York and Aberdeen and other centres.

Many philanthropic bodies are transferring the human overplus from the glutted centres of the old to the waiting fields of the new world. The Church Army brought out ten thousand people to Canada in 1907; the Self-help Emigration Society continues its work, the British Women's Emigration Association, and the East End Emigration body, with which Lord Brassey is prominently identified. Zangwill is anxious to get help to transplant a colony of Jews, and Peter Verigen promises the railways ten thousand Russian Doukhoborts from the Caucasus.

The Salvation Army in addition to its own charter of special ships, made reservation for immigrants on all regular passenger boats sailing from Great Britain to Canada during 1907.

A labor bureau was conducted on board each ship by experienced Canadian officers, who secured for each incomer a position before he set foot on the new land of his desires. On landing, all the passenger had to do was to pass the Government Inspection Officers, and then board the train waiting to take him to his destination. In each case a Salvation Army officer accompanied the man until employer and employed met and consummated the tentative bargain made on ship-board.

From the Governor-General of Canada come the highest words of praise regarding the organized work of brotherly kindness. Earl Grey, on the occasion of the fourth departure of the steamship *Kensington* from Liverpool wired to the Chief of Staff of the Salvation Army, "Glad to hear you are sending another really good selection of emigrants to Canada. They will be heartily welcome, as will others of the same kind, for whom there is plenty of room."

For 1908, the Army has chartered ten steamships. Brigadier Howell says, "We will look after, and bring to Canada, all who apply to us, provided they are healthy and of good character, and will supply them with situations independently of their creed or nationality."

Among the devices which Canada employs to educate her mother country is the electric advertising car. This Canada-on-wheels, furnished with samples of grains, grasses, cheese, honey, oil, salmon and the various kinds of woods, runs through the villages of rural England. At night the rustics swarm around this blaze of electric light as moths surround a candle, and scramble for the gay information booklets on Canada with a greedy celerity. Every precaution is taken by the Canadian government agents to keep the stream of immigration pure, and with faces turned toward the Wheat Belt, that great bread-yielding plain a thousand miles long and five hundred miles wide, the peoples of the earth are crowding into Canada.

The Atlantic portals are Halifax

and the river-ports of Quebec and Montreal. Soon they will be landing away up the map at Fort Churchill on lone Hudson's Bay, where short steel lines will carry them into the very heart of the wheat country. On the Pacific side, at Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk will open another gateway; and Vancouver and Victoria daily pay their tale to the prairies—Australians, New Zealanders, and Orientals. The Orientals are a problem, these people alien in color and strange in speech. What is British Columbia going to do with them?

When half a dozen faultlessly frock-coated young Chinese in Eton accents volunteered for service in South Africa, offering to find their own equipment, matters were a little complicated at the Victoria recruiting office; and the imperialist is puzzled to see a dozen thin, turbaned Sikhs, veterans in many an Indian frontier sortie, trudge the streets of a Canadian town, cold and ill-clad and marked "scab" by the unions. The Hindoo Sikh claims our respect and sympathy; just now he is a square peg in a round hole; but he had grit enough to face new conditions under a new sky, and looking at the fine lines of that lean face one feels that this man will eventually make good.

When, early in March, 1907, the transatlantic steamship companies gave out that every available space on Canada-bound steamers was booked up to the end of July, and when the Immigration Department published its forecast that the year's immigration would total three hundred thousand, one looked in vain for the prophet-pessimist who coined the phrase, "Bauble Bubble of Winter Wheat!" The influx of 1906 shows an increase of five hundred per cent. over that of 1896. Canada's 252,038 actual immigration for the year ending June, 1907, is a greater number than came into Canada from all sources during the whole decade from 1886 to 1896. For the first four months of 1907 the arrivals were over eighty thousand, an increase of forty-three per cent. over those of the corresponding period of the previous year; for the

month of April alone the rate of increase over April, 1906, was about seventy per cent., and for the year ending June, 1907, the increase over the previous year was thirty-three per cent.

Quality is more important than quantity. One man of the right sort in a new country is worth ten of the inert disgruntled kind, the supine misfits. And to those who have a wise look ahead there is encouragement in the fact that the preponderance of the incomers are of Anglo-Saxon stock. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1907, Canada received 120,779 new citizens from the mother land, 56,652 from the United States, as against 74,607 from continental Europe, and of these last a large percentage are of the hardy nations of the North—Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Danes.

For all those willing to swing pick and shovel there is construction work on the railroads. The pay is good. This gives the newcomer a nest-egg and a substantial step onward toward that day when he shall be lord on his own soil. "A free farm in Canada via the railway route" is what each sturdy young chap is squaring his shoulders for.

What of the trek from the south? The Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade last season received no fewer than 6,560 inquiries from American farmers desirous of settling in the one province of Alberta, most of them not homesteaders. They are anxious to buy, and some of them have spot cash to pay for whole sections. Over the three wheat provinces these Americans spread, stepping across the imaginary parallel of 49 at Emerson, Gretna, North Portal, Coutts—wherever the railways cross. Many of them do not go far from the great concentrating point of Winnipeg. Why should they? Land in the Red River Valley, the finest wheat land in the world and as good land for general crops as can be found in America, can be bought within a day's drive from town for ten dollars to twenty-five dollars an acre.

At the railway station in Regina it

is again the American element that predominates, for here is the emerging point for the come-outer from Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. Regina, the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, is the wealthiest corporation in Canada having recently come into possession of real estate holdings that the Dominion Government paternally held in its keeping from the days of the town's inception. It comes like the gift of a fairy godmother now, and Regina gets its roads paved, builds a new city hall, constructs waterworks and sewerage, without the addition of one cent to the taxes.

But Winnipeg remains the great distributing centre for Canadians in the making. Close to the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Winnipeg is the new Immigration Reception Hall, big enough to provide temporary sleeping room and housekeeping facilities for a thousand souls. Women willing to enter upon domestic service need go no farther than Winnipeg. Five thousand female domestic servants came into Canada from Europe during the last nine months, and the Commissioner of Immigration for the West reports there are not fewer than 2,500 Galician hired girls in Manitoba alone.

There is no better field for women servants to-day. One tries to imagine the effect on those pale anemic workers of the sweat shops of such an advertisement as this, cut from the files of a Winnipeg paper. "Good general servant wanted. Highest wages paid. Every night out and a season's ticket at the rink."

More than farms are making on the prairie of the Last West. Here, on a wheat plain wider than those of Russia, richer than those of Egypt or India or the Argentine, out of strangely diverse elements a new Anglo-Saxon nation is springing, and to the finished entity every country in the world contributes its quota. The very names of the towns are a commentary on the polyglot elements of the new civilization of the North Strathcona perpetuates the name of that picturesque and venerable figure who at eighty-six

still does active service for Canada as High Commissioner in the motherland, and Lacombe does fitting honor to that pioneer Roman missionary who, coming out here half a century ago, from Old France, gave up his life to the children of the plains, and thinks in Cree and talks in English. Carstairs is crystallized history. Lady Carr three generations ago joined names and fortunes with an Englishman, Stairs; their descendant, a young Carstairs of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, writes his name on the topography of the West. Saskatoon, the name of an Indian berry, Rat-Portage and Medicine Hat, and that other Indian name, Moosejaw (abbreviated for everyday use from The-Place - on - the - Prairie-where-the-Man-Mended - his - Cart - with-a-Broken Moose-Jaw-Bone), all point to the days of the buffalo and the vanishing tepee. Prince Albert and Regina and Edmonton suggest Buckingham Palace and Old Westminster. Calgary harks back to a Scottish shooting-box in the Highlands. Lloydminster stands an appropriate monument to the revered archdeacon who preached patience and brought peace to the ill-starred Barr Colony.

Little bits of Europe dot the prairies. Up in Alberta is the thriving Swiss settlement of Stettler. Out from Edmonton is the French village of St. Albert, an arch-episcopal see of the Roman Catholic church, with a foundation counting back sixty years to a day when wheatfields were a thing unknown and long before the railroad was dreamed of. In this ecclesiastical centre of the northland the happy French and Indian half-breeds have built a flour-mill, a little elevator and a saw-mill surrounding the spire of their thirty-five-thousand-dollar cathedral, and here, guided by the good Fathers, the little community works out its own destiny, has its own loves and hopes and sorrows. And not far away is the Scandinavian town of Wetaskiwin, which has built a forty-two-thousand-dollar school for its five hundred children. Quakers have opened schools for the young

Dunkhobors in their own villages of the commune, and the Mormon boys and girls of Magrath and Raymond and Cardston work among the sugar beets between sessions.

What is going to be the resultant amalgam of these coalescing races? One thing is certain—adaptability is the quality vital to the widest success in the West. Each person coming in has his own problem to work out, different from that of his neighbor, with conditions widely varying from those left behind. Even to the Scot, the Englishman, and the Irishman there is no one thing familiar that touches him, with the single exception of the language, and even that in terms and tones and accents has an alien sound.

A day or two more and the prairies will have swallowed them; and next day others follow, and thousands after thousands succeed these, and still there is room. "Not one per cent. of them fail," says the commissioner, and then, after a moment's thought, "If by failure you mean final, ultimate failure, I should say but a small fraction of one per cent."

Wise men who come from the East stay in the West, and the wisest is he who, starting a fresh page, treats his neighbors to no post-mortems of his former greatness. And this is where the English brother often misses it and the American scores. The British settler is very loath to part with his own ways and methods; he tries to square all things by an English ell-measure, in the process managing to rub his Canadian blood-brother the wrong way.

Many an Englishman has failed to grasp the meaning of Imperial Unity—he regards Canada merely as a colony or outpost of empire. It is with him like a Roman citizen going up into Helvetia to settle, a century and a half after Caesar's conquest, and in his speech and attitude one is reminded of that "certain condescension in foreigners" which Lowell noted years ago. Yet the gilded youths of Britain have much to learn in "the Colonies."

The American farmer does not take so long to adjust himself. Used from

the cradle to regard the United States as the "land of the free," he is inclined at first to consider all other peoples, and especially British people, as being in hopeless bondage. At first there are a few gasps of astonishment when he realizes that Canadians do not pay taxes to England or send annual tribute for the upkeep of "Edward's" throne. "Monarchical institutions" at first hand are not the formidable things that his youthful history text-book told him about, and in short no one is looking for the chip on his shoulder. The man to the right hand of him and the one to the left are not hunting for chips, they are busy growing forty-bushel wheat.

The American farmer is a practical man; there is no cleverer-headed citizen in the world, and, moreover, he is frankly honest. When he finds in Canada a system of jurisprudence under which law is everywhere respected, when he learns that Canada has never seen a lynching, that Canadian history tells of no Indian wars, he is very willing to acknowledge that there is little here he would wish to change. The fact is that in his general views and attitude toward life no one is more like a Canadian than an American. The fact that they are subjected to similar environment and to the same broad sweeping continental forces readily explains how, by merely crossing north or south an imaginary boundary line, Canadian and American alike pass from one citizenship to another with far less friction than an Englishman can be transplanted to either American or Canadian soil.

The American in Canada can scarcely be called an immigrant; he is rather a solid citizen. He considers that Western Canada offers him better opportunities than his own northern tier of states affords, and so he comes in, bag and baggage, heart and soul, to the number of fifty thousand or sixty thousand a year. In 1906 he brought with him ten thousand dollars' worth of horses and cattle and mowers and steam ploughs and reapers—what Wemmick used to designate "portable property," and he

finds his welcome awaiting him. He says he discovered Western Canada. The Immigration Department of Canada in its turn has discovered him, and wants an increasing consignment. There is room for American and European and Canadian pluck and enterprise and initiative, all the way from ocean to ocean, from boundary line to ice-barriers.

The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific is beginning to open the eyes and understanding of the world to the size, the fertility, and the latent power of New Canada. How many of us realize that the Mackenzie basin covers an area one hundred thousand square miles larger than that of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes? "The Peace River country" is to most people a somewhat loose term for an undefinable and undefined region "away up north," somewhere in the neighborhood of circumpolar ice. Yet there are at a conservative estimate thirty-one thousand square miles of the Peace River country where Dr. Dawson in midsummer, 1875, rode through vetches eight feet high and wild grasses to the saddle-top.

The vision of a prophet is not needed to see within a half-decade a large prosperous pastoral population occupying that almost level plateau with its slight dip to the valleys of the Peace and the Smoky. The St. Lawrence basin was at first considered frost-bound and sterile, the Fraser lands rocky and inaccessible, and the valleys of the Red and the Saskatchewan too far north to support a white population. The sons of the men who saw these pleasant lands blossom as the rose, following a creation-old instinct for expansion are already laying strong hands upon the basins of the Peace, the Mackenzie, and the Athabasca and platting townships in the latitude of 59. Colonization is no handmaid to doubting, and the kingdoms of this earth are taken by the right kind of violence.

Four years ago a Yukon miner with a mind big enough to take in

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more than gold nuggets sent down to a Canadian experimental farm three kinds of wheat grown in Dawson City in the latitude of 64 1-4 north. He wanted it tested for vitality. The official report returned to him was, "100 grains planted, 100 grains sprouted, 100 grains vigorous, and no weak plants produced."

The first atlases pictured Canada as an icy waste fertile to the south; the map of to-day shows us a wide wheat plain dotted by the people of the earth, with an ever-lessening region of barrenness. Year by year, these maps change their complexion, and the "edge of cultivation," with the advance of colonization, moves steadily northward.

A farmer last year at Fort Providence, twelve hundred miles north of Montreal, grew a bumper crop of wheat in three months from seed-grain to seed-threshing. The Canadian West is capable of producing twenty times Britain's import of wheat; before 1912 is past there will be ten million acres under wheat there, yielding two hundred million bushels. And it is the best wheat grown; "Canadian No. 1 hard" is the highest priced wheat in the world, the relative values in the Liverpool market being:

| | |
|--------------------------|--------|
| Canadian No. 1 Northern. | \$1.14 |
| Best Russian | 1.05 |
| Argentina | .99 |
| Indian | .91 |

The fertility of this plain is now known, the people are crowding in, and the wheat is growing. The great question is transportation of the ripened grain, for all channels of egress are choked. Calgary is shipping her famed Alberta Red westward to the Orient, but the bulk of prairie wheat seeks Liverpool as distributing centre, the route being by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. This is perhaps Nature's most wonderful waterway, supplemented, enlarged and deepened by the hand of man.

To date Canada has spent over one hundred millions of dollars on her one hundred miles of canals, now maintained free from tolls. Through this

portal pours the wealth of wheat. Three times as much tonnage in a year passes through the Sault Ste. Marie as through the Suez. But this route is long and expensive; by it the wheat needs storing at terminal elevators, rehandling, and trans-shiping. Moreover the facilities are inadequate—some more direct way must be found. And the eyes of the commercial world, for a solution of the trade-problem, turn to a route north of the St. Lawrence and its lakes.

Here lies a hitherto neglected waterway, a great inland sea, Hudson's Bay, scarcely better known to-day than it was when three hundred years ago its intrepid name-father perished in its waters. Hudson's Bay ranks third among the inland seas of the world, being exceeded in size only by the Mediterranean Sea and the Caribbean. The Mediterranean counts a million square miles, and Hudson's Bay more than half that area; and as the Mediterranean was the centre of the Roman Empire, so destiny decrees that Hudson's Bay shall be the heart of an empire larger and infinitely more fertile than that of imperial Rome.

But whereas the Mediterranean is fringed by three continents and ten times three nations, speaking two scores of diverse tongues Hudson's Bay lies entirely within British territory, and no other power of old world or new extends here its sphere of influence. Hudson's Bay spreads far into the centre of the wheat belt of Canada, and transportation by water is ever cheaper than by land. We fail to realize the vastness of this inland sea; the Great Lakes with their connecting rivers contain more than half of the world's fresh water, and Hudson's Bay is six times the size of the combined Great Lakes.

The Hudson's Bay Company years ago built here Fort Churchill and a small trading post, York Fort, at the mouth of the Nelson, but for the most part the great waterway has remained through the years an ignored factor of commerce, a mere name on the map. Ignorance, indifference,

and more than a touch of interested envy are responsible for the fact that this northern highway has been so long neglected; it is just one phase of the sleep of a giant unwitting of its own strength.

In 1884 and 1887, government exploring expeditions reported the straits leading out of Hudson's Bay blocked with ice for nine months of the year. Believing this report to be colored by the undue influence of Montreal capitalists jealous of a northern rival, further exploring parties were sent out in 1905-6. They denied the land's leanness and declared the navigation of Hudson's Strait practicable for four or five months of the year. The railroad builders are not slow to grasp the importance of this pronouncement.

What does a rail route to Hudson's Bay and direct steamship communication with Europe mean? It means the canceling of one-fourth of the distance from wheatfield to wheat mart; it means two hundred million bushels of grain finding itself just a thousand miles nearer to its ultimate destination, and the consequent cutting in half of the cost of its transportation. The carrying rate per ton-mile on the Great Lakes is just one-tenth of the rate charged by American railroad lines. To the European consumer the new route means a bigger loaf, and perishable produce delivered in better condition coming over a colder sea-way.

From Regina to Fort Churchill the mileage is the same as from Regina to Port Arthur at the western end of Lake Superior. The salt water transit from Churchill to Liverpool is the same length as from Quebec to Liverpool so the Hudson's Bay route annihilates the distance between Port Arthur and Quebec, the whole of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence haul.

Great latent wealth all around the shores of this Baltic of Canada will be brought to view when the searchlight turns upon this corner of the empire. Already a Scottish concern is developing deposits of mica schist on the north shore of Hudson's Strait; in the Labrador region are

found Silurian limestone, granite, and gneiss; and all round Hudson's Bay the Eskimo exhibit household utensils hammered out of native copper. It is altogether likely that the history of all Canada will be repeated and another decade see here villages, towns and bustling cities, while the trade journals of two continents give quotations on Hudson's Bay copper and iron, lumber and coal and fish. We hear the rumble of coming trains and see Liverpool-bound steamers lying at the docks awaiting their cargoes of wheat. The Dominion Government has granted no less than eight charters to lines headed for Hudson's Bay.

The present is one of unprecedented activity among the railway kings of Canada. The Canadian Northern, originated by Mackenzie and Mann, with the Manitoba government as sponsor and fairy godmother, is essentially a twentieth-century growth. Beginning at Port Arthur and running by way of Winnipeg and Edmonton, through a thousand miles of prairie literally bursting with fatness, it has paid its way from the start. This line has a lower bonded indebtedness and consequently lower fixed charges than have to be faced by any similar railroad on the American continent. The entire system is free from objectionable grades and curves. From Pas Mission on the Canadian Northern to Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay is only four hundred miles, and Mackenzie and Mann for years have been firm believers in the Hudson's-Bay-Liverpool route; the seaboard extension of this line would seem an assured fact.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, operating now 9,000 miles under one management, continues building with characteristic activity. The Grand Trunk Pacific prosecutes its transcontinental trunk line, and Hill hopes to divert some portion of Canada's wheat to United States funnels. President Hill has said, "The Great Northern has all the land we need for years in Portland and Seattle; we are now trying to secure mammoth terminals in Chicago, Minneapolis

WHEAT, THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

and Winnipeg. If our Canadian plans do not miscarry I expect within the next ten years to have a railroad system there the full equivalent of the Great Northern system in the United States. We will touch Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Port Arthur, and traverse the Peace River country with a line several hundred miles farther north than any contemplated Canadian road. Winnipeg will be our general Canadian centre, and we start out with a Canadian developing fund of ten millions."

The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian people, a people of seven millions, are building, from the Atlantic to where the Japan Current breaks on the shores of British Columbia, a natural highway to cost as much as the Panama Canal, a work which the ninety millions of the United States characterize as gigantic and stupendous and wonderful, every shovelful of progress being greeted with firecrackers and every dump-cart of dirt with fanfare of trumpets.

The Secretary of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce explained the "Seattle spirit" in the words, "We get what we go after." The Canadian does, too, but he is somewhat slower in the going and decidedly less demonstrative in the getting. Fertile soil, unminted mines, giant forests, untold wealth of the sea, and the "white coal" power of lakes and glacial-fed streams, all these will play a part in the commercial greatness of the Coming Canada.

It was Isham Randolph, the Chicago expert, who declared that the Winnipeg River alone is capable of forming for propulsion and mechanical purposes a million-horse-power. Canada is as big as Europe. Ignore Ungava and the unexplored north, and south of the 60th parallel (that is, below the parallel of St. Peters-

burg) in this great plain each of the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan is bigger than the German Empire. We place Germany, the Republic of France, and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland within these two provinces, and they fail to cover the territory of the rolling mesas, more fertile than the richest plains of Hungary.

The wheat plains of Canada are bigger than that rectangle in the United States extending from Ohio to the Great Lakes and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. To him who rightly reads the signs of the times, nothing is more encouraging here than the activities of the railroads. The sanest and most conservative men in the world are railway men. Sentiment is eliminated as a factor from all their equations; it is a matter of dollars and cents with them. They know as no one else knows the country, its resources and its possibilities. President Hill, and Sir Rivers Wilson, Mackenzie and Mann and the president of the mighty Canadian Pacific Railway are not making million-dollar appropriations and hurling away money for the sake of spending it. I see no greater tribute to the country than the fact that from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand men were employed in the preliminary railroad construction work in Canada in 1907 and that the whole economic condition of the country is about to suffer a sea change with the opening of competitive lines to Hudson's Bay.

The white ghost of Henry Hudson re-visiting the glimpses of the moon, if still to be touched by earthly issues, would seem to say:

"Open the Bay, which o'er the North-land broods,

Dumb, yet in labor with a mighty fate!

Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes."

What is a Good Man?

By Most Rev. John Ireland, LL.D., in Everybody's

THE question is asked—Who is the good man? The question has been asked often before: in one form or another it is as old as the instinct of morality in the human soul. It was put to the Supreme Teacher of morality. The answer given by Him I make my own. None wiser, none more practical will ever be spoken. "And Jesus answered: The first commandment of all is: Hear, O Israel: the Lord thy God is one God: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength: This is the first commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To the Scribe, who confessed that the observance of these two commandments is "a greater thing than holocausts and sacrifices," Jesus said: "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven." The essence and the motives of moral goodness do not change with time. They are to-day what they were of yore. Hence, to-day, I repeat the words of the Saviour, and to him who accepts them as the norma of his conduct I say: "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

The first and chief condition of moral goodness is to love the Almighty God. I am not preaching a sermon; I am talking plain every-day moral philosophy. But moral philosophy, no less than religion, in its higher principles rests upon the Almighty God as its very basis and foundation. This great truth I cannot too strongly emphasize. The lesson above all others needed to-day, when the question of righteous conduct is forced so imperiously to the front, is that of man's duty to the Almighty God. God is forgotten, or at least is treated as a being with whom we have little concern.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy

God." The love due to God is, of course, that effective, earnest love which transcends mere sentiment and emotion, and penetrates the whole soul so as to bend into service all its faculties and to exact from it the full complement of worship and filial obedience. Do what he may, man cannot tear himself from God. Man is by nature a dependent being, the creature of God, having from God whatever he is, whatever he possesses. The simplest dictates of justice and of gratitude bid him turn toward God, in profession of his dependency, in worship of the divine supremacy, in praise of the divine power and goodness in thanksgiving for all favors received from the divine hand. God forgotten, no one should call himself good and just.

The fulfilment of duty toward the Almighty God is all the more important since duty to God is and must ever be the paramount motive of loyalty to duty along other lines of human conduct. Leave God aside—what power remains to compel the soul to righteousness? Separated from the idea of the Supreme Legislator, the moral law is a theory, an abstraction. Logically, and in time practically, its meaning and purpose become pleasure and personal aggrandizement. Intellectual concepts of morality, unsupported by a living authority, from which there is no escape, do not build up the strong soul, able to beat down the rising billows of temptation and to impose silence upon the wild clamorings of passion. Human interests, in the last analysis, reveal themselves as selfish interests. The service of society or of humanity at large, so freely invoked by a school of modern philosophy, is a misty dream, from which the sin-burnt heart turns in derision.

The good man will be a devout worshipper of the Almighty: he will

be a religious man. He will kneel often in adoration and prayer; he will seek out in earnest study the law of the Supreme Master, and will loyally conform to it in his private and social life.

The good man has his duties to himself. Chief among these is the utter cleanliness of heart, the righteousness of the inner soul. Mere exterior morality is a sham and a pretense. It does not last: it withstands no severe trial. At best, it is a hypocrisy, a lie acted out by the man himself, an effort to deceive his fellow men.

Clean of heart, the good man will be clean of mouth. Vulgar and obscene language, oaths, and blasphemies will never pollute his speech. He will be clean of act, respecting his body as the very handiwork of God. He will be clean of hand, never reaching out to the things that are not his by strictest rules of social justice. The good man will not be the lazy and indolent servant, he will improve his mind by thoughtful study; he will improve, as circumstances permit, his condition in life, bringing into active exercise the latent talents given to him by the Creator, that they be developed and put to profit. He will be brave in effort, resigned in failure, calm and self-possessed in success.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Man is necessarily a social being; he has absolute need of others. Altruism, the love of the neighbor, is imposed upon him by his very nature, and by the author of that nature, the Almighty God. The neighbor means family, society, country.

"And if any man have not care of his own," says St. Paul, "especially for those of his house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." The good man is ever mindful of his family. Nothing, whatever else is done for society or for country, makes up for the neglect of the home. The good man provides for the material and moral wants of wife and children; he is kind and loving; while the master in authority, he is the servant in ministration.

Say what some will, tolerate as they

may what civil law reluctantly tolerates, the indissolubility, as well as the oneness, of the sacramental tie of wedlock remains not only the dictate of the Christian religion, but also the natural and necessary protection of the family hearthstone. Where the good man rules, true and faithful, benignant and forbearing, there is seldom need even of separation; where separation is deemed urgent, it must never be supplemented by the rupture of the marital bond. That he is a good husband and a good father is one of the highest encomiums before God and men that the good man may ambition or hope for.

The good man's relations with his fellowmen within the social organism will be characterized by absolute justice and charity. "Avoid evil." Do no harm to rich or to poor. Be honest and honorable. The acquisition of wealth, be it of one dollar, or of a million dollars, is praiseworthy when it follows upon industry, the use of high talent, the vigilant observation of opportunity. To be poor through slothfulness, wastefulness, or wilful ignorance, is a sin and a disgrace. But, throughout, justice must prevail: nothing must be taken that belongs legitimately to others: no methods must be employed that law and equity reprove. "Avoid evil; do good." When acquired, wealth must be put to good use. Let it, indeed, serve in fair abundance the owner and his dependents. Let it be stored up in view of future contingencies. To reduce the use of wealth to mere necessities, to put the rich in this regard on the plane of the less successful, is to eliminate from society the spirit of enterprise, to smother in the human breast the promptings to hard work and to sacrifice of ease and pleasure. But in its exuberance wealth must go beyond the owner and the owner's family. It must never be forgotten that society is not without claims upon one's surplus revenue.

The miserly rich man is not the good man neither is he the good man who is ever searching for opportunities to lavish wealth in subserviency to mad whims and fancies.

who in his wild extravagances irritates the poorer into class hatred and social anarchism. America is the land of great fortunes; what saves and honors it is that it is the land of great social benefactions on the part of its wealthy citizens.

Wealth is not a condition or a prerequisite of righteousness and virtue. The good man may be the poor man, as is often the case. This happens when poverty comes uninvited, and is endured in patience and courageous resignation. The good man who is poor will not desist from effort to rise in the social scale. One of the best evidences that the human world grows daily better is the ambition, witnessed to-day, of the lower classes to ascend into higher spheres. The unrest of poverty and of labor is a happy omen. But here, as elsewhere, justice must be the rule. There must be no hatred of the wealth in the possession of others; there must be no violation of the rights of others, no act of injury or injustice to others, be they the rich and the employer, or the fellow struggler in the more humble ranks of life.

Finally, there is a man's duty to his country—his country, which, especially where democracy reigns, needs the active and earnest service of

all its citizens. The good man is the good citizen, who votes on every election day, who votes after due counsel with conscience, who does not shirk public office, when public office is in need of his brain and his industry; who, when in public office, remembers that the norma of his acts must ever be the welfare and the honor of country. The good citizen is he whose money and whose blood are poured out without stint when the country is in peril. The citizen who gathers into his hand the favors of fortune of which the country is prodigal, who basks in repose beneath the sunlight of its banner, and yet, through civic indolence, refuses to do a yeoman's share for its welfare and honor, merits disfranchisement and exile: neither God nor men will declare him to be a good man.

The good man, the all-round man, the integer et sceleris purus of the Roman poet, the "good and faithful servant" of the Christian Gospel, is the very pearl of the earth; he is the reflected image of the Divine Being Himself; he is the treasure of human society, the joy and the edification of his fellow men. He is blessed here below; he will be blessed in the supernal home of immortality. May his race be multiplied over the earth!

A MOTIVE FOR ACTION

To allow ourselves to be cheated out of an opportunity is not only unfair to ourselves, but it is unfair to others, for it also cheats them out of the good we might be able to do them if we had taken advantage of the opportunity.

Let us hope that there are few men selfish enough to think that a man owes nothing to his fellow men. It is a commonly accepted thought that a man has certain moral obligations to others, and that he who wilfully neglects them forfeits his right to the respect of his fellows.

The endeavor to attain proficiency in any wholesome line of work, to surpass the standards of merit that have been attained by others, and to improve continually on his own past achievements, is the spirit of the honorable life. It is not for ourselves alone that we strive to attain a high standard, but because we should do our share toward the general progress of the world. To see it thus gives new energy to our endeavors and makes success more sure. A man's interest cannot be entirely separated from that of his fellows. The highest success cannot be obtained without something of altruism in our motives, for that lifts our thoughts to a higher capacity than selfishness can possibly do. In order to do your best for yourself you are forced to be an altruist.

Railroads in the Air

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald in *World To-Day*

HERE and there in out-of-the-way parts of the world you will see what may be taken on casual inspection for long vistas of telegraph poles or standards bearing heavy cables. But soon, to the onlooker's amazement, regular cars containing men and merchandise are seen skipping along these cables suspended from pulleys, and then it is that the full significance of the "aerial ropeway," as it is called, dawns upon the spectator.

It is altogether surprising how this remarkable invention has developed wild and remote territories for which capital is not forthcoming to build regular railroads, no matter how small. Even in southern India and Burmah to-day the great teak forests, which were formerly served by elephants, now have their swinging cables, and the great rough-hewn logs are no longer hauled through the dense jungle by teams of tuskers, but go swinging and swaying from the endless cable.

The system is perfectly simple. The cars or buckets are suspended on pulleys running on wire ropes, and these in turn are supported by standards, which may be 100 feet high, and as far apart as 1,700 feet. On one of the carrying ropes or aerial tracks the loaded cars run in one direction, while the "empties" return on another and thinner rope. These ropes, by the way, are of steel, and have a breaking strain of about forty tons to the square inch.

Perhaps the most striking thing about these railroads in the air is that most of them are entirely automatic. The cars are moved by a special rope of small diameter running beneath the carrying ropes. This is known as the endless hauling rope, and passes round horizontal pulleys at the terminal stations. Thus very few men are needed to work a system of this kind. Indeed a staff is only needed

at both ends—a few men to keep an eye on the loads as they arrive at one terminus and others to fill the cars at the loading end.

In the Province of Almeria, southern Spain, the Bedar-Garruchar wire ropeway is an excellent example of these curious "railroad" systems, which have done so much to develop industries in out-of-the-way parts of the world. This system carries iron ore from the Sierra de Bedar to the seashore near Garrucha, on the Mediterranean Sea. The line is nearly ten miles long and is divided into four sections. At one point it sails clean over a mountain range 18,000 feet above sea level. Now whereas an ordinary light railroad for this distance—assuming the country were possible at all, which it is not—would have cost \$600,000, on the other hand the aerial ropeway was put up in nine months at a cost of little more than \$130,000.

This line presents a spectacle at once peculiar and superb when viewed from the mountain pass between Bedar and Serena. From this point the entire track can be seen with its 670 carriers or aerial cars running at regular intervals along the swaying ropes. Half of them are descending and the other half ascending with a velocity of about ten feet per second. They seem to grow smaller as they approach the sea, until they finally dwindle to mere specks that look like birds silhouetted against the glorious blue sky. And at length only faint traces of the ropes are seen forming two white threads in the sunlight and connecting the far-off glittering sea with the mountains at the spectator's feet.

These "railroad" systems cross the most terrible abysses and country encumbered with rock masses where even an ordinary cart track is an utter impossibility. The silver strands of these all-conquering ropes are run up

precipices, over mountain peaks, cities and rivers.

It matters not whether the country be flooded for miles or rendered impassable with snow. Nor can the loads be pilfered by thieves on the way. In Mexico cunning natives used to lie in wait underneath big stones and try to intercept buckets full of gold quartz. They even had special poles for holding up the loads but now the ropes of the loads are white-washed and a watch is kept beneath the longest spans.

Another interesting feature of these systems is that wherever they cross an ordinary railroad or a street, foot passengers are protected from anything which may fall from the carriers by a curious kind of bridge intended to receive any such droppings.

Perhaps their most interesting use is between ship and shore. Wherever the surf breaks upon the coast in a terrific manner the vessel may lie out in comparatively smooth water and unload easily and without delay. Systems of this kind are now in use in South Africa and enable vessels to unload valuable cargo even during tremendous storms, when barges and lighters could not live in the furious seas.

Another interesting use for the aerial ropeway is in lighthouse building, for it is manifestly a very difficult matter to convey great blocks of granite out into the sea to some foam-washed rock where the foundations of a new lighthouse are being

laid under very precarious conditions. Just such a case was the ropeway established on the great cliff known as Beachy Head, on the southeast coast of England. This headland is some 600 feet above sea level, and its lighthouse was frequently invisible to ships owing to fog and mist. Accordingly it was decided to demolish the lighthouse on the cliff and build another about 100 feet out at sea. But the site chosen was, of course, covered at high tide, and so there was no place where a workyard could be established, save on the cliff top, for the purpose of rough-hewing the great blocks of stone for the new lighthouse. Accordingly an aerial ropeway was built on top of the 600-foot precipice, and workmen, stones, tools and other paraphernalia were brought to and fro as required.

The carrying rope was 6 inches in circumference, with a breaking strain of 120 tons, and at the lower terminal a stage was built just by the side of the foundations of the new lighthouse. Often enough the workmen would descend seated on top of a 5-ton block of granite, dangling their legs carelessly as they left the cliff's lip full 600 feet above the pebbly beach. But the lighthouse was built entirely without accidents, and when at length the new lantern of 20,000 candle-power shot its beams out to sea, the aerial ropeway which had made it possible was quietly folded up and transferred to another sphere of usefulness.

A GREAT ART

The art of talking is one of the most valuable equipments a man can have. Nearly all work that is above mere routine and physical labor involves talking and the process of the work often depends on the ability to carry the point in conversation. The difference between a skilled and an unskilled talker is very great. The importance of knowing how to talk well is not generally appreciated. Many who think they are proficient in the art are as self-deceived as the novice in poetry writing. A really skillful talker is rare, because little or no systematic attention is paid to cultivating the art. Instead of being allowed to develop in a haphazard manner, picking up a point here and another there, talking should be the subject of study almost as thoroughly as that given to painting, writing, or music.

A man may have some good ideas, but if he does not know how to present them intelligently they may never attain proper recognition. If a man would acquire information from others he must know how to draw them out. At every turn the art of talking is a vital factor in success.

A New Era in Business

By F. H. Giddings, Ph.D., LL.D., in Munsey's

NOWHERE has the reformation of the twentieth century more radically transformed the older habits of life and the older methods than in the office of the business man.

The business man of to-day may be by instinct and training a good buyer or a good salesman, a good accountant, a good foreman or superintendent, or a good capitalist—that is to say, a skilful borrower and lender. Or, he may be any combination of two or more of these aptitudes. But, whether so or not, in any case, and above all else, he must be a good organizer. He sees what things can be put together; and how they can be put together in profitable combination. He sees where labor-saving devices can be substituted for human effort; he perceives the aptitudes of other men, and how the specialization of aptitude can be pushed to its economic limit.

The up-to-date business man has effected wonderful saving in factory, store, and office system, and has brought the later to approximate perfection. It is not only by aid of the telephone, the stenographer, and the typewriter that he has conserved his own energies and enormously lengthened his business reach; he has achieved the same end also through the more effective employment of his staff. Equipped as it is now with its card-indexing and card-account systems, its loose-leaf ledger, economizing time and space and enormously increasing convenience, its adding-machines, its time-clocks, and a hundred other ingenious devices, it can accomplish in a day more than the same number of men a generation ago could have accomplished in a month.

It is probable that the most radical twentieth century transformation of business achieved and to be achieved, is found in the evolution of what are literally national and world markets

through the development of scientific advertising and the mail-order system.

From the earliest days of civilization until very recent times a market was a concrete assemblage of actual goods to be sold. It was a specialized and systematized development of the periodically recurring fair. At length merchants devised the partial substitution of samples for the actual display of goods in the piece, and with the use of samples came the "drummer," or traveling man, whose services effected a saving, but only a small fraction of the saving that was possible. To-day the advertising pages of a great popular magazine are, in a legitimate sense of the word, a gigantic market, a market idealized and reduced to symbolic expression—which means economized almost beyond calculation. Here, through picture and description, the would-be purchaser, without leaving his chair, can obtain a fairly accurate idea of what he wants and of where and how to get it.

This market is far from perfect, but it admits of perfection. Its chief defect at present is hinted at in the phrase just used—"a fairly accurate idea." The idealized and symbolic market of the advertising page should be the most adequate possible substitute for the concrete assemblage of goods to be looked at and examined. In other words, it should produce upon the mind of the possible customer the same effect that the sight of the goods themselves would produce. This can be accomplished only by the most careful attention to verbal description and pictorial representation. The use of color, which is now being resorted to, will go a long way toward the realization of such a possibility. At present, it is still true that enormous sums are wasted in mere bombast and brag which, in the long run, react unfavorably upon the

minds of buyers, as do also bizarre statements and all vulgarity. The bizarre and bombastic era will pass. Advertising will become a fine art, and the day is not distant when it will

be almost as interesting to stroll mentally through the advertising columns of a great magazine as it is now to stroll afoot through the aisles and booths of a market fair.

The New Science of Business

By Luther H. Gulick, M.D., in *World's Work*

NOT long ago, in the office of a leading American publishing house, I noticed that the roll-top desks had all been removed, and that the entire force, from stenographer to head of department, sat before desks with flat tops. When I asked about it, they said:

"It expedites business. Suppose there's a claim that must be passed along from one hand to another until it has been corrected and O.K.'d five different times. Now if that claim can get stuck in a pigeonhole anywhere—a thing that used to happen right along—it's likely to be forgotten. The result is delay and confusion and ragged business generally. But if there are no pigeonholes and it has to lie in plain view on top of the desk, it can't be forgotten until it's attended to."

"But it must make a mess on the desks," I objected.

"That's the very point," was the answer. "No chance for a mess. We get things cleaned up."

Since that conversation my own desk has been a different affair. The occasions have been few when I left it at night without knowing exactly what was there and why it was there and what was to be done with it next. At the end of each day I can render a rough inventory of the contents. The convenient dark corners where I liked to stuff things out of sight—out of mind—do not exist any more.

For those who have ears to hear, the flat-top desk has a moral. It illustrates a principle which is applicable throughout one's mental life. It stands for definite, clean-cut think-

ing—thinking that goes straight for its mark and arrives somewhere before attacking anything else—thinking without loose ends.

A man is liable to have a lot of unlabeled pigeonholes in his mind where all sorts of unassorted, half-finished jobs lie around collecting dust. The condition is not wholesome. It makes for uncertainty and vagueness—incomplete control. The man who never gets his desk—or his mind—cleared up, but is always stuck somewhere in the midst of semi-materialized plans and responsibilities, is courting insanity.

Dr. Adolph Meyer, one of the most distinguished alienists of the present day, has made the observation that among the untransmitted causes of insanity none counts more prominently than the big idea, the idea that never can be fully made over into concrete reality for the very reason that it is so big. The far-reaching scheme, the still unsubstantiated venture, the revolutionary theory, the momentous but unperfected invention—all have it in them to take possession of a man; they hold him day and night; he can't get away.

That the man with the small, everyday ideas keeps his balance is not primarily because his nervous system is of more stable character—though that may be true, too—but chiefly because his little ideas work out directly and successfully; he can get them done with and out of the way. His jobs are finishable. He enjoys good mental health.

The man who is working over a big, complex, engrossing proposition

shuts himself away from liberty until he puts his Q.E.D. to the end of it. His thoughts are never free. The thing in his mind tends to grow more real to him than the concrete things outside; it drives other realities out of the field; it upsets his mental equilibrium.

The way back to healthy-mindedness is to be learned from the man with the finishable jobs. His habit of definite accomplishment—and then freedom—must be acquired somehow. But this is not to be done by sacrificing the big affairs on the docket. It's a matter of getting at them right.

The big problems can be split up. They are always reducible to fractions—at least for practical purposes they are—and each fraction can be dealt with separately. We do not need always to keep ourselves staring at the whole, worried by its magnitude, and its difficulty and its imperative claims.

Taking one's work in reasonable "stints" is the thing that I am recommending; bundles of work that can be finished. Set yourself at some definite sub-division of the total problem—something that you are able to put through in a piece; and then put it through. Make the breaking-off place sure. When you reach that point, you have a specific accomplishment to your credit; and that's an encouragement for the thing that's ahead.

If you have ever gone on walking expeditions, you know how important it is to make goals. Suppose it's a tramp of three hundred miles or so that you are setting out on. Your first impulse, especially if your time is limited, is to walk as far as your strength allows each day. But that does not work. Every afternoon you have to decide afresh when you have really reached the fatigue point. Perhaps you are not really tired enough to stop yet, you think. On the other hand, perhaps you are. How determine? you think of the hundreds of miles still to be covered, and you decide to keep on a while longer. A day comes when you are excited or

unduly ambitious and, without perceiving it at the time, you overwalk yourself. The subsequent night you do not rest; fatigue becomes cumulative; and your pilgrimage is likely to end in disaster.

Old trampers get the habit of studying a map carefully before they start, blocking out the route into reasonable walking days, with ample allowances for grades and bad roads and the like. Of course the plan often miscarries in certain details, but in its main outlines it is practicable; it can be followed, and it works where the plan of go-as-you-please fails.

Fatigue does not come so quickly when you have set your eye on a certain definite point of attainment, something you know to be within your compass. The proximate goal is as much a psychological necessity as the ultimate goal.

You remember how Christian, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," was traveling all the time toward the Celestial City; but along the way there were places of rest and refreshment: the Interpreter's House, and the House Beautiful, and arbors and shelters and places of lodgment in abundance.

A conclusion may be arrived at by either positive or negative means; the main thing is that you do arrive at it. Sometimes it happens that you run foul of a problem that you can't solve at all. In that case you are better off for admitting to yourself that it's beyond you. That is an intelligent breaking-off place. You can let the problem go by, at least for the present, without further concern.

The finishable bundle habit guarantees between-strain intervals. When you quit your desk at night with the assurance that everything has been brought to a definite stopping-place and that to-morrow you'll know just where you stand with reference to the day's work, you can really rest. It's a very different state of mind from the one that comes when you "yank" down the cover over a mussy assortment of odds and ends, and sneak for home. "Something accomplished, something done, has earned

a night's repose"—that's what they said, you remember, about the Village Blacksmith; and a truer word was never spoken.

It's precisely this repose that gives you the first lien on to-morrow. You have a chance to stand off and take a look at things and size them up. You can estimate cash values. You see things in perspective.

The objects in the immediate foreground may not be so important as they look when they are crowding up on you. Once at a distance from the clamor of the nearest responsibility, you can judge whether its claims are really what they sound like. The tendency is always to submit one's self to the loudest call—that is, the nearest call—on one's attention. Look at the sad, familiar figure of the housewife darning stockings, tidying up the room, performing such-like tasks all day long, and never seeing that if she cares to retain the comradeship of her children as they grow up she must let some of these things—important enough for that matter—make place for study or sport or reading or music or sheer, deliberate friendliness.

Just so the uncleared desk swallows up a man. It is a desk without distinctions, where important and un-

important, small duties and great, lie in hopeless, all-engulfing chaos. This disastrous plight is preventable.

The greater the pressure under which a man works, the greater the actual count of his responsibilities, the more essential is it that he should be able to get away from them. It is freedom that brings perspective. If it is necessary to let a lot of other things go in order to make sure of these intervals of freedom—let them go.

The consciousness of freedom is a thing that stays there in the back of your mind, even when you are smashing and driving away at your work; and it's a saving knowledge. Rest is a background for the most effective work. It brings confidence, helps you keep balance—this sureness that there's a rest-time ahead which nothing short of fire and flood and another break in stocks can disturb.

The flat-top desk, cleared of the day's debris, clean and fresh for to-morrow's new duties or for its new instalments of old duties, is a symbol worth bearing in mind. The brain of the man who has taken the moral to heart keeps fresh and clear because it earns its night's repose. Hang-overs and vague worries and loose ends in thought are reduced to a harmless minimum.

KEEP SOMETHING IN RESERVE

It is a frequent experience of many people to be impressed by a display of talent shown by a person who, on closer acquaintance, disappoints them by the discovery that his supposed brilliant gifts were all revealed at once, and he has nothing more to show them.

To use a popular phrase he has kept "all his goods in the shop window." It is wise to keep something in reserve, something that is best and most representative of yourself. It may be rarely that you will gain the opportunity of displaying the hidden talent or quality, but when the occasion does arrive it will make a powerful impression, and win you respect and confidence.

Polish Up Your Enthusiasm

By Dr. Madison C. Peters in *Workers Magazine*

MME. DE STAEL says: "The sense of this word enthusiasm among the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it; enthusiasm signifies 'God in us.'"

It is the spirit that urges men to do and dare, that makes them forget the narrow importance of self, and renders them proof against the taunts and gibes and ridicule of a scoffing world; it leads them on over obstacles and difficulties, past the threatening ghoul of envy and hatred, and points the way to the shining land of brave deeds well done that lies beyond the river of endeavor.

It is the breath that animates the body with the vital essence of its being, giving it force to move onward and upward to fulfil the destiny of its creation. Without it man is but a piece of soulless clay, a mere automaton of flesh and blood and bone, moved only by the animal instincts of nature and with no distinguishing characteristic to show his superiority to the rest of creation.

Nothing great could ever have been accomplished in the history of the race had it not been for the power that drove men on to accomplishment. The world would have remained in darkness and ignorance, at a standstill as far as progress and civilization were concerned. It was this divine essence in the soul that led primitive man from his crude state and enabled him to advance step by step into the broad light of knowledge and religion.

It was this that made the pioneer go out to unknown lands and explore their secrets; it was this that sent men down to the sea in ships in quest of adventure; it was this that sent Columbus to discover a new world; it was this that impelled Stanley to brave the dangers of darkest Africa, and it is this that to-day is inciting brave and daring souls to go to the uttermost corners of the earth, to

open them up to commerce and trade, and kindle the torch of civilization to illumine their savagery. Every great deed, every brave deed has enthusiasm behind it.

The best product of labor is high-minded man with enthusiasm for his work. When a task is approached in a half-hearted, dead-and-alive way, with neither motive nor interest, it will never be successfully performed. The vim, the force, the nerve, the enthusiasm which enable a man to put the best that is in him into his work will be lacking and the result will be but an inferior performance.

Enthusiasm is a glowing fire, the heat of which warms the heart and kindles in the soul noble impulses to worthy actions. It has burned for every successful man, diffusing its genial rays around his path, lighting the way to a life of doing and construction, of honest effort and faithful performance. There is an energy in every one, but it will lie latent, dormant, until kindled into life by this sacred fire of enthusiasm, and then it becomes a mighty force, a giant power that nothing can withstand. Energy is the lever that can raise the world, but enthusiasm is the fulcrum.

Other things being equal, the degree of enthusiasm in any man is the precise measure of his conquering power. Take two men of almost similar endowments and with equal opportunity, but the one apathetic, careless, indifferent; the other alert, watchful, enthusiastic, and you will find that while the latter is steadily climbing the heights of success the other is down in the valley bemoaning his fate and attributing his hard fortune to the fickleness of luck.

It is enthusiasm that counts in the ranks when the war drum beats to battle. It is the quality that calls for the stuff of which heroes are made and makes men rush to the cannon's mouth to court danger and death.

When the shout rises from a thousand throats along the lines it sends a shiver to the heart of the enemy and instils a fear into their souls which does more to defeat them than shot and shell. And in no matter what direction employed the daring spirit of enthusiasm will not allow itself to be left behind, but will exert its strength to force itself to the front.

When impelled by enthusiasm men carry their work to the highest point of material success. As the tide will not allow anything to stem its flow, neither will enthusiasm let any opposition overcome it. Every barrier is broken down until the end is reached, the summit gained, the desire realized, the ambition attained.

To a man sneering at excitement a western editor remarked:

"There is only one thing can be done in this world without enthusiasm, and that is to rot."

Remember that within yourself you have power, and all you have to do is call enthusiasm to your aid in order to exert it to the best advantage and overcome every stumbling block within your path. Interference, prejudice, hatred, even persecution, will be

powerless to affect you if you have an enthusiastic spirit. Whipping only made Ole Bull's childhood devotion to his violin more absorbing.

Enthusiasm is the inspiration of all that is great. Its nature is uplifting, it strengthens the will, gives force to the thought, and nerves the hand until what was only a possibility becomes a reality. It makes sunshine in the heart and gives the elixir of youth to all whom it blesses with its happy spirit.

If you do not have it already, get it; life is not worth living without it. He fails alone who feebly creeps. If your feet slip backward and stumble harder try. If fortune plays you false to-day it may be true to-morrow. Never dread danger and from it you will fly.

The real difference between men is enthusiastic energy, an invincible determination and the spirit that, Micawberlike, waits for something to turn up. Turn up something yourself. Have the spirit of the old Indian who, when wrestling with a much dried venison, was asked, "Do you like that?" stolidly replied: "He is my victual and I will like him."

LEARN WHILE YOU CAN

Knowledge and skill are always wise investments. One of the most foolish notions young men sometimes get is that accomplishments for which they have no present need are of no value to them. A young man had a most excellent opportunity to use the typewriter. His work didn't require the knowledge and he let the opportunity pass—even though urged to spend his unoccupied time in the office in practicing. Later he came to a place where that knowledge would have given him a desirable promotion, but he had to see the work go to another.

The progressive man is always seeking to equip himself for higher work—even though the opportunity to use the knowledge is not apparent at the time.

Few investments are so sure and profitable as the effort to equip oneself in the four fundamental accomplishments:

- (1) How to think accurately and comprehensively.
- (2) How to express thought in talking and writing.
- (3) How to work skilfully with the hands.
- (4) How to take one's place among men.

Out of these accomplishments grow the highest forms of human activity—commerce, manufacture, art, executive ability, productive power, salesmanship, literature, music, drama, reputation, skill and character.

The Toll of the Tourist

By Charles F. Speare in *American Review of Reviews*

A TRAVELER making his way through an impoverished section of Ireland was moved to ask this question of a native:

"What do the people round here live on, Pat?"

And the answer, containing the germ of much economic truth, came this wise:

"Pigs, sor, mainly, and tourists in the summer."

The business of entertaining the foreigner and of showing him the sights has become a leading one in several countries. If Ireland is sustained by the summer tourists, so, in much larger proportion, are Switzerland, France and Italy. It will probably surprise most persons to know that the annual income of France from tourists is something like \$500,000,000. Paris bankers have even placed the figure as high as \$600,000,000. This is \$16 per capita compared with a per capita export of domestic products of \$25. The Swiss are said to be "a nation of innkeepers," and any one who has traveled about in the twenty-two cantons knows how the people of that republic cater to foreign visitors. But very few realize that the income from pleasure seekers in the Swiss mountains and valleys is greater than that from Swiss exports of merchandise or from farm products. Italy has lately been forced to admit, through some of her economists, that the gold of the transient population is a source of profit ranking well up with that of industry and commerce, and, further, that the northern part of the kingdom derives much compensation from the liberal tourist and collector. The tourist toll to Italy is now reckoned at \$100,000,000 a year, or nearly equal to the value of exports from January to May. Wealthy old John Bull does not ignore the rising stream of gold that flows into his vaults from the pocketbooks of the foreigner

and acknowledges that his favorable trade balance with the United States, from June until October, is primarily due to the bills that the American tourist contracts while abroad. Egypt, Norway and Holland, as well as Germany, draw freely on the balances of the sightseer, though it will be readily admitted that the English, the Germans, and the Dutch give back in the pursuit of their own pleasures more than they receive from those of others.

Two generations ago John Stuart Mill made an elaborate argument against the economic profit to a country from the spendings of tourists. Latter-day economists like M. Leroy Beaulieu, speaking for France, and Signor Luzzatti, for Italy, together with the noted Swiss banker, Dr. Geering, strongly oppose this argument and go so far as to say that tourists' moneys play an important part in their respective countries in establishing a favorable trade balance and in permitting the cancellation of international obligations.

The tide of travel rises with prosperity and ebbs again in lean times. The years since 1900 have witnessed more money-making throughout the world than any others in history. This same period has seen the development of tourists' routes that had been but pioneer paths. Travel has brought about revolution in the ocean-steamship business and in Continental railroad service. To cater to the transatlantic trade alone more than a score of new "liners" have been built at a cost of approximately \$100,000,000. London, a city of the poorest hotel accommodations a decade ago, has been forced by the foreign invasion to erect a dozen or more splendid hostelrys where the American can enjoy some of his home comforts and conveniences. Paris, aptly described as "the great international pocket into which pours a

marvelous yield of the most willingly paid taxes in the world—taxes of pleasure”—has met the situation by doubling her hotel capacity. Even slow-going Italy has recognized the profits from tourists, for, while Italian railroads, under government ownership, seem to be getting worse instead of better, and a 200-mile trip in a first-class carriage is more wearisome than the long ride in the Riviera express from Paris to Monte Carlo, Italian hotels have been growing less romantic and more comfortable. Going over to Alexandria and Cairo one finds abundant evidence that the \$6,000,000 annually spent in Egypt by tourists is making an impression there and leading to improvements on a liberal scale.

The Englishman used to be the world's greatest traveler. It was part of his education to make the "grand tour." English colonization in the East gave an object for visits to India, Japan and China. When he had gone half-way round the world the Briton very often decided to make the entire circuit of the globe. The English are still much given to roving, and the Gladstone and "kit" bag may be seen any day at any prominent railway station east or west of Suez. But the English tourists are not so conspicuous as they were before the American, the German, and the South American began to accumulate wealth and to evince a desire to see what other countries than their own had to offer in the way of scenery, historical associations and pleasure making. You can find an American in almost any place on the Continent of Europe nowadays, quite as readily as an Englishman. The dress suit case is the national trademark displayed by every band of American tourists. It is due to the American passion and fashion for traveling, which has developed within recent years, that such elaborate schemes have been created abroad for the entertainment of our people.

There are now but three months in the year when the stream of American tourists to and from Europe dries up, between October and January.

Not so long ago Americans crossed in May or June and returned in August or September, going and coming by the North Atlantic route. Then they were through for the year. Now they begin to pack again soon after Christmas, and the Mediterranean boats, from January to May, are sold out months in advance. In Italy there is one continuous season. The dread of Roman fever and of intense summer heat has passed, and tourists find that the months which were formerly tabooed for travel south of Venice and Milan are among the most delightful of the year. The American is just beginning to learn that Switzerland in the winter offers great opportunity for good fun. For a long time the Englishman has been spending his Christmas holidays in the Engadine, at Davos, Montreaux, St. Moritz, and at Grindelwald, eating his plum pudding and roast duck there in the whirl of the finest winter sports that are to be had anywhere in the world. The French Riviera provides an outlet during the cold weather for those who fill Paris and the seaside resorts like Trouville, Ostend and Scheveningen in the summer. It will readily be seen how to Switzerland, France, and Italy, where the tourist movement is almost perpetual, the economic development of the country is closely related to the spendings of outside people.

HOW FRANCE PROFITS FROM THE TOURISTS.

It is to France, and especially to Paris, that the tourist is drawn. The French capital is filled with foreigners with their purses wide open from one year's end to the other. It is a common saying that, but for the patronage of Americans and English, half of the large Parisian hotels would be tenantless and compelled to close. The American invasion of Paris this year has been unprecedented. We read that "the dining-room of the Hotel Ritz looked like the Casino in Newport," because of the well-known Americans there. Always a magnet, Paris, since motoring on the Continent has become such a

THE TOLL OF THE TOURIST.

fad, is the real hub of the pleasure-making universe. "Automobilism," said Yves Buyot, the French economist, recently, "has contributed to the general augmentation of riches in France." The perfect roads of the republic are very nearly paying for themselves in the great fund of gold that motorists annually leave in the country. There has been a sort of renaissance among the old inns of the chateau region, where nearly every motorist now spends part of his time, and also in the cathedral towns south and east of Paris. At one time this summer it was reckoned that 8,000 automobile parties, embracing 40,000 Americans, were touring the Continent, and that their running expenses would be \$25,000,000.

But it is in the capital itself that the yield to the nation from her visitors of pleasure is largest. Frank H. Mason, Consul-General to Paris, in his latest report to Washington, placed the value of exports from the various American consulates in France to the United States at \$129,000,000. This was for the year ending June 30, 1907. From the city and district of Paris the amount was \$64,143,000. This was an increase over 1906 of \$12,105,000. But it must be borne in mind that these figures do not include any of the vast amount of clothing, furs, jewelry, and other articles of luxury and taste bought by Americans and taken home for personal use. These may have a value, Mr. Mason says, of \$20,000,000 as a minimum, or they might be twice as much. Taking an average, it would be conservative to estimate the money spent for souvenirs, for wearing apparel, jewelry, and the like at about 10 per cent. of the actual living and traveling expenses.

These figures include only the American toll to France. The English contribute nearly as much, if not more; the Germans a good bit, while few persons realize the liberal spendings in Paris of the South Americans, such as the Brazilian, Argentinian and Chilean.

While the tourist revenue of Switzerland does not compare in the aggre-

gate with that of France, it still represents a greater proportion of the national revenue. It is, as I stated before, more important even than the returns from trade. We are able to get a very accurate idea of what it amounts to, since the business of catering to the foreigner is so much a part of the republic's life that a record has been kept of the moneys expended in this direction. The report of the Swiss Hotelkeepers' Association, whose latest publication I have been able to obtain, gives some very interesting data on the subject. This shows how hotel receipts alone have doubled since 1880. They are to-day 200,000,000 francs (\$40,000,000) a year. In the past twenty-five years the number of hotels has risen from 1,080 to 2,000. One reason is the inauguration of winter sports. Whereas in 1903, the year when the last figures were available, Swiss exports of watches were valued at 118,000,000 francs, laces at 131,000,000 francs, silks at 111,000,000 francs, and cotton goods and cheese combined at a little under 90,000,000 francs, the hotel receipts for 1905 were 190,000,000 francs. Not only for the money it produces, but for the numbers it employs the Swiss hotel industry ranks high, with 33,480 employes in 1905, compared with 45,000 workers on farms, 45,000 on fabrics and 44,000 in jewels. This does not include proprietors and their families, who all work together in the common cause.

Mr. R. E. Mansfield, American Consul at Lucerne, in his reports to his home office, has, in the past year, frequently mentioned the importance to the confederacy of money annually spent by tourists in Switzerland. Lucerne is the Mecca to which every pilgrim turns—next perhaps to Paris in its fascination. It is the only Swiss municipality where an accurate record of all tourists is maintained. Therefore the figures it provides are important.

Between May and November last year, 186,227 visitors and tourists were registered in Lucerne. For local railway fares they paid about

\$6,500,000. They spent about as much more for hotel expenses, carriage hire and incidentals, so that the gross revenue was \$11,095,000, or \$347.35 per capita, for the Lucernese. These figures only tell the story of the city of the four cantons. Writing to me in June, Mr. Mansfield goes deeper into the subject and estimates that the 400,000 visitors to the various winter and summer Swiss resorts in 1906 spent \$31,000,000, or \$10 for every one of the 3,500,000 men, women and children in the country. It will be seen that his figures are very much below those of the Hotelkeepers' Association, which is concerned with living accommodation alone.

Thirty per cent. of the tourists to Switzerland are Germans. The Swiss are the next best patrons of their own hotels and railways. They represent 20 per cent. The English are third with a 14 per cent. ratio; but they stand first in the length of time spent in the mountains and valleys. France is fourth, and the remaining 25 per cent. is composed of Austrians, Hungarians, Russians and Dutch. Probably many Americans are classed under the head of English, for certainly Americans swarm in Lucerne, Interlaken, and Geneva in the summer months.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST TOLL.

Of the 20,000 tourists who visit Norway each season and spend \$3,000,000 there, it is conceded that the Americans lead. So large a part of the travel to the fiords is by yacht and steamer especially chartered by tourist agencies that Norway does not get anywhere near the full benefit of it. A great deal of the money is paid out in London and at German ports.

The question of how much the American nation annually contributes to Europe for tourist travel and its incidentals has been widely discussed of late. It is everywhere admitted that the sum has been growing at a rapid rate in the last five years. It has come to be one of the best indices of national extravagance as well as of national prosperity. Europeans

have been astonished at the freedom with which money has been spent abroad. It has been a policy of *carte blanche* for almost everything, everywhere. This reckless and prodigal spirit has had a great deal to do with giving foreigners the impression that American worship is of the golden god. No one doubts but that it has lowered the standard of European commercial morality and exaggerated the venality of French, Italian and Swiss innkeepers and shopkeepers. I read in an English paper recently that railway guards in England received \$1,500,000 a year in tips, "most of it probably given by Americans." When I saw the son of a Boston banker throwing his unused five-lira bills from the steamer at Naples to the rabble on the quay below I felt that he was committing a crime against his countrymen. This foolish and sinful waste of money imposed a tax on some other American when he bargained with the Neapolitan serving class.

From careful investigation in many quarters I should place the yearly American tourist toll to Europe at from \$125,000,000 to \$150,000,000. I include in that the money that goes to purchase valuable works of art. J. P. Morgan already has a collection picked up abroad at a cost of nearly \$10,000,000.

The number of American travelers to Europe this year ran from 125,000 to 150,000. Eastbound cabin passengers from the port of New York, from January to October, were 83,500, and second-cabin passengers 85,500. The individual expenses of a party in a personally conducted tour would be from \$400 to \$500. The average for a motor-touring party would be from \$2,500 to \$3,000. Bankers who draw a great many letters of credit for wealthy Americans say that the average credit is for \$3,000, though instances are common where credits as high as \$25,000 to \$50,000, and even of \$75,000, are established abroad for our people and two-thirds exhausted in a three months' season. Elisha Flagg, general agent in London for the Ameri-

can Express Company, figures that Americans take \$100,000,000 abroad with them in various drafts, but that they do not spend it all. A German has recently prepared an estimate on the annual profit to Europe of the American invasion. He is radical in his statements, as he figures that 300,000 citizens of the United States cross annually and spend \$760 a head, exclusive of steamship tickets, or \$228,000,000 in all. American women, he reckons, leave \$8,000,000 with Parisian dressmakers and \$1,500,000 with milliners, while American tourists of both sexes spend \$2,000,000 in Paris for trifling mementoes of their trip.

A conservative English journal said editorially last spring, when preparations were being made to receive the traveler from "the States": "Not an insignificant item in the balance of trade between the United States and Great Britain is the expenditure in this country of American tourists." It was then estimated that the money value to the credit of this account was \$25,000,000. Of this nearly \$10,000,000 represents the American subsidy to London alone. A detailed reckoning places the American hotel bills at the English capital at \$2,500,000; purchases of jewels, \$1,000,000; of antiques, \$1,750,000; of draperies, \$1,000,000, and to dressmakers, hatters, tailors and haberdashers another \$1,000,000. The average bill at one hotel, that housed 6,600 Americans in the season, was \$250.

Probably three times as much is spent by Americans in Paris and in France generally as in London and the British Isles; nearly as much in Germany as in England, especially since so many rich Americans take the water cure and count a season of

physical retreat at the leading German spas as a part of their annual round of living; as large an amount in Italy as in England and Germany combined—Italy now draws her largesse from nine of ten Americans who go abroad in the winter or spring—while of the \$6,000,000 tourists' bonus to Egypt each year the American contributes a goodly share.

As an incident to this great yearly bounty on American pleasure-seeking is the further sum of \$15,000,000 which is spent by tourists in Canadian resorts, in Bermuda, Jamaica, and the West Indies. Every summer Americans fill the hotels of the Canadian Rockies. The toll of the Yankee is as great an incident in Bermuda's fiscal affairs as the revenue from her lilies, her onions, or her potatoes used to be.

"In the balance sheet of the nations," it has been wisely said, "the expenditures for travel form part of the invisible claims of other countries against us. The question comes up every year whether it pays, and the answer is both yes and no." Each individual must make his own answer. Has he wasted his time flitting from place to place, returning with a hodge-podge of impressions and hotel labels, or has he assimilated and drawn profit from the change of scene and the mosaic of ideas about better living put together from world-wide experiences? It is not so much that we spend \$125,000,000 or \$150,000,000 abroad each year, a sum equal to one and a half times our gold production and 50 per cent. more than the five-year average of our wheat and flour exports, but what interest this great sum of money draws for the higher culture of the investing nation.

How gaily prodigal of life is youth,
Thoughtless beyond to-day's bright-blazoned page;
But with the shifting of the years, forsooth,
How miserly is age!

Clinton Seollard.

Good Business Letters

World's Work

A BUSINESS man's stationery tells something and sometimes tells much about him. A country storekeeper often uses cheap paper, emblazoned with a glaring letterhead in two or three colors, telling all the things that he sells; but a big firm that does fifty times as much business is more likely to have only a small letterhead, with a simple line in black type giving only the firm's name and address. The difference is in dignity and self-confidence. The quality of the paper used is very well worthy of attention. Then, a bad typewriter can spoil the best possible letter by a misspelled word, by incorrect punctuation, by bad spacing, or by ragged alignment. Such slovenliness produces the suspicion of like indifference in the execution of business. A neat, accurate page is a strong indication of care and of pride in doing a workmanlike job.

Of more significance than its physical appearance is, of course, the wording of a letter. The writer's personality shows through his words. One man's letters convey an impression of a strong character, judicious, business-like. Another man's letters are hurried, and full of repetitions, conveying the impression of lack of judgment and of a compact mental habit. Clear expression is the result of clear thinking; and clear thinking is the basis of business success. Thus, when a man resolves that no poor letter shall ever leave his office, he resolves also that he will develop his judgment by giving enough thought to his ideas to make them clear to himself.

A good business letter is never commonplace, because a sound business judgment is not commonplace, for it involves interesting and important consequences. But when you read "Your favor has been received and contents duly noted," it is hard to believe that a real man, or a man of any originality is behind that letter. A more silly vacuity was never

written. Translated into common sense, it means this: "I received your letter of such a date, or I would not now be answering it. Having got your letter, I read it." Foolish, isn't it? But millions of moments of time and millions of drops of ink have been wasted on that silly and monotonous sentence.

A good letter does not contain repetitions. "Saying the same thing again in a different way" does not emphasize an idea: it only confuses it.

Again, a good letter is courteous. Courtesy makes friends. Much of it may seem to be wasted on some people but a firm that insists on unusual courtesy in all its correspondence will find instances of its value in places where it least expected appreciation of it.

A good business letter has individuality: it conveys some of the winning or successful or dominant qualities of the writer that would make him pleasant to know or successful in business. To do this, it must contain the freshness and vigor that come from clear thought on its subject, and it must show that the writer had the particular recipient in mind when he wrote. If he does not, the reader will get no lively sense of personal dealing with an agreeable man.

These impressions are of great importance. For instance, one large mail order house, whose entire business is dependent on the effectiveness of its correspondence, figures out to the fraction of one per cent. the relative value of two letters soliciting business for the same thing at the same price. They find that one letter brings returns and another does not.

A business letter betrays to the discerning reader whether the writer takes a genuine personal interest in his business—whether he really cares for it, or is doing it only in a perfunctory way; and every reader is far more discerning than the careless business man thinks.

Product of Tired Brains

By O. S. Marden in *Success Magazine*

THE ignorance, the foolishness, of many otherwise prudent, level-headed men, in respect to matters of health, is pitiable. Some of our greatest judges and legislators, men who make our laws, are mere pygmies in regard to their knowledge of themselves, or else they are constantly and voluntarily violating nature's laws. Isn't it deplorable to see a man with the brain of a Plato or a Webster as foolish as a child regarding matters of health? I know a very brainy man who absolutely counteracts a large part of his work, vitiates much of his mental effort, by running his mental machinery when it is out of order, when it needs lubrication so badly that it can do only dry, uninteresting work. During the evening, he will often put hours of effort on a piece of work which turns out to be tedious and ineffective because he tried to force a jaded brain and fagged faculties to produce good results. If he would drop his mental work when the day is past, and spend the evening in getting the greatest amount of physical and mental recreation, lubricating his mind, letting his keyed-up brain uncoil, so to speak, allowing it to regain its elasticity and spring, he would accomplish infinitely more than he does by trying to work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Brain workers require a great deal and a great variety of mental refreshment. Otherwise the processes of the mind become clogged.

The reason we see so many able men doing so much poor work is because they do not get rid of their brain ash. Their brains are clogged, befogged. They cannot think clearly or concentrate with force. The brain cannot do fresh work while fed by impure blood. In order to produce the best results it must be sustained, reinforced by the whole body; the physical condition must be up to the highest standard

How can brain workers expect to do good work cooped up in sunless, airless rooms, where a plant not only would not thrive, but would actually die? The brain needs a great deal of the same kind of nourishment that the plant needs.

A brain worker should keep himself always in condition to touch his top note, to do his best. A wide reader and keen observer can detect very quickly the lile of an author in his composition. He can pick out the dyspepsia or the gout by which it is marred. Every bit of dissipation of a writer, every physical weakness, will creep out in his composition and betray its secret source.

Everywhere we see the deteriorated results of stale brains, the work of men who are trying to force jaded minds, brains that are exhausted by imprudent or vicious living, to do their best.

A great deal of the thinking of business men is ineffectual because it is poor, imperfect thinking. It lacks sharpness, definiteness, because it is done when the brain is not keen, when it cannot grasp ideas with freshness and handle them with vigor.

Many lives become so dry and flavorless from continued monotony that there is no enthusiasm or zest in them. Enthusiasm, spontaneity, buoyancy cannot be forced, even by the strongest will. They are born of that freshness, saneness, and vigor of mind and body which are absent in those who have no play in their lives.

I know men and women who are so dead-in-carnest, so determined to make the most of their opportunities in their work, and for self-improvement, that they entirely miss the great end of ideal life. Many of them after a while cease to be companionable, because they have been shut within themselves so long that they have become self-conscious, self-centred, and wholly uninteresting

Current Poetry

A Prayer

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| We give Thee thanks, O Father, for the grace | Shouldst give to us those glittering treasures, now, |
| That Thou hast given—for the strength to face | Of fame and love and gold—the pre- cious store |
| The world and fight, yea, even to the end: | That men count wealth and happi- ness. Before |
| We do not ask Thee, Lord, that Thou shouldst send | Oftimes we knelt in anguish, and to Thee |
| Upon us all the blessings that we crave— | Prayed for these things—like little children, we, |
| We do not ask Thee, Lord, that Thou shouldst save | Begging for harmful sweets: Lord, now we ask |
| Us from the cup of sorrow; nor that Thou | Grace for the day: strength for the given task. |
| | —Celia Myrover Robinson. |

At the Year's End

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| At the year's end one saw before him rise | "Am that fair faith you cherished, precious wise." |
| Phantasmal presences. The first entered, | He met their glances levelly, aware |
| "I am the love that once you de- fied!" | That each had uttered naught save truth, and yet |
| "And I," the second said, with mock- ing sighs, | He felt no smarting of remorse's stings. |
| "Am that ambition which, in splendid guise, | 'Tis thus with those brave souls who stair by stair |
| Both day and night was ever by your side?" | Ascend the years above all vain regret |
| "And I," a third exclaimed, re- proachful-eyed, | To the triumphant heights of better things. |
| | — By Clinton Scollard, in New England Magazine. |

Evening

| | |
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| At morn the distant danger signals flying | And so with many ills that dark the morning; |
| Told of a storm to be; | That threaten you and me— |
| The moon at eve shown through a clearing sky; | At eve, despite the danger signal's warning, |
| The storm had blown to sea. | The ills have blown to sea. |
| | Bliss Putnam, in National Magazine. |

Guarding the Interests of Our Working Girls

By Helen Parker

OF the many religious and philanthropic organizations of to-day, none have so many great and reasonable claims on the interest and support of our business men as the Young Women's Christian Association. The direct bearing of its work on the business life of our cities, its wide range and the practical results of its efforts should commend it to all business men who desire improved conditions for the wage-earning women—to which class one in every ten belongs—and more efficient and intelligent service from them.

The departments of the work of the association which ought, at once, most strongly to commend themselves, are the educational work and the boarding homes. That they are already so doing is clearly shown by the munificent gifts received by the association in the United States from the wealthy men, to which reference will be made later.

In the boarding homes, which are being opened in all our cities and towns, wage-earning women and girls, students, teachers and women traveling alone, are provided at a reasonable cost with comfortable bedrooms, good food, well-cooked and neatly served, and reading-room and sitting-room. The value of this can only be estimated correctly by one who has made a personal investigation of the accommodation available at present. The advance in the price of all articles of consumption has made it impossible for the private housekeeper, buying in small quantities, to realize any profit from boarders. The number of good homes open to the hundreds of girls who come to our cities, is, therefore, few, and many are obliged to accept inferior lodgings, and depend on the cheap restaurants for food.

No woman can do efficient work unless she is comfortably housed and

well nourished. Her nervous organism demands much rest and comfort in her leisure hours, and many of the irritating disabilities of the business-day may be traced directly to the unfavorable conditions of her home life. Manners and morals also suffer, especially in the case of the younger girls who are leaving home care for the first time. In the rough-and-tumble existence, many of the graces of womanhood are lost. Nor is this loss individual, solely. These girls become the wives and mothers of our land, and what they lose in refinement, or grace, becomes an irreparable national loss. Moreover, business men know, as no woman can, the pitfalls and snares which lie thick around our girls, and their latent chivalry must respond quickly to the efforts the association is making to shelter and save these girls from the breath of wrong, to surround them with the sweetest atmosphere, and to provide guidance in times of perplexity, and tender care in hours of weariness or illness.

Another feature of the work is that it is essentially self-supporting. Given the initial expense, the homes and classes quickly become self-sustaining, and a large asset in the economy of a city. The work of the Toronto association is an instance of this truth. Sixteen years ago the home was removed from Duchess street to the new building erected on Elm street, at a cost of about \$60,000. This debt has been reduced to \$5,000 and there has been established the Southern branch, on Richmond street, the Simcoe street boarding-home and the Parkdale branch. The latter has recently opened a boarding-home and classes in domestic science, physical culture, literature and Bible study. In these buildings two hundred girls have had a permanent home for many months. Many more have spent periods varying from one

week to six, and above 2,100 "transients" have passed through Elm street home alone this year, more than twice as many having been turned away.

Nor can the business man afford to ignore the educational work of the association. It is planned for and reaches the young women in offices and shops, who eagerly sacrifice their leisure hours to gain, through the classes formed for them, wider knowledge, and greater efficiency in their own work. For the teacher there are no more inspiring students than these earnest girls in the classes in literature, history, domestic science, dress-making, millinery, stenography, designing and gymnastics. In the Cleveland association there are 300 in the dressmaking classes alone. In Toronto the total number attending all the classes during the past year has been one thousand and twenty. A visit to the classes in the Guild Rooms in Toronto, under the care of the Young Woman's Christian Guild, which is affiliated with the Dominion Council, would do more than any words to establish the claims of the work.

In all manufacturing cities The Association has an Industrial Secretary who visits the factories regularly, establishing when possible, Rest and Lunch Rooms, holding meetings, forming classes, securing boarding homes, coming into close touch with the girls, and bringing them into vital relations with the association. In Toronto alone there are over thirty-five thousand girls in factories.

Most of the Associations have also a "Retreat," a home into which those who have fallen in the way are taken and gently led up to new life, new hope, and new effort. Then there is "Travellers' Aid," by which a worker in uniform and badge meets every train to direct strangers to safe and comfortable homes, and no one who has landed unaccompanied in a strange city can ever remember without gratitude the little black figure with the kind welcome and deep interest. In Montreal over one thousand were thus helped during the

past year, while Winnipeg and Vancouver have done equally well.

No allusion has been made to the religious side of the work, for the reason that the key note of all the work is that which rang out so clear and strong in the 5th recommendation to the National Committees by Mrs. Gledding at the third International Conference of the association, "That we remember that the supreme aim of all association work is to bring the claims of Christ and His service before all young women." The basis of the work in the homes and the classes is essentially spiritual, but is as broad as the Author and Finisher of our faith has laid it. The association is not a church—it is not a substitute for the church, and in no sense should it conflict with the church. Its mission is to reach also the thousands who to-day are outside the church, and to awaken in all a living interest in the one thing needful—to lead our young women to the place of purity and power which they must reach and hold if our country is to become great. The rock-bed of any country is its religious life, and above all other things, is it necessary that our young women become Christians in the broadest and best sense. The plan for Bible study arranged by the association is one of the means to this end and with the growth in the membership of these classes has come a great earnestness in the life of the members.

The work of the association in the colleges, though distinct, follows closely the same lines, and has been one of the greatest forces in the lives of the students. The Registrar of Wellesley College on being asked what she considered the greatest moral force in the college life of the students, said that, somewhat reluctantly, she was obliged to acknowledge that the Young Women's Christian Association was this strongest moral power.

The wide sweep of the work must thrill the hearts of men who delight in things magnificent. At the third meeting of the International Conference already mentioned, a company

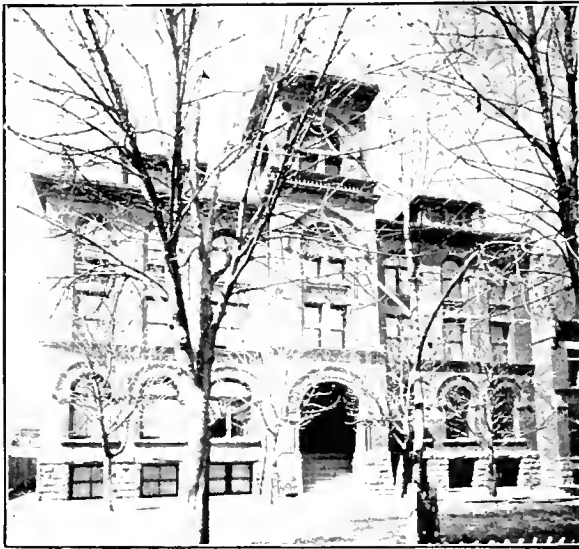
GUARDING THE INTERESTS OF OUR WORKING GIRLS

of five hundred and nine delegates assembled, representing twenty-one countries and three hundred and seventy thousand members. French, German and English were the languages used at the conferences, but many others were heard in the passages and in committee meetings, a reminder of the world-wide sweep of the work of the association. From Los Angeles, Canada, all parts of the United States, Egypt, Russia, India, Japan, Hungary, Denmark, Athens, China, Sweden—from all parts of the earth came delegates and reports.

The first of these presented was

and a secretary who assists at times in the city department. A feature of special interest was sending out in the fall of 1904 our first foreign secretary, Miss A. C. MacDonald, to Japan. Miss MacDonald is supported by the city and college associations of Canada, and has recently received the appointment of national secretary for Japan."

The immediate extension of the work in Western Canada is imperative. In many of the cities and towns there are at the present moment hundreds of young women without suitable or safe home accommodation



Head Quarters of the Young Women's Christian Association, Toronto

that of our own earnest Dominion secretary, from whose report we quote: "The Canadian association has enrolled in the membership between 5,000 and 6,000, and extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and comprises forty-eight associations, (six have since been added), twenty-one city associations, twenty-six college and one village. These are all united in the Dominion Council of the Young Women's Christian Association of Canada. The growth of the work has made it necessary for the Dominion Council to increase the staff of its workers. There is now a general secretary, a college secretary

and their number is being continually augmented. They are bearing hardships and facing temptations of which we have no conception. In Winnipeg, an effort is being made to provide a suitable building at a cost of \$75,000. A meeting of the prominent men, presided over by Mayor Ashdown, gathered to hear the claims of the work. At Brandon a similar meeting was held and it was unanimously decided to organize a local association immediately.

The work which lies before the association in Toronto is very great. The demand for accommodation in the homes for the young women in

business far exceeds the provision. More than three-fourths of those requiring such must now be turned away. A student's home is an immediate necessity. It is not fitting that we should call to our city hundreds of girls for education and culture, and fail to provide for each the strongest and most powerful educational forces as well as the first necessity, for every woman a comfortable and refined home. Such a building could be used in the summer to accommodate ladies traveling alone. The industrial secretary requires assistance and means to carry on her work more efficiently. A new gymnasium is required for the city, a new boarding home and building for educational work in Parkdale.

These needs are great and are pressing heavily on the hearts of all those interested in the lives of our girls and the future of Canada. It

is not a local work, it reaches far and wide, for there are few towns or districts which have not their representatives among the girls in our cities requiring just such advantages as the association provides.

So strongly has the work appealed to many men of means in the United States that several of the associations now possess, through their liberality, boarding-homes and educational centres of wonderful efficiency. Duluth association thus gratefully acknowledges a gift of \$100,000 from one of her citizens; Cleveland \$150,000, and Pittsburg a gift of \$250,000. Will not some of our men do for the Canadian association what is being done so magnificently by the men on the other side of the line, and so give this great work a forward movement during the coming year?

DON'T LET FEAR RUIN BUSINESS

OF what earthly use is a soldier who drops his musket and takes to his heels at the first onslaught of the enemy? Where would a nation end with an army of such soldiers? Where a business?

At present this country stands face to face with a most absurd enemy, who came like a bolt from a clear sky and wholly without cause.

That enemy is Fear.

Are you a good fighter or are you a coward? Are you going to lay down arms before this imaginary fictitious apparition, or are you going to "march breast forward" and help break down this fear in the minds of your customers?

There is no reason why merchants or anyone else should be alarmed. The backbone and foundation of this nation is its integrity and natural resources, which are in most superb condition. In fact, the land "flows with milk and honey." The only trouble is the people (some of them) are scared stiff.

And about what? Absolutely nothing. It's just like a cry of fire in an opera house where no fire exists.

Fear is no person, place, or thing. It has no actual cause—no real power. In the presence of confidence it becomes absolute nothingness and vanishes as darkness before the light.

When a snag is blown out of a river by dynamite the noise creates excitement, but the snag being removed leaves the river clear. Several snags are being removed from the "financial river," but the explosions should cause no alarm. With the snags removed this country's prosperity will flow on greater and more powerful than ever.

Which side are you fighting on—fear or confidence? Every word you speak, every thought you think, has power for good or evil. Think it over and be an optimist.

Mr. Frank Munsey

By J.B.M.

THE following article is one of the most interesting stories that has appeared in any magazine for many a day. It is a sequel to an address to the Canadian Press Association at Ottawa on "Getting on in Journalism," delivered nearly eleven years ago. It tells how one of the great one-man concerns—for Mr. Munsey is the sole owner—has been built up. Among the many millions who know him only as a publisher, few know what manner of man he is.

Mr. Munsey is a native of Maine, of ancestors in which the Scotch-Irish Puritan predominates—a combination and a State which have produced some of the best men in the new world. He inherited great firmness which gave him the will and perseverance to overcome the disheartening difficulties he has encountered. And this firmness must have been tempered by a splendid home training which strongly developed his conscientiousness. In fact, a high sense of honor which stands out the more clearly in its modern business surroundings, seems to be his most prominent characteristic. Mr. Munsey's success is due to two factors. He gave the readers what he knew they wanted, and not what necessarily interested himself; and he gave it to them at cheap prices. To the latter is due his financial success. He effected economies in paper and printing. The profits thus earned he at once put into other improvements in the magazines and the plant. To-day he is so far ahead that rival publishers would have to spend millions to overtake him and even then the chances are very much against them. Ten years ago each sheet of paper was handled by at least seven persons and the majority of the magazines are still turned out in this way. Now the Munsey's are printed from a roll, folded, gathered, stitched and covered by almost one continuous opera-

tion. Much of this machinery is not duplicated anywhere. He spares no expense when labor saving machinery is in question. He has been known to give orders for over \$200,000 worth of presses to replace those not a year old. Many of the improvements were suggested by himself. All this success is not due to a special faculty for publishing or machinery. If Mr. Munsey had gone into rail-roading his improvements would have made the line the most popular route in North America, and he would have effected economies that would make a one cent passenger rate look like extortion.

The net profits shown in the article do not represent Mr. Munsey's entire income. He has other interests which bring him fully \$300,000 a year more, which some day may turn in quite as much as does his publishing. While this immense annual revenue must put him in a class with not more than 25 others in the States, he differs from nearly all of them in having attained this position unaided by friends or money. The others have had the benefit of the inspiration, experience and the enormous capital provided for them by shareholders and financial institutions. Mr. Munsey cares little for money itself, and does not regard it as the measure of his success, nearly all of his profit goes into the improvement and extension of his interests. Of his personal expenditure fully three-fourths is devoted to giving pleasure to his friends. He is particularly loyal to the companions of his boyhood and early business years, and he is generous to a fault.

Mr. Munsey is unmarried and occupies a modest but magnificently furnished apartments in Sherry's, New York. It is in the quiet of these rooms where he develops the ideas that have made him. He rises early and is

usually at his office soon after eight. Unlike most plodders, he is a lightning worker. His staff never know what to expect from him. All his great moves have struck them like a thunderbolt. What takes the average publisher months to get under way,

this side. Their environment and characteristics have been entirely different. Both the latter had preparatory training under friends who showed them the way to success, and they had liberal capital to start them. They gained and now hold attention



FRANK MUNSEY

America's Greatest Magazine Publisher

Munsey has gone in a week. And his preparation is thorough; he provides for the smallest detail, and often sets right his own highly paid experts. Comparison is often made between Munsey and the two other stars in the publishing world, Harmsworth, in England, and Hearst, on

by sensational appeals to the prejudices of the masses. Munsey learned and did everything unaided. He never appeals to the prejudices, but always to the good taste and good sense of the people. With him sensation must always give way to accuracy.

Founding The Munsey Publishing House

By Frank Munsey

QUARTER-CENTURY milestones are important alike in the lives of men and magazines. With men there are rarely more than three such milestones, and few magazines ever reach the first one. The *Argosy* is one of these few. The December issue completes the twenty-fifth year of its life of continuous publication. There have been no breaks, no missing numbers, and each issue has come out on time.

Not many magazine readers realize that the *Argosy*, with its quarter century of life is to-day one of the three oldest magazines of any considerable circulation. The two that antedate it are *Harper's* and the *Century*, and in a way, the *Argosy* is much older than either of these. That is to say, it is older in the blood that flows in its veins, as it absorbed and amalgamated with itself the two oldest magazines in America—*Godey's* and *Peterson's*—both of which were issued in Philadelphia, and which, in their day, occupied an important place in the periodical literature of the country.

To talk of the early days of the *Argosy* and to say anything worth the saying, must be to talk of myself, because the *Argosy*, in its inception and development, grew out of my very life. This statement must serve as an apology for talking of myself as I talk of the *Argosy* in this reminiscence, for it is a reminiscence—just a fireside talk of the old days, and of some of those in between, that bridge over to the present time.

The *Argosy* has not always been a magazine. It was started as an illustrated weekly paper for boys and girls and consisted of eight pages, the size of page being the same as that of the *Youth's Companion*. The first issue came out on Saturday, December, 2, 1882, bearing date of December 9—one week ahead of the day of issue. This method of dating ahead was in

vogue with the weeklies of that period, and to a modified extent is in vogue with the magazines of to-day.

In the first issue there were two serial stories—one by that delightful writer for boys and girls, Horatio Alger, jr., and a second by another well-known and popular juvenile author, Edward S. Ellis. Mr. Ellis had recently retired from the editorship of *Golden Days*, which I believe he inspired, and which, under his guidance and the clever handling of its publisher, Mr. James Elverson, of Philadelphia, became a great favorite with the boys and girls of that day.

So far I have been talking chiefly of the *Argosy*, to the neglect of myself. It might be well to go back a little farther, however, because the foundation, the germ thought of the *Argosy*, had its origin with me. And in this little talk we want to get at the beginning of things, the reason why.

It is probable that I never should have found myself in the publishing business but for the fact that the general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company sent me to Augusta, Maine, to take the management of their office in that city. I was a youngster at that time, with life before me, and with an insatiable ambition. I had picked up telegraphy and was using it as a stepping-stone to something better, as a means to an end. But to get out of one kind of activity and into another, for which one has no special training, is not easy. I learned this fact through bitter disappointment and many heart-aches. The four walls of a telegraph office were to me as a cage to a tiger yearning for the boundless freedom of the jungle.

As Augusta was the capital of the State, and as I lived at the hotel where most of the legislative and other State officers stayed, I very soon acquired a pretty good knowledge of the strong men of the entire commonwealth.

Their lives had scope; mine had none. I chafed bitterly under the limited possibilities of my environment, where ambition, and energy, and aspiration, counted for little. My very soul cried out for an opportunity to carve out for myself a bigger life.

I lost no chance to make the acquaintance of men prominent in business and in public affairs, through whom I sought the opportunity to throw my life and energy into the work that they had in hand. I knew at that time, as well as I know now, that I could do things. But the opening did not come my way. There were always sons or relatives, or people of political influence, who stood before me in line for the place.

I was pretty nearly as good a business man at that age, even, as I am now, and the tantalizing part of it was, I knew it. It was more than a conviction with me. It was a certainty. I was so sure of myself that I would willingly have given ten years of my life, without compensation, for a chance with some of the big concerns of the country—rail-roading, steel-manufacturing, shipping, banking, or any of the great staple industries.

The thought of immediate money had no weight with me, no consideration. It was the future I wanted, and with it the big world, where things are done in a big way.

As manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company I was naturally more or less associated with the daily press and with the other publishing interests of Augusta, which at that time was the largest publishing centre in America for a certain kind of rather indifferent, chromo-circulated periodicals. This was the great business of the city, completely overshadowing anything else, and making vastly more money than anything else. Moreover, it had about it an element of romance and picturesqueness that was startlingly and abnormally interesting because of the smallness of the town.

The publishing germ gradually got into my blood, and as visions of railroad management, of steel-manufac-

turing, of merchandising in a big way, of banking, and of other alluring enterprises receded, my thoughts focused more and more on the publishing business, until at last I lived and breathed in the publishing world. I did my work at the office mechanically, meanwhile dreaming great dreams to the tune of the printing-press.

After locating in Augusta myself, I secured for one of my schoolboy chums a place with the chief publishing-house there. Two or three years later, when he had gained a pretty good knowledge of the business, he obtained a position in New York in a somewhat similar concern, at a very handsome advance in salary. Through him, as well as through my intimate acquaintance with the proprietors of the various publishing establishments in Augusta, I had absorbed a considerable superficial knowledge of publishing. So, in working up plans for a publication of my own, I was able to give them the semblance of practicality. Yet what I knew of actual publishing was just enough to be dangerous.

But to start without capital was a pretty difficult problem, and especially to start in New York, and my ambition was to locate there and to issue a publication of good grade. The capitalists of New England are not wont to take long chances. They are wise in frugality and safety. An enterprise so hazardous as publishing, and managed by a man who had had no practical experience, did not appeal to them. Capitalists of small degree, and some of larger degree listened, however, with polite courtesy to my carefully worked out plans for the *Argosy*. You see, I had already got as far as a name, and that little bit of crystallization was worth something as a nucleus.

Finally I presented my plans to a man more daring than the rest, who listened to what I had to say with a kind of interest that gave me hope. He was a stock broker in a small way, necessarily in a small way in a town of that size. But stock brokerage in its very nature, whether little or big,

is so thoroughly a chance game that anything extra-hazardous is apt to appeal to a man engaged in it.

The result of this interview, and of many that followed, was the formation of a partnership between the Augusta broker, my friend in New York, and myself, the purpose of which was to begin the publication of the *Argosy*, precisely as I had planned. The capital of the concern was to consist of four thousand dollars, twenty-five hundred of which he was to put in—five hundred of this amount being in the shape of a loan to me, to add to five hundred I already had—making my interest in the company one thousand dollars, or one-quarter of the capital stock. The remaining quarter was to be taken by the New York partner.

Four thousand dollars! The overwhelming assurance, the audacious hope, the infinite nerve of this proposition astounds me to-day, as I look back upon it and know what real publishing means in a town like New York—publishing that has the pretense to reach out for national support! But on such a slender possibility I threw away a certainty, cut myself off from friends and associates, and plunged into this great whirlpool of strenuous activity, with a confidence and courage that knew no limitations.

It was pathetic, pitiable even, and the more so because I had barely landed here when I discovered that my plans for the *Argosy* were hopeless. A day's investigation made it clear that the information which had been furnished me, and on which I had based my calculations, was of a hearsay nature. It was worthless, and the difference between these worthless "facts" and the facts I dug out for myself was sufficient to make the whole proposition impracticable and impossible. All had to be discarded—the plans and figures and fancies of anxious months swept away in an instant.

It didn't take me very long to realize what failure meant to me. It meant just what everybody in Augusta had said it would mean. I had

carefully concealed the fact that I was going to leave the city until the very day I started for New York. I gave an interview to a reporter of the *Kennebec Journal*, who was a very good friend of mine, and who was of so optimistic a turn of mind that the picture he drew of my forthcoming enterprise eclipsed even my own over-sanguine fancies. This account served to heighten for the pessimistic community the ridiculous phase of the whole undertaking.

And while I say pessimistic, I don't say it with any sense of reflection on the people of Augusta. On the contrary, their view was sound and normal. After an experience of a quarter century, knowing the business as I know it, and having gone through it as I have gone through it, I doubt if there was more than one chance in a good many millions of my winning out in the publishing business, starting as I started. I was "up against it" good and hard, and I then learned for the first time the meaning of a sleepless night with that indescribable kind of heartache which makes a man feel that the foundations of everything have given way.

There was no turning back. The bridges had been burned behind me, and if they hadn't been, I wouldn't have gone back. Nothing could have induced me to go back. After a day or two of thought—that kind of intense thought which digs deep furrows into a man's soul—I pulled myself together, and worked out new and simplified plans for the *Argosy* which showed some margin of profit. The original scheme called for an entirely different shape of publication, with lithographed covers and many illustrations.

With my new plans perfected, I engaged a little room for an office, bought an eight-dollar table and a couple of cheap wooden chairs, paper, pens and ink. I had a basis to work from now. One cannot do much without a focusing-point.

And now a second jolt that was worse than the first. My arrangement with my Augusta partner was that he would forward the twenty-five

hundred dollars as soon as I called for it. I wrote for the remittance, but to my amazement he ignored the whole transaction. He had evidently taken fright at what everybody said would happen to me and my enterprise. Relying with childlike faith on this agreement, I had spent over five hundred dollars of my own money before leaving Augusta in the purchase of manuscripts for the *Argosy*. So, on landing in New York, I had with me a gripful of manuscripts and about forty dollars in cash.

My failure to get the twenty-five hundred dollars, following hot upon the heels of the first jolt, began to suggest to my inexperienced mind something of the game I had tackled. The money in my trousers pocket wouldn't keep me going very long in New York. The new plans looked hopeful, but without this twenty-five hundred, the thousand dollars of my friend here in New York meant nothing, so we dissolved our fleeting partnership, and he kept his savings.

Being free to make other connections, I took my scheme to a publisher, who became interested in it and who finally suggested that I should turn over my proposed publication to him and let him bring it out in his own name, retaining me as its editor and manager. This arrangement went into effect, and on the 2nd of December, 1882, as I have already said, the first issue of the *Argosy* appeared, just two months and nine days after I had landed in New York—rather quick work, in view of the kaleidoscopic changes that followed my coming to the metropolis.

As ill luck would have it for the *Argosy*, however, at the end of five months its publisher became generally involved, and failed. This was a third crisis, and the worst of the three.

My very life was centred in the work I had undertaken. I had been putting eighteen hours a day into it. I had been working with the most intense interest and keenest enthusiasm. The crash came like a bolt from the blue, and again left me pretty nearly high and dry, with but a few dollars in my pocket, as I had drawn only so much

of my salary as I needed for my slight expenses.

That was a time of awful suspense, while the *Argosy* was in the hands of the receiver. Once it came pretty near being blotted out when it was offered to a rival publisher, who, if he had taken it over, would have merged it with his own publication. That was a close call, and it had a good many other close calls at that period.

In the end the situation cleared up in this way: I gave my claim against the house, amounting to something more than one thousand dollars, for the good-will of the *Argosy*. Then there began such a struggle as no man is justified in undertaking.

I had no capital, and no means of raising any. A bad phase of the matter was that a good many subscriptions had been received, and the money used up. These subscriptions had to be carried out—that is, papers had to be printed and mailed every week to the end of the term paid for. No one had any faith in the *Argosy*, or believed it possible that I could pull it through. I could get no credit anywhere. The proposition was too risky for the paper dealer, for the printer, and, in fact, for every one from whom I purchased supplies.

From a friend of mine in Maine I borrowed three hundred dollars, and what a tremendous amount of money it seemed! Not only every dollar, but every cent of that three hundred dollars counted vitally in the continuance, the keeping alive of the *Argosy*. And keeping it alive was about all I could hope to do, and about all I did do, for a good many months. It was then that I learned the publishing business basically, learned it as I never could have learned it under other circumstances, learned it in all its economies, in all its shadings and delicacies of shadings.

It was summer, when the publishing business is at its worst, when few subscriptions are coming in, and reading is at its lowest ebb. I was everything from editor and publisher down to office boy. And editor with me meant writer and contributor as well. I

wrote much of the paper myself—freshened and brought up to date old things that had been published years before. They were not quite so good as new material, but they were a great deal better than nothing. The main thought with me was keeping the paper alive, for so long as there was life there were possibilities, and in possibilities there was to me a kind of sustaining hope.

It would be a long story to tell the details of the awful struggle that ensued during the following months, and, in fact, during the three or four following years. There were many times—hundreds of times, I might almost say—when it seemed as if another number of the *Argosy* could not be produced. But with a determination to keep it alive at all hazards, a determination that amounted almost to an insane passion, I went on, and on, confronting defeat on every hand and yet never recognizing it.

The advantage of this purchase, over starting anew, lay in the fact that it was a start—a beginning. It was no longer a matter of discussion whether to make the plunge or not. The plunge had been taken, and now it was a question of swim out or sink. Many good things never get started. They die in the chrysalis stage of discussion.

But beyond the mere start, coming into possession of the *Argosy* with the odium of failure attached to it was an emphatic disadvantage. It was years before this disadvantage faded away and was lost in the rosy tints of seeming success. Everything considered, it were far better that I had let the *Argosy* die then and there and started a new publication later on, if still foolishly wedded to the idea of publishing. Seeing it as I see it now, after years of experience, and knowing the poverty and struggle of it all, I am certain that even as a foundation on which to build it was worse than nothing.

Moreover, I know now that of all the deadly schemes for publishing, that of juvenile publishing is the worst. It is hopeless. There is nothing in it—no foundation to it. One

never has a circulation that stays with him, for as the boys and girls mature they take adult periodicals. It is a question of building new all the while. Then again, the advertiser has no use for such mediums. He wants to talk to money-spenders—not dependents, not children.

At the end of a few years I began to get a little credit. The fact that the *Argosy* had appeared regularly week after week without a break, and that I had managed to keep it alive, began to inspire a mild confidence in the enterprise. And this credit was strengthened by the sincerity and energy I was putting into the work.

No man ever guarded credit more sacredly than did I. I had waited a long time for it. It was capital at last, and with this capital I began improving the *Argosy* and reaching out for a wider circulation. And wider circulation, under right conditions, naturally follows improvement in the publication itself.

In the winter of 1886 I wrote my second serial story for the *Argosy*, to which I gave the title, "Afloat in a Great City." I have never worked harder on anything than I did on that story, to put into it elements of dramatic interest that would get a grip on the reader. I wrote and rewrote the early chapters many times. It was midnight toil—work done by candle-light, after long days of struggle at the office. I wrote that story with a special purpose. I wanted something to advertise, and I put my faith to the test by plunging on it to the extent of ten thousand dollars.

I had never advertised before, because I neither had the means nor the credit with which to do it. I owed at this time something like five thousand dollars, and this advertising increased my indebtedness to fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars. I put out one hundred thousand sample copies containing the first instalment of my story. These I had distributed from house to house in New York, Brooklyn and near-by sections.

Prior to this time the *Argosy* had made no permanent headway. Sometimes it was a little over the paying

line, but more frequently on the wrong side, as is evidenced by the fact of my indebtedness. And there is no point in the whole publishing business that is so alluring and so dangerous as being on the verge of paying. It is right here that more blasted hopes and wrecked fortunes are to be found than anywhere else.

The result of this advertising brought new life to the *Argosy*, so far increasing its circulation that it began netting a profit of one hundred dollars a week. Battered and worn by four years of toil and disappointment, with never a vacation, never a day for play, and rarely a night at the theatre, I could with difficulty realize that the *Argosy* was actually bringing me in a clean hundred dollars a week. But it was not real profit, for the advertising bills were not yet paid.

I say I wrote that story in the winter. I should have said I began it in the winter and went on with it as it was published from week to week during the spring and summer.

The success of the spring advertising pointed the way to a greater success in the fall, and beginning with the reading season I threw myself into a circulation-building campaign that in its intensity and ferocity crowded a life's work into a few months.

My first move was to enlarge the *Argosy* from eight pages to sixteen, increasing the price from five cents a copy to six, and from one dollar and seventy-five cents a year to three dollars. The original *Argosy*—or, I should say the *Golden Argosy*, for that was the name by which it was christened and which it still bore—had had four years of life, without change of make-up. This doubling up in size, and the improvements that went into effect with the fifth volume, were about as daring as the campaign that followed, considering the fact that I was still working without actual capital, and that I had an indebtedness of something like twelve thousand dollars.

I spent in the following five months ninety-five thousand dollars in advertising the *Argosy*. I put out eleven million five hundred thousand sample

copies. I covered the country with traveling men from Maine to Nebraska, and from New Orleans to St. Paul. Beyond Nebraska I used the mails. I kept fifteen to twenty men on the road, and each man employed from one to a dozen helpers in distributing these sample sheets. I had no organization at the time, no trained editorial force, no bookkeeper, and until then I had never had in my office a stenographer and typewriter.

I laid out routes for the men, determined just how many sample sheets should go into each town, and sent every man a daily letter designed to fill him with enthusiasm and ginger. I not only wrote to these men, but I wrote to newsdealers everywhere, and saw that they were amply supplied with the issue containing the continuation of the serial stories begun in the sample copies. In the main, I did my own editorial work, I kept my own accounts, I looked after the manufacturing, I bought the paper, I attended to the shipping, and to freight-bills, and, with all this, I did the financing—ninety-five thousand dollars in financing in five months—in addition to the twelve thousand I owed at the start.

The expenses of men on the road, of freights, expressage, shipping, printing and binding, with office and editorial expenses, literally chewed up money. The circulation was going up at a whirlwind pace, but the more the business grew, the more money it took to operate it.

Of course my income was increasing proportionately with the increase in circulation. But this did not pay for the cost of the eleven and a half million sample copies, nor did it pay the men who were distributing them from house to house all over the country.

I bought paper on time, I bought everything I could get on time. The very audacity of it all gave me credit, and more and more credit all the while. But merciful heavens, how the bills fell due, how the notes fell due! The cry from in town and out of town, from men on the road, and from all the four corners of the earth,

and in a thousand voices, was money, money, money! The whole world had gone money mad. We were living over a powder-mine and every minute brought a sensation—brought dozens of them, brought one hot upon another.

Five years of poverty, five years of awful struggle, and now the earth was mine—rich at last, richer than I had ever dreamed of being—a thousand dollars a week net, and every week adding to it by leaps and bounds—fifty thousand dollars a year and all mine—next week sixty thousand, then seventy, and a hundred—a million, maybe—great heavens, and it was all real!

Then the powder-mine, the dynamite, the explosion, failure, disgrace, a fortune swept away, and all for the want of ready money to carry on the work. Gambling? No, never for a minute. It was sound to the centre; right to the rim. And I had it in hand, on the very tips of my fingers—knew every move in the game—the bounding forward of the circulation proved it, the gold coming in proved it.

But the money to work it out, thousands of dollars every day? Where could I get it? How could I get it? And it meant riches, power, position, the world, the great big world!

With all these thoughts, these feelings, and a thousand others, and the work and the energizing of everybody, the enthusing of everybody, and the tension and intensity of it all, it was one great, dizzy, dazzling, glorious intoxication.

I was never a genius at borrowing money. The extent of my discounts during this period did not at any one time exceed eight thousand dollars at most. But somehow, some way, I always managed to get together the money to keep the wheels moving, to pay my help, and to throttle disaster.

During this campaign any one branch of my business was dramatic enough, and exacting enough on the nerves and physical endurance, to satisfy any normal man. But every branch was mine. The sensations all focused with me.

And in the very centre of this frenzy, when the fight was hottest, I plunged in on another serial story. Night work? Of course it was night work, midnight work, but I had to have it—I wanted it for advertising.

I called the story "The Boy Broker." It alone added twenty thousand to the circulation. Six thousand words a week dragged out of me—dragged out at night after the awful activities of the day—a complete switch from red-hot actualities to the world of fancy, where by sheer will force I centred my thoughts on creative work and compelled myself to produce the copy. What a winter, what awful chances, and what a strain on vital energy and human endurance!

At the close of this campaign, early in May, 1887, the *Argosy* had reached the splendid circulation of one hundred and fifteen thousand copies, and was paying me a net income of fifteen hundred dollars a week. But my ambition was to build bigger, and to build stronger.

With the opening of the next reading season, in the fall of 1887, I spent twenty thousand dollars, and then abruptly stopped my advertising campaign. Something was wrong. I didn't know what it was. I assumed that the trouble was with juvenile papers, for the *Argosy* was not alone in its lack of response to the efforts of publishers.

At a loss to know what to do to increase circulation, I bent every energy on trying to hold what we had. I couldn't do it. It was not possible to do it. The tide had set against the *Argosy*, and was forcing it down the stream, despite all efforts to the contrary.

When one is up against it, there is virtue in doing something. In activity—just plain, hopeless drifting—is the limit of imbecility. In trying something new one has a chance. However remote that chance may be it is a long way better than passive death.

As a possible means of stemming the tide, I made another radical change in the *Argosy*, this time beginning with the seventh volume. I

reduced the size of the page, and increased the number of pages from sixteen to thirty-six, adding a cover—a new phase of dignity the *Argosy* had not hitherto enjoyed. And, by the way, in this last change the *Argosy*, strangely enough, pretty nearly resembled the original scheme I had had for it when I came to New York.

The price of this third type of *Argosy* was again advanced, from six cents a copy to ten, and from three dollars a year to four. It was with this change that the word "Golden" in the title of the publication was dropped. But the new form did not give me the sustained patronage I thought it might possibly secure. It showed encouraging vigor at first, but after a while began to sag as before.

However, as the *Argosy* was still bringing in a good deal of money, I reasoned that if it would hold out until I could establish an adult weekly, I should be all right, and could afford to see the *Argosy* fall by the wayside. I wasn't so keen about the *Argosy* now, as I was about making a success as a publisher. The more I reasoned on the problem, the more I felt convinced that the hand of death had fallen upon the juvenile paper. It did not occur to me that this condition had any bearing on adult publications. So, backing my conclusions, in February, 1889, I brought out an adult weekly which I called *Munsey's Weekly*, and which was the predecessor of *Munsey's Magazine*.

There is a whole story in itself in *Munsey's Weekly*. But it is not germane to the *Argosy* story, beyond the fact that it is a link in the chain leading up to *Munsey's Magazine*. It lasted two years and a half, having cost me over one hundred thousand dollars in money and many times this sum in wear and tear, in disappointments, in lost opportunities, and in the pursuit of a blind trail.

Munsey's Weekly acted the part of a yellow dog from the first to the last, and it had a good running mate in the *Argosy*. Beginning with the launching of *Munsey's Weekly* in the spring of 1889, I entered upon one of the most trying periods of my life, which

covered five very long years. I had thought myself well out of the woods a year or two before, but as a matter of fact had never actually reached the clearing. When a man hasn't anything he is in a more enviable position than we are wont to suppose. He is down to bed-rock, and there is no tumble coming to him.

This is about how it stood with me during the first three or four years of my publishing career here in New York. But later on, when I "got somewhere," got where I had known what a really princely income meant, got what I had worked for so hard, and then saw it all crumble away, and realized that I was unable to stay the process of decay—then it was that I got a new kind of sensation. It was a good deal worse than poverty in the raw. In fact, there are few things that are quite so bad as poverty in opulence.

Often during this wretched period when I was down in the slough I thanked my stars that I hadn't done any splurging, that I hadn't cut out for myself a great big expense to live up to. I hadn't gone beyond living comfortably and well in a good hotel. But when things were at their worst, I used to look back on my eight-dollar-a-week boarding-house with a considerable degree of longing, and I sometimes wished I had never left it.

I now began to realize that, relatively, the *Argosy* wasn't such a very bad kind of a yellow dog after all. However undesirable a thing may be, it always seems less undesirable when there are others of its kind equally bad.

It was two years after starting *Munsey's Weekly* that the real facts of the situation became clear to me. I think, in justice to myself, I may say that I was one of the first men in the publishing business to realize that the weekly publication was a "dead cock in the pit." There are always isolated exceptions in all things, and there are a few of these in the case of the weekly paper, even to-day. Most of them, however, can be accounted for by the activity and fertility of the business office, rather than on the assumption

that they represent a genuine and spontaneous circulation.

Up to a quarter of a century ago the weekly paper was a great feature in the publishing business of America, as it is to-day in Europe. But the incoming of the great big Sunday newspaper meant the outgoing of the weekly with us. In England they have nothing like our Sunday papers, consequently the weekly over there still thrives.

Despite my efforts to hold up the circulation of the *Argosy*, it had dropped, in 1890, to a point where it was no longer profitable. The cost of going to press was too great for the size of the circulation. Some kind of a change was necessary, and this time I simply reduced the number of pages by one-half, and cut the price in two. It had had two years of the four-dollar type without change of form.

Ten months more, and again the *Argosy* had fallen to the non-paying point. Another turn of the kaleidoscope, and it came out once again in a sixteen-page form, with larger pages, but without a cover. This meant a further saving in going to press and in the production of the paper. The price remained the same—two dollars a year, and five cents a copy.

When economy comes in at the door, death follows hard on its heels. Publications are made big by a greater and greater and always greater expenditure. But when they are on wrong lines, outlay and thought and energy will not save them. The *Argosy* was on wrong lines, and nothing could save it, so I molded it to the best purposes of the hour.

It may well be fancied that these many changes injured the *Argosy*, but such is not the fact. The decline and final extinction of all the strictly juvenile papers of that day, with the exception of the *Argosy*, sustains my assertion. And the *Argosy*, in its present strong position, owes its life and its bigness to the changes I put it through, and kept putting it through, until I got it right. With me there has never been anything very terrible

about changing a publication as often as conditions warranted, and in making the change as radical as I pleased.

The history of the *Argosy* is so interwoven with that of Munsey's Magazine that the story of one is not complete without something of the story of the other. Each has been dependent on the other, and each, without the other, would not exist to-day.

Munsey's Weekly would not have been started but for the down-fall of the *Argosy*, and the *Argosy* would not have been wrested from death but for Munsey's Magazine.

It was in the fall of 1891 that I changed Munsey's Weekly to Munsey's Magazine. There was little to change except the dregs of a wasted fortune. But that little meant a good deal to me. It meant something to work on, something to work out. It had no cash value, yet it served as a nucleus for the beginning of Munsey's Magazine, and was the thing that led me into magazine-publishing. But for Munsey's Weekly, therefore, there would never have been a Munsey's Magazine, and there would have been no other magazines issued by me. It was Munsey's that blazed the way for the *Argosy*, and for most of the other magazines of the country as well. It was Munsey's, and the others that came in at its price, which created a vast new army of magazine readers, making the magazine a leading factor in the publishing business of the day, and furnishing advertisers with a favorite medium for reaching the people—for the magazine reaches a class to which they specially wish to appeal.

I now found myself in a new business, for magazines were about as unlike weeklies as weeklies were unlike dailies. All my experience had been in the weekly field. Nine years had apparently been wasted—nine years with nothing to show for my work but failure and a great big indebtedness—not failure as the world knows it, for I have never "failed" in the sense of going into bankruptcy. The fault was not with my work. It was as intelligently and as faithfully done then as it has been since that

time. And these "wasted" years were not really wasted. They were training years—preparatory years for the bigger work that we have since done.

Munsey's Magazine was launched at twenty-five cents, and at this price ran for two years, during which period I learned something about magazine-editing and magazine-publishing. I dug deep down into the problem, studying it in all its phases—the magazine itself, the price, and the method of circulating it. It was clear that there was something radically wrong with the magazine business, when out of a population of eighty millions in the United States and Canada there were not over two hundred and fifty thousand regular magazine-buyers.

Had I struck another quicksand? Was the bottom dropping out from under this branch of publishing also? Was the trouble with the magazines themselves, or with the excessive price at which they were selling—twenty-five and thirty-five cents? Or might it be due to both, or to that young giant, the Sunday newspaper, that had crushed out the weekly publications? Had it called time on the magazine as well?

This was about the way the problem looked to me as I analyzed it. Magazines were in danger of being driven from the field. They were emphatically off the key. They seemed to be made for an anemic constituency—not for young, energetic, red-blooded men and women. Editors edited these magazines for themselves, not for the people. That is they gave their readers what they (the editors) thought they ought to have. They were like architects who build a building for the outside rather than the inside—build it for their own glory, rather than to make it serviceable for the uses for which it is designed.

These editors were not men of the world. They didn't mingle with the world—didn't get down to the people and mix with the people. They lived in an artificial literary world, where they saw everything through highly-colored spectacles. There was a woeful

lack of up-to-dateness about these magazines—a woeful lack of human interest.

Meanwhile the Sunday newspapers were becoming absolute monarchs of the situation. They appealed to youth, to middle age, to old age—to the men in the trenches and on the next level above, and up another level and another and another to the very top. Moreover, they had the news interest and the local interest to add to their strength, neither of which was or could be covered by the magazine. Every week the Sunday paper was making marvelous progress with its art features, and every week it added more pages and covered a wider range of subjects. And the price was five cents a copy against twenty-five and thirty-five for the magazines.

There were several attempts to get magazines on their feet at twenty and fifteen cents. But they were weak copies, in the main, of the old magazines, and so made no impression.

In my study of the problem I became convinced that both the price and the magazines were wrong for wide circulation, and I worked out the idea of reducing the price of my magazine to ten cents, and of accompanying this radical change by an equally radical change in the character of the magazine—making a magazine light, bright, timely—a magazine of the people and for the people, with pictures and art and good cheer and human interest throughout.

I took my idea of a ten-cent magazine to the American News Company, who handled all the periodical business of the country. They were, or were thought to be, absolute dictators of the situation. No one had ever succeeded in an effort to circulate a periodical over their heads. This ten-cent price did not find favor with them. They saw nothing in it. It was so small, they said, that there couldn't be margin enough to justify either them or the newsdealer in handling it if anything worth while were to be paid me for the magazine. The manager of the news company insisted that the condition of trade, and the customs of trade, were all

against it. In a word, he considered it an impracticable and impossible scheme.

But I was persistent, and after several interviews I succeeded in getting an offer for the magazine—a price so low that the idea was throttled in its inception, or rather would have been throttled if I had allowed it to drop there. I did not allow it to drop there. Then it was that I decided on a move so dangerous, so impossible, that any other risks I had ever taken in life were infantile beside it. I decided to go over the heads of the American News Company and deal direct with the newsdealers of the country. But how could it be done—was it possible?

It never had been done. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars—millions, even—had been spent in the attempt, and without making a dent on the bulwarks of this giant monopoly. No one who is not familiar with the facts can fancy what this move meant—the fight that it meant. No human being on earth except myself believed I could win out. I had no doubt about it. I was sure I had the combination to the vaults of success. The other fellows who had gone down in the fight hadn't it. They had the money! I had none.

As in the campaign of 1887, I had no money. I had an indebtedness of well-nigh a hundred thousand dollars. But it wasn't money that was to win this fight, if won at all. It was the magazine and the price—the theory of giving the people what they wanted, and giving it to them at the right price. Though I had no money, I still had credit, and this credit had to serve in the place of cash.

How did I get through, how did I meet my pay-roll, how did I pay for anything? I don't know. God only knows. It was a crisis, an awful span of intensity. I had sent out eight or ten thousand circulars to newsdealers, telling them of the change to ten cents, and telling them that they could not get the magazine through the news company. I asked them to send their orders direct to me. I hoped

there would be orders. I expected there would be orders. None came.

Had my reasoning all been wrong? Wouldn't it stand the test of the plumb-line and the level, after all? At this juncture one of the chief officers of the American News Company came up to see me. He brought the olive-branch with him. He wanted to make terms. When the break came between the company and myself, I advised them that they could have Munsey's Magazine at six and a half cents, if they had an occasion to use any. Two or three weeks later I advanced the price to them to seven cents. The new magazine had not yet come out. It was this new price, and the big orders the company had received from newsdealers, that caused their representative to call on me. He didn't tell me about these orders. He wouldn't have played his part well if he had. I didn't suspect that they had any orders. The deadly silence of the newsdealers—the whole ten thousand of them—made me believe that my announcement had fallen flat.

I had printed an edition of twenty thousand copies, and there was no visible way on earth to get them out. And still I felt I had the situation well in hand. I had no thought of dying passively. The news company representative wanted to fix upon a price on which we could agree—a higher price than they had at first offered. I turned the proposal down. I never knew what figure he had in mind. I had been forced to go it alone or abandon an idea that I knew to be right. My plan was so thoroughly worked out that notwithstanding the seeming indifference of newsdealers I wanted to see what there was in it. I had written my newspaper advertising—a whole series of advertisements—and had had them set up. They were brief. They said little, but said it big. I was relying on these as well as on the magazine and the price. They were plain talks to the people. I had something to talk about.

An unfortunate phase of the situation was that I had started a serial story for Munsey's Magazine some

months before, and had to carry it on through all this great strain, writing several thousand words of constructive work for each issue; and this, as before, was midnight work. In fact, I have never written anything during this quarter of a century, whether article, fiction, editorials, announcements, advertising, or anything of any nature, that has not been written at the point of the pistol—at the demand of the printing-press.

The day of issue swept in on me. It was a crucial day—a day of awful scope and import. Everything hung in the balance, and the edition hung with me. It didn't move. I didn't expect it would on the instant. The advertisements had not yet got in their work. Suspense and expectancy matched each other. Tension was at the breaking-point. Broadside after broadside of advertisements was hurled out to batter down the solid front of opposition. Ten days, and the edition of twenty thousand was exhausted. Then another of ten, and another of five, and then still another of five, making forty thousand for the month. Sixty thousand the following month, then a hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, and so on at a magic pace to seven hundred thousand. The idea had proved itself true to the plumb-line and the level, and fourteen years of experience, since then, have further proved the accuracy of that thinking, the soundness of that analysis, and the care with which the whole plan was worked up and worked out.

It was that work on Munsey's Magazine that saved the day for the Argosy—that work that saved the magazine business generally from being bowled over and bowled under by the impudent and aggressive Sunday newspaper. It was that work, primarily, that has increased the number of magazine-purchasers in a little more than a decade from two hundred and fifty thousand to two million regular monthly buyers, many of whom purchase from two to a dozen magazines.

That fateful day was October 1, 1893—eleven years after my coming

to New York. And that day marked the beginning of real success with me. The seeming success of the Argosy when it was bringing me in a profit of fifteen hundred dollars a week was actually no success at all. If there had been any stability to the circulation, it would have been a great success, and the Argosy would have been a great property. As it was, it barely made good its advertising bills. When they were paid there was not enough circulation left to count for anything.

In the outset of this reminiscence I said that I would gladly have given ten years of my life for a chance to do something. This record shows that I gave eleven years before really getting started right and, in addition, I was in debt to the extent of over one hundred thousand dollars—one hundred and fifty thousand with the advertising and other expenses of forcing the fight to a successful finish on this new-priced, new type of magazine. But as a matter of fact it was a quarter of a century instead of eleven years, as every day saw more than two days' work done. And in intensity and anxiety and thought and energy burned up on this stupid thing, it was a century.

Six months after Munsey's Magazine blazed the way to the clearing the Argosy came into the magazine field, and with this move became an adult publication. As a weekly, it had had eleven years and a half of precarious life. This was its fifth change, and was the most radical of all. The last weekly issue was down to nine thousand—a fall from one hundred and fifteen thousand, its high-water mark; the first in magazine form ran up to forty thousand, and there or thereabouts it hung for two and a half years, while it masqueraded as a weak imitation of Munsey's Magazine. I was too busy in keeping up with the pace of Munsey's, in installing machinery, in developing my own news company, and in creating an organization, to give any considerable thought to the Argosy. It ran on perfunctorily, practically without loss or gain to the establishment. I was

FOUNDING THE MUNSEY PUB. HOUSE.

keeping it alive as a matter of sentiment; keeping it alive for the possibility there might be before it.

And now another change, the sixth and last. I wanted to get the *Argosy* wholly in a field by itself. I didn't want it to be a trailer. So I worked out for it the plan of an all-fiction magazine, something brand-new—a type which it created, and which has since become one of the most successful in the magazine field. Holding strictly to the lines then laid down, the *Argosy* has grown to be the second largest magazine in the world in point of circulation, and the second largest, as well, in point of earning power.

This change occurred with the October number of 1896, and from forty thousand, where it had been lingering, the circulation almost immediately ran up to eighty odd thousand. There it remained for a number of years, when suddenly, and without any conceivable reason, it began to forge ahead. Its progress has been wholly its own. There has never been a dollar spent on it in the way of advertising, or of circulation-building in any of its phases. Its growth has been consistent and persistent in spite of the many other magazines which have come into the field, and which are out-and-out copies of the *Argosy*.

The *Argosy* has had eleven peaceful, pleasant years, with never a change of any kind, and in this time has grown to a circulation of five hundred thousand copies, the exact print of the present issue. On its twentieth birthday it had reached three hundred thousand, and in the last five years it has added two hundred thousand more, reaching the half-million mark for the first time in its quarter-century of life, and on its anniversary number. Three or four more years of this ratio of growth in circulation, and Munsey's Magazine will be hard pressed, unless it too forges further forward meanwhile.

I have told you of the small beginning of the *Argosy*, and of the rocky road it traversed until it landed in the magazine field. I have told you of its poverty and of its earnings in its proud

day as a weekly. And I will now open the books and show you its earnings since it found itself. Here are the figures—absolute net earnings:

| | | |
|------|---------|------------|
| 1897 |\$ | 14,587.47 |
| 1898 | | 21,252.35 |
| 1899 | | 22,269.01 |
| 1900 | | 34,400.51 |
| 1901 | | 68,693.08 |
| 1902 | | 124,903.41 |
| 1903 | | 180,634.96 |
| 1904 | | 237,328.89 |
| 1905 | | 248,729.75 |
| 1906 | | 268,845.27 |
| 1907 | | 300,000.00 |

Total\$1,521,644.40

This finishes the story of the *Argosy*. Long as it is, it is briefly told—merely two or three strokes on the canvas. Of necessity I have had to say a good deal of Munsey's Magazine to make this picture of the *Argosy* accurate in all its facts and shadings.

Munsey's has been the burden-bearer of the house, the pace-maker and the wonder of the world as a popular magazine and as a money-earner. At the present time, besides two daily newspapers, I have six magazines or practically seven as one is issued in two sections, making two complete magazines. They are Munsey's Magazine, the *Argosy*, the *Scrap Book*, the *All-Story Magazine*, the *Railroad Man's Magazine*, and the *Ocean*. They are all the outgrowth of that analysis of the magazine situation back in 1893, and of the test to which I put my conclusions.

To give substance to this story, to show some of the fruits of the work I have done and am still doing—for I work pretty nearly as hard now as I did at that time—I will open another set of books, and show you the net earnings of my whole publishing business from 1894 to the present time, including the *Argosy* and the daily newspapers. These are the figures—net earnings:

| | | |
|------|---------|------------|
| 1894 |\$ | 69,423.71 |
| 1895 | | 172,405.58 |
| 1896 | | 249,647.91 |

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

| | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1897 | 326,276.32 |
| 1898 | 382,805.70 |
| 1899 | 473,928.98 |
| 1900 | 535,004.81 |
| 1901 | 681,315.90 |
| 1902 | 753,441.18 |
| 1903 | 912,475.23 |
| 1904 | 952,153.55 |
| 1905 | 1,014,008.73 |
| 1906 | 1,058,018.10 |
| 1907 | 1,200,000.00 |

Total\$8,780,905.70

If there has been any luck about this development, I cannot tell you where it came in. I have told you of one or two of the fights, out of the many—one or two of the most dramatic scenes—but as a matter of fact it has been a fight all along the line. A business like this requires constant thought, constant watching, constant truing up, and constant energizing. And to do this successfully—to make the wheels go round—one must himself become a kind of human dynamo.

This has been the most difficult story I have ever written—the most difficult in that I have had to con-

dense a million words into ten thousand. It has been especially difficult to put any sort of accuracy into the picture without bringing myself more into the foreground than I have. In its first fourteen years, the Argosy never had a minute of spontaneity, never a minute of self-propulsion. It came through because I came through; it lived because I lived. It was the vehicle merely of what I did. Any kind of a story, therefore, of the Argosy that would be worth the telling could not be told without saying a good deal about the force back of it. If I could have written this story of some one else, and had known it as I know it, and had had the space in which to tell it, I could have made it hum.

The years of sacrifice, of stress, of hope, of disappointment, of struggle and skirmish and battle and carnage—in these, and in a thousand other phases of it all, there is a dramatic story. In talking of myself and of my efforts I have said as little as I could say to tell this story at all. And the reason for telling it at this time is the quarter centenary of the Argosy.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

To be a gentleman should be the ambition of every man and boy in the world. It is a law imposed upon us by society and by the command of our Lord Himself. There is a world of meaning in that one word—gentleman. No higher or more flattering tribute can be paid to a man than to speak of him as a gentleman. That signifies he is a man of absolute integrity, of good breeding, of uncommon intelligence, an ornament to society. His presence is desired on all occasions, he is welcomed by his men acquaintances and respected by his friends of the other sex. Young and old love and admire him, and he exercises an influence unassuming and far-reaching. The real gentleman is above all a man of self-possession. He is never harsh in his speech or in his actions—he is too considerate of the feelings of others to cause them pain by what he says or does. He is attentive to the wants of those around him. He will listen to conversations that do not interest him when it is necessary to make others happy. He is never intrusive, though he is not unbecomingly modest either. He is patient, but he does not carry his patience until it becomes moral weakness. While he accords to others courtesy, he knows how to maintain his own dignity. He strives to be polite to others, but he does not allow others to imagine that his attentions are so directed.

The Business Men of the Army

By John G. Rockwood in *World To-Day*

THE business transactions of the army play a part in warfare not less important than that of the field operations which are always followed by the public with eagerness, and the bureau work at Washington calls for ability not less eminent, though of somewhat different character, than that required in the personal leadership of an expedition.

The Secretary of War is the man whom the nation holds responsible for the welfare of her soldiers and for their efficiency as a fighting force. He is not necessarily a soldier—in fact, some of the most distinguished war secretaries have been civilians—and he is not ordinarily to be held accountable for the failure of an army in the field. But he is held to a high degree of care and diligence in providing that army with all physical things needful to its success. The secretary not only exercises legislative, executive and judicial functions in the government of the army, but he in effect supervises a large clothing store, a steamship line, a construction company, a big grocery business, a medical and hospital service, great gunshops and arsenals, a telegraph company, a bank, and vast engineering enterprises.

To assist the Secretary of War, there are two civilian officers: the Assistant Secretary of War, to whom certain classes of business are delegated from time to time, in which he exercises practically the same authority as the secretary, and the chief clerk, who is the immediate executive officer of the secretary in fiscal and other civic affairs. In addition, the law provides as expert military executives and advisers, ten general officers, besides the general staff corps. These are the business men of the army. Each presides over a distinct department or bureau, assisted by subordinate officers and employees, military and civil.

The chief executive officer of the army is the Military Secretary. His office is the centre of the whole system. The essence of military efficiency is implicit obedience to orders, and means of immediate communication. The Military Secretary is at all times in touch with every part of the army; his department is a fine machine for the receipt, record and despatch of correspondence, orders, regulations and military information in all forms. Most of the "paper work" passes through his hands or those of his assistants, and the personal records of officers and men from the time of the Revolution to the present, are filed in his bureau. The numerous reports which are necessary in order that the work of the army may come regularly under the scrutiny of superior officers, are forwarded to his office. One of the great undertakings of the Record and Pension Office, a branch of this bureau, besides its current business, has been the publication of the "Official Records of the Rebellion," comprising 128 volumes, which constitute practically an official history of the Civil War.

One of the busiest men of the army is the Quartermaster-General. He either buys or manufactures all of the various articles required to clothe and uniform the army. The awarding of contracts and the inspection, delivery and issue of these goods constitute a work of some magnitude. In time of peace it is handled with no particular difficulty, but in war time there are often unforeseen demands to be met, as in the case of our late war, when for the first time American troops had to be equipped for service in the tropics.

Of equal importance is adequate and systematic transportation. Railroad transportation is, in war time, a difficult and vexatious problem. The movement of hundreds of large and

small bodies of troops from various points to various destinations, inevitably produces confusion if there be not the strictest system and the most complete arrangements. Contracts must be made, rates fixed, trains secured, arrangements perfected for the reception of troops and perhaps for temporary quarters at transfer points, and advices of these arrangements must be despatched promptly to all concerned. The Quartermaster's Department also operates a fleet of twelve transports, and should war come, many more would have to be bought or leased. The need of this number of ships is found in the large number of troops quartered in the Philippine Islands. The service of regiments is apportioned between this country and the Philippines, so that some organizations may not be subjected to tropical service for an undue length of time, while others are enjoying service in the home land. As a consequence, there are frequent movements of troops and supplies.

The Quartermaster-General not only clothes and transports our troops, but he furnishes and maintains their quarters. The construction of dwellings and barracks, storehouses, hospitals, and post exchanges is under his direction, as is also the installation of water, sewer and electric light systems.

The importance of a high state of efficiency in this bureau can not be overestimated. An army to be effective must be properly clothed, properly quartered, and properly provided with transportation. There must be system in every detail of the department and harmony among its branches. Movements of troops and supplies must be made promptly. Many of the great victories that have made our history glorious might have been disastrous defeats if the Quartermaster-General of the Army had been tardy in executing an order or had forgotten some seemingly trifling detail.

The Commissary-General has a monopoly, so far as the work of supply is concerned, of the subsistence of this body of sixty thousand men.

He spent last year between five and six million dollars for our "boys in olive-drab." And the grade of food he buys is good, for not only are our soldiers the best paid and best clothed of any in the world, but they are the best fed. The work of this bureau involves the buying of large quantities of meat, fish, cereals, vegetables, in fact, plain groceries and provisions of every kind. Storehouses are established in New York, Chicago, Kansas City and elsewhere, from which supplies are sent out upon requisition. Fresh beef is sent to Manila in refrigerator ships, so that the boys on the other side of the world may have palatable and nutritious food. Purchase and issue must of course be carried on with regularity and precision even in time of peace, and in time of war it calls for great diligence and resourcefulness to provide for constantly changing numbers and destinations. In addition to issuing the regular ration, the commissary department provides for sale to those who desire them, various delicacies and also miscellaneous articles such as buttons, brushes, combs, stationery, needles, soap, tobacco, etc., for the convenience of the soldiers.

Having provided an expedition with food, clothing, transportation and tents, the Secretary of War has still another vitally important subject to consider, and that is the preservation of the health of the army. In direct control of this is the Surgeon-General. Nowhere would the results of inefficiency or maladministration more certainly appear in case of war than in the medical department. The Surgeon-General is charged with caring for the sick and wounded, but of even greater importance are the preliminary measures to be taken to conserve the health and comfort of the expedition. If the adage about "An ounce of prevention" is applicable to anything, it is applicable to the situation of an army in the field. The congregation of thousands of men in an open country presents numberless problems of sanitation. If exposed to infection

and contagion, an army may be rapidly depleted and the result to the campaign in that way may be more disastrous than a dozen battles. The purchase of medical and hospital supplies in adequate amounts and their prompt delivery and transportation; the presence of a sufficient number of medical officers to minister to the sick and wounded; the examination of camp sites in advance, with a view to ascertaining their healthfulness; the analysis of drinking water and the discovery of facilities for drainage and sewerage—such things are of paramount importance. Medical men of the army must not only be good executive officers, but must be sedulous students of their profession, and much of their time is devoted to scientific research and experiments.

The Paymaster-General one year disbursed about \$32,000,000 of government funds at points ranging from the coast of Maine to the Sulu Archipelago, in the payment of salaries. His work is, however, not simply that of paying stated salaries. It is complicated to a great degree by various allowances attaching to the pay of various grades, and their computation. For instance, officers are entitled to a certain number of rooms for their personal use at posts, but when on detached duty are allowed a certain sum in substitution therefor, and enlisted men traveling under orders are allowed a fixed amount—one dollar a day—for their subsistence. There are also extra-duty pay, pay of increased rank, and other provisions which furnish arithmetical tasks to the clerks of the Paymaster-General. There is in the pay department a sort of savings bank for enlisted men, an excellent system by which soldiers may deposit their savings and draw interest on them, and also an arrangement by which the soldiers may allot any part of their pay for dependent relatives. The private soldier in the American army draws \$13 a month, besides his food and clothing, while the Lieutenant-General draws \$11,000 a year. In each case they are better paid than

the soldiers of any other country in the world.

The weapons of war are furnished by the Chief of Ordnance. Most of them are made in the government armories and arsenals, but some are purchased from private manufacturers. The output comprises every article of ordnance, from a cavalry saber to a great coast-defense gun. There are six manufacturing plants under the direction of the Chief of Ordnance, employing over five thousand men, and in these rifles, swords, bayonets, cartridge belts, field, mountain and siege artillery and their carriages, caissons, limbers and ammunition, as well as the ponderous coast defense guns and their carriages, barbette and disappearing, are made, assorted and distributed. An important function of the ordnance officers is the testing of weapons and ammunition, both those submitted by inventors, and those in current use, to determine questions concerning strength, velocities, deterioration, susceptibility to climatic conditions, et cetera. The head of this bureau is not only a manufacturer, purchasing agent and distributor, but also an expert in the designing and construction of weapons. In this inventive age the Chief of Ordnance must be alert and progressive, in order to keep the types of our weapons abreast of the times, and equal, if not superior, to those of foreign nations.

It is impossible for the Secretary of War to inspect annually in person every post and fortification in the United States, so the law has provided a corps of personal representatives, at the head of which is the Inspector-General. This officer and his assistants inspect all military commands and stations, depots, armories, arsenals and public works of every kind pertaining to the army, and also money accounts of disbursing officers. The functions of this corps are important, for the observations of an indifferent officer are valuable not only because a stranger is likely to discover defects not apparent to one who is accustomed to and is perhaps unconscious of them, but also because

such an officer is not easily influenced by the liability of incurring the personal displeasure of superiors by reporting maladministration. In war time this corps is particularly valuable, as the danger of overlooking vital defects at such a time is great.

Necessarily in such an establishment there is a law department, and the department is presided over by the Judge-Advocate General, an officer who combines military knowledge and experience with legal learning. He is kept busy furnishing opinions to the Secretary of War upon legal questions constantly arising; amending the "Army Regulations"—a code of laws adopted for the government of the army in all its branches; reviewing the proceedings of court-martial and other military courts; examining applications for clemency from military prisoners; and drafting deeds, contracts and other legal instruments.

The preparation of plans for sea-coast and inland defence, and the erection of fortifications, as well as engineer work in the field, are under the control of the Chief of Engineers. His corps is composed of some 150 officers, skilled in engineering, and particularly in those branches of it which bear upon distinctly military matters. In time of war the engineers build bridges, construct earth-works, plant mines, etc., and in time of peace they are busy preparing for war. The elaborate scheme of coast defence evolved by the "Endicott Board" in 1883 has been gradually brought into existence and there are now modern fortifications at twenty-one different points on our seaboard. But the system devised by that board is now, in view of changed methods and material of warfare, imperfect and insufficient, and a new board, known as the "Taft Board," has rendered a report for the improvement and modernizing of the work originally planned so as to adapt it fully to present needs. The inventive genius of the age is nowhere better illustrated than in the progress of military inventions in the last twenty years.

The engineer bureau is also of im-

mense importance to the commerce of the country. The Federal government has jurisdiction over all navigable waters, and the Engineer Corps is the arm of the service charged with river and harbor improvement. Vast sums of money are expended every year in deepening and widening the channels of rivers, the construction of breakwaters, and similar engineering works. Most of the great office buildings of the Government at Washington have been erected under the supervision of the army engineers.

The signal appliances of modern warfare are many and marvelous, and constantly increasing in value; and the Chief Signal Officer, like the Surgeon-General and the Chief of Ordnance, not only conducts a vast amount of current work but devotes much time to scientific research and experimentation. Electricity has invaded the military world as it has all other spheres of human activity, and the work of this bureau deals largely with its application. Thousands of miles of military cable, telegraph and telephone lines have been built and are now in operation in this country, Alaska and the Philippines. One of the wonders of modern warfare, to the layman, is the admirable system of fire control, by which the fire of the great seacoast guns is governed and the accuracy of the aim is scientifically predetermined. By means of the nicest measurements, facilities for observation, and instant electrical communication, the fire of a battery can be concentrated upon a fast approaching vessel with wonderful exactness. The purchase and installation of the manifold electric appliances and devices used does not, however, end the responsibility of the Chief Signal Officer, for their maintenance and repair calls for constant and skillful attention.

Besides the chiefs of bureaus enumerated, there is another body of officers concerned with the administration of the army, and that is the General Staff Corps. Its functions are principally advisory and its members do not ordinarily exercise com-

mand. The corps is arranged in divisions, each charged with certain classes of business. The general staff considers all questions affecting the efficiency of the army; supervises inspections, military education and instruction, examinations for appointment and promotion, efficiency records, details and assignments; prepares plans for the national defence and for mobilization of the military forces, and collects military information all over the world. The immense value of this corps is that it furnishes the secretary with a body of the most experienced and capable officers in the army, to whom he may turn for expert advice.

Officers are detailed to the general staff on account of their efficiency and personal fitness, and serve for a period of four years unless sooner relieved. The greater part of the corps is stationed in Washington, but a number of officers are attached to the staffs of commanding officers throughout the country. One of the most valuable features of the general staff is its utility in co-ordinating the work of the bureaus. Before its creation each bureau, working independently, was often unaware of arrangements made by other bureaus, and frequently confusion and misunderstanding occurred, simply for want of a supervisory and co-ordinating agency. By general supervision of all, the work of each bureau is now better regulated.

At the head of the General Staff Corps is the Chief of Staff. The law provides that the office shall be filled by the selection of an officer not below the grade of brigadier-general, and that the appointee shall hold office for the term of four years or until the expiration of the administration under which he is appointed. To be appointed Chief of Staff is to receive what is really the highest honor that can be bestowed upon an officer, for though the one thus honored may not enjoy the coveted rank of lieutenant-general, or perchance even that of major-general, he is nevertheless the one who will wield the greatest influence in the adminis-

tration of the army, and is the officer nearest to the Secretary of War.

The office of "Commanding General of the Army" was abolished at the time of the retirement of Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles. The title has always been a misnomer, for the commanding general, in time of peace, did not exercise independent command, indeed, could not, under the character of the organization of the army and the War Department. The responsibilities of the Secretary of War are so interwoven with the internal administration of the army that the degree of initiative coveted by "Commanding Generals" was, and is, impracticable. Under the new law the chief officer of the army is just what his title implies, a chief of staff to the Secretary of War, the latter being the personal representative of the President, who is the constitutional commander-in-chief. With his functions explicitly defined by statute, the Chief of Staff is in position to render invaluable service by giving to the secretary the co-operation and advice of a master of the military profession.

The work of the bureaus is not all done in the big stone building in Washington. There is located simply the headquarters. Each bureau chief has a corps of assistants in the field. The country is divided geographically into divisions, and these are again divided into departments. A division is usually commanded by a major-general, and a department by a brigadier-general. Each of these commanding officers has a staff composed of officers of the staff departments, whose headquarters are in Washington. For instance, the commanding general of the Department of the East, comprising the New England and North Atlantic States, has at his headquarters in New York, an adjutant-general, a chief quartermaster, a chief commissary, a chief surgeon, a chief paymaster, a chief ordnance officer, and a chief signal officer. Representatives of these staff departments are also attached to each regiment, battalion and company, and the personnel of the bur-

eau ranges in rank from the chief, usually a brigadier-general, down through all the grades to a non-commissioned officer, such as a commissary-sergeant.

It should not be supposed that a general at the head of an army corps engaged in field operations is not in need of the qualifications of a business man. He must have those qualities of leadership and executive ability which will insure the harmonious working of the representatives of these bureaus who compose his personal staff and look after their par-

ticular branches of supply and other duty for his army. But the work of supplying and supporting an army is quite as important as that of directing it, and its prompt and efficient execution is quite as creditable to the officer who, working at his desk unnoticed by the public except in case of scandal or abject failure, is unrewarded by the acclaim of a jubilant public, as is that of the officer in the field whose army he has faithfully supplied with the munitions of war, and who is lauded to the skies for the skillful wielding of a perfect weapon.

Richard Marsh, the King's Trainer

Vancouver Magazine

KING EDWARD can boast of quite a goodly number of successes on the turf this year, the most recent of these having been gained with his horse Coxcomb, which won the much prized Welter Handicap at Doncaster from a strong field. The result of this race, which the King witnessed, is known to have pleased his Majesty greatly, and a day or two afterward he sent for his trainer, Richard Marsh, and congratulated him warmly on the satisfactory showing made by the royal stables.

"It is no use giving you any more pins," said the King and placing a small package in the trainer's hand he added, "therefore I ask you to accept this as a little souvenir for your wife."

The little souvenir was a handsome enamelled brooch, studded with diamonds and representing a race horse at full gallop with a jockey wearing the royal colors. The incident illustrates both the good nature of the King and the high appreciation of Marsh's services.

Not only is Marsh the trainer of the King's horses, but since the silken jacket of purple and gold flashed first

past the post in all the most important races of the first year of this century, he has been known in England as the king of horse trainers. For purple and gold are the royal racing colors and Diamond Jubilee, the greatest winner among race horses in any one year, was trained for King Edward VII by Marsh.

Dick Marsh the great trainer is familiarly called. He owns the most palatial training establishment in the world. Over it—Egerton House, Newmarket—blaze the royal arms. There are gathered an hundred blue-blooded race horses owned by the King, and some half dozen of the wealthiest noblemen and gentlemen on the British turf.

Marsh has been a trainer for twenty years. Before that he was a steeplechase jockey and before that again a jockey on the flat. Without question he is a genius in his profession. Carlyle says, genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. It has been Marsh's capacity that has won for him his present enviable position in the horse world.

Since he has been hall marked by the appointment as the royal trainer gold has streamed in Marsh's direc-

tion. Horses he has trained have won races valued at a total of over \$2,500,000. The average winnings at Egerton House have been \$125,000 per year. These stakes have just about paid the owners their expenses, for Marsh's annual income from his training establishment alone is one hundred thousand dollars a year, and it is safe to say that his percentage of winnings and gifts from winning owners totals up to a grand total of between \$125,000 and \$150,000. He can properly claim the position of being the highest paid trainer in the world. Being a shrewd man he values his own opinion and backs it. So that with his winnings in a good year his annual receipts will about equal a quarter of a million dollars.

But Egerton House is an expensive establishment. There is a small army of employes from stable boys to typewriters in the office. The training quarters make up a small village, with its own shops and school and chapel, which has a surpliced choir of stable lads. There are long lines of model stables and enclosures where are quartered troops of thoroughbreds from unraced two-year-olds to aged veterans. And there is also a model farm with many prize cattle, and a stud farm.

The King's trainer looks the typical British gentleman farmer or breeder. He is a big, robust man of 55, weighing close on two hundred pounds, clean shaven and always faultlessly dressed. He has a cheery manner, a hearty hand-grasp and is one of the most popular men on the British turf.

Marsh has a master mind for horses. This is proved by the fact that he is the most successful race horse trainer of the day. He is a good man of business, too, which is shown by the systematic and ordered way in which his princely establishment is conducted.

The story of his career, never yet fully written, is most interesting.

Ever so many years ago the coast town of Margate held open pony races on the seashore. Margate, even in those days, was the Atlantic City

of England. One day a number of grammar school boys from neighboring Folkestone went to see the races. An owner who at the last minute was short a jockey asked the knot of boys if any of them could ride. A sturdy little chap of thirteen advanced and said he could. The owner quickly gave him a leg up and that boy and pony won the race. It was Dick Marsh's first mount in a race. There was much bargaining to secure the boy as jockey for subsequent races. Marsh rode in five that afternoon and won all of them. He was decidedly the infant prodigy. For his share of the sport he won a gold watch. Urged on by his experience and the flattery of admirers, he then and there decided to be a jockey. His father opposed him, but finally relented on the understanding that Dick would first graduate from the grammar school in Folkestone. He was born on December 31, 1851, at Smeeth, in the Garden County of England, Kent. Smeeth is a little hamlet not far from Canterbury. His father was a farmer and hopgrower and owned quite a few horses which the boy learned to ride barebacked.

Racing in those days was somewhat different to what it is now, but Dick Marsh had no trouble in becoming a jockey. His first public mount as a professional was on a horse named Manrico at Dover. The horse won in a canter by six lengths. Luckily for Marsh the late Captain Machell was present and saw the race. Captain Machell was, in his time, one of the most prominent racing men in England. He took a fancy to Marsh and put him in his own stable. The young jockey rode in all the big races in England and with much success. But he put on flesh too quickly and Captain Machell advised him to become a steeplechaser. His strength, nerve and good hands did wonders over the jumps, and he was recognized as one of the best riders of his time. He won important steeple and hurdle races for the late Duke of Hamilton, the Marquis of Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire) and the Earl of Dudley.

the late Viceroy of Ireland. He had quite a few accidents in races, both here and on the continent, and broke a few ribs and an occasional collar bone. He kept adding on weight, however, and was then advised by the late Duke of Hamilton to go into the business of a trainer. So Marsh rented Lordship farm, near Newmarket, turned it into training quarters and became a public trainer. He secured the stables of the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Dudley, Lord Hartington, Captain D'Orsay and the Brothers Balzani.

Classical and important races fell one after the other to Marsh's horses and he found, toward the end of the eighties, that Lordship farm was not big enough. So with the help and advice of his patrons, Egerton House was projected. Marsh was looking forward when he planned and the consequence was the erection of the most magnificent training stable in the world. His old patrons moved to the new establishment with him and there soon followed the horses of Lords William and Marcus Beresford, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Wolverton, Lord Charles Montague, uncle of the Duke of Manchester, and Messrs. R. G. Heaton and J. W. Larnach.

Marsh soon equalled the records of the other great training stables, Manton and Beckhampton and so on. Very shortly he had passed them and was in the front flight. The horses of the King, then Prince of Wales, had not been doing very well, and Lord Marcus Beresford was appointed Master of the Royal Racing Stud. He promptly turned all the royal horses, from two-year-olds to aged, over to the care of Marsh and up went the royal arms over Egerton House.

That Marsh has a peculiar aptitude for pleasing his patrons is shown by a little trick he turned last summer. The King had bred a slashing filly at Sandringham; she was the favorite of the royal princesses and was christened by Princess Victoria after herself. Victoria was entered in an important stake at Sandown on May 31. When Marsh found out that was also

to be the wedding day of the Queen of Spain he devoted the most particular pains to getting the filly Victoria in shape. She won the race in a canter, the first race of the season for the King and at the very hour that his niece became Queen Victoria of Spain. The victory, being such a happy augury, pleased the royal family immensely and also the public.

Horses trained by Marsh have time and time again captured practically all the important races in different seasons, but it was not until 1896 that he won the blue ribbon of the turf, the Derby. This was also the first Derby that the King won and so it was doubly a triumph. Marsh had first scored that year for the King with the filly Thais in the One Thousand Guineas. Persimmon, his candidate for the Derby, had been previously beaten by Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin, and there was great rivalry between the two horses. St. Frusquin was favorite, and Persimmon second in favor. The King's horse was the bigger, and Marsh declared his longer stride in the long race would mean his victory. He was right, for though St. Frusquin led all the way to the stretch, Persimmon's longer stride wore him down and in a tremendous finish the King's horse won by a short neck. The scene that ensued was one of unparalleled excitement. The King himself led the winner through the cheering crowd to the paddock. Persimmon later won the St. Leger and the Gold Cup at Ascot, among the big events for his royal owner.

Marsh won his next Derby in 1898 for Mr. Larnach with Jeddah at the odds of 100 to 1. In 1900 came the triple crown of classic events when the King's Diamond Jubilee won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger. Diamond Jubilee also won other big races and these victories stamped Marsh as the premier trainer of England, for never was there a more difficult horse to train. Diamond Jubilee's temper was renowned as the worst of any horse in years. Watts, the King's jockey, could not go near much less ride him.

RICHARD MARSH, THE KING'S TRAINER

The horse showed an affection for his stable boy, Herbert Jones, and so Marsh gave the boy personal tuition and turned him out a first-class jockey. Jones is now the recognized royal jockey and in the first flight and in great demand by other owners at Egerton House.

Marsh's successes caused many wealthy racing men to seek his services, but only two, Lord Gerard and Arthur James, senior steward of the Jockey Club, were added to his list of patrons. Egerton House is now a very exclusive place and before Marsh gives room to racing strings he lays the applications before the King for his approval.

Nursery of famous winners is what turf writers commonly call Egerton House nowadays. Lord Ellesmere built it for Marsh on the valuable Stetchworth estate under special and long leases. It took two years to build. The architecture is of the early Norman style and everything is built in a solid and imposing fashion. The main house is Marsh's private residence. It is like the mansion of a country squire. There Mr. Marsh and his family live. His first wife was the daughter of Mr. Thirlwell, of Sussex, and left a daughter who is now grown up. Mr. Marsh married a second time, two years ago, Miss Darling, the youthful daughter of the celebrated trainer of Galtee More.

The house is surrounded by gardens and lawns. Back of these are the enclosed stable yards and stables. They are entered through a big archway. Here are situated the business offices in charge of the trainer's private secretary, with a staff of clerks and typewriters. Here are to be found in glass cases the racing jackets of all the past and present patrons of the establishment, and also the racing plates of winning horses. Inside the plates are painted the titles of the races, and the amount of the stakes. It is a complete record.

The stables are model ones, splendidly ventilated and with all the latest improvements and all lighted by electricity. There are stalls and loose boxes and a hospital, where the ani-

mals are fed on ale and stout, cod-liver oil and prepared baby foods. On one side of the stables are the dormitories for the grooms, stable and exercise lads. Further afield are houses and cottages in which live the various heads of departments and other higher employees. On the other side of the main stables are the dining and recreation rooms, the Turkish and swimming baths and the chapel. Behind the stables is the stud farm and



RICHARD MARSH

Who began life as a jockey, but now runs the most palatial horse-training establishment in the world, and numbers King Edward and many noblemen amongst his patrons.

some hundred yards from that is the model farm with its prize porkers, sheep and horned cattle, and its barns and work houses. The shops and electric power house are just beside the private race course on one side of the stables. The miles upon miles of Newmarket heath which stretch out toward the town of Newmarket, two

miles away and in all other directions, is the exercising ground. Here can be seen every morning many strings totalling from fifty to a hundred horses doing different exercise.

The boys at Marsh's come from the better classes. They are most strictly looked after. Those who need it go to night school. All must go to church on Sunday. The surpliced choir in Marsh's private chapel is made up of eighteen boys and men.

In the trainer's private residence there are any number of valuable racing mementoes and curiosities. The walls are covered with oil paintings of the famous winners he has trained. The dining room is decorated with

gold and silver cups he has won or which have been presented to him by patrons.

Visitors to Egerton House have been surprised to find it such a truly palatial place, but they have been more surprised to find that the chiefs of departments and higher employes are university graduates and get big salaries. Even the woman clerks are of a high class. But as his employes come a great deal in contact with his patrons, Marsh sought out only those of refinement and education. The training business has many good openings nowadays. Among recent trainers are two men of title and several retired officers of the army.

Settlement Work in a Great Metropolis

By Anna Seaton Schmidt in *Echo Magazine*

FEW who read Mrs. Humphrey Ward's interesting books know of her social work in London. In spite of the exactions of her literary labors she has found time to inaugurate and superintend one of the most successful of settlement houses. Her exhaustive study of sociological conditions in the preparation of "Robert Elsmere" convinced her of the necessity of such help for the working classes as can come only through the settlements, where rich and poor are brought together by mutual interests. Assisted by many friends she opened University Hall in 1890; its success was such that a larger house was soon necessary. The Duke of Bedford was appealed to, and donated a large piece of ground on Tavistock square. Mr. Passmore Edwards generously followed his example and gave \$70,000 for the erection of the edifice which bears his name. It is the most nearly ideal settlement building that I have seen, having been planned for this purpose.

Lecture and class room, gymnasium, cooking school and laundry are perfectly adapted to their respective

needs. The little theatre is specially attractive. It was here that we first saw Mrs. Ward in her true role of "Mother of the Settlement." The loving reception accorded her by members of the various clubs revealed the secret of her success—she had gained the hearts of those for whom she labored. This evening she was to reward the industry of the young people by distributing their annual prizes. Her closing address was one of praise for the past and encouragement of the future. "It is to your earnest co-operation that we owe our success. Had you not so ably seconded our efforts we could not have accomplished the enormous amount of work shown on our records. As you know, we opened the first vacation school established in England—for this we must acknowledge our indebtedness to America, as it was in Boston that we learned of these schools without books.

"The Board of Education found it of such benefit to the hundreds of idle little ones, whom during the summer we were able to rescue from the streets, that they are now open-

ing vacation schools in every part of London. Ours was also the first public cripple school; there are now fifteen, attended by eleven hundred incapacitated children, many of whom are carried in ambulances to and from their classrooms, where they receive an individual attention impossible in the ordinary public schools. Their health is carefully looked after, and they are educated in proportion to their ability. Many talented ones have been discovered among these children, who are being helped to become useful members of the community. During the summer our little cripples are sent with their nurses to the country, the rooms thus left vacant being utilized for our vacation school."

The Duke of Bedford, whose beautiful gardens adjoin the Settlement, kindly gave their use as a playground, and whenever the weather permits you will find there hundreds of happy children, skipping rope, dancing or playing in the sand.

In all that she has undertaken Mrs. Ward has been ably seconded by her wealthy and titled friends of the West End, who give not only of their money, but of their time and talents, for the many musicales, lectures and plays arranged to entertain their poor. Their Saturday and Sunday evening concerts compare favorably with the best in London, and are always crowded by working people, who are rapidly learning to appreciate the best orchestral music. While these entertainments are free, all clubs and classes must be self-supporting. The fee part is very small, but it is sufficient to make the members feel that they have a right to their instruction. Nothing is farther from the spirit of this Settlement than the idea that it is a charitable institution. In founding it, Mrs. Ward wished to help those whose lives were spent in factories or shops, and might be brightened by intellectual companionship. "With the same sympathies but different experiences in life, we meet to exchange ideas and to discuss social questions, in the hope that as we learn to know one

another better, a feeling of fellowship may arise among us."

The residents, as at Toynbee Hall, are university men, who follow their own occupations during the day and in the evening carry on the social work of the settlement. "You must come over for one of the weekly dances given by the young people's club. We encourage these little parties because they keep them out of the street, and also because their work during the day is very confining and we believe that they need the healthful exercise of dancing in the happy atmosphere which they find here. Watching these cheerful young men and women it is difficult to believe that they come from such poor and desolate homes."

The evening that we selected to go over happened to be Bank Holiday. Mr. Gladstone, the enthusiastic young warden, conducted us to the large hall, where about fifty girls in simple white shirtwaists and dark skirts were wheeling gayly around with their attendant cavaliers. "We always have a dance on holidays. There is nothing that the young folks enjoy more, so they are willing to return early from their excursions in the country. Otherwise they would be late in the streets and perhaps get into bad company."

Just then a handsome young man approached and was introduced as Professor M., of Cambridge, who was visiting the warden. "Will you dance with the girls?" I asked. "Oh, yes, I enjoy it immensely. I've promised Mr. Gladstone to look after all the wallflowers!" As the next waltz began, he crossed the hall and spoke to some girls who were sitting on a bench, quietly watching the dancers. Their beaming faces told of their pleasure, as he led, first one, then another into the magic circle. The dance over, he took them to the refreshment counter for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. We were sitting near the improvised kitchen and could see the committee in charge busily heating water and making tea, coffee and chocolate on a small gas stove. Each club has its refresh-

ment counter, the money received going toward their general expenses.

"Won't you look into our gymnasium before leaving?" asked Mr. Gladstone. "We have a splendid teacher, and our young people are most enthusiastic over their lessons. We have three things in our settlement of which we are specially proud: our theatre, gymnasium and coal club." "Coal club! I do not understand—" "Well, it is the most popular of all our clubs, and is open to anyone in London who wishes to join! Life membership is only sixpence. Deposits for coal as low as threepence are received by the treasurer. Each member can draw on our coal dealer for the amount which he has paid in, and receive his coal in small quantities at wholesale prices. We give such large orders that our dealer is willing to do this—thus we lose nothing, and the poor gain much. During the summer many bring us their small savings which pay for their winter's coal. Were they obliged to buy it, at retail, as thousands do, paying exorbitant prices, they would often be forced to go without fire.

"Then there is our Poor Man's Lawyer, another experiment which we have found most valuable. Our working people can obtain from him the best legal advice. It is remarkable how many he has been able to assist. His clients trust him implicitly and often come to him for advice that does not in the least require legal knowledge."

Tavistock Square, near the British Museum, cannot be called "The Slums" of London, but thousands of shop and factory hands live in the small streets running off it to the east. While the inhabitants are self-supporting, their small salaries permit of no luxuries, and after their hard day's toil, they would find little pleasure in their overcrowded homes or dingy boarding houses. The Passmore Edwards Settlement takes the place of a refined and beautiful home. Under the noble moral influence of its inmates they are encouraged and helped to lead good lives.

But there is a much lower, more degraded class in London, who must be taught, through the beautiful lessons of Christian charity, that the rich are not the enemies of the poor, and that it is possible, even for those born in the "dens and lairs of the East End, exposed to all that is obscene and indecent" to conquer environment and become self-respecting, self-supporting members of society.

It is the work undertaken by the Duchess of Newcastle in her little settlement of St. Anthony on Great Prescott street, Whitechapel.

In "The People of the Abyss," Jack London says, "college settlements, missions, charities are failures, . . . they have worked faithfully, but beyond relieving an infinitesimal fraction of misery and collecting a certain amount of data, which might otherwise have been more scientifically and less expensively collected, they have achieved nothing." Had he lived in the little home of St. Anthony and known the people who came daily to those rooms, he would have realized how many thousands were uplifted from despair, and trained to be wage earners. Yet, were it only for the "infinitesimal fraction" which he admits are helped, I should believe in the settlements. Statistics in England, however, prove that crime and drunkenness have greatly decreased since the settlements began their work. The jails, recently torn down in London, are not to be replaced because of the decrease in the number of criminals. Social workers agree that the streets are the nurseries of crime, from which the jails have been recruited—they direct their combined efforts toward rescuing children from such pernicious influences.

Another terrible evil is the inefficiency of the "submerged tenth." "If, as you say, there are so many starving who are anxious to work, why is it that we have such difficulty in obtaining servants?" asked a kind-hearted but ignorant society woman. A single visit to Whitechapel would have convinced her of the impossi-

bility of recruiting here the neat, well-mannered maids required in the homes of the West End. How is it possible for a child of the East End, born in a tenement, clothed in rags, accustomed to sleeping in a room half of which is subject to strangers—whose play hours are passed in the streets where she is “speedily fouled and contaminated,” whose mother, perhaps, drinks, whose father spends his leisure hours in the saloons—how is it possible, I ask, for this girl to learn the requirements of a refined household? But after two or three years spent in the evening classes at St. Anthony’s, a wonderful change takes place in the children, who are thus brought under the personal influence of the duchess. Watching the pretty, bright young girls as they deftly cut and planned their winter dresses in her sewing school, and remembering their homes where “a father or mother live with three or four children in one room, where those children never have enough to eat and are preyed upon and made miserable and weak by swarming vermin,” it seemed one of God’s greatest miracles that anything so pure and sweet could come out of such foulness. “We are great believers in the inheritance which each child has received from her Heavenly Father, if only we can provide the environment. Look at the children raised in our great foundling asylum, where only illegitimate babies are received. Ninety-five per cent. turn out well. Dr. Barnardo, who sent to Canada thousands of little ones rescued from the worst slums of London and Liverpool, says that nearly all make fine citizens, honest and industrious.” The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle is a widow—her son, the duke, lives in London, and she is often obliged to leave her humble home in White-chapel and mingle with the great world.

The Duchess always takes the most depraved cases. If a man has stabbed his wife, if a drunken woman is beating the children, her grace is sent for—day or night she fearlessly

enters the worst tenements in White-chapel.

“When I first came to St. Anthony’s,” said a pretty little girl named Miss Violet, “I was terribly frightened in the tenement houses, with their dark, crooked stairways and drunken men and women. When I heard them quarrelling I would often turn back—then the thought of our beautiful duchess, who goes into much worse places, would make me ashamed of my cowardice. She is never afraid. Often she returns late at night from her home in the West End, and walks here from the underground station. She won’t spend a cent on cabs if she can walk. She saves every penny for her poor, sick people.”

A large part of the work consists in encouraging the poor by going to their homes, talking over their troubles and teaching them how to make beds and wash dishes! As we passed down the narrow streets, every doorway was filled with golden heads, beautiful children that we longed to rescue from their terrible surroundings. “Where is your mother?” we asked of a tiny little girl playing on the stoop. “Oh, she’s right in there a-sleepin’—you ken see ’er through the window.” “No, we won’t go in,” said my escort, hastily drawing me away, for on the floor lay a drunken woman.”

“Drink is their curse,” sighed Miss Violet, as we crossed the hall and entered a room where the beds were unmade and dirt piled in every corner. Potato peels, cabbage leaves and bits of bread strewed the floor. At the farther end sat a woman, a sick child in her arms.

“After all, we must not blame them too much,” said Miss Violet. “The longer I live among them, the more I wonder that any are sober. You cannot imagine what our winter means without fire or light—especially when the fogs settle over London. The men return from their work wet and tired. What comfort is there in a room damp from fog and rain, filled with crying children.

no fire and an ill-smelling kerosene lamp? Is it not natural they seek the saloons for comfort?"

"Many of these poor creatures lead beautiful lives," said her grace, when I recounted our experiences. "I often feel that we receive here more than we give, from the noble example of those who are so patient, so cheerful, in spite of their terrible poverty."

To persuade the members of the aristocracy to go down into White-

chapel and live among the poor, as these titled ladies do was the cherished dream of Cardinal Vaughan. "That is the true way to help the lower classes," said his eminence, when I last saw him. "The rich and poor have been too long separated. They must be brought together. I want hundreds of such women as the duchess to make their homes in the slums, and by their example teach the poor how to live."

Teaching Children the Value of Money

By Isabel Wilder in *Home Magazine*

THIS country has been passing through a great "money-making" era. The most conspicuous feature of our social life to-day is the vast accumulations of money, such as the world has never before seen. Our ideas of riches have been correspondingly magnified out of all proportions. The words "millions" and "billions" roll as glibly off our tongues as though we were able to comprehend those vast sums. Great accumulations of anything tend to upset the balance of value, and the child of to-day has been born into a world with strangely distorted ideas of value. A very few of them are to be the spenders, the redistributers, of these vast accumulations, and many are to find ways and means to the opportunities their possession can afford. How these immense fortunes are to be spent is of much more importance to society than are the methods which have been employed in acquiring them. The old proverb that "there are but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves" is the expression of the economic law that accumulations of wealth must find their redistribution, but it is by no means a law of human nature that accumulated riches must leave the possessor in the second generation, as they found them in the first. It is a short-

sighted policy that would rob the inheritor of riches of any of the opportunities which it is possible for them to give him. The more that he takes advantage of these opportunities for better living in every sense, the more valuable will he be to society, and the more surely will his wealth find its just distribution. Indeed, it would seem that the advantages and opportunities for education, culture and wide outlook which large fortune gives should make the possessor of it the most competent one to use the power that it gives. That they are not always so lies largely in the fact that they have not learned to use money as their fathers learned to accumulate it. It is a very different and a more difficult art. Wise spending involves a knowledge of values. The value of a thing for the individual lies in what it is good for, and the use to which it can be put. Money is valuable only as a tool, not as a possession. Hoarded money, idle money, is a useless possession. In itself it supplies no personal need. It is not food, warmth or clothing; it is not a thing of beauty with which to satisfy the aesthetic sense; it is not an incentive to do or be, which serves as inspiration; it is not power. Money used gives opportunity for all these things. It is a mistaken idea which

lies behind the envy and resentment toward those who have riches. "If I were only rich I might be this, that or the other," "I might be as happy, useful and cultured as another if I only had his money." Such remarks as these show the all too common idea of what money really buys. It can not buy culture, comfort, health, power or friends—any personal good or grace. It buys only the opportunity. It depends entirely upon the character of the individual, his attitude toward his possessions and opportunities, and his conception of life, whether the multiplying of comforts, luxuries and possessions shall mean comfort, prosperity and power, or more "carking care" and a life crushed out by an overburden of things possessed.

Money is accumulated and hoarded as the most valuable thing that children can receive as an inheritance, but it is often forgotten that its desirability lies in the power to use it, and upon the parents who expect to leave such an inheritance there rests great responsibility in the training of their children in the appreciation of true values. The more money a child has, or is to have control of in the future, the more careful should be his training in its spending. Money is not like water, air or fruit. It does not grow. It is the result of human effort. Every dollar represents a definite amount of human life spent in labor by somebody, and the amount of money must always be limited by the amount of such energy expended. Human energy is the most precious stuff known, and when we use money we are using it.

Much of this can not and need not be taught to children, but it needs to be stated to show the importance of training in the use of money to rich and poor alike, and it must be known and appreciated by those having charge of such training. In matters of education Dr. Holmes' maxim always holds—"Begin with the grandfathers."

Every child must be taught the value of money. If it is done seriously and systematically, as a most im-

portant part of his education, it will set his feet in the path of success; if done in the haphazard way it is too frequently done, it must be unlearned by costly experiment, or prove an element of failure. I would emphasize its importance to girls, both to overcome a long-undisturbed tendency to ignore such matters, and because women are and will continue to be the great spenders of money. Much as we dislike to own it, women as a class have been conspicuously lacking in the affairs of their own special domain, whatever they may have been capable of outside it, and everywhere and always are they lacking in what is termed business sense. Much of the disturbing condition in the industrial world is directly traceable to women's utter inability to spend properly. The idea that something may be gotten for nothing belongs almost exclusively to women, and is responsible for bargain counters and accompanying sweat-shop conditions. They have never learned that the value of anything lies in its use, and that nothing is cheap that they have no use for, nor is anything necessarily valuable to them because it is valuable to their neighbor.

The *modus operandi* of such teaching must, of course, vary with the individual, but certain general principles are obvious. Children are great experimenters, and, after all is said and done, the best education is the properly directed experimental one. The use of a tool is only learned by using it, hence the child should have money to spend—a fixed allowance, which can be depended upon to stay fixed, and come with as much regularity as the father's salary. This allowance must be understood to entirely cover a certain class of expenses; most often, that of personal enjoyment, toys, sweets, etc., will be the most expedient to begin with, as this offers the field most wholly controlled by personal characteristics, and where the interference of older judgment is least often necessary. This allowance must be large enough to amply provide for all reasonable expenditure, breakages and losses in-

cluded. This means thought and care on the part of the parents. It must not be looked upon as "money for the child to waste," but as an investment in his education. The laws governing financial transactions of all kinds must be rigidly adhered to on the part of the parents and insisted upon for the child. The allowance is a financial obligation owed to the child.

We will take the case of a boy who becomes interested in a toy steam engine. He finds that his present capital will not buy even the cheapest one in the shop. He counts up his next month's allowance, and finds that with this and what he already has he could buy it. He concludes that he don't actually have to have the ball that he came in to buy. He will have mother fix the old one. He goes frequently to look at the engines, and as he learns more about them he concludes that his needs cannot be fully met in the cheaper grades. By the time that the next month's allowance is due, his ideas of engines have gone beyond the limits of his purse, and he goes on still another month, denying himself his usual allowance of sweets, etc., and almost surprising himself by the number of things that he is able to do without. He even refused to go on a boat ride across the lake, and was full of self-satisfaction until he learned that in it was included a visit to the cribs of the waterworks and the big pumping station, in company with a noted engineer who was a great friend to him and his little group of friends. Then he had misgivings lest he was paying too big a price. Alas! when the third installment of the allowance finally comes, his carelessness has caused him so many breakages that he is still short of the amount. His small sister comes to his rescue with a loan from her allowance, and he becomes the proud possessor of the coveted toy. Now comes the hardest blow of all. He has no alcohol and no money to buy it, and the engine is useless for another month. Again he resorts to borrowing, this time of a friend. When the next installment comes he is surprised to

find that it takes it all to pay for what he has already had, and that he is no better off for the immediate future than before it came. For it is a cardinal principle in this family that a debt shall be paid first. He begins to rebel a little against the tyranny of an engine that refuses to allow a boy to have anything else.

This one practical experience contains lessons in the great laws and principles of success in life, not only financial, but in character building, which, if learned, make for power, usefulness and happiness in any walk of life. And they will be learned with a few repetitions, if there is no interference on the part of older people. The enforced waiting for the toy, with the balancing of its attractions with other things, carried the lesson of wise choice, for choice consists in the refusal of many things rather than the taking of one, and wisdom in choosing lies in the consideration of the things refused as well as the things chosen. He learned the limit of the purchasing power of a dollar. The loss of his excursion should have taught him that opportunity comes but once, and that foresight must characterize choice or our possessions will cost us too much. By going into debt he learned that money can be spent but once, that it is dangerous to mortgage the future, and he who spends beyond his income uses what is not his own. He found that the first cost of a thing is often by no means its whole cost. All this is not only financial education, but the formation of valuable traits of character—decision, foresight, true self-sacrifice—which is always the sacrifice of a present good for something in the future which seems to be better—and patience are a few of them. Now, for any one to increase the allowance in any way, except by suggesting a way for the boy to do it himself, at any stage of the transaction, would be to defraud the child of what was most valuable in the plaything.

One such experience in the spending of money will, I believe, have more educational value in the real

TEACHING CHILDREN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

virtue of saving money than all the savings bank systems in the world. There is no virtue in itself in the saving of money. Indeed, it is a vice; the virtue lies in the object for which it is saved, which must be seen to be better than the object for which we would spend it in the present. Children's imaginations are not educated to see far ahead, and the objects that are desirable to them will not be the ones we see to be most desirable, but it is only what is desirable to them that will appeal to them strongly enough to form a motive. The college education, or the sending of Bibles to little heathen, or even furnishing clothes for the washwoman's little girl, are too remote from the child to furnish an adequate motive for saving the pennies. A certain dolly in a near-by shop window, or a much-coveted bon-bon even, attainable within the next week, will serve as a much better instructor in the value of saving.

Children should be encouraged to earn money, to learn what makes money valuable, what it stands for. Here three things are very important: First, it must be real work, needed service of some kind. By giving the child a trumped-up task merely to keep him busy, or to delude him with the idea that he is earning money, is to confuse his ideas of values, if not utterly to mislead him. Children are not deluded by such subterfuges. Second, never give the child the idea that services of courtesy and affection due to friends and family, or the observance of proper personal habits, have a money value, by paying him for such services or hiring him to be clean or orderly. It is as important for the child to learn what money will not buy as what it

will. Third, the labor must be paid for according to the proficiency of the child on the scale of the market price, exactly what should be paid to any one else doing the same thing as well—no more because he is a member of the family, no less because he is a child, or even a girl. A unit of labor is paid for by a unit of money, regardless of personal relations—one of the important things to be learned. These are some of the important laws of life out in the big world for which the home is the training place, and to make any child exempt from them in the home is to make him the victim of them when he goes out of it.

I have used the masculine pronoun, but in its inclusive sense. Women's special deficiencies show the need of exactly this training. They feel they are the exceptions, and all laws of society or the physical universe may be set aside for them; that no standards of skill should be applied to their labor, or any market price be respected by them in their financial transactions; and they are utterly unable to divorce personal relations from their business dealings.

Money is a tool whose misuse brings disastrous consequences, but which every child will have to use. To learn its use is a most important part of his education, and takes careful, conscientious and wise training. The suggestions embodied in this article are only hints as to its importance and its scope, and finger-posts that point the general direction which he should follow. And although a rigid rule can not be suggested to be observed because of varied circumstances and environment, the incontrovertible fact remains that the value of money is a vital thing to teach children whatever their lot in life.

We need not be discouraged because of the great things others accomplish and which are far beyond the range of possibility for us. It is only our best that is required of us, our own and not another's.

The Coming Religion

SIR OLIVER LODGE is one of the most famous of all modern leaders of scientific thought. What he has achieved in physics has made his name known all over the world. It was he who invented the "coherer," without which the wireless telegraph would be an impossibility. His intense and fruitful toil in his laboratory at Birmingham would seem to be enough to occupy the time and energy of several men.

Yet Sir Oliver is also deeply interested in religious problems, for he regards religion as one of the great forces of human life. He has had these problems before his mind for years; and he has lately published a book called "The Substance of Faith," which gives the essence of his conclusions. Remember that this book is the work of one who is a profound thinker, a man deeply learned in science, and at the same time a practical inventor. What he says cannot be cast aside as the fanciful notions of a visionary.

Briefly summed up, his view is that: What we call "God" is a personality which pervades the universe, having consciousness, emotions, and will. It is an Intelligence, guiding all things, and inseparable from them, just as human thought is inseparable from the human brain. Man is physically a collection of cells, which at death are dispersed; but the part of this divine Intelligence which has guided them still lives on. This is the soul, which ever remains, persistent and immortal. The very greatest of human beings possess a larger share of the divine Intelligence than others. They get glimpses of the spiritual world. This is what we mean by "genius." Because God exists in man, and because man has some share of God, we may speak of the Humanity of God and of the Divinity of Man.

Hence, it follows, according to Sir Oliver, that religion in the future must avail itself of both physical and psychological knowledge. First of all, there must be implanted in children "such ideas and habits as shall result in a happy childhood and a sound and useful life." This must be the care of the state and not of the family. "Nothing of this kind can cost too much. For what is the meaning of life? What is this planet for? Physical conditions are a part of true religious teaching."

Then psychologically, religion must be taught indirectly and not directly—and it must be taught continuously. It is to be inculcated by teaching cleanliness, order, punctuality, and courtesy, for these are the very essence of true religion. A love of the beautiful, an instinct for creation as opposed to the instinct for destruction—these are also fundamentals in religion. Respect for persons and for property, unselfishness, truth—when these have been instilled into the life and thought, then religion has entered.

He that is in perfect peace suspects no man, but he that is discontented and disturbed is tossed about by various suspicions; he is neither easy himself, nor does he suffer others to be easy.

Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction

By Frederick A. Waldron in *American Machinist*

THE most important of all factory problems at the present time is to obtain maximum efficiency from help. The elements which contribute to this efficiency are varied and complicated. The underlying principle, however, in obtaining the best work is to have proper working conditions conducive to the best health of the employe, as no one can reach maximum efficiency if he is not in the best physical and mental condition.

The more progressive and broader-minded factory owners are recognizing this fact and are constructing new buildings with a maximum amount of light, using either skeleton steel with brick veneer or reinforced concrete. The more conservative owner still holds to the wood and brick construction as "good enough."

The evolution of the average factory building begins with the idea of a covering in which to house help and machinery, followed by the commercial consideration of the very lowest initial cost regardless of future economy or the efficiency and comfort of the help employed therein.

The ability to withstand dull times and sharp competition lies in the fact of being able to look ahead and design the entire plant with efficiency as the watchword rather than first cost.

The economical cost of factory buildings is a problem which is not easy of solution unless a general knowledge of factory arrangement and construction is brought into play

and its value in relation to the production is considered. There is no doubt but that a neat, well-arranged plant, next to a first-class product, is the best advertisement a firm can have.

There is no question as to the economy of the New England mill construction on factories having live floor loads not exceeding 100 pounds with maximum column spacing of 10 feet and a girder length of from 10 to 16 feet.

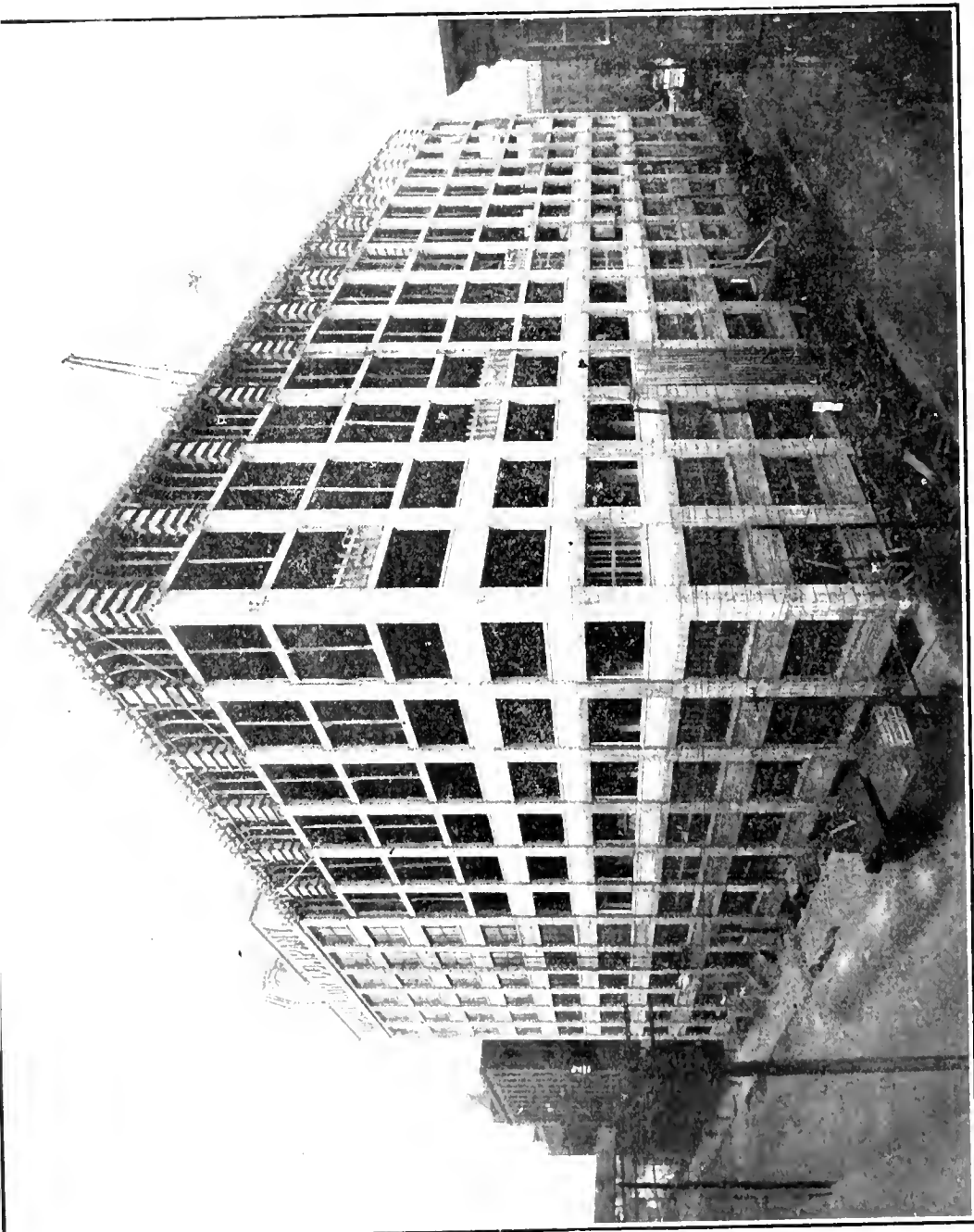
In textile mills the machinery and arrangements are such as to admit of this construction being the most economical in most sections of the country. With the advances, however, that are being made in reinforced concrete construction and by the proper design, specifications and the judicious selection of floor loads, it is a question if, in the future, reinforced concrete could not be built as cheaply, if not cheaper, than mill construction in most places.

The short time required to complete a reinforced concrete building has, in many cases, been the deciding factor, owing to the difficulty in obtaining building materials during the past few years.

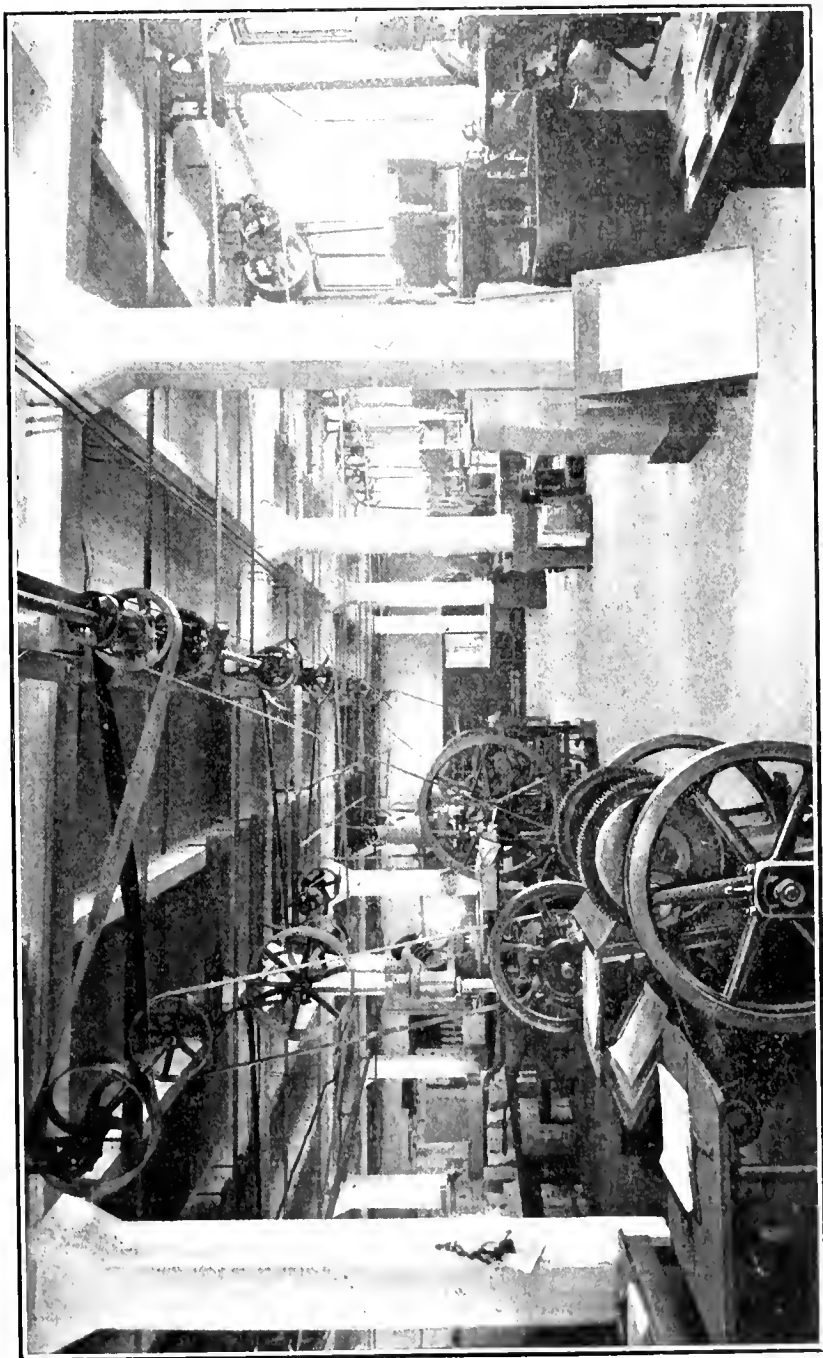
For multi-storey machine shops manufacturing light machinery the superiority of reinforced concrete has already been demonstrated; the rigidity of working platform, fireproof features, cleanliness, air and light have already attracted widespread attention. The cost, however, for various factories, especially in the Eastern section of the United States, has been questioned, and justly so, by parties contemplating the erection of same. This is due largely to the fact that this type of building is oftentimes improperly constructed and poorly designed, either in the amount of steel or concrete, the assumption of excessive floor loads, the proportion of column load, and the design-

* (Mr. Waldron was employed for the last twelve years by a number of the larger and more progressive firms and held solely responsible for the design, arrangement, equipment, construction and cost of operation of different factories of various types of construction and occupancy.—Ed.)

* We are indebted to the American Machinist for the illustrations used throughout the article.



Example 2. Monolithic Reinforced Concrete Building of Robert Gair Co., Brooklyn, N.Y., Without Brick Veneer or Trim of any Kind.



Example 2A. Showing Interior of Type Illustrated in Example 2.

ing of the girders and columns carrying the load.

It is surprising the amount of expense that can be cut out in the designing of reinforced concrete buildings by an intelligent comprehension of its requirements and relative costs of its elements and future equipment.

SELECTION OF TYPE OF BUILDING.

Many manufacturing concerns that are to-day building light machinery are erecting buildings on the weave shed or single-storey plan. This is short-sightedness and false economy in many cases, a few of which are enumerated as follows:

1. If a plant increases its output

and it has never occurred to many that the help spend as much time watching the office as the office does watching them. It is absolutely impossible for any one sitting in an office to tell whether a man at a distance of 100 feet is working efficiently or not, as he may be going through the motions without accomplishing results.

5. On work where the maximum weight of any one piece does not exceed a certain amount, it is much better to have a multi-storey building with proper elevators, as the work can be divided into sections under much better working conditions, and start at the top of the building and



Example 4. Factory of German American Button Co., Rochester, N. Y. Building in Foreground is of Plain Monolithic Reinforced Concrete Without Brick Veneer or Trim of any Kind.

within a comparatively short time the land which is deemed sufficient for to-day is entirely inadequate for buildings of the above character in five or ten years.

2. A building of this kind tends to produce a "dopey" effect on the help employed therein.

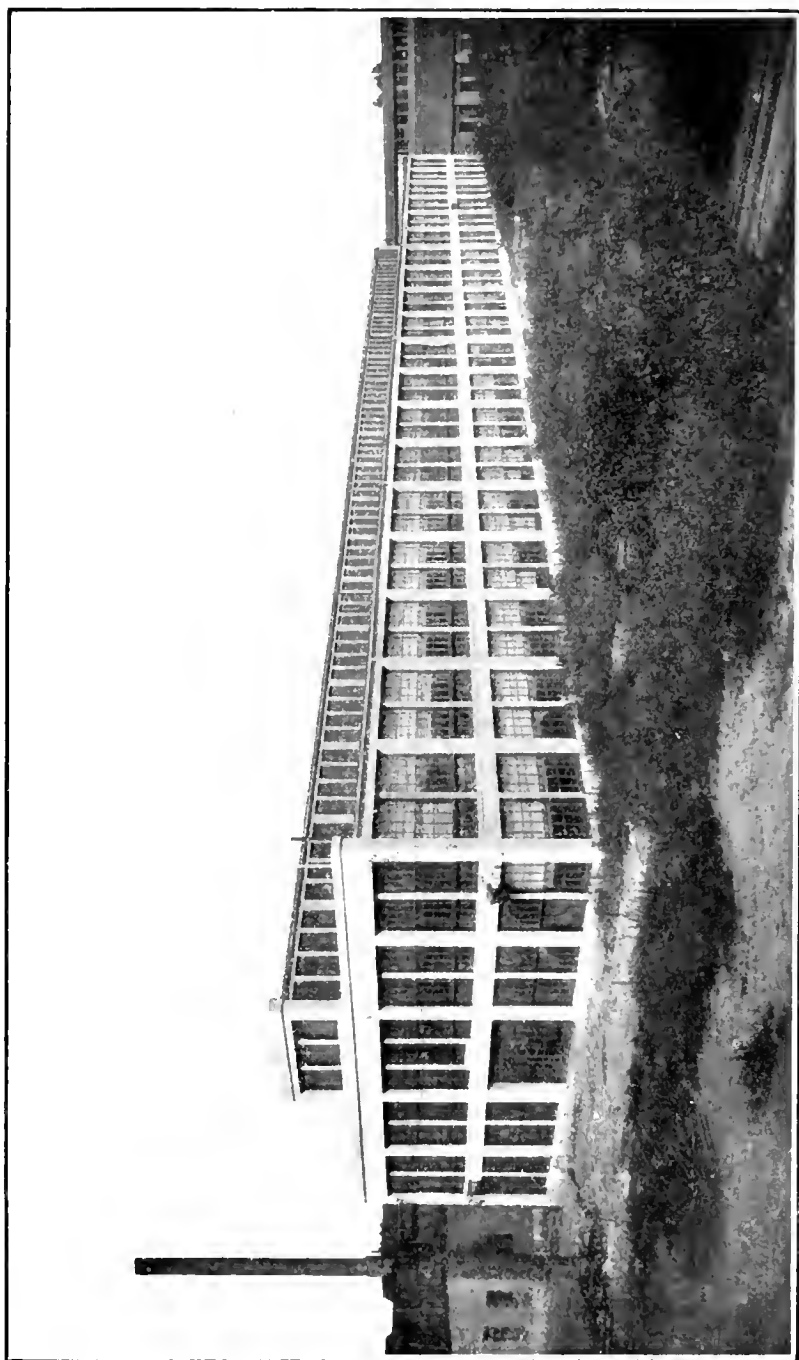
3. The floor area in time becomes so large that the so called advantage of being able to see the entire shop and what everybody is doing disappears.

4. The idea of watching a factory from the office tilted back in an easy-chair is a thing of the past. The up-to-date shop has its responsible heads out in the factory "on to their job,"

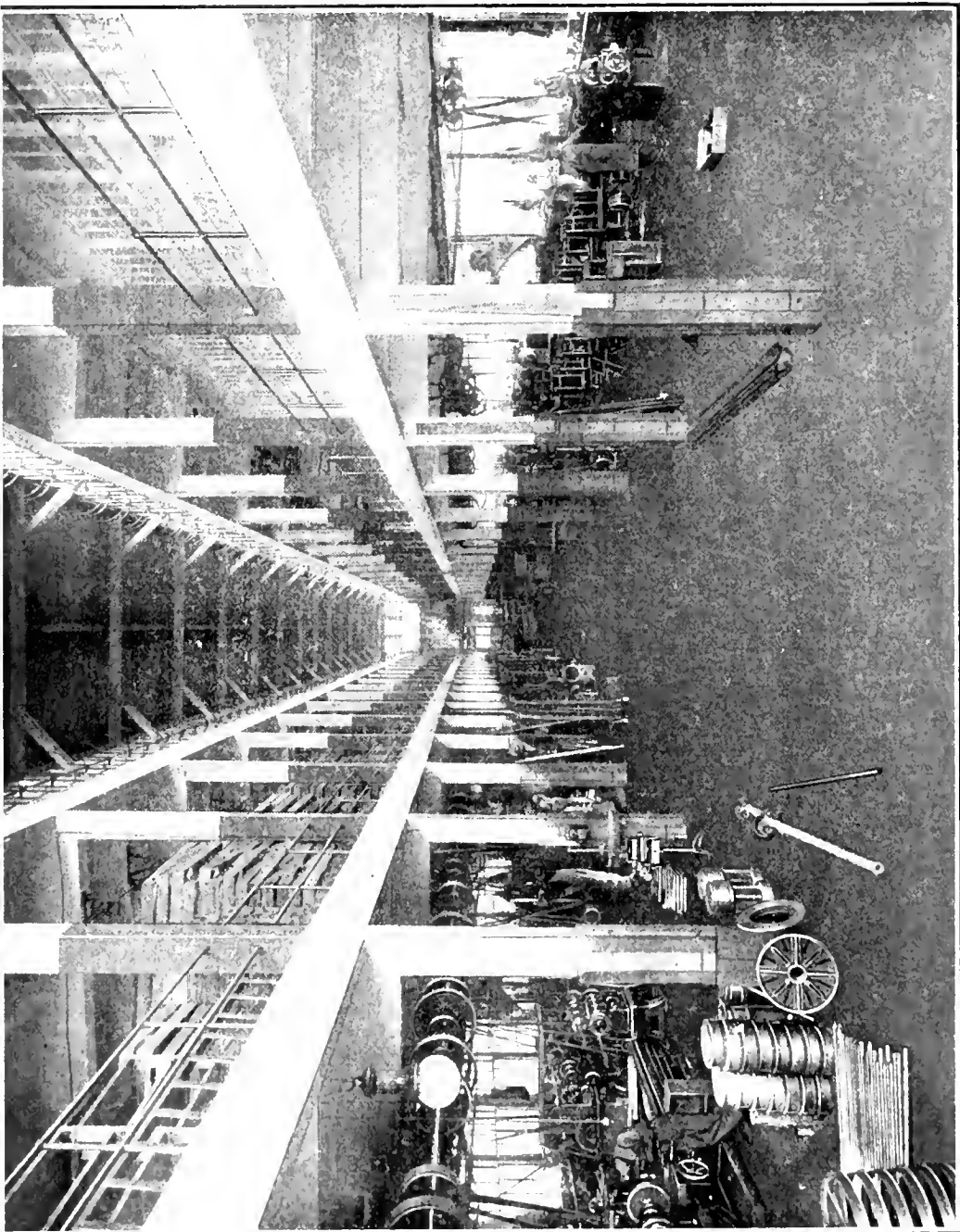
come down to the assembling floors and shipping room. More work is delayed and lost track of by the "sec-saw" process than many realize.

It is a recognized fact that the more progressive employers on the lighter grades of work carry this method out in the arrangement of their factories. This can readily be done by the proper design of the building and its relation to output.

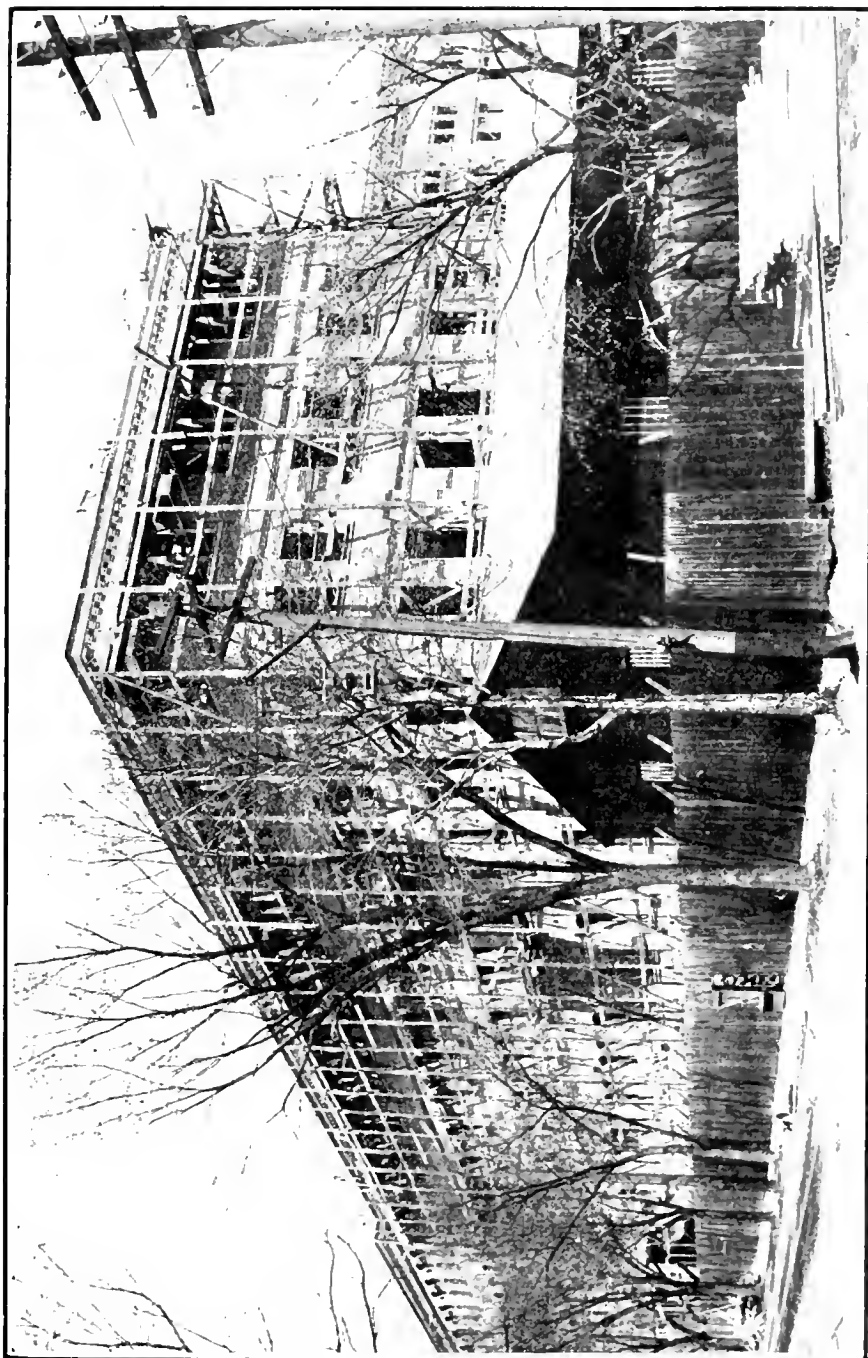
6. A building of the multi-storey type, when the cost of land is taken into account, can be erected for less money generally per square foot working floor space than the weave shed or the single-storey monitor type of building, which type should



Example 6. Building of the Davis Sewing Machine Co., Dayton, Ohio. Plain Monolithic Reinforced Concrete Without Brick Veneer



Example 6A. Showing Interior of Example 6.



Example 8. Reinforced Concrete Building with Red Brick Veneer, of Gale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn.

only be used where it is necessary to have crane runways and handle product exceeding 2,500 pounds.

7. For a product not exceeding 2,500 pounds in weight, a set of tram-rails and hoists can be provided which will handle the work much more expeditiously than any type of crane, as it would be divided into smaller units resulting in the individual machine being served more rapidly than it could be while waiting for the traveling crane, which oftentimes is tied up on special work and prevents the maximum production per machine hour for the plant. This does not mean that a single tramrail will take the place of a traveling crane, but the same amount of money put into a properly designed tramrail system for shop transportation for light work will give a greater machine hour output than it invested in a traveling crane.

The most serious set-back that reinforced concrete has received is due to its apparent simplicity. The mere fact of mixing together a little cement, sand, stone or gravel and having it harden almost in the twinkling of an eye, has attracted toward it a great many incompetent contractors and engineers. The reactive effect of this is apparent in the failure of several buildings in the course of construction on the one hand and the excessive cost on the other.

A building of reinforced concrete, in so far as the frame itself goes, is divided into three elements; concrete, reinforcements and form work, in which the form work costs very nearly as much in place as the sum of the reinforcements and the concrete. The result of this combination is the tendency on the part of the contractor to get his form work done cheaply and use as little material as possible which results in forms being removed too quickly, thus causing collapse.

The element of labor in placing the steel and keeping it so that it will have the necessary covering of concrete costs almost as much as the steel itself. This point is also liable to be slighted.

Cement is the expensive item in the

concrete and the contractor who is out for making money regardless of the quality of the work naturally leans toward the elimination of cement to the last point and have materials hold together.

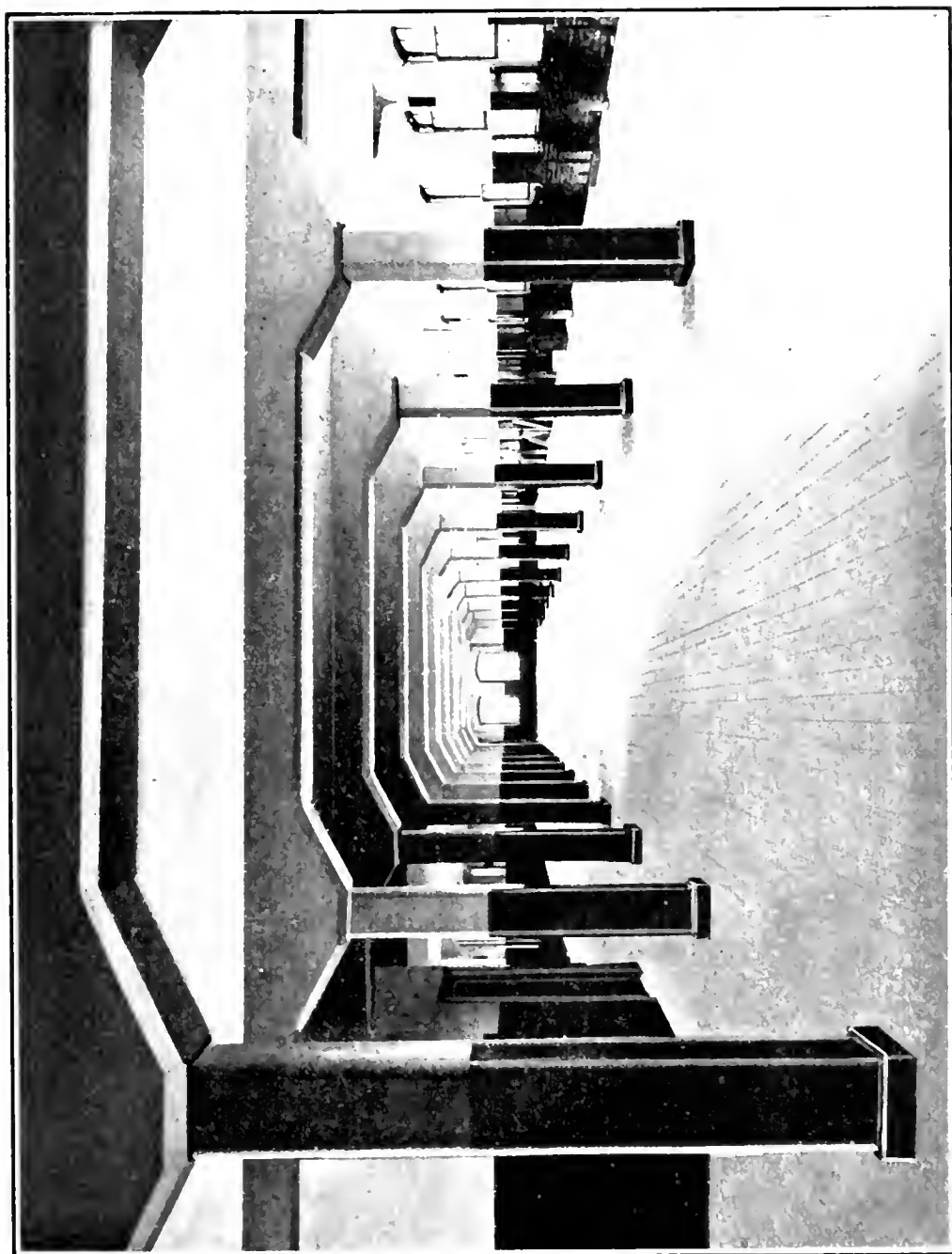
It is poor business policy to have a building designed and erected by the same party, as the buildings to-day that will stand engineering criticism and show a low cost are those that have been designed by competent architects or engineers and erected under their supervision by a reliable contractor. A good design poorly constructed is not as good as a poor design well constructed and good construction requires good supervision.

It is very hard to get the prospective builder, in many cases, to realize the economy of a policy of this kind and many owners think that by giving the designing and the building to the same firm that they are not paying for the architect or engineer. In reality, it is costing them more.

Whatever question there may be regarding the fireproof qualities of reinforced concrete, it can be safely said that it is harder to start a fire in one of these buildings than in any other type. The inflammability of foundry roofs, even when made of thick planking, is also a known fact in insurance circles. The modern mill constructed floor can, under certain conditions, make a very warm fire; especially after the floor is dried out and the space between the maple floor and the plank floor is filled with inflammable dust.

The advantages of following up the work of completion of a building of the monolithic reinforced concrete type are apparent. The floor can be made practically water tight by proper mixing of the ingredients, thereby enabling the workmen to place the rougher portion of the equipment during the erection of the building.

The objection to placing shafting, etc., is being overcome rapidly by special devices which have been designed for that purpose. In the up-to-date shop the devices for suspending shafting are so made that the



Example 8A Interior View of Example 8.

countershaft can be placed in any portion of a given rectangle by slackening a few bolts and sliding the structure to its proper position and on this structure the countershaft is also slid to its proper position over the machine.

From the factory operating standpoint, the most important advantage in the reinforced concrete is the rigidity of the working platform for operations requiring great accuracy, the vibration and spring being much less than in any form of wood floor in existence at the present time.

A properly designed reinforced concrete building will give, during the winter months, from 1-4 to 1-2 of an hour more daylight than any type of building of slow burning construction. Of course a steel frame building with brick veneer can be made to give about the same window opening but the advantages from a fire standpoint, unless the steel is fireproofed, are not what they are in reinforced concrete structures and the feature of fireproofing steel adds to the cost.

With all of these advantages and the advance in design and construction we may reasonably look forward to an era of concrete factory buildings throughout the country. This condition is already here in the Middle West and extensive factory buildings are being constructed rapidly, economically and satisfactorily to owners.

TASTE IN GROUPING BUILDINGS.

Buildings can be grouped so as to form a harmonious whole from an artistic standpoint as cheaply as from a mechanical view point. Some factory buildings are embellished artistically; others are extremely plain either of which in a certain location forms a pleasing or attractive grouping. Either of the above, if grouped artistically and properly proportioned, creates a lasting impression on those who may observe them and an impression thus created is without exception a valuable advertisement for the owner.

Much money can be saved in de-

signing the most simple buildings by a careful review of the location and occupancy of the same. In several cases, to the writer's knowledge, 20 per cent. more expense has been put into a building than is absolutely necessary, due to the fact that the owner engaged a local contractor to design and construct the building.

COST OF EXTRAS AND EQUIPMENT.

In many cases the form of contract and lack of thoroughness of the specifications seriously affect the cost of the building. The writer has had experience with two buildings with a contract cost approximating \$250,000, the specifications and contracts being drawn by different parties. In one case there was about \$50,000 claimed for extras, all of which had to be allowed. In the other case from \$40,000 to \$45,000 claimed as extras out of which only \$14,000 was allowed and of this amount \$11,000 was for work which the owner intended to do himself, when the contract was let. This was due largely to the completeness of the drawings and specifications and the form of contract.

In the original cost and design of a building the owner oftentimes overlooks the subsequent expense of equipping it and is induced quite frequently to take the cheapest form of design and construction.

In the writer's experience, he has found on buildings averaging from \$75,000 to \$300,000 in value, a building properly designed for its specific occupancy, economies of from \$4,000 to \$20,000 can be effected by the consideration of these matters when the building is first designed.

SUMMARY.

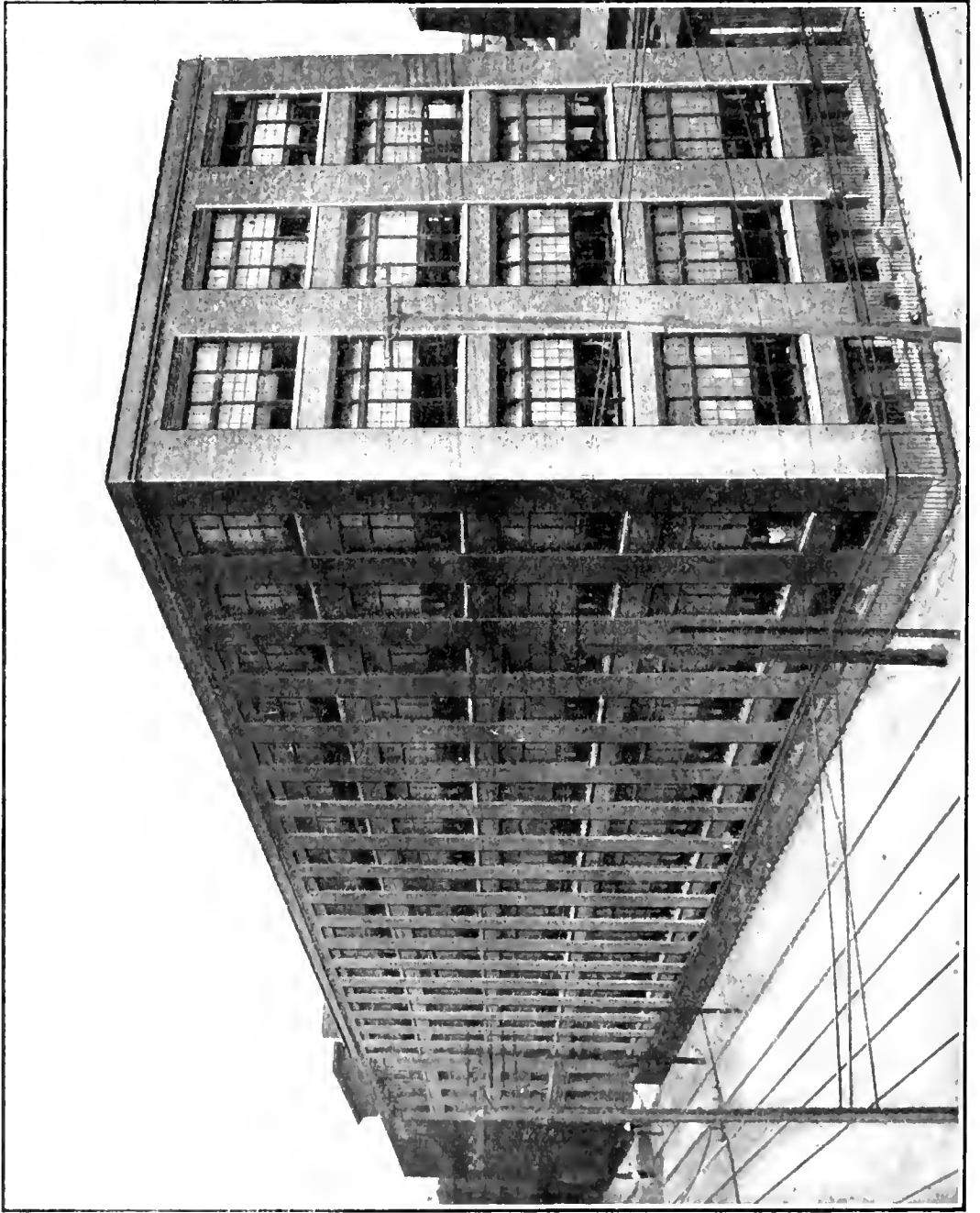
In presenting this article on the cost of different types of buildings, the writer does not wish to be misunderstood in declaring himself absolutely in favor of reinforced concrete and nothing else, for he realizes that the most economical occupancy and construction for one type of building in certain localities would not be as economical for the same type of building in a different locality.

COSTS OF FACTORY BUILDINGS OF MILL, STEEL AND REINFORCED CONCRETE.

| COST | | | | | | | | | | STEEL | | MILL | | REINFORCED CONCRETE | | OWNER | ARCH. ENG'g | CONTRACTOR |
|-----------------------|--------|-----------------------------|--------|-----------------|------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|---|----------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------|---|---|--|-------------|------------|
| DATE EREC- TION | USE | LIVE LOAD Sq. Ft. | LENGTH | WIDTH | N. STORIES | GROSS FLOOR AREA | TOTAL FLOOR AREA | Total | Per Sq. Ft. | Total | Per Sq. Ft. | Total | Per Sq. Ft. | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | \$300,000 | \$1.44 | \$200,000 | \$1.39 | \$250,000 | \$1.42 | | | | | |
| 1 | 1906-7 | Light Machinery | 250 | About 48 ft. | 5 Stories and Basement | 38,800 | 208,800 | Brick Veneer Finish | | Brick Veneer Finish | | \$250,000 | \$1.42 | F. A. Waldron 45 Wall St. N. Y. | Neel Const. Co. Baltimore Md. | | | |
| 2 | 1906-7 | Paper Specialty | 250 | 200 | 9 | 46,000 | 410,400 | | | PLAIN CONCRETE FINISH | | \$319,300 | \$1.42 | Robert Gath. Brooklyn N. Y. | Turner Const. Co. Baltimore Md. | | | |
| 3 | 1906 | Factory Office Building | 125 lb | About 225 | 10 Stories Basement | 250,000 | About 250,000 | Fire proofed | | Not considered | | \$58,000 | \$1.40 | F. M. Andrews Cincinnati Ohio. | Neel Const. Co. Baltimore Md. | | | |
| 4 | 1904-5 | Factory for Buttons | 200 | No illustration | 4 Stories | 28,000 | 140,000 | Estimated 10 per cent above mill cost structure | | Brick and Indiana Limestone | | Made of reinforced concrete | | German Am. Baltimore Co. Brooklyn N. Y. | Ferro-Concrete Co. | | | |
| 5 | 1905 | Light Machinery | 250 | 200 | 2 Stories | 24,800 | 47,600 | | \$75,000 | \$1.50 | Pile foundation | | \$1.50 | Yale & Towne Stamford Conn. | Frank Gilbreth 44 W. 20th St. N. Y. | | | |
| 6 | 1906-7 | Light Machinery | 250 | 90 | Mon. Type 200 x 30 | 22,000 | 30,500 | | | | | \$45,000 | \$1.50 | Davis Sewing Machine Co. Dayton Ohio. | Krippner Bldg. C. Dayton Ohio. | | | |
| 7 | 1900 | Light Machinery | 200 | 144 | 4 Stories Basement | 8,200 | 41,000 | | \$60,000 | \$1.49 | C. I. columns Steel girders | | | Yale & Towne Stamford Conn. | Frank Shea Stamford Conn. | | | |
| 8 | 1906 | Light Machinery | 200 | 104 | 4 Stories Basement | 8,200 | 41,500 | | | | | \$83,000 | \$2.00 | Yale & Towne Stamford Conn. | Lockwood-Kerrison Boston Mass. | Frank Gilbreth 44 W. 20th St. N. Y. | | |
| 9 | 1906 | Light Machinery | 200 | 180 | 4 Stories Basement | 9,500 | 47,500 | | \$34,575 | \$1.57 | | | | Yale & Towne Stamford Conn. | Lockwood-Kerrison Boston Mass. | Frank Gilbreth 44 W. 20th St. N. Y. | | |
| 10 | 1906-7 | M. C. A. | 150 | No illustration | | | | \$60,000 | | Brick and Marble Veneer | | \$54,000 | | Y. M. C. A. Dayton Ohio. | Neel Const. Co. Baltimore Md. | | | |
| 11 | 1900 | Heavy Storage and Machinery | 250 | 250 | 4 Stories Basement | 12,500 | 62,500 | | \$100,000 | \$1.41 | Pile foundation | | | J. H. Williams Brooklyn N. Y. | A. Schaefer Temper Court Brooklyn N. Y. | | | |

Buildings marked * were actual costs of construction, and were of type designated at top of column. Costs do not include any equipment except in case 3.

NOTE. Nos. 5, 8 and 9 were "speed jobs" which accounts somewhat for the higher cost. The plans for the buildings were started in February and March. The buildings designated as Nos. 6 and machinery operating in it by the first of the following June. Buildings shown as 9 and 10 had machinery installed in them and in operation by the middle of the following July.



Example II, Factory Building of J. J. Williams Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Mill Construction with Four Stories and Basement

The Business of the Salvation Army

By General Booth in *American Business Man*.

"NO, no," I said when the editor came. "I'm too busy, really too busy. I've made twenty speeches this week. I'm an old man, and the tax has been great. I'm tired out. You mustn't ask me for an article."

But the editor protested. He flattered me. He said the big business men among whom his magazine circulates are interested in me and in my army, that they want to know the story of the Salvation Army from a strictly business standpoint. Now we think the Salvation Army is the greatest business proposition in the world, and we think our methods are such that a good many merchants and manufacturing houses could well copy them. If there is a flaw in our business methods we want to know it, if there is a better system we want to adopt it. So I gave in to the editor, consenting to write this article, which probably is the only one I shall write during my visit in America. I am getting old; this may be the last article I shall ever pen, and if so, God grant that it shall continue to interest you good-hearted, broad-gauged business men in the salvation of many persons after I am gone.

I am going to take you into my confidence, completely, without reserve. I trust you with my secrets. How is the Salvation Army run, what do we do with the money, how do we guard against dishonesty or what you term "graft," where do we get our brains, our heads of departments, our "salesmen" and "salesmanagers," so to speak, and how do we train them? I shall tell you all, and, after reading, if any of you men of big commercial activities see a lurking danger in our system or have a suggestion for a better, please in all kindness write me personally, or my officers. That the Salvation Army shall be so established on good religion and good business that all the world and the

devil cannot budge it is the autumnal ambition of its founder.

The Salvation Army is a business proposition. That our business is not to manufacture engines or sell merchandise, but to change the hearts of men, makes no difference. We have our working staff to manage, our territory to canvass and to fill and our "prospects" to interest, the same as has the manufacturer or merchant. I do not know really that there is any great difference between running the Salvation Army and running one of your big business houses over here in this wonderful America—except that there is more Christ with us and more Mammon with you.

That's the great trouble with you business men of America, you think too much of the almighty dollar. Why, I am told the heads of some of your insurance companies live in palaces and are paid princely salaries. The Salvation Army has an insurance company, too—a good, fine, healthy concern doing a business up in the millions—and how much do you suppose its head gets? Twenty dollars a week, and there isn't a better insurance man in Great Britain or the Americas! Then we have a large bank, and its manager doesn't get as much as twenty dollars a week. And Commissioner Nicol, that fine and learned gentleman who is with me on this trip, is the editor of four of our weekly newspapers and seven magazines, and he gets twenty dollars a week. One New York publisher, I understand, pays a certain editor \$50,000 a year for editing just one newspaper, and I venture to say that the editor who draws the \$50,000 is not more capable than Commissioner Nicol.

I think any employer will agree with me that the success of his business depends on the men who do the work. To create an atmosphere among employees of good-fellowship

and of eternal willingness to do the duties required of them in the best manner of which they are capable is the problem always before the man of business. In short it is necessary that the employe give his employers the best that is in him at all times, and

insurance company is but twice as much, you will realize that there is not much salary stimulus held out to our young men. But there is no business house in the world where a better spirit prevails among the members of the working staff than is to

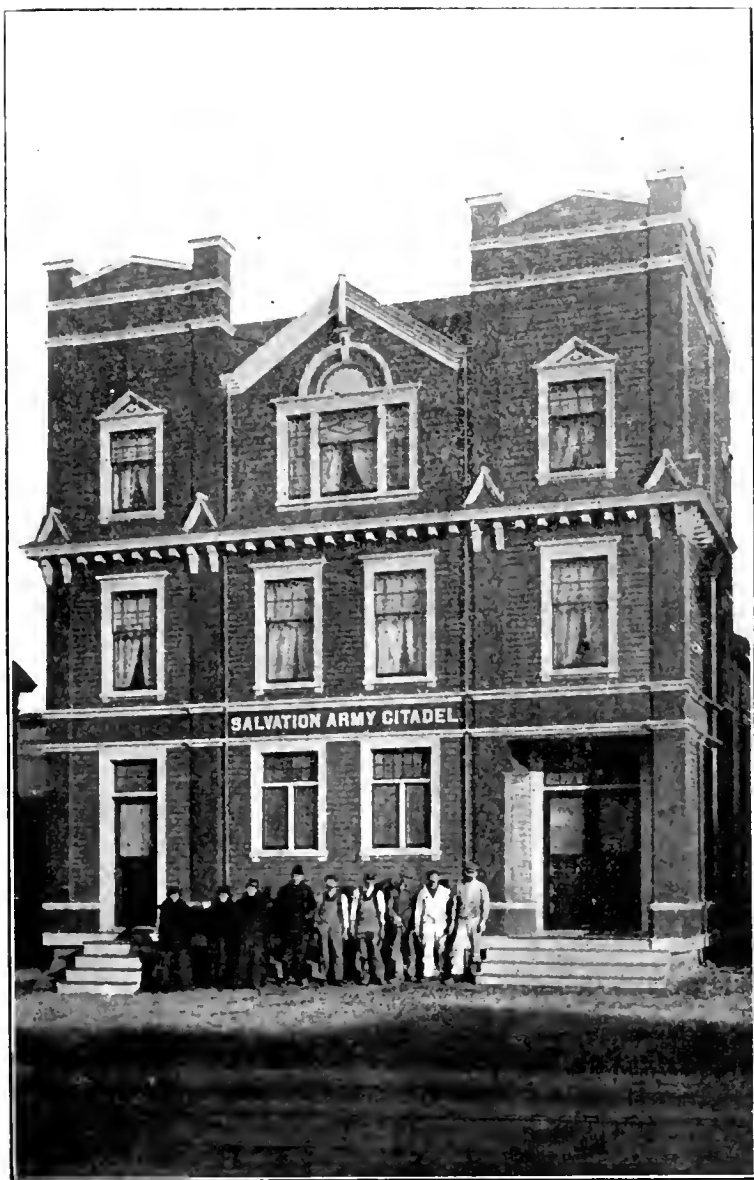


COMMISSIONER COOMBS
Chief Officer of the Salvation Army in Canada

in the best spirit. Various methods are adopted to bring this about, gradual promotions with increases of salary being the usual stimulus. The Salvation Army rewards its workers with promotions, but when you think that the pay of a captain at the Chicago headquarters is \$10 a week and that of the editor-in-chief of our publications and of the manager of our

be found at any of the headquarters of the Salvation Army.

Let me cite an incident: During my visit in Chicago I was resting one day in the commissioner's office. In a room adjacent a young woman stenographer, who was not a member of the army, was at work on her typewriter. She was very busy, had a great many letters to be written and



TYPE OF BUILDING ERECTED FOR SALVATION ARMY HALLS

During the year fourteen new halls have been erected and twenty new sites secured in the Dominion

posted that day. Still, when another young woman entered, a young woman whose duty it was to wash the dishes, the stenographer at once volunteered to help in the dish washing.

"There are too many for you to do alone," said the stenographer, pleasantly. "I'm going to help."

The second young woman protested mildly that the stenographer was not paid for washing dishes, and that if she insisted on it she would be kept late in the evening finishing her typewriting.

"You aren't even a member of the army," was the final protest.

"No," laughed the young stenographer, "but there's so much charity around this place I cannot get away from it. My system's full of it. Come on, I'm going to help wash those dishes." And the two locked arms and walked away.

Now, to understand the business methods of the Salvation Army, this incident is important. If I were to go into your manufactory or your store and witnessed such a spirit among your workers I should know at once one very vital secret of your success. But such a spirit does not come forth uncultivated. It requires study. However closely the labor of the Master may bring the officer of the Salvation Army in touch with the divine, he is always human, naturally susceptible to the influences that sway workmen in the business world. So in our methods of cultivating the spirit of charity and of willingness among workers may be many a hint for commercial employers.

Let us go back to the foundation. The Salvation Army was organized thirty-two years ago. To-day it is established in fifty-two countries. Its territory is the world. It has a million members, it collects and expends annually a million and a quarter of dollars and all the work is done by 20,000 persons—its uniformed officers. These officers are ranked according to their ability, their term of servitude and their consecration. Lieutenant is the lowest commissioned officer. Then follow captain, cadet, ensign, adjutant, staff captain, major,

brigadier, lieutenant-colonel, colonel and commissioner.

This force is recruited from the membership of the army. Officers are continually on the look-out for men and women of consecration and ability, and as these are found they are induced to enter our training schools. In America we have two such schools, one in New York and one in Chicago. The course extends for six months, and includes instruction in the history of religion and of the Salvation Army, in the Bible and in administration, the purpose being to turn out young men and women well-versed in their Bibles, in the doctrines of the Army, and in the methods of tact and resourcefulness that constitute the foundation of executive ability. On graduation the students are commissioned as full-fledged lieutenants and captains.

This training corresponds to the training the young man receives in the business house preparatory to going on the road as a salesman. It prepares our young people to go into the slums and the highways and byways of sin and change the hearts of men.

"Now, at the outset, we seek to promote the sense of responsibility, to fire the ambition, to instill the desire to do something to-day, and to-morrow to do something bigger, in our graduates. It is taken for granted that they go into their work with love for it deep-seated in their hearts. What material stimulus is needed is furnished by the system of promotions and I may say that no system built up on a basis of big salaries could possibly succeed so well. I have seen men in various nations and in various walks of life rejoicing over their prosperity, but I have never seen one as happy as an officer of the Salvation Army on receiving a promotion to a higher rank. Promotion means something to that officer, not the least of which is the knowledge that he is a success in his chosen line of endeavor.

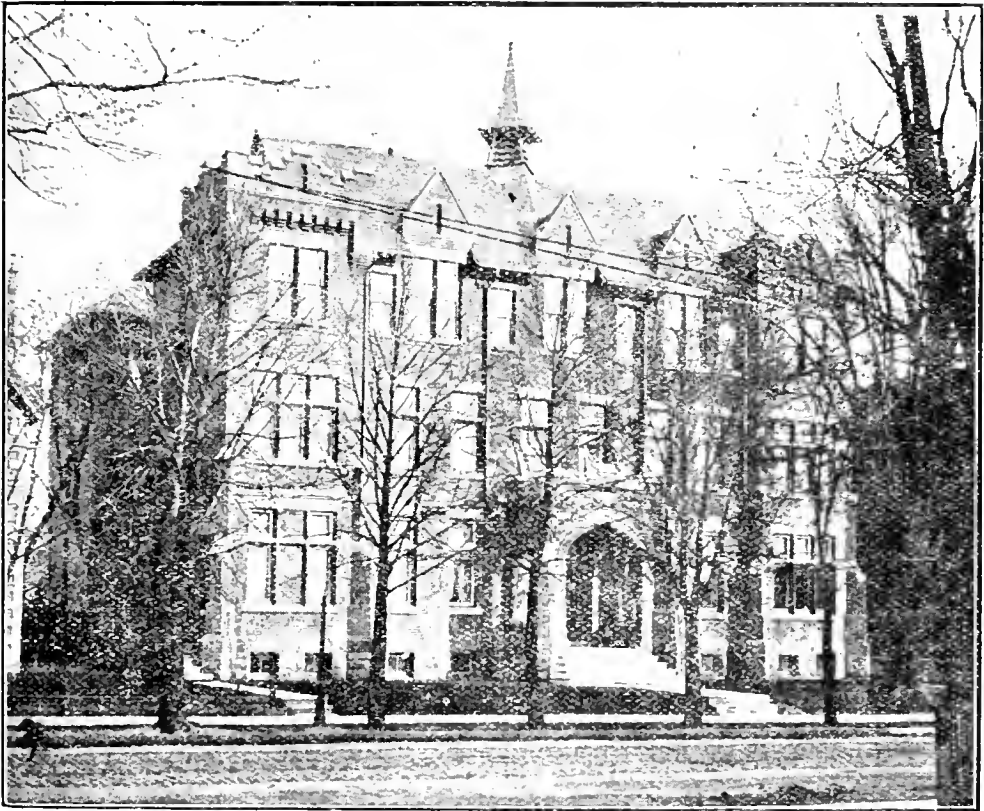
The international headquarters of the army are situated in London. Here we have large publishing

THE BUSINESS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

plants, a bank, an insurance company and a foreign office as thoroughly organized as your department of state at Washington. This foreign office might, in a business sense, be styled the head of our foreign sales department. It keeps in touch with the national headquarters in each and everyone of the fifty-two countries where the Salvation Army is active. It knows, for instance, everything

everything that should have been done. The foreign office never permits a lag in Chicago, in Berlin, in Manila, in Capetown, in Rio Janeiro, in Tokyo, to go long unremedied, nor an especially brilliant effort to go uncommended.

The accumulated experience at the centre is always at the disposal of the men at the extremities. New York may ask the foreign office in London



THE TRAINING COLLEGE, TORONTO.

In this building sixty young people are being continually trained for officership in the Salvation Army.

that the army is doing in Chicago; more than this, it knows just what are the conditions and possibilities in Chicago. When the army is doing good work here, the foreign office knows it, and when less is being accomplished than might be expected, the foreign office likewise is alive to the falling-off. Thus, everything that it done in every city of fifty-two nations is checked off monthly with

for advice and the foreign office will answer intelligently, because close study of the monthly reports from New York has made the men in London thoroughly familiar with the situation at New York, and they have their wide experience in other fields for guidance.

If there is one feature of our system more than another that business men may copy with profit, it is the

wonderful organization of this foreign department. I doubt very much if any business house has men in its foreign sales department who so thoroughly understand the varying needs and the varying natures of the peoples of the world as do the men in our foreign office at London. We have men there who speak every language in Christendom. It will be interesting, doubtless, to my readers to learn that an American, Col. Edward Higgins, is the assistant foreign secretary.

This same organization characterizes our work everywhere. To begin with, our field, which is the world, is divided into territories, each in charge of a sub-general, who is invested with full executive powers in his department. This sub-general is expected to do things. If he does not, he is soon removed. In his sphere this sub-general is an autocrat, and in this connection I wish to defend the system of autocracy as an efficient agency in business organization. When one considers how the Salvation Army goes down to the very lowest depths and lifts men and women up, no one can accuse us of not being democratic, and yet in our organization we are autocratic. My powers, as general, for instance, are absolute. If I err in my judgment or in my personal deportment, I may be removed from office; but while I do reign I must be obeyed. So must the colonel or the commissioner in charge of a department be obeyed. In the same way, there must be prompt compliance with the commands of major to captain, of captain to lieutenant, of lieutenant to soldier. There is no occasion for a command to be questioned; it must not. Now, obviously this is autocracy, but I insist it is quite necessary to the conduct of any successful organization.

Now, to prevent stagnation and to halt a possible tendency to get too conservative, the term of command is limited to five years. New blood is coming to the front all the time. Something must be done by the man in power, or at the end of the five years he will find himself supplanted

by a younger man of fresher ideas. So here is the stimulus to constant endeavor. The department commander realizes that there is never to be a period of let-up; he must be doing his best, and a little better than he did yesterday, all the time. Meanwhile he is training men, drilling them, inspiring them; making and keeping his department a live wire.

Commissioner Kilbey is in charge of the western department of the army, with headquarters in Chicago. A man named French is in charge in California. If there are two harder working business men in America I have not heard of them. They are heads of departments. Their departments, in turn, are sub-divided into provinces, the provinces into divisions, and the divisions into separate offices. It is all a great system. Kilbey and French keep in touch with the sub-divisions of their departments and the foreign office at London keeps in touch with them.

The Salvation Army is also divided into two general departments—a social department, attending to the charitable and philanthropical duties of the army, and a spiritual or religious department. Each department is conducted separately. Each does its own booking, its own banking and its own financing, so that contributions to advance the spiritual side of our work do not go to advance the charitable side, and vice versa.

We collect and expend, as I have said, something like a million and a quarter dollars annually. This is a vast sum, and it is imperative that it should be carefully handled and, above all, that there should be no suspicion of our honesty. Our financial system is based on the most up-to-date methods with which we are familiar. We are regulated by the budget principle. Each spending department has to present to the board of experts a statement, compiled from carefully ascertained data, of the probable income and expenditure during the coming twelve months. This statement is submitted to, and passed upon by experts who are called the budget board. If approved

by this board, the expenditure allowed cannot be carried out until the scheme or schemes under consideration are submitted to the finance council. Suppose, for instance, that Commissioner Kilbey decided upon erecting a new training school at Chicago to cost \$100,000, and the expenditure should be passed upon by the budget board, it would still be necessary, before a single cent could be paid out, for the finance council to give its approval.

The financial council is composed of leading financial men attached to headquarters who have no interest in the particular scheme under consideration and whose decision must be arrived at in harmony with the fundamental principles of economy and utility. The council must have positive evidence of the value of the land upon which the school is to be built and must know beyond any possibility of error that the scheme offers no pitfall into which the funds of the army will be sunk.

Well, the finance council, we will say, approves of the proposition. What then? The sum desired must be requisitioned for and vouchers must be produced showing that the money has been spent or is necessary. Then begins the inquiry all over again.

In all this, you may say, there is much red tape. Admitted; and oftentimes this rigid auditing and re-auditing is most tantalizing, almost maddening to the live, enthusiastic officers who are chafing to go ahead. But it is necessary, I insist. The army must be above suspicion.

In addition to our internal audit, there is an external one. Knox, Burridge & Cropper, an eminent firm of chartered accountants of the city of London, are employed to go over our books regularly each month. It is their duty to find leakages and extravagances, if any exist, and by revealing them force us to make correction at once.

Take a collection at one of our meetings. First, it must be counted by two persons, one checking the other. Then the money is passed into

the hands of the local treasurer and in time is reported, abstractly, in the monthly statement to London. There is no opportunity open for what in America you call "graft."

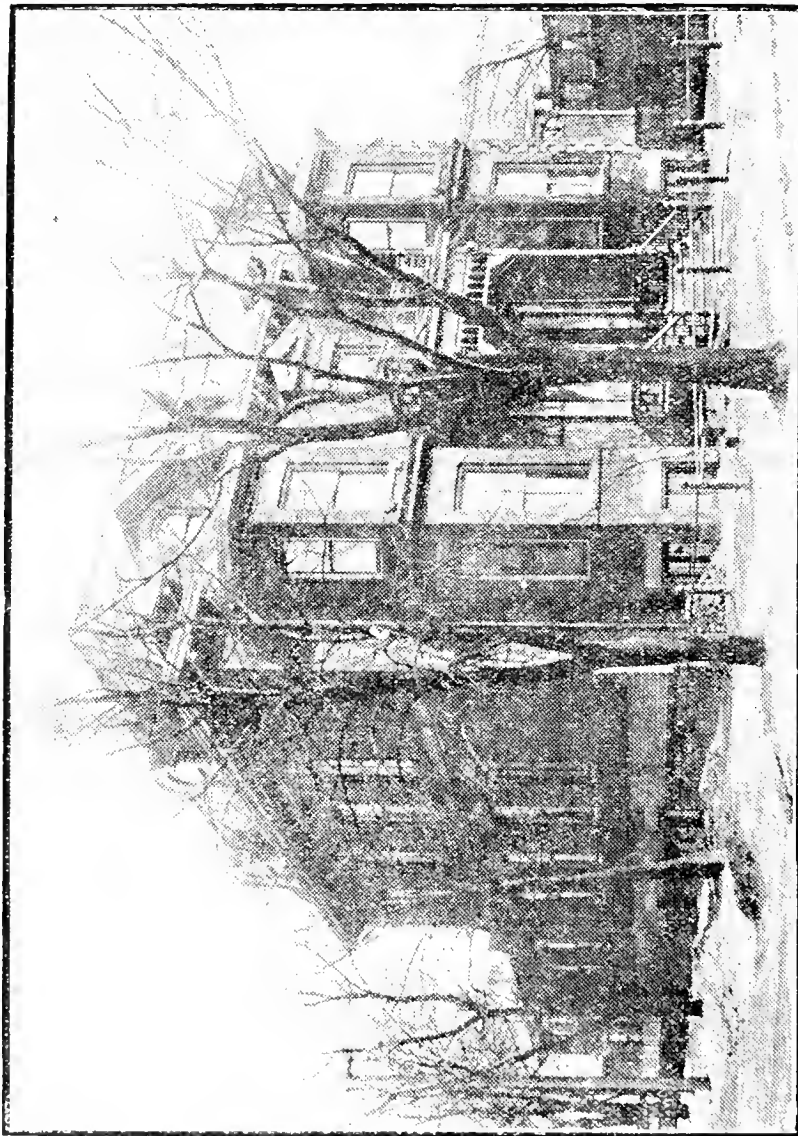
Some business houses, I am told, make a failure of foreign trade by attempting to use in all countries the methods that are successful in one. The Salvation Army does not make this mistake. Our methods vary as the countries in which they are employed vary. Thus in Paris and Berlin there are no street processions, such as we have in this country and in England. The drum and the horn are not appreciated on the boulevards of France as they are opposite one of your American saloons, for instance. We take heed of this, and map our campaign accordingly. If the drum and horn will win men from sin, we will keep everlastingly beating and tooting away; if the drum and the horn are not effective, then we will seek everlastingly for something that is. This is good religion, and I think it is good business.

In Japan, that wonderful little nation in the far east, the Salvation Army has got in very close touch with the people by adopting native manners and ways insofar as has been possible. We have been peculiarly successful there in working up public sentiment with respect to the women of the yoshi wara, a district corresponding to your so-called "red-light" districts. We entered into a semi-political agitation, which resulted in the passing of an act by which a woman under contract to serve as a prostitute could free herself from the same if she desired to do so. Within a few weeks after this law went into force, 12,500 women applied for and received their liberty. I cite this merely as an illustration of the success of our methods in even a pagan land.

In looking back now over the thirty-two years that have passed since the blessed day upon which I entered into the service of my Master and founded this Salvation Army, I realize clearly that no small factor in the success of the movement has been

the consecration and marvelous ability of the officers of the army. I say marvelous ability advisedly; they are remarkable men, many of these officers, men with whom, for brains

I find these officers of our army, these men of powers and consecration, and as I meet them in Japan, in South Africa, in America, my heart beats with gladness and I think that now,



THE NEW-COMER'S INN, TORONTO.
A Government Institution managed by the Salvation Army.

and manhood, you could scarcely compare officers from any business concern. An old man, almost eighty years of age, I am just completing a tour of many thousands of miles around the globe, and in every nation

indeed, may I die in peace—in such hands the work of the Salvation Army will go on forever. It is a glorious thought. I wonder if you, whose hair also is gray and whose shadow long has fallen to the west-

ward, feel this same security in the future of your firm after you are gone.

Within a few weeks I will have concluded my sojourn in your great America and will have sailed for England, perhaps never to return. When I board my ship and we clear the harbor, I shall watch your retreating shores with moist eyes, I am afraid. America, what a wonderful country, what a wonderful field for the Salvation Army to work in the changing of men's hearts! If you only could forget the almighty dollar, if you could do that, you Americans would be almost perfect!

Now, in ending, a sentence sermon that business men will understand: No officer of the Salvation Army smokes, drinks, swears or uses injurious drugs such as morphine or cocaine. We think this is one of the reasons they are, as a class, so clear-headed and mentally active. How about the men who are working for you? Would they be better employes, could they serve your interests better if they did not drink nor smoke nor otherwise abuse themselves?

With this question I will leave you. Until we meet again, good-bye, good-bye, God bless you.

Aboard a Collier in Northern Seas

By H.J.C. in Evening Post

FROM Boston to Montreal in a coal boat didn't sound very attractive to me. When the sentence was first pronounced I had in mind pictures of the Russian conscripts bound for Siberia. Nevertheless the suggestion accompanied an invitation so cordial that I didn't hesitate to accept. I even looked forward with pleasure to being shot, bag and baggage, into the bunkers from a coal chute, and could hardly await my turn in the stoke hole to earn passage. Perhaps I was prejudiced—it may be? Paying six and a half dollars in good U. S. A. for the privilege of burning a ton of anthracite every five weeks in winter is not conducive to favorable impressions in the coal line. But be that as it may, my ideas on coal boats were badly warped, for by the time the French-Canadian pilot had brought us alongside the wharf at Montreal I would gladly have exchanged my berth in the Pullman for New York with any man bound back for Sydney in the Catalone.

In the first place, steamships in the trade are not called coal boats. I probably confused them with the fly-

ers on the Erie Canal. On the boards at Lloyds the coal-carrying ships are rated "colliers," which is certainly much more impressive, and in keeping with their size and cargo capacity. The fleet of English and Norwegian colliers chartered by the Dominion Coal Company is a fine collection of steel ships, averaging in size the proportions of an ocean "liner," without, of course, her cabin accommodations. Where the mail steamship is built exclusively for the passenger traffic, and so designed, the colliers' carrying capacity runs to hold, even bunker space being cut down for cargo. The Hektor, of Drammen packs away 6,600 tons every time she puts out of Louisburg on the Cape Breton coast for Boston. She was leaving the latter port, light, when we boarded her, and no sooner was she under way than the crew was busy scrubbing and washing down decks to remove all traces of the dust left in the unloading. When they had finished, she was as clean as a model man-of-war. The bridge, with the captain's cabin, was amidships. Immediately aft of it on the main deck was the galley, the engines, and the

boilers; aft of that the quarters of the first, second and third mates, and the engineers, while the crew was quartered in the fo'castle, way forward and under the bow.

In the Norwegian ships the master lives apart from his officers, even to messing by himself. Besides his own quarters there is an extra stateroom, the main cabin, an office and a bath, with a storeroom and the steward's pantry, all under the bridge, and as cosy and comfortable as a modern New York flat. Capt. Eitrim took great comfort in his quarters. In him we found a vigorous personage—a combination of sailor, philosopher, student, and playwright, who smashed another of the landlubber's illusions. He reads Ibsen and writes plays. One of his brothers at home is a professor, and another an author. The captain himself was educated at the University of Christiania, shipped before the mast upon graduation, got his mate's certificate at nineteen, and was a master at twenty-two. The book shelves of his cabin hold works on history and philosophy, navigation and some verse. These are nearly all in Norwegian.

On the bridge the captain is a bluff Norwegian sailor, and his crew steps lively at commands delivered tersely in his native tongue. There is formality, too, in the intercourse between the master and the three mates, a seemingly severe distance which permits of little or no sociability. This official gulf is apparently a part of the ship's discipline which prevails more on German and Norwegian vessels than aboard Englishmen. Under the severe exterior of the officer there was the kindly sympathetic nature of the friend. The Hektor's master was the champion, adviser, and physician of every member of the crew. The ship has no surgeon, and in an emergency the captain has power to do as he thinks best.

"I flatter myself I can prescribe as well as many of these doctor fellows," said the captain one day on the bridge, "and I helped reduce a fracture once, but when the bone knit the man's leg was two inches short and

it had to be broken over again. I was a junior officer then and the captain bossed the job. It sounds brutal, doesn't it?—but we did the best we could. That was in the days of sailing vessels, and we set the leg during a gale."

From Boston Light the course of the Dominion Coal Company's colliers is almost due east until they reach a point outside of Cape Sable. Before dark of the first day we had dropped the land under the horizon and did not pick it up again until the morning of the third day. Fogs abound off the Nova Scotia coast, and the steamships give it a wide berth. But on this trip, with the exception of two thick banks, we had delightfully clear weather with a great round moon at night. We passed a school of whales spouting, but too far in the distance to present a good view. Fishermen were thick off Nova Scotia. We met them first in the fog, much to the disgust of the master, who kept the bridge all night long, running his ship at half-speed and keeping the whistle going at minute intervals. Not being familiar with the Norwegian tongue, I could not gather the drift of the master's remarks as we slipped through the silent fleet, some of the schooners not even showing a light at the masthead. Translated freely, the captain's thoughts must have been expressive and to the point. Between puffs of his short briar pipe, with Norwegian intervals, they went something like this:

"Those fishermen, they give me gray hairs. I'd rather damsight be among icebergs! You can feel icebergs, if you can't see them! Look! Here's one now!"

And far ahead through the fog-shrouded moonlight a shadowy thing was seen.

"Starboard a point," growled the master to the man at the wheel.

The Hektor's whistle gave a hoarse blast and the fishing boat with a wee small light coddled in the bows passed rapidly astern, the clatter that came up from her deck telling plainly the crew's alarm. When we said good

night the captain was still pacing the bridge, watchful and alert, eyes and ears strained for more trouble. In this mood he was so different from the student and philosopher that I went to sleep trying to put myself in the place of one of those fishermen, tossing around outside. What if I were suddenly run down by the *Hektor*? Would I prefer to go to the bottom or be picked up and brought quailing before the master? There isn't any doubt but that the scholarly captain of the *Hektor* has plenty of good red fighting blood in his veins. We learned afterward that he was decorated by the German Government for taking a ship up the *Pei Ho* to Tientsin in the Boxer campaign, and at another time presented with a seal ring and an engrossed testimonial by some mandarin for saving fifty lives during a gale in the China Sea.

The next morning the *Hektor* steamed for four hours through another thick fog bank. During this time the ship's course had been almost due east, and keeping well off the cape before pointing north to Louisburg. Not before we had the Gut of Canso off our quarter did a sight of land appear, and then it showed in a pretty bit of sunlit coast, the weather holding bright and clear by day with a gorgeous moon at night all the way to Louisburg Harbor. We passed in about an hour before midnight. The wind had dropped and the sea was calm. So still was it that we could hear the bell in the engine room of the tug that came to meet us while she was a quarter of a mile away. Louisburg harbor is a small harbor, but strongly protected from the sea by a narrow entrance. The land-locked water looked like a quaint little old mill pond tucked away behind an abandoned stone quarry. One searches in vain for signs of the fortifications built by the French, and reduced by Wolf in 1758. History tells us the English soldier laid the old town in ruins and the thoroughness of his job is attested by a few remaining mounds—all that is left of what was once the strongest fortress on the Atlantic

coast. The new town is on the other side of the harbor, about a hundred houses gathered around the big coal pockets, the railroad terminal and the wharves. Gen. Wolf would have conferred a great favor on his countrymen had he been less thorough in his job.

From Louisburg a single track railroad runs across the upper end of Cape Breton Island to Glace Bay and Sydney, the two towns on the northern side. Glace Bay is the mining town whence comes Canada's greatest supply of bituminous coal; Sydney is the terminal of the Intercolonial Railroad, has a magnificent harbor, large piers, wide streets, comfortable homes and modern business blocks. A thriving steel plant has followed the coal industry here and with the by-products of the two, the electric power and illuminating companies, the telephone, telegraph and wireless systems of communication, banks, newspapers, and an electric tramway, Sydney bids fair some day to outrival Halifax as the chief port of the Maritime Provinces. Summer is short up here, but beautifully fine and clear, and autumn brings another period of bracing but equally glorious weather. The winter is long and the ice which closes the harbor is Sydney's toughest problem, but the progressive inhabitants are confident in the belief that with mechanical and steam devices they will eventually maintain an open passage to the sea all winter long.

Peary and his polar expeditions often put in here to "bunker," which means to coal, and in passing it may be said that the Cape Breton sailormen do not put much stock in either Peary or the achievements of his ship and crew. Some of them are even skeptical of the explorer's claims to the longitude reached, and there is general criticism of his trading trinkets and junk for valuable furs with the Eskimos. Ships of all nations come in here to coal. Whether they are tramp ships, warships, yachts, or coasters, along the piers the one word "bunkers" covers them all. Barring the ice in winter Sydney Harbor is

a magnificent one, and, naturally, the chief sport of the town is sailing. The Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club has some able craft, and its sailors are of the deep-water school. One yacht, the Gloria, a fifty-foot sloop, owned by J. K. L. Ross, met and vanquished everything in her class in the joint regatta of the New York Yacht Club, the Eastern Yacht Club of Marblehead, and the Royal Halifax Squadron off Halifax two years ago.

There is a wealth of sea stories in this port: stories of the mines, of big game, and of the people themselves, rugged Scots for the most part, who thrive on the hardy life of the island. It is said that there are so many "Mc's" and "Mac's" on the pay rolls of the big industries that abbreviations like "Micky," "Big," "Red," "The Runt," "The Slugger," etc., have come to be used in place of the Christian names in order to distinguish the "Mc's" and the "Mac's" apart.

Leaving Sydney I was fortunate in securing passage on another Dominion collier—the Catalone of London, Capt. T. L. Glover, a bluff and hearty Englishman from the tip of his toes to his honest, clean-cut face. We cleared the pier at sunset on a Friday laden with 6,000 tons, but with the hatches down and deck cleared it would have been difficult for a stranger to name the cargo. The English colliers are not quite as large as the Norwegian, although built especially for the trade. Their engines and boilers are aft. Only the captain's bridge and cabin stand above the deck between the after quarters and the anchor chains forward, leaving all the other deck space clear save for the hatches and derricks. Capt. Glover's wife and two children live with him aboard the Catalone. The captain and his wife, the first, second and third officers and the pilot mess together, making a jolly family. Besides this, in nice weather there is a cricket game going on deck every afternoon, in which the engineer and his assistants join, the whole party entering into the sport with much vim. The balls are made of oakum,

canvas and hemp, and the player who knocks one over the side has to quit play and immediately make another. It is great fun, this ship cricket. Through the afternoon, and following tea into the soft twilight of these beautiful autumn days, the game would be going on, the Catalone in the meantime ploughing her way steadily across the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the mouth of the river. The Englishmen apparently take the Nova Scotia coast less seriously than the Norwegians. Anyway, they seem to get more sport out of the life up there and mingle much more freely with one another.

"A bit of relaxation ain't a bad thing," said Capt. Glover. "We don't have it all smooth sea and sunshine, you know. It gets pretty bleak up here in winter. Fogs and rain and sleet and snow make it nasty then, and I say, be merry when you can!"

COLLIERS IN THE ICE.

The captain didn't tell me so, but from photographs in the cabin, and from what the mates said in an occasional burst of confidence, it is not at all unusual for the colliers to get caught in the ice. Last winter at one time there were five or six of them waiting a week outside of Louisburg harbor for the wind to change and clear the channel, so that they could get in to land. When the river opens in the spring, the colliers are always the first ships to venture through to Quebec, and they have literally to feel their way for a passage, sometimes going in through the Gut of Canso and around Prince Edward's Island, and again outside Cape Breton and under the lee of Newfoundland.

Gaspe looks not at all inviting as it looms over the horizon to the north-west. It is dark, cold and bleak. Under its great towering heights a line of white fringes its base. Presently, with your glasses, you can make out the lashing, tumbling surf, and almost hear its roar. Practically all through the year this is a lee-shore and a bad one. Captains give it a wide berth. We picked up the headland with our binoculars in the

afternoon of the second day out. As we steamed farther in towards the mouth of the river, the land grew into mountain peaks, between which we could see deep crevasses and dashing cascades. On this cold, dark coast the passenger also sees the first of the church spires which line the St. Lawrence like telegraph poles along a railroad. One never gets out of sight of a church spire going up this river. More often there are half a dozen of them in sight. Each collection of cottages on either bank has its church spires. The edifice is always the largest and handsomest in the community and occupies the most conspicuous site. There are more double spires than single ones, and each spire built was apparently an attempt to over-top its neighbor. The houses in Quebec Province are very picturesque. White is the universal color, and stone the material. Chimneys are wide, and the eaves low, while the roofs are painted a rich, warm red. Some of them, no doubt, stand as they did when built by the early French settlers. The river narrows very slowly as you approach it from the ocean. Gaspé was plain to the naked eye on the second evening from Sydney, but it was the morning of the third day before Point de Monts was to be seen to the north. Sunday we met another Dominion collier bound light for Sydney, a C.P. & R. freighter passing out for Liverpool, and the night closed down with a storm brewing in the northeast.

IS TWENTY-FOUR A FAMILY?

At Father Point that afternoon the Quebec pilot took the bridge for a continuous watch of eighteen hours to Point Lévis, where he was relieved by the river pilot. The Quebec pilot was a gray little man, with a sad, almost pathetic face. He smoked a big, black pipe, wore a heavy overcoat, and the first thing he did when he came on the bridge was to go inside the wheelhouse, close the windows, and turn on the steam. Vizny would talk, but it was only by asking questions that his French-Canadian tongue was loosened.

Was the pilot married?

"Oh, yes!"

One hears this expression all over Canada—Scotch, English, French, Canadian. It is inflected like the blase American phrase: "Oh, very well!"—in a sort of "go as far as you like" manner. Continuing, the cross-examination questions and answers ran like this:

"How long have you been married?"

"'Bout eighteen year."

"Got any children?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Oh, sixteen."

"Well, I say, that is a family!"

"Oh, yes. Perty goot. My sister, she got twenty-four!"

The helmsman who took the trick with the pilot was a French-Canadian lad from Quebec, a pilot's apprentice, and he kept his post while the ship had headway from that hour until we reached Montreal. Going up the river heavy, we had to come to anchor twice, and this gave him a rest, but it is not unusual for these lads to stand this trick for twelve and eighteen hours at a time. It is said that pilots limit their apprentices to pilots' families, and notwithstanding the size of the same, the occupation has never yet been over-stocked, owing to the increase in steam navigation of the river. Ordinarily steamships have to go in under Father Point both to drop and to take on their pilot, but the coal company, in order to save time, carries each pilot through from Quebec to Sydney and back again.

On this day, Sunday, the Catalone had made a good run, and by nine o'clock at night we had passed the mouth of the Saguenay and were logging over ten knots an hour towards Quebec. Between ten o'clock and daylight we steamed 100 miles. Monday morning bright and early we emerged from the south channel, close to Orleans Island and dead ahead from out of the mist appeared Point Lévis. The sun appeared almost simultaneously, and as the Catalone cleared the Island and came

into the broad stretch of the river the Falls of Montmorency glistened in the sun to our right. A moment more and the heights of Quebec loomed into view. Out in the river lay a C.P.R. packet, with her rails lined with immigrants for the Northwest, and on shore at their piers were the mail steamship *Empress of India* and an Allan liner ready to sail for England. The current of the river is very strong in the cut between Quebec and Point Levis, and steamships move slowly against it. Taking advantage of this, opposite the old town, the Montreal pilot came out in a skiff and dropped down alongside, changing places with the Quebec pilot, who went ashore. Passing under the walls of the fortress towering high above us the *Catalone* came to anchor opposite Wolfe's Cove, to wait for the flood tide before attempting to cross St. Nicholas Bar. The Montreal pilot brought news of the falling of the Quebec bridge, and far up the river with the aid of binoculars we could just make out the ruins.

After a wait of two hours, the pilot ordered the anchor up, and the *Catalone* again breasted the current. We passed the wreck of the bridge, and a desolate looking mass it proved to be, although to one who had not seen the half-finished structure before it fell, it was difficult to comprehend the extent of the catastrophe. A few hundred yards further along the pilot showed signs of great agitation. He would pace the bridge, then pull out his watch, study it, put it back again, and glue his binoculars on a giant semaphore erected high on the south bank, talking the meanwhile to the helmsman, in French. It appeared that on this semaphore should have been displayed the signal that high water had set in, which, interpreted, meant that deep draught ships could proceed. But the signal was not there, and, according to the pilot's figuring, high water had set fifteen minutes past. Whatever was wrong, the pilot confident that his own calculation was correct, kept steaming ahead and the *Catalone* went over without even a bump.

"That fellow," muttered the pilot, referring to the semaphore keeper, "he do as he pleases. O yees! He thirty minutes late, one day. Brib'ly he niver put up de ball but he hear me whistle with 6,000 ton of coal, and he yank it up damquick. Verry nice of him! What you call accommodat-ing!"

Curious to learn if this pilot would prove any exception to the other French-Canadian river men in the size of their families, I engaged him in conversation somewhat as I had his comrade below Quebec. Was he married? had he children? how many? etc. I forget his answers in detail, but I remember distinctly he said he had eighteen children, and the oldest was married and already had a family of two or three.

THE ST. LAWRENCE BATTEAUX.

From Quebec to Montreal it is about 116 miles, and a steamship laden can make it against the current well under twelve hours, providing she gets high water on the shoals and can cross Lake St. Peter by daylight. The *Catalone* did neither. We were held in check at St. Nicholas and reached the lake at nightfall, being compelled to anchor at Fort St. Francis until daylight. Behind us were two ocean steamships caught in the same predicament. The St. Lawrence is said to be the best-lighted channel of any river in the world: but while the river is wide and roomy, the channel itself is narrow and winding, so narrow, in fact, that in Lake St. Peter there is barely clearance when steamships approach head on. On both banks the country is dotted with farms and small towns, the names—Portneuf, Dechambeau, Crondine, St. Anne, St. Jean des Chaillons, Bastican, Sorel, St. Pierre des Besquets—signifying their origin, as well as present inhabitants. Lake St. Peter is twenty-one miles long and nine miles wide, and we entered the narrow channel which runs its length at five o'clock in the morning, passing several lumber tows and sailing craft before we came out at the head. Sailing on the St. Lawrence,

that is, commercial sailing, is confined to the ancient batteaux. These strange looking boats are about sixty feet long, with high rounded bow and stern, and carry one great square sail set amidships. A man and a boy form a crew, and progress up or down the river is dependent absolutely on a fair wind. Without it the batteaux are compelled to anchor and wait. Sometimes the skipper does not get a favorable wind for weeks at a time, but when it does come, with his great wide-spreading sail, he fairly bowls along. To see a batteaux coming bow on from a distance one would think it a full-rigged ship.

Near the head of the Lake we passed a fleet of them with their mud-hooks down waiting for a fair wind to blow them towards Quebec. The river is very narrow at this point, near Sorel, and on either side are wide stretching green bottoms on which were feeding countless herds of horses, cattle, and sheep. These it seems are not owned by any one, two or three grangers, but are the property of the farmers for miles around, who bring their stock to this pastureland and set them free to

graze, trusting to each other's honesty in getting back their own when they come for them before the fall freshets set in. Sorel is a bustling little town, but once beyond that the country side settles again into a quiet succession of whitewashed stone farm houses with red roofs. Sleek cattle graze along the river banks and the churches continue to raise their spires toward the sky. After winding miles through these quiet scenes more traffic is noticed on the roads, the houses and hamlets begin to thicken, and then suddenly around a bend in the river rises the smudge over Montreal. The weather was thick and a thin mist of rain falling on the day we arrived. It shut out the surrounding landscape, and drove the landlubber below decks, where dinner kept him busy till the Catalone pushed her nose under the coal pockets, her voyage at an end. Then it was hurry ashore and off to the Windsor Station, where the American baggage piled high on the platform testified amply to the rush of vacation end and the growing popularity of fair Canada with her neighbors across the line.

KEEP OFFICE WORRIES FROM YOUR HOME

When you put the latchkey in the door of your home, drop your business or profession; drop all the things which have vexed and worried and nagged you during the day; drop everything disagreeable. Just say to yourself, "I will not allow these shadows in my home. This is a shrine too sacred for discord." Resolve that peace, harmony, contentment shall reign there.

If you insist on worrying during the daytime, do not drag your worries home at night. Do not bring the black fiends which have destroyed your peace in the office into your home. Leave your cares and your troubles behind when you enter its doors.

The habit which many married people have of talking their troubles over at night, and especially at the dinner table is a most vicious one. The dinner bell should be a signal for the happiest time of the day. Every member of the family should go to the table with smiles—each one should bring his best, brightest and most cheerful things to it. No one should be allowed to complain or relate his unfortunate experiences there. The assembling round the dinner table should be an occasion for fun and laughter—the enemies of indigestion.

Some Things About Some Men

AMONG the names that have been suggested for the proposed additional membership of the Dominion Railway Commission is that of Mr. Hugh Blain. The Canadian Grocer was his sponsor and the suggestion meets with favor among business men, and particularly those who know him best. Freight rates and railway problems have been his particular hobbies for a score of years and the Toronto Board of Trade have looked upon him as their guide and counselor in regard to these matters. His appointment would certainly add to the usefulness and efficiency of the railway commission. At present Mr. Blain is the financial man in the Eby, Blain Co., Toronto. In 1905 he contested North Toronto for the Ontario Legislature with Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, but courts private rather than public life.

* * *

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX, the Canadian Postmaster-general, who is now in Japan trying to induce the Government of that country to consent to a thing or two in regard to emigration to Canada, could not a score of years ago gather together words enough to express himself in the English language. But he was a student, and an ambitious one at that. He put into practice Solomon's advice and "redeemed the time." His own father is authority for the statement that he could not be persuaded by his fellow-students to leave his books in the evening and join them in their carousals in saloons and other places of amusement. To-day

he is not only head of the postal system of Canada, but is one of the most eloquent orators in the English language which the Dominion possesses. In the opinion of a good many he does not rank second even to the Premier himself in this respect.

* * *

MR. A. E. KEMP, M.P., for East Toronto, who attracted a good deal of attention the other day by his baiting of the Minister of Public Works in regard to the latter's charges of corrupt election acts by the Conservative party in New Brunswick during the last election, is one of the few business men adorning the House of Commons. Mr. Kemp possesses a great deal of "grit"—not, of course, the political Grit. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, unless indomitable energy can be termed a "spoon." He came to Toronto something like a score of years ago, and it was not a great while before he became the head of the industry that is now known as the Kemp Mfg. Co. His qualities were soon recognized outside his own business, for it was not long before he began to occupy important positions in public life and private corporations. His regime as President of the Toronto Board of Trade marked a new era in that organization, which was in a moribund condition when he became its executive head. Mr. Kemp, so far as known at any rate, never sought public positions. They have sought him. His acceptance of the nomination of his party for the House of Commons was an instance of this.

What Exact Thinking Accomplishes

By J. M. Jackson

IF there is one thing clearer than another regarding Jesus' method of healing disease, it is that his method was always a mental method. Invariably he recognized disease as a wrong mental condition, and as invariably he disposed of it mentally. Nineteen hundred years ago he knew, what the world in general seems yet to be scarcely convinced of, viz., that disease is due to erroneous thinking, and that material applications, investigations or operations, do not and cannot dispose of an erroneous mental concept. He knew that a wrong thought cannot be cut out of the body with a knife or driven out with a vile compound. He never attempted to doctor the body—and he lost no cases. He thought correctly—knew the truth—with regard to all phases of error that were presented to him, and this exact knowledge invariably reduced the error "to its native nothingness." (Science and Health, page 91). It will scarcely be denied that he was the greatest practitioner that the world has ever seen.

Others besides Jesus, however, at various periods in the world's history, have come to the conclusion that the character of the thought determines the action or result, among them Solomon, who wrote—"As he thinketh in his heart so is he"; Shakespeare who said—"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so"; and Emerson, who left this terse but profound record—"Thoughts rule the world." But, though some men in all ages have perceived, to a greater or less degree, that thought is responsible for every material manifestation, none until Jesus' time discriminated so accurately between the Divine Mind and the carnal mind, and understood sufficiently well the control which this Divine Mind exercises over the universe, as to unerringly perform cures

by it. That this method was not a mysterious one which could not be learned, is shown, not alone by his promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also," but by the fact that during the first three centuries of the Christian era, these works were actually done by his followers.

At that time, owing to the gross materialism of the age, the exact system or science by which Jesus performed his marvelous cures was lost sight of, and has remained in obscurity until the present age. The Principle by which the cures were performed, has, of course, always been present in the world, so that the same works were possible in any age by those that believed on him (understood the Principle) as Jesus himself said. It remained, however, for Mary Baker G. Eddy to discover, in 1866, this method of Mind healing which she has named, with singular appropriateness, Christian Science. Before presenting her great discovery to the world in 1875, in the form of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," this method was fully tested and was not found wanting. The profound and unending wonder of it all is that a person should have been found in these material ages, with such clear, spiritual vision as to have perceived and been able to reduce to a science, the vital and eternal truths contained therein, and as time goes on, the wonder only increases. The discovery is of such supreme and unparalleled importance that it is a question whether even those who appreciate it the most, can grasp its significance to the world.

There is no mystery about Christian Science, unless it be the mystery which Truth ever presents to ignorance or superstition: which light presents to darkness. What, for instance, could be more reasonable

than its teaching "Disease is an image of thought externalized." (Science and Health, page 411.) Take the sufferings which a man accumulates for himself by indulgence in vicious habits. Can we conceive of a man being vicious who does not think viciously? Most assuredly not. At some time and in some way, vicious thoughts have been suggested to him and have been entertained, not rejected. Then they have taken seed and sprouted. The man puts the thoughts into acts and great and terrible is the result (the material manifestation upon the body).

But is not the wrong thought, the sinful appetite, the real offender? Without a doubt. To concern ourselves with the result is to waste time. It has been said that you can bring a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. In like manner wrong thoughts may be presented to a man, but it does not follow that he must think them. If he does entertain them, he will have trouble as certainly as two and two make four. There is no getting away from this fact, which is true for all time.

When Jesus healed the impotent man, it will be remembered that he said, "Sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee." On another occasion he also said, "Go and sin no more." He dealt with the cause instead of wasting time on the result as is so often done to-day. It will be noticed that he did not say, "Go and lay in a stock of So-and-So's Herb Mixture lest a worse thing come upon thee." Could greater proof be offered that ignorant or malicious thought is the cause of suffering?

Thoughts sway a man. We frequently hear it said of a man that he is swayed between opinions. Is this not conclusive proof that the mental realm is superior to, and governs, the material? Can a man act without a thought, conscious or unconscious, preceding the act—nay can a man act contrary to the mental picture which he carries in his thoughts? Could a man, for instance, who had planned a kind and loving act for a friend, go to that friend and abuse him instead?

Not while the kind thought was in his mind. He would first have to eradicate the kind thought. Or, contrariwise, could a man who was a party to a feud in Kentucky (or anywhere else) go to a member of the opposite faction and present him with a basket of flowers? Not while he was swayed by the thought of revenge, or believed the other man to be his enemy.

In each case the thought prompts and precedes the act, hence the necessity of regulating thought in every instance, instead of ignoring it as of little value, because intangible to the senses. How infinitely more important, however, to discern between the carnal mind which claims to be a mixture of good and evil, with evil predominating, and that Mind "which was also in Christ Jesus," which contains nothing but good—and how important to be consciously and continually swayed by that Mind.

Viewed in this light, we see the futility of a man blaming his misfortunes upon others, upon fate or upon circumstances. Among many remarkable statements in "Science and Health" is this: "You must control evil thoughts in the first instance or they will control you in the second." Thousands have proved, and are daily proving, the truth of this statement, and as many others may do so as are so disposed. Looked at from this point of view, how reasonable does the admonition, "Work out your own salvation" become; for in this matter of regulating our thought scientifically, it is self-evident that another cannot do the work for us.

The power which thought exerts in the universe, is little understood to-day. We are told in "Science and Health" (page 372) that, "One theory about this mortal mind is, that its sensations can reproduce man, can form blood, flesh and bones." Elsewhere (page 484) we are told that "The physical universe expresses the conscious and unconscious thoughts of mortals." This being the case, does not the world to-day, to the extent that it regulates its thought Christianly and scientifically, possess the means and the power to prove that

the kingdom of Heaven is here now?

Christian Science shows how this one Mind or Divine Mind, which is God, is as much present and as all powerful in the world to-day as it ever was, and how it confers upon men peace, health and harmony by causing them to think the thoughts (entertain the substance) which produce these things—and to reject as outside of the realm of this one Mind—therefore unreal—such thoughts as envy, malice, resentment, doubt, worry, anxiety, lust, false appetite, discouragement, gloom, despair, fear, suspicion, etc., etc., which constitute, to such a large extent, the world's stock-in-trade to-day.

Possessing consciously this one Mind, and entertaining only thoughts

which belong to this Mind, each man becomes a law unto himself (not subject to any extraneous power or influence, because knowing there is none), and has dominion to the extent of his understanding of the supremacy and Allness of this one Mind, even as was promised in Genesis 1, 26.

Not the least remarkable thing about the book, "Science and Health," and the proof that it is divinely inspired, is, that the mere reading of it has, in very many instances, changed the thought of persons reading it to such an extent that diseases of all sorts more or less painful and prolonged, have been eradicated, by exchanging wrong thoughts for right thoughts.

WOMEN HAVE SPECIAL BUSINESS GIFTS

MANY women fall into the error of thinking that in order to succeed in business it is necessary for them to ape the manners, dress and speech of men. This is foolish and always fatal. In itself, it is an acknowledgment of conscious inferiority. There can be no question between the sexes as to which has the greater intellect. It merely is a different order of intellect. Women have made notable successes in literature, science and art, but they have not taken man's place. They have made a place for themselves which man never could fill. Then why may not the same be true in business?

Women have been as liberally endowed with qualifications necessary to business success as men. Evidently nature intended that there should be a fair division of labor. Woman has not man's strength, but she has more than man's endurance; she has not man's judgment, but she has more than man's intuition. She has not man's firmness, but she has more than man's shrewdness. She has not man's force, but she has more than man's tact. Indeed, she

is amply qualified to succeed in any line she may select.

Not until women cease making inferior imitations of themselves and enter upon their work as women, conscious of all their peculiar endowments as women and determined to use them to the uttermost will they and others realize the full measure of their power. Then, and then only, will they accomplish any notable success or command the respect and serious consideration of men in the same field.

The business world has need of just those qualities which women possess in a supreme degree. By the aid of them many blundering mistakes would be avoided, much friction removed and the machinery of business made to move on a smoother and higher plane. We speak of a woman's helplessness, but in ignorance alone lies her greatest helplessness. When she comes to a full realization of her own powers, of what she is and what she can do, the measure of her own endowments, the greatest barrier to her happiness and success will be removed forever.—New York Commercial.

Recent Cartoons



Asiatic John: White mans call me "no good"—allee samee me clowdee him off the bench.—Toronto World.



The Peace Angel of Europe.
Front and Back View.—Berlin Ulk.



Something Coming Down at Last.
London Advertiser.



Sir Wilfrid.—See anything sprouting,
Sifton?—Toronto News.

What Men of Note are Saying

QUIET OF ENGLAND CONDUCTIVE TO LITERARY WORK.

By Robert Barr, a well-known Canadian novelist

THE atmosphere of England is better for literary work than that of the United States or Canada.

About eleven years ago I fell upon a quiet spot some seventeen miles south of London, and there I have made my home. England is certainly a quieter country than this. The late Moncure D. Conway told me once it was the one country in the world in which he could write every day.

I have no desire to write every day, but I find London is very convenient to Paris and Holland and other places. I like to visit, and when I have been traveling on the Continent I enjoy getting back there.

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THOROUGHNESS THE GREAT NEED.

By John G. Shedd, of Marshall Field & Co.

FOR the young man beginning business life I should say one of the greatest of his qualifications is thoroughness. It would be well if every young man entering business had the experience that comes to the employe in a bank, where books must balance to a cent and where a missing copper cent is as much an error as a missing \$1,000 bill. I have in mind a man who is making a business success who told me that he got his "cue" in business methods from an incident arising in his own household.

His wife had bought a bill of goods and paid for it. A few days later she had a letter from the firm, calling attention to an overcharge of three cents, inclosing three cents in stamps, and

apologizing for the mistake. The wife regarded the matter as a joke, but the husband learned a lesson which may mean thousands to him in his business.

The personal influence of the man in business is lost sight of by many business men. I once knew two men who conducted a partnership business. One of them was of the abrupt, aggressive type; the other firm, decisive, yet considerate. About half of the employes were hired by one of these partners and the other half by the other. Looking over these employes in the light of these facts, it was easy to pick out the men who had been hired by these employers.

It is the disposition of men to imitate the methods of their superiors. Not only this, but in the choice of men by these employers there was the disposition on the part of each to lean to the man of their particular types. The result was that where an offended customer made complaint of rudeness on the part of an employe, it was fixed at once that the offender was "one of Jones' men." Finally the partnership split on this question; the aggressive one retired, and under the administration of the gentler partner the business has grown all bounds.

Everywhere in progressive business affairs the customer is receiving more consideration than ever before. It is becoming fixed in the mind of the business man that without the customer and his good will a successful business is an impossibility.

Under such conditions the man who is not of the disposition to broaden and meet his customers half way is a man chosen for failure. He needs to study himself to the extent that he is in personal touch with men, he needs to consider his manner and methods, while no less he needs to do so because of the disposition of employes to pattern after

him in these probable peculiarities. If his manner is such as to irritate the principals with whom he must mix he may be fairly certain that its reflex is operating through employes against his customers.

I may dismiss this topic of business success by repeating that every individual business of marked growth has been an evolution. Business in general is under the influences of one of the greatest evolutionary periods that it ever has known, and the influences are at work for an evolutionary betterment of business conditions such as hardly can be appreciated by those of this generation.

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WHAT A NEWSPAPER SHOULD AND SHOULD NOT BE.

By Attorney-General Bonaparte, President of the National Municipal League, at Providence.

WITH the establishment of newspapers the world became much larger for the average man. This immense extension in the area of each man's attention and sympathy has naturally and powerfully reacted on his character. The power of the press arises from the fact that it speaks, or is believed to speak, what everybody is saying at the time. As soon as a paper is recognized as somebody's "organ," as expressing the views and wishes and opinions of any particular man or set of men, its healthful influence as a newspaper is gone; it may, indeed, have another kind of influence, for those who control or conduct it may be powerful men, but its editorial utterances are simply their "open letters."

In my judgment the control of a newspaper is a matter of very serious and urgent concern to the American people to-day. Certain of our newspapers, including some whose influence within my memory, indeed within a comparatively few years, was a power, and a power for good, in the community, are now firmly and widely believed to be virtually, or even literally, owned by well-known "interests"; in other words, by wealthy men engaged in far reaching enterprises.

A newspaper under suspicion is almost as maimed for healthy influence as if the suspicion had been proven well founded; for the legitimate and salutary power of a newspaper lies in its showing and being thought to show the "first thought" of the ordinary citizen on all matters of current public interest. In showing this it does the community a double service—it gives shape and direction to public opinion and it enormously increases the latter's force.

The greater mass of mankind do not know what they really think until somebody tells them; they recognize their own opinions when these are expressed for them by another; then and only then are they ready to act.

It must be remembered in this connection that an editor is necessarily a politician, or, at all events, he ought to be one. Unless he has definite opinions on all questions of general public interest and is ready to express them he has no business to be an editor; indeed, he is not an editor, but is only trying to pass himself off as one. In fact, an editor is a politician, whether he wishes to be or not; if he will not speak on subjects connected with politics his very silence is a way of dealing with them.

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COUNTRY NEEDS THE REST CURE.

By J. J. Hill.

WHAT this country needs above everything else is the rest cure. We all want to go to sleep for a good long time and wake up with both eyes open. The country has been suffering from mistrust. While there is an easing in the mercantile credit situation, the people who have money are holding on to it and giving out cheques instead. Nobody wants to let the money go. The merchants hate such a situation. It has put us on a paper basis, such as we were in just after the civil war. We need a rest cure to remedy such conditions. The demands upon the Western roads to haul grain to the two coasts show the crying need for further railroad facilities. The Great Northern is hauling grain to Duluth

faster than all the Eastern systems can carry it from Buffalo eastward.

As a result the grain merchant who buys grain is paying less for it because he is afraid he will have to hold it a year before he can sell it.

When the grain of the Northwest is being moved to market there is a yearly blockade at Buffalo to an extent that the railways between that city and the Atlantic seaboard are unable to book shipments for weeks at a time.

This situation shows that we must have more new lines, more double tracks and more terminal facilities. Yet how are the railroads going to sell securities under conditions as they exist to-day? The business is two and one-quarter times as great as it was ten years ago, while the machine for handling it has increased only a little more than one-fifth.

* * *

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

By Miss Alma-Tadema, author of "Love's Martyr."

I want to show American women what happiness is and how to find it.

It takes me an hour and twenty minutes to explain the meaning of happiness. I passed several years in learning it, and it took me five months to write it down. Happiness is attained by managing one's self; by working hard and developing one's powers to the limit. It never comes except by being sought. It is not a matter of condition or wealth. It does not depend upon marriage. There are happy persons in the world, for I am an example. This is my first visit to America, but I do not intend to "write up" the country when I return to England. So those whom I meet need not fear I shall be continually taking mental notes. My father's most recent painting is "Caracalla and Geta" which has been exhibited in Paris and London. It portrays the interior of the Roman Coliseum, and more than three thousand human figures are in the picture.

AMERICAN ARMY MAY RESORT TO CONSCRIPTION.

By Adjutant-General Ainsworth.

NOTWITHSTANDING the most strenuous efforts on the part of the War Department and the recruiting officers and their parties in all parts of the country, it has been found impossible wholly to make good the losses occurring in the present strength of the army to say nothing of increasing that strength to the limit authorized by law and executive order. The government in its efforts to procure men for the army is now competing everywhere with private employers who are able to offer men much greater inducements than the government now offers, at least in the matter of pay.

If present conditions continue there will be nothing for the government to do but to meet this competition by materially increasing the soldiers' pay or to evade the competition altogether by a resort to the dreaded European system of conscription or compulsory military service.

Reasons for the decrease are not difficult to find. They include the substitution of confinement in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth for confinement at military posts as a punishment for desertion, the discontinuance of final enlistments at recruiting stations, the low rate of pay, dissatisfaction with the hard work of practice marches, drills and fatigues duties and the abolition of the canteen. The means for the removal of most of these causes are obvious and are to a considerable extent beyond the control of the War Department in that it will require legislation by Congress both to increase the pay and to restore the canteen.

Actual strength of the entire military force on October 15 last was 58,998 men, including 3,890 officers, but not including 3,400 men of the hospital corps, so that the force was 19,671 men short of its authorized strength. The deficiency on the corresponding date of the preceding year was 7,830 men.

Science and Invention

PAPER MADE FROM PEAT.

THE peat bog furnishes the latest substitute for wood in the manufacture of paper. Paper making from peat on a commercial scale has already begun in Sweden, where a company, capitalized at more than \$1,000,000, has made extensive purchases of peat bogs and prepared plans for the erection of mills for turning out wrapping paper and pasteboard.

It is claimed that a ton of paper worth \$30 can be made from peat at a total cost of \$15, thus leaving a satisfactory margin of profit. It is further claimed that it takes only two hours to convert the peat into paper. It should not, however, be expected that peat as a material for paper making can take the place of wood pulp for all purposes. If it helps to meet the demand for the coarser grades of paper and thus relieves the pressure upon the timber supply it will do a great deal for the forests.

The quantity of peat in the world is enormous. It exists in all the countries of northern Europe and has been used as fuel for centuries. Deposits from 10 to 50 feet deep and many miles in extent are not unusual. Siberia has thousands of square miles of peat, and much exists in the United States and Canada.

Many good qualities have been claimed for paper made from peat. It is said that an article wrapped in it will not be attacked by moths, and for that reason it is assured to be peculiarly fitted for boxes and bags for storing furs and woollen clothing. It is further claimed that a process of bleaching will give the paper a snow white color and thus make it equal to the best pulp papers for printing

purposes. Wrapping papers, cardboards and paper boxes made from peat possess greater strength than similar articles made from straw.

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THE MUTUAL SERVICE ASSOCIATION.

THREE years ago, in Indianapolis, a few self-supporting young women banded themselves together for mutual helpfulness. With a spirit of earnestness and enthusiasm they enlisted the co-operation of other women workers and the financial aid of some of the leading business men of the city, and to-day they have a property valued at \$12,000, a membership of over eight hundred, and an organization the work of which is attracting attention in other cities as well as in Indianapolis. This is the Mutual Service Association, which was incorporated in February, 1907.

The Mutual Service Association has a board of directors, each one of whom, with the exception of the secretary, gives her services without charge. The secretary is paid a small salary. The work of the association has been supported by membership dues, \$1.20 each, and subscriptions, at present it is on a self-supporting basis, the secretary's report at the recent annual meeting showing the institution to be in a good financial condition.

The purpose of the organization is to lend a helping hand to wage-earning women; to provide a home for small salaried girls who are homeless, as well as those who are strangers and unprotected in the city; to make it possible for a girl on a small salary to live without feeling that she is an object of charity.

A NEW LIFTING MAGNET.

THERE has been placed on the market a lifting magnet that is meeting with success. The fundamental principle is that of any ordinary magnet, a steel core and

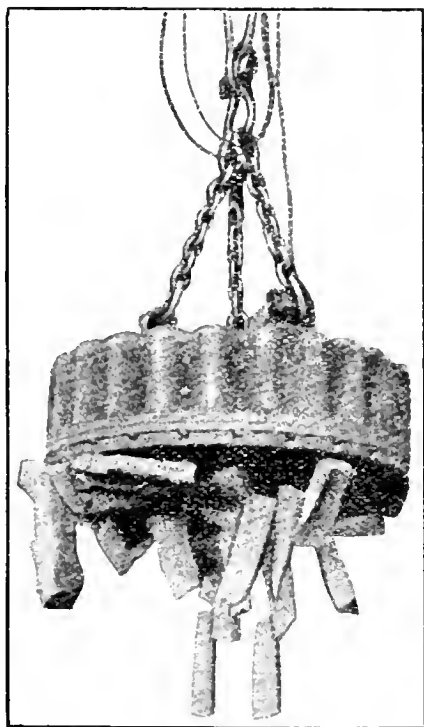


Fig. 1.—Lifting Pig Iron.

coils of wire to carry the exciting current.

Wherever pig iron, metal plates, tubes, rails, beams, scrap or heavy castings of iron or steel are handled, lifting magnets can be advantageously employed. There is no waste time adjusting block and tackle to the object to be lifted. The magnet is lowered onto the piles of scrap or pig iron and without any further work of handling the iron, it is lifted onto or from the cars, as the case may be. In foundries and rolling mills, magnets are useful for lifting and transporting metal too hot to be touched with the hands.

The lifting capacity depends to a great extent on the nature of the ma-

terial to be handled. A 50-inch magnet, under favorable circumstances, will lift as much as 20,000 pounds, but under more adverse circumstances the lifting capacity might drop to 1,000 pounds, or even less. In one test, a 52-inch magnet readily picked up a steel skull weighing 5,500 pounds, and this in spite of the fact that the surface presented to the magnet was very uneven and extremely dirty, being partially covered with slag.

Fig. 1 was taken during a test at the Carnegie Steel Co.'s Donora works, when a 52-inch magnet lifted from the ground 32 sand-cast manganese iron pigs, averaging 65 pounds each in weight, making a total lift of 2,080 pounds.

A 10-inch magnet weighs about 75 pounds, and Fig. 2 is a view of one of these small magnets lifting a Bliss

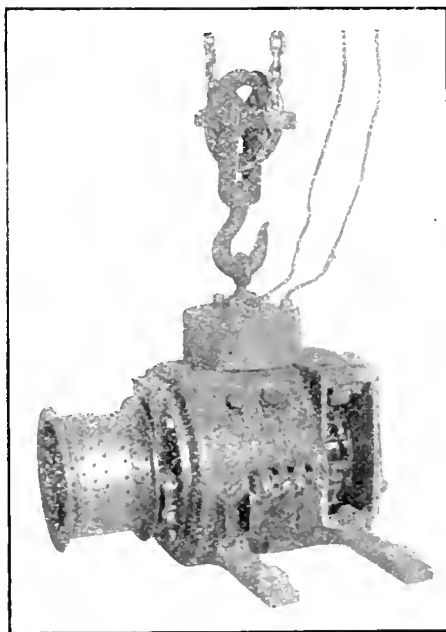


Fig. 2—10-inch Magnet Weighing 75 lbs., Lifting 800 lbs.

Electric Car Lighting Generator weighing 800 pounds, or even ten times its own weight. A 50-inch magnet weighs about 5,000 pounds.

Contents of the January Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. Where the newsdealers cannot supply the required copies orders will be filled from this office.

ARMY AND NAVY.

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 The Needs of the American NavyMcClures
 The Navy Department and Its Work. W. L. Marvin...Am. Rev. of Rev's.
 The Navy, and Its Chief Need.....Spectator (Nov. 23.)
 The Art of Being an Officer.....Spectator (Nov. 23.)
 The Persian Soldier of To-day.....Chambers's Journal
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 The Art of Alphonse Mucha. Arthur G. Byrnes.....Smith's
 The Relation of the Fireplace to the Home. H. W. Clark
 Suburban Life.
 How Much for \$2,500. C. L. Brown.....Good Housekeeping
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 Specific Points for Water-power Development. Guy Cramer...System
 The Chance for the Small Business. O. N. Manners.....System
 Adjusting Retail Customer's Complaints. David Lay.....System
 Making Collections Promptly. L. R. Clinton.....System
 A Compact Employment Record. David Lay.....System
 How to Insure Prompt Deliveries. J. B. Revoh.....System
 Error-saving Methods in Purchasing. Albert Kelsey.....System
 Bringing in the MoneySystem
 Metal Mining in Canada. Ralph Stokes.....Canadian
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 The Building of the Ships. J. O. Curwood.....Reader
 The World's Largest Butterfly Farm. Jos. Heighton

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| Steam's New Rival Wins. Jas. Cooke Mills..... | Technical World |
| We're on the Verge of Flying. H. G. Hunting..... | Technical World |
| Tunnel Helps Build Itself. Wm. T. Walsh..... | Technical World |
| Science and the Orange. Wm. R. Stewart..... | Technical World |

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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| Charts and How to Use Them. Wm. H. Barnard..... | Boating |
| In the Louisiana Cranebrakes. Theodore Roosevelt..... | Scribner's |
| Winter Water Sports in California. Allen H. Wright..... | Travel |
| Tobogganning at St. Moritz, Switzerland. W. G. Fitzgerald..... | Travel |
| Athletic Sports in Western Canada..... | Canada (Nov. 30.) |
| Skill at Bridge. W. Dalton..... | Saturday Review (Nov. 30.) |
| Beaters' Gun | Spectator (Nov. 30.) |
| The Story of the Diabalo Craze. Turner Morton.... | Pearson's (Eng.) |
| The Progress of Sporting Gunnery. East Sussex..... | Badminton |
| Days on a Canadian Salmon Stream. A. P. Silver..... | Badminton |
| Motor Racing as it Was. Chas. Jarott | Badminton |
| Basset Hounds. Hon. Dudley Carleton | Badminton |
| The Corinthian Tour in South Africa. G. B. P. Hodsoll.... | Badminton |

THE STAGE.

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|--|--------------------|
| Mme. Alla Naimova. Paul Tietjens..... | Uncle Remus's Mag. |
| My Interpretation of King Lear. Tommaso Salvini..... | Putnam's |
| Miss Mary Garden of the Opera Comique, Paris..... | Cosmopolitan |

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

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| The Toll of the Tourist. C. F. Speare..... | Am. Rev. of Rev's. |
| Dresden—A City of Music and Art. Laura L. Carter..... | Travel |
| Royal Gorge of Arkansas River in Colorado. L. Lewis..... | Travel |
| Housekeeping Near the North Pole. Blanche V. Nosmith..... | Travel |
| Climbing the Snowbound Catskills. W. Quackenbush..... | Travel |
| Hotel Life in Japan. May B. Rasmussen..... | Travel |
| Modes of Travel in Mexico. A. M. Barnes..... | Travel |
| Falls of Zambesi. W. G. Fitzgerald..... | Travel |
| Henry van Dyke in the Holy Land..... | Harper's |
| Through the Wild Caucasus. Henry W. Nevinson..... | Harper's |
| In the Cemetery of Pire Laschaise. R. M. Sillard..... | Irish Monthly |
| A Tour of the West | Canada (Nov. 30.) |
| Some Rising Canadian Towns | Canada (Nov. 30.) |
| Malta as a Health Resort. By an Impressionist..... | Idler |
| Christmas Eve in Anta. Francis Steuart..... | Chambers's Journal |
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| Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Henry van Dyke | Ladies' Home Journal |

As I Saw New Year's in Japan. Frances Little

Ladies' Home Journal

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| A Trip on the Two Largest Ships. F. N. Doubleday.... | World's Work |
| Mary Garden and a New Opera. M. Noel..... | Metropolitan |
| The Home of Burlesque. Rolin L. Hartt..... | Atlantic Monthly |
| Footlight Fiction. Walter P. Eaton..... | American |
| Pasadena, The Clean. Paul Powell..... | Good Housekeeping |
| Northwest Canada. Henry Hale..... | Moody's |
| The Lakes of Killarney. Chas. Q. Turner..... | Burr McIntosh |
| Taj Mahal, The Peerless Tomb. H. Bronson..... | Burr McIntosh |
| Top of the Continent. Aubrey Fullerton..... | Technical World |

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

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| The Girl With the Mistletoe Complexion. | A. Prescott..... | Royal |
| The First White Woman to Cross Africa. | J. E. Whitby..... | Pearson's |
| The One Servant Problem. | Anne O'Hagan..... | Smith's |
| Legal Hints for Women. | Katharine L. Smith..... | Smith's |
| The Proper Care of the Skin. | F. Augustine..... | Smith's |
| As a Bachelor Sees Women..... | | Ladies' Home Journal |
| A Girl's Danger Signal. | Ethel W. Trimble.... | Ladies' Home Journal |
| The Six Great Moments in a Woman's Life. | Emily C. Blake | |
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| How to Save Coal While Cooking. | Mrss. S. T. Rorer | |
| | | Ladies' Home Journal |
| High Heels and Low Heels. | Alexander C. Magruder, M.D. | |
| | | Ladies' Home Journal |
| An Invitation to the Valse. | Ethel C. Mayne..... | Pall Mall |
| The Slaves Who Stayed. | Ducine Finch..... | American |
| Uncle Joe Cannon. | Geo. Fitch..... | American |
| A Year of Cooper's Youth. | Edith A. Sawyer..... | New England |

NOT A CHEAP REMNANT

A faithful servant girl burst into tears when her mistress informed her that she could no longer afford to keep her.

"Then what am I to do, ma'am?" the girl sobbed. "I've nowhere else to go, and the young man that's p-promised to marry me has started walkin' out with another girl."

"That's hard lines, Mary," her mistress answered, sympathetically. "But he's not the only fish in the sea, you know. Why don't you emigrate to Canada? Ten thousand men are wanting wives there, and they'd grab at you eagerly."

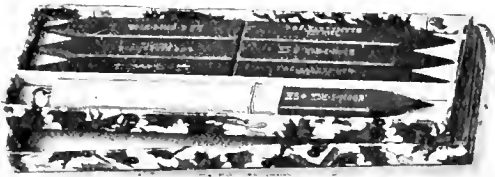
"I daresay they would, ma'am," Mary snuffled, "but how much would there be left of poor m-me when ten thousand wild backwoodsmen had finished fightin' for me? I'm not a cheap remnant at a bargain sale, ma'am!"

And she broke into a fresh fit of inconsolable grief.

Improvements in Office Devices

A DAINTY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE ingenuity of the L. E. Waterman Company in devising novelties to attract the popular taste is apparent in the attractive little outfit illustrated herewith. In brief, it is a strongly-constructed cardboard box, 6x1 3-4 inches, covered with bright holly paper, and containing a little sterling silver pencil holder, with ring attachment to fasten to a watch chain. The box also contains an additional half-dozen Koh-i-noor pencils, of a size to fit the holder. The price of the outfit is \$1.50.



Another attractive feature of this line is the holders mounted with emblem designs. They are prepared to furnish them with any emblem design that may be required. An emblem mounted on the silver holder adds 50 cents to the price.

* * *

NEW TYPEWRITER ATTACHMENTS

EUGENE T. HILLS, Salt Lake City, has perfected an invention of a typewriter attachment that is said to possess unusual merits and to be of material assistance to typists in work with typewriters operating under what is termed the "shift key" system. The invention is a foot attachment which operates the "shift key" of the typewriter whenever capital letters or figures are required in the manuscript. The ordinary opera-

G

tion is to compress the shift key with the little finger of either hand, requiring time and extra effort. The model of Mr. Hills' invention has been in successful use in the surveyor-general's office in this city for six months or more with marked success.

In the increasing demand for speed and labor saving devices the Bennington Typewriter Co. has recognized that there is probably a demand for a writing machine which in addition to writing all the different letters and stereotyped numerals, punctuations and signs will write twenty-two different, complete words of the variety most commonly used in the operation of the average typewriting machine.

The word keys are brought into action, together with their special escapement mechanism by the use of a shift key similar to the so-called single board construction. Among the words which this machine will write as readily and rapidly as a single letter are: we, an, he, is, her, if, in, at, is, as, are, the, for, be, and, was, all, not, but, or, of, to.

The typewriter has already been perfected and tested and promises to be a great success. It is believed it will materially increase the speed of typewriter composition and make one of the first real departures in typewriter construction since the advent of the so-called visible writers.

* * *

AUTOMATIC STAMP VENDING MACHINE.

A SPECIAL committee, consisting of members of the Post Office Department at Washington are investigating the advantages of machines submitted for use by the government in the automatic

145

sale of stamps. About thirty inventors are submitting models.

The machines will sell stamps, postal cards, and envelopes. It is the plan of the department, in case a machine is found that is regarded as successful, to place the machines in drug stores and like places, where now small substations are maintained. On the depositing of the right change, the machines will hand out the proper stamps.

* * *

HANDY DESK ACCESSORY.

AN exceedingly handy and useful desk accessory is the stamp and envelope moistener, the invention of an Alaska man. Its purpose ostensibly is to obviate the nuisance of moistening stamps and envelopes by the lips. The ease with which stamps and envelopes—especially large quantities—can be moistened for fastening will be apparent. At the top of the device is a reservoir for holding water, the latter reaching the sponge through a small tube. In the tube is a spring which prevents the water escaping except when released. Attached to the reservoir is an extension which supports a blotter, the latter being curved. With the moistener in one hand the operation of applying

the stamps and sealing the envelopes is an easy matter.

* * *

CHECK ON 'PHONE SERVICE.

PHILADELPHIA, the home of telephone service appliances, has produced another and important telephone adjunct in the form of a "Register" recording all connections made with outside parties, and one which does not register unless connection is made.

The device will keep a correct record of the telephone calls, and it does away with pencil and paper formerly used for such a record.

The use of such a device will end all disputes with the telephone companies or between offices and is indispensable where measured service is used. It is made with two styles of attachments, one for the desk and the other for the wall, and is of considerable value to all users of the telephone.

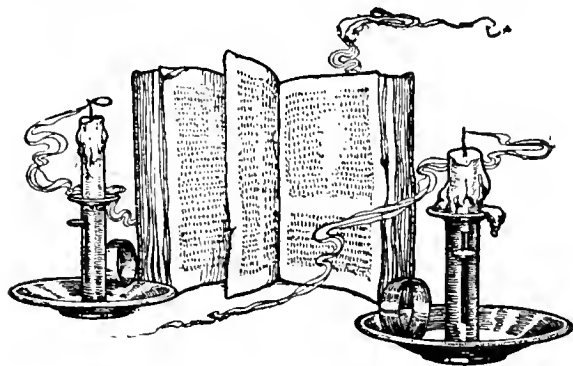
Another appliance which is about to be placed in the market is a holder for the receiver when the telephone is in use. This allows the speaker freedom of both hands and will be a decided improvement on the former method of telephoning.

Confidence.

Courage, my heart ! Shall you and I fail now,
After the battle's din and stain and heat ?
Shall we stop fighting once we have learned how,
Or call one unrecovered fall defeat ?

Mary Eastwood Knevels.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

It is curious to note how both the Canadian and United States lists of best sellers contain almost the same books. The first five in the United States' list appear in the Canadian list. The exceptions are "The Lady of the Decoration," which does not rank in the Canadian first six, and "The Fruit of the Tree," which does not rank in the United States first six. Sir Gilbert Parker's book heads both lists, a tribute to that great Canadian novelist.

Canadian Summary.

1. Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
2. Fruit of the Tree. By E. Wharton.
3. Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
4. Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
5. Satan Sanderson. By H. E. Rives.
6. Daughter of Anderson Crow. By G. B. McCutcheon.

United States Summary.

1. Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
2. Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
3. Daughter of Anderson Crow. By G. B. McCutcheon.
4. Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
5. Satan Sanderson. By H. E. Rives.
6. Lady of the Decoration. By F. Little.

• • •

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO?

This book is designed to aid a young man in the selection of a calling. It

gives a vast amount of definite information which young men naturally wish to know. It contains 44 chapters, 42 of which are devoted to as many professions, occupations, trades and branches of business. The two opening chapters are addressed to parents concerning education of children, especially the early studying of the inclinations of their minds. This book, written by a former Governor of New Hampshire, Frank West Rollins, is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, at \$1.50 net.

* * *

NEW CANADA AND THE NEW CANADIANS, written by Howard A. Kennedy, editor of the London Times, gives a rapid survey of the history of the Canadian West from the coming of Martin Frobisher, in Elizabeth's time. A graphic account is given of the rush to the West, its railways, available lands, wheat possibilities, etc. He pictures the different people that come and pays a high tribute to the immigration of the salvation army. Published by Musson Book Co., Toronto, at \$1.25 net.

• • •

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Toronto, are placing on the market the "People's Library," the aim of which is to provide a careful selection of the best and most popular masterpieces of literature at a low price. These books will be published at 25 cents each, and the first

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

list will consist of fifty volumes, many of which will run 600 or 700 pages. The public will welcome the opportunity of



GELETT BURGESS,
Author of "The Heart Line."

acquiring by a small periodical expenditure a library of standard works.

* * *

MONEY AND INVESTMENT. By Montgomery Rollins. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. Cloth, \$2.00 net. A manual of expert reliable information, arranged in encyclopaedic form. The author is an acknowledged expert, with a very wide connection in the best banking and investment circles. He has devoted years to closest study of his subject. The entire subject matter and treatment are such that the book cannot fail to be of great assistance to any investor.

* * *

BUSTER BROWN'S MAXIMS FOR MEN. By R. F. Outcault. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. Paper covers, 1s. net. Sixty of the familiar tailpieces of Buster Brown's adventures, reproduced in facsimile.

THE MEDIATOR. By Ed. T. Steiner. Toronto: H. Ryell. Toronto.

Cloth, \$1.50. An intensely realistic novel dealing with the modern Jew and the anomalous position he holds in the gentile world. The central figure is Samuel Cohen, a young Jew, whose idealism is of an intensely patriotic kind. His career begins in Polish Russia and is traced through many varied experiences until in New York he devotes himself to the Christ-like mediatorial work of breaking down the barrier between Jew and Gentile and thus destroying old animosities. Professor Steiner writes with power and pathos and has evidently made a close study of the various types of Jew which have developed under modern conditions.

* * *

HOW ARE YOU LIVING? Toronto: William Briggs. The writer, W. J. Hambrook, deals with the duty of the various members of a human family to the Deity to each other, to themselves, and to the State. The question is a large one to ask, the subject is a difficult one to deal with, and the author treats them in a manner worthy of their



THEODORE ROBERTS,
Author of "The Red Feathers."

great importance. Four chapters are devoted to the son (much of that said of the son being applicable to the other

members of the family), and a chapter each to the remaining members of a family. The book is shorter than the usual run of philosophical works. The style is clear; and is illuminated by many apt references to sages of former times, which are embodied in the text, and, therefore, do not interfere with the swing of the author's own words, as would be the case with footnotes. This timely book, which sells at \$1.25, should find a large number of readers.

* * *
THE BROKEN ROAD. By A. E. W. Mason. McLeod & Allen, Toronto.

\$1.25. An entertaining book which gives fresh enlightenment as to some of the causes of native unrest in India at the present time. The central figures in the story are Shere Ali, a native prince, and Richard Linforth, a young Englishman. Friends at first they are in the end pitted against each other in deadly enmity and in some measure typify the animosity between the ruling and the subject races. In the struggle for supremacy, according to this writer, the elusive Oriental is no match for the tenacious Briton.



FLY FINANCE.

Hilarious Citizen.—Come on in, fellers! I got nuthin' but dough. Dere wuz a run on a Harlem bank an' I sold me place on de line for twenty bucks.

Incredulous Person.—Gee, how long have youse had money in de bank?

Hilarious Citizen.—Who said I had money in de bank?—Puck.

Humor in the Magazines

President Creelman, of Guelph, made a happy repartee at the McMaster University Literary Society.

The principal of the Farmers' University had been invited to speak before the students at their annual opening of the literary society. His entrance to the platform was the signal for the boys to begin a series of coek-a-doodle-dos and other dialects redolent of the farm yard.

Without any apparent disturbance the principal opened his address by this clever repartee:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and old roosters in the gallery: I find I am not so far removed from the farm yards of Ontario as I had expected to be upon entering these halls."

Needless to say, the genial boy from Simcoe captured his audience.

"Where is your father?" asked the caller.

"Down in the pig-pen," answered the son of the house. "He has a hat on."

A very bald-headed man went into the barber shop in the American House in our town, and, plumping himself down in the chair, said:

"Hair-cut!"

Ed, the barber, looked at him a moment, and replied:

"Why, man, you don't need no hair-cut—what you want is a shine."

Bobby had early shown a great interest in anatomy, and always drank in information about the various parts of the body most eagerly. One day he came to his mother in great perplexity and said:

"Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

Mr. Scrappington (proceeding his spouse down the steps of their resi-

dence)—Hurry up! We'll miss our car!

Mrs. Scrappington—Wait till I get my gloves on.

Mr. Scrappington (sourly)—Why don't you dress in the house? I'd as soon see a woman put on her stockings in the street as her gloves.

Mrs. Scrappington (sweetly)—I presume so! Most men would.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

The old housekeeper met the master at the door.

"If you please, sir, the cat has had chickens."

"Nonsense," he laughed. "You mean kittens, Mary. Cats don't have chickens."

"Well," inquired Mary, "was them kittens or was them chickens that you brought home last night?"

"Why, they were chickens, of course."

"Jus' so, sir. Well, the cat's had 'em."

"Sir," said the bank president to a clerk whose face showed a three days' growth of beard, "you will have to get shaved."

"But, sir," protested the clerk, "I am growing a beard."

"Do what you like at home," snapped the president, "but I'll have you understand that you can't grow a beard during office hours."

"Doin' any good?" asked the curious individual on the bridge.



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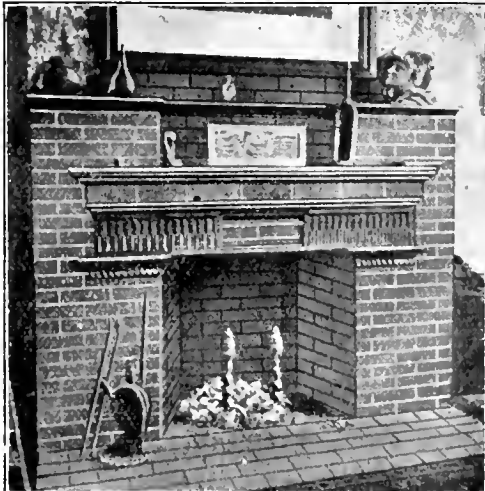
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When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

"Any good?" answered the fisherman, in the creek below. "Why, I caught forty bass out o' here yesterday."

"Say, do you know who I am?" asked the man on the bridge.

The fisherman replied that he did not.

"Well, I am a constable, as well as the county fish and game warden," and the M. O. B. exhibited a badge.

The angler looked up in astonishment, and then after a moment's thought, he exclaimed, "Say, do you know who I am?"

"No," the officer replied.

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in eastern Indiana," said the crafty angler, with a grin.



Punch.

CURRENT COOKERY

Waiter: Yes, sir, we're very hup to date 'ere. We cook heverythink by electricity.

Customer: Oh, do you? Then just give this steak another shock.

"It's a grand thing, music," said Mr. Dooley.

"It is," said Mr. Hennessy sadly.

"I'm crazy about it," said Mr. Dooley. "I don't know what there is about th' power iv music, but it has a turrible effect on me. An' if there's wan piece av music that moves me more thin any

other, 'tis the five-finger exercise. Was that what Honorya was playin'?"

"It was," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I thought so," said Mr. Dooley, "Tis th' composition I'm most familar with. I don't know how many million times I've heered it, but ivry time it gives me a new thrill, a kind iv th' jumps that I don't get frim dhrink or tobacco. I cease to be th' sordid, money-lovin' practical man, ye know. I'm lifted out iv meself. I long to quit me business an' go into th' wilds."

• • •

Charles Lamb was awakened early one morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle.

"Why d-do you s-s-st-t-teal?" he asked.

"Because I'm starving," returned the housebreaker, sullenly.

"Are y-you re-re-really ver-very h-hung-hung-gug-gery - hungry?" asked Lamb.

"Very," replied the burglar, turning away.

"Pup-pup-poor fuf-fuf-fellow," said the essayist. "H-here's a l-l-leg of L-L-Lamb for you."

And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg, he ejected the marauder into the street, and locking the door securely went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterward that he didn't see the joke for six weeks.

• • •

A street car in charge of a newly appointed Irish conductor had just left the car barn for the down-town run. Before it had proceeded many blocks it was boarded by an inspector. This official, after a glance at the register and the occupants of the car, asked, in surprise: "Why, O'Flaherty, how's this? You have seven passengers, and the register shows but six fares rung up."

"Begorra, is that so?" puzzled the green conductor. Then instantly a happy solution of the diffiently struck him. "Git out o' here, wan o' yez!" he shouted. "There's wan too many o' yez on this car!"

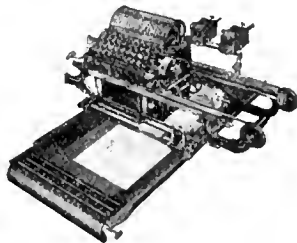


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Elliott-Fisher Machines

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"Coming home on the Minnetonka," says a traveler, "we took up a collection for the widows and orphans of sailors, and Mark Twain prefaced this collection with a talk on meanness. He urged us to be generous in our offerings—not to be like a certain mean old man from Hannibal.

"The meanest man I ever knew," he said, "lived in Hannibal. He sold his son-in-law the half of a very fine cow, and then refused to share the milk with the young fellow, on the ground that he had only sold him the front half. The son-in-law was also compelled to provide all the cow's fodder and to carry water to her twice a day. Finally the cow butted the old man through a barbed-wire fence and he sued his son-in-law for fifty dollars' damages."



Duncan

PASSING THE TIME

"I say, old chap, wouldn't you find it more convenient to carry a watch?"

"A hunter set out one day to hunt, and a panther set out at the same time to eat," said the lecturer.

"I must have a fur overcoat," said the hunter.

"I," said the panther, "must have a dinner."

"Some hours later, in a lonely wood, the panther and the hunter met.

"Aha," said the hunter gayly, leveling his gun, "here is my fur overcoat."

"And he shot, but the panther, dodging behind a tree, escaped unhurt.

"Then the panther rushed forth before the hunter could reload.

"Aha, here's my dinner," said the panther.

"And he fell upon the hunter and devoured him.

"Thus each got what he wanted, the hunter getting his fur overcoat and the panther getting his dinner

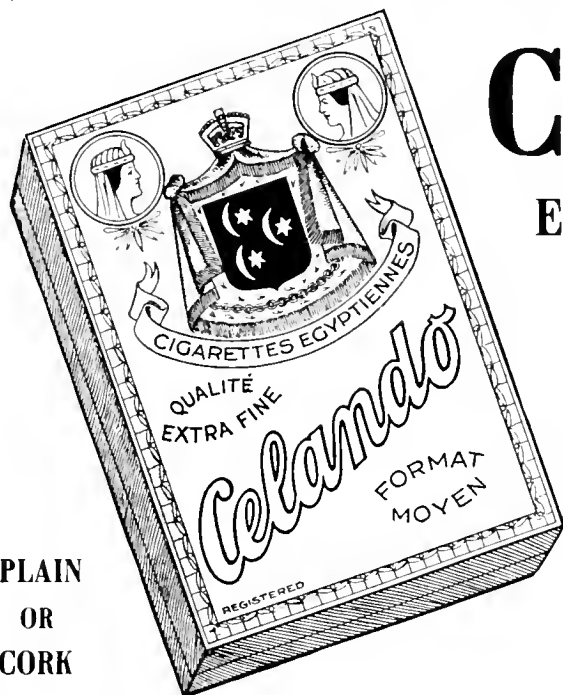
A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators in the stream, one of them objected. "Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?" "Y-a-a-s," admitted the darky, "but a whale's different. A whale's got a mem'ry, but ef one o' dem 'gators wus ter swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout me."

A lawyer died in a provincial town, and his fellow lawyers wrote over his grave, "Herein lies a lawyer and an honest man."

Nor long afterwards a great personage visited the town, and among other places inspected the cemetery. When he came to the lawyer's grave he stopped, read the inscription once or twice, and, turning to the head inspector, said: "Look here, my friend. We wink at a good many things in this place, but I do object to your burying two men in one grave."

When Maggie, a recent arrival from over the sea, had finished cleaning the windows her mistress was amazed to discover that they had been washed upon the inside only. She inquired the reason for this half-completed task, thinking that, perhaps, the girl was afraid to sit outside the windows. Maggie's reply was delivered with fine concern:

"I cleaned 'em inside so's we could look out, mum, but I left the dirt on the outside so the people couldn't look in."



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A DOUBLE LIFE.

Hewitt—"It is said that the fellow who was arrested yesterday was a doctor days and a burglar nights."

Jewett—"Which was he arrested for?"—Judge.

An Irishman on his way home late at night asked a pedestrian the time. The latter thinking he was a dangerous tramp waiting for an opportunity to snatch his watch swung his heavy stick and knocked the Irishman down. He remarked to the prostrate man:

"It's 1 o'clock, and that's how I strike one."

The poor Irishman scrambled to his feet and rubbed his smarting head, saying:

"Bedad, it's a mighty fine thing Oi didn't ax you the toime an hour earlier!"

• • •

A young constable arrived in a certain borough in Scotland and in the course of duty found it essential to apprehend a very old offender. Arrived at the police station he ushered him into

the cells with the comment, "Mind the step."

"Gae awa', man," said the prisoner, with contempt. "I kent the step afore ye was born."

• • •

When the foreign missionary had concluded his talk, he made the usual appeal for contributions, however small. Coming up to the platform with several others, a small boy mounted to the level of the lecturer and hastening toward him, said:

"Please, sir, I was very much interested in your lecture, and—and—"

"Go on, my little man," said the missionary encouragingly. "You want to help in the good work?"

"Not exactly, sir," said the boy. "What I want to know is, have you any foreign stamps you don't want?"

Self-Consciousness

Self-consciousness is a great hindrance to success of any kind. It is the result of nervousness, timidity, shyness and too much solitude. The remedy is found in coming in contact with individuals who have dignity and control, and by cultivating a little self-respect and self-esteem. Good taste accommodates itself to every condition. True grace adjusts itself to every circumstance and is in harmony with every social atmosphere. It is the same in poverty or fortune, in the drawing-room or on the street. This dignity and sureness of self may be cultivated, but its perfect development is the result of years of practice. Self-consciousness can be overcome only by losing self-interest, and in keeping interest in others so keen and strong that one's awkwardness is forgotten.

The Busy Man's Magazine

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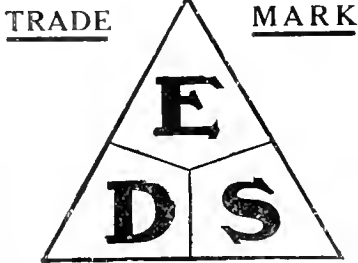
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XV

FEBRUARY 1908

No 4



The New Archæological Collections of the University of Toronto

By James Mavor

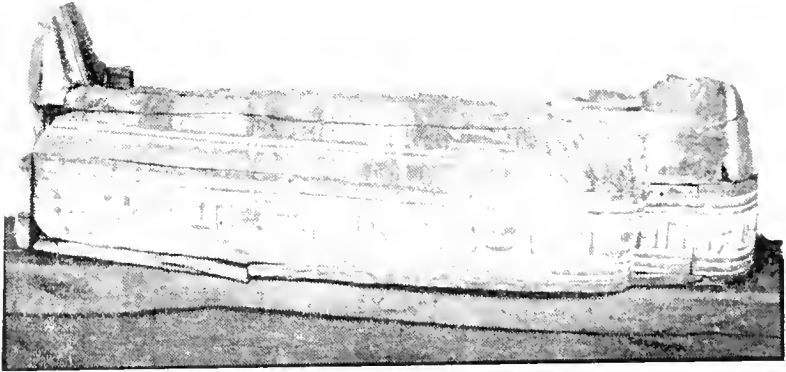
THE study of archaeology and ethnology at the university is almost co-incident with the foundation of the university itself. When Dr. Daniel Wilson was appointed Professor of History and English Literature in 1853, he had already distinguished himself as an archaeologist and during the forty years of his residence in Canada he published a long series of papers upon Canadian archaeology and ethnology. During his lifetime a small but interesting collection of flint implements and crania was formed by him, and this portion of the University Museum was fortunately preserved when part of the main building of the university was destroyed by fire in 1891. Meanwhile Victoria College had been collecting, chiefly through its alumni in the missionary field, the nucleus of a museum of a more general character. This later collection was greatly supplemented in 1903 and 1904 by gifts from the Egypt Exploration Fund and from various private donors, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. C.

T. Currelly, M.A., a graduate of the University who had become attached to the Egypt Exploration Fund in 1902. In 1906, by agreement with the university to provide suitable housing for its archaeological collections, Victoria College generously transferred these to the university and Mr. Currelly was appointed curator of the university museum of Oriental archaeology. The then board of trustees gave a grant for the acquisition of objects of archaeological interest and this grant was expended by Mr. Currelly in the purchase of important series illustrative of the development of civilization, not only in the East, but in middle and western Europe. Mr. Currelly had been employed in researches in Egypt, in Mount Sinai and in Crete and he generously presented his share in the finds of these explorations together with series of objects purchased by means of private funds subscribed by those who were interested in his work. The net result of this development is the possession by the university of a series of collections which when they are properly housed and ar-

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ranged will be found to constitute a very large and important nucleus of what, in time, may be one of the five or six great museums in the world. In other words, in certain departments of archaeology, students must come to Toronto for material

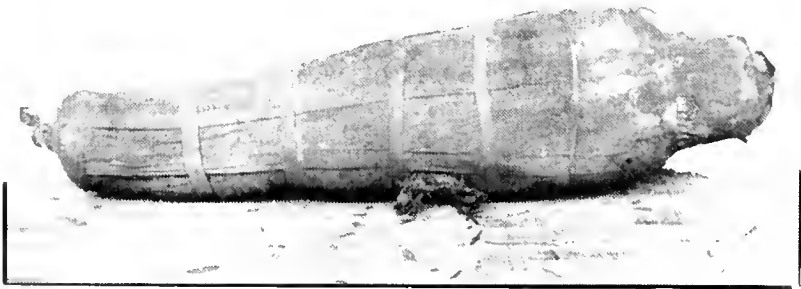
the collections recently procured. The objects thus exhibited have had to be stored once more with the remainder of the collections pending the erection of a building to contain the museum. It is understood that the board of governors of the uni-



Mummy Case from the Cemetery of the Nobles at Thebes. Presented to the Archaeological Museum of the University of Toronto by Robert Mond Esq., of London, England.

which exists nowhere else. The general advantage to academic and public interests alike of providing means of knowledge, hitherto in this country wholly unavailable, of the development of civilization, can hardly be over-estimated. Knowledge of the culture of the past is quite indispensable to the culture of the present.

versity fully realize the importance of the collections and that no time will now be lost in providing a suitable home for the museum. The ultimate object appears to be to consolidate in one large building, the various collections of an archaeological and ethnological character presently dispersed, including the ethnological collections handed over

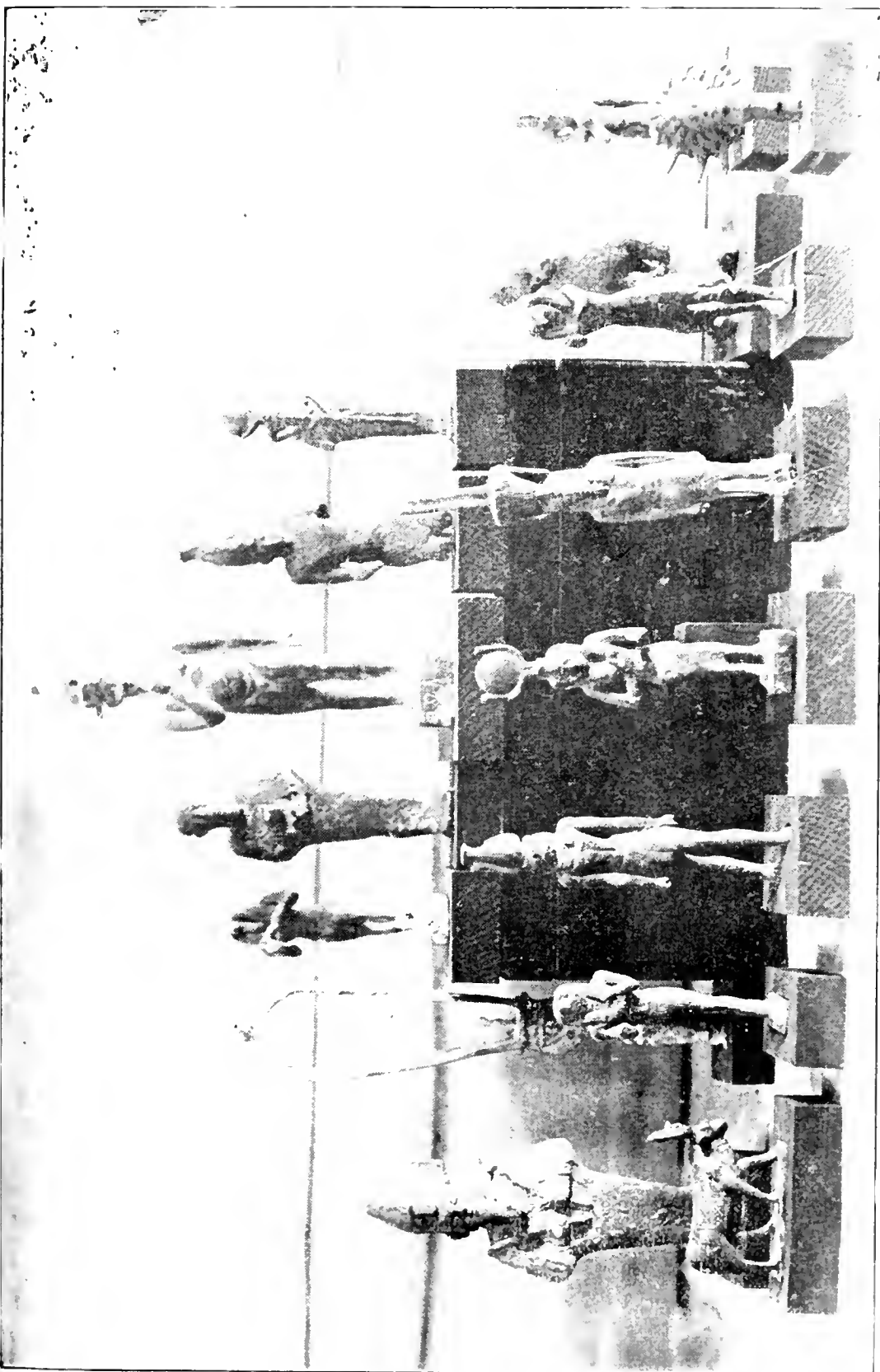


Mummy from the Cemetery of the Nobles at Thebes. Presented to the Archaeological Museum of the University of Toronto by Robert Mond, Esq., of London, England.

During three weeks in November, of 1907, through the kindness of the trustees of Wycliffe College, there was held in the hall of the college an exhibition which enabled the public to see about one-fifth of

to the Provincial Government some years ago by the Canadian Institute and now housed in the Education Department under the care of Mr. David Boyle.

Meanwhile, furnished with an in-



Collection of Bronze Statuettes Representing the Egyptian Deities.

creased grant by the university and with a considerable amount of funds supplied by private donors, Mr. Currelly has returned to Egypt for the purpose of expending and completing the collections in certain branches. The eagerness with which German, American and other museums are competing for objects illustrating early civilization has already advanced the market prices of antiquities very seriously. The time is fast approaching when in spite of increasingly industrious exploration, it will become impossible on any terms to establish a new museum. The University of Toronto may thus very well congratulate herself that the field has been entered before it has become too late and that even already a sufficiently important nucleus has been obtained to attract world-wide attention among archaeologists.

In the present article, it is not pretended to give an exhaustive account of the collections, but to give merely an outline of the more important series.

PALAEOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS

The most important series of palaeolithic implements—of very remote age—is from the Libyan desert in which Mr. Currelly was fortunate enough to find what may fairly be called the site of a palaeolithic factory. On this site lay thousands of flint axeheads, in various stages of manufacture, some of them having been thrown aside after partial manipulation on account of the discovery of a flaw in the stone or for some other reason, and others having been completely fashioned for use. These relics of the age of stone, so ample in number and so instructive in respect to flaking or the method of chipping, and patination on the surface change which results from the weathering of the flint or its abrasion by wind-blown desert sand, are likely to be recognized as furnishing important evidence upon the age of stone in northern Africa. Compari-

son of these palaeoliths with those of middle and northern Europe is not unlikely to yield important results. In order that students may have an opportunity of making such a comparison, a very interesting series of palaeoliths has been procured from the British Museum representing the stone age in Great Britain and further collections of middle European palaeoliths and neoliths are contemplated.

BRONZE IMPLEMENTS.

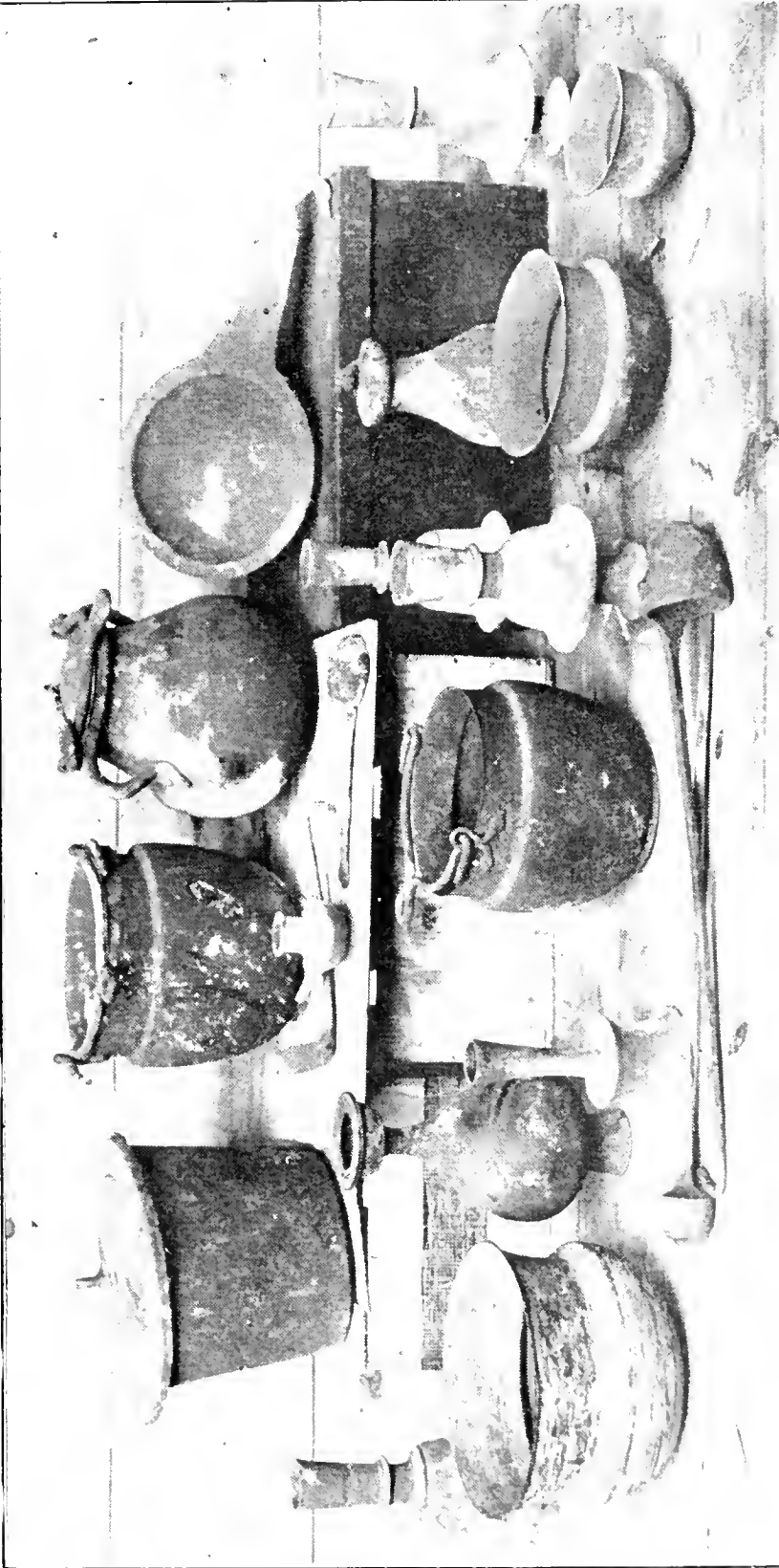
The age of bronze is represented by excellent examples of early Egyptian bronze swords and axes as well as by similar weapons of Greek, Celtic and of Etruscan origin. Included in these collections are some of the very finest examples known to exist. In the series of these weapons the history of the bronze axe may be followed from the simple bronze-pointed club to the double hafted axe unknown in Egypt but found in the later deposits of the bronze period in Europe.

PREHISTORIC EGYPT.

The collection of objects from the tombs of a period probably about 5,000 to 6,000 B.C. is very large and interesting. There is, for example, the whole contents of one tomb, consisting of some fifty or sixty pieces, secured through the generosity of Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. Warren and Mr. Cockshutt. This very remarkable series comprises vessels in alabaster, steatite and terra cotta, both black and red. The pieces are of perfect workmanship, especially a very small vessel of black terra cotta, mounted with gold. In addition to the contents of this tomb there is a very extensive series of terra cotta vessels from various other prehistoric tombs.

DYNASTIC EGYPT.

As might naturally be expected, the bulk of the Egyptian collections consist of objects found in the tombs and town sites of the period known as the dynastic period, extending from B.C. 4,400 to B.C. 340.



Bronze Kitchen Utensils and Other Household Fittings also in Bronze from the House of a Roman Gentleman in Egypt. 1st or 2nd Century A.D.

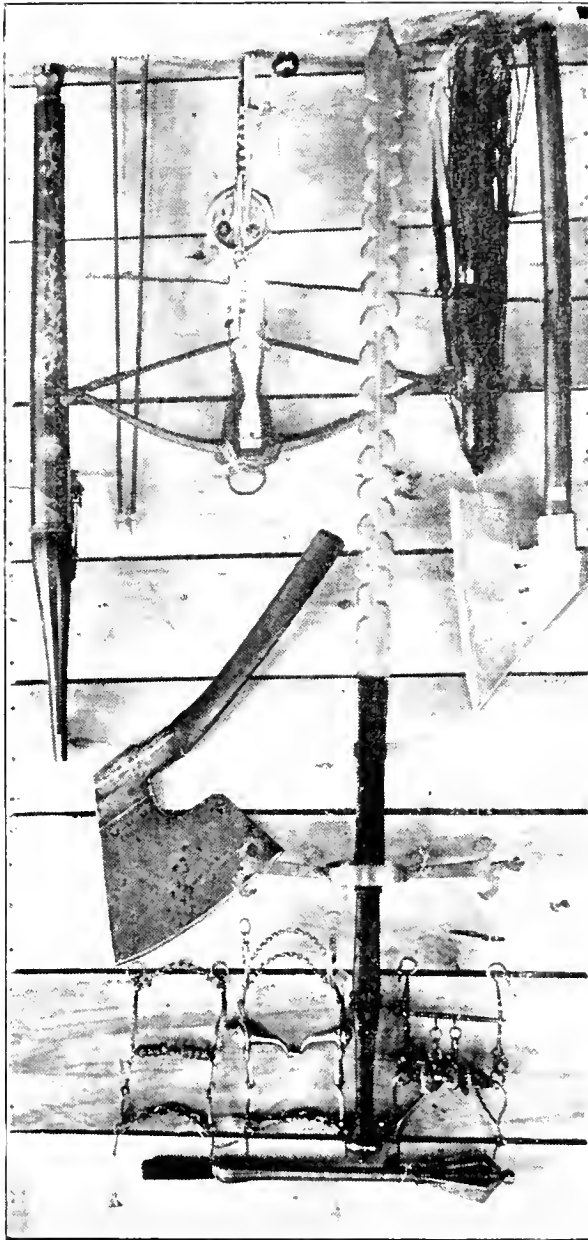
A large part of the collections come from tombs of the XVII. and XVIII. dynasties (1800-1400 B.C.) These collections consist of pottery, ushabtis or figures of servants of dead, models in wood and terra cotta, amulets, jewelry, bronze figures of Egyptian deities, etc. Among the important series are a complete set of amulets or charms which were placed on the bodies of the dead to facilitate their passage to the under-world. Important personages only were provided with complete sets and these are thus very rare. They consist of amuletic scarabs of beetles in frit (ancient glass), or precious stones, minute conventionalized sculptures of the eye of Isis and numerous other devices employed as charms. There is also a remarkable series of necklaces from various periods and of great importance and value. One of the earliest and most interesting examples is composed of heads of hematite, a most refractory material, in this case perfectly fashioned, evidently by a workman of exceptional skill. Other necklaces are of lapis lazuli and of frit in imitation of lapis lazuli, of amethyst and of glass imitation of amethyst, and of other precious stones and gold. The earlier mode of burial which prevailed in Egypt involved the separate embalming of the viscera and their preservation in four jars called canopic jars, from their resemblance to the vase-shape of osiris, called canopus. These jars were dedicated to the four genii of the dead. There is a very fine set of canopic jars from a tomb of the eighteenth dynasty. The models recovered from tombs of the same and the preceding period are of great interest. There are several in terra cotta representing houses and farm yards, and in wood representing household utensils, wine and beer vats for example. Others represent processions of slaves with sheaves of wheat on their heads on the way to the threshing floors. Among the

largest and most interesting models is one in wood representing the boat of the dead with rowers. The series of bronze statuettes of which an illustration is given, represent the deities of Egypt. Hathor, the Goddess of Maternity, also one of the names of the sky, is represented as a cow in the extreme left of the series. Behind this goddess is a sistrum, a lyre-like instrument used in religious ceremonials. This example is of very fine workmanship and is ornamented by minute figures of deities of great beauty. The other figures represent Horus, Isis, and others of the Egyptian gods.

Three mummy cases with mummies of this period, have been presented to the museum by Mr. Robert Mond, son of Dr. Ludwig Mond. Mr. Mond has for some years carried out under the authority of the Egyptian Government very extensive private explorations in the Cemetery of the Nobles at Thebes, and he has been generous enough to contribute three fine examples of cases. The series of domestic utensils from the dynastic period are very interesting and important—there are good examples of the hoe used in Egypt from time immemorial, the winnowing fan, weavers' reed, masons' mallets and other artisans' tools in iron, bronze and wood. A small but interesting series consists of the remains of the equipment of an elementary school—reed pens, inkpots, etc.

The Greco-Roman and Roman collections are extensive and important. Among the latter is a large set of kitchen utensils in bronze (illustrated). These utensils were found in the ruins of the house of a Roman gentleman who lived in Egypt about the first or second century, A.D. Of this period also are very numerous lamps in bronze and terra cotta and even more importantly a fine collection of coins. These coins, which are of silver, are in the most perfect state of preservation. They look indeed as though

they were fresh from the hands of the coiner. They formed part of the treasure of Alexander the Great, workmanship are to a casual view very similar, each coin has stamped upon it the emblem of the city from



Series of German and English Weapons 16th and 17th Centuries. Together with Iron Bits of Roman Manufacture of the 2nd Century. The Weapons are Headsman's Axes; Iron Mace; Two-Handled Sword; Cross Bow with Quarrels. (The latter is a very fine example, the mechanism being in perfect condition.)

who received tribute from each city. Each coin in the collection is from the tribute of a different city. Though the designs and mode of which it comes. The series is thus of the greatest historic interest. From the same period there come textile fabrics, shoes, sandals, and

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sleeping pillows of design similar to those used to this day in Japan. Probably only in the Boulak Museum, in the British Museum, in the Louvre and in the Museum Quintcentenaire at Brussels is there any collection of this period to be compared with that in the Museum at Toronto.

GENERAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS.

Among these is a very interesting series of bronze ornaments of Celtic origin and design found in Egypt, belonging probably to the first and second century, A.D. These ornaments consist of fibulae, brooches, and pins. A series of suits of armour of different periods, including two very fine Turkish suits, and a similar series of swords, maces, battle axes, crossbows with quarrels, halberds and lances afford examples of mediaeval weapons. There is an exceedingly interesting series of Etruscan objects of art and another series of so-called Cypriote ware. The Mycenaean age is represented by one piece of terra cotta. Objects of this period are so jealously guarded by the Greek Government that no museum in Europe has more than a very few pieces. Even those who have been instrumental in making the treasures of Crete known to the world, have not been allowed to acquire more than a single example or two. Among the series of general archaeological interest, none is more important than

the collection of objects used as currency. Besides the cabinet of coins, which includes a practically complete set of British coins in reproduction, or originals from the British Museum, there is a remarkable series of objects used by primitive people as currency. The Congo is well represented by numerous pieces of weapon form but of a design which renders them useless for offensive purposes. These pieces of currency are of iron, copper, brass and silver. China is represented by an admirable series of so-called knife money, by hoe money and by fine pieces of porcelain money.

The preparation of catalogues and the proper arrangement of the series in their permanent home must be a work of many years. The objects are so numerous and the evidence they afford upon many archaeological problems, so important that their study offers indefinite opportunities for scholars for many years to come.

From this outline, it may be gathered that if the museum is adequately supported, especially during the ensuing five or six years, a series of collections will be accumulated which will not only avail for the students of this country and for the general enlightenment of the public, but will compel the students of other countries to make pilgrimages to Toronto. Moreover, the plain fact is that within a very few years the collection of an archaeological museum of value will be an absolute impossibility.

Culture indicates superiority, and
superiority impresses others.

Do Not Live 1909 in 1908

By O. S. Marden in *Success Magazine*

FEW people live to-day. Many live in the past, regretting their mistakes, lamenting their lost opportunities, or they live in the future, in air castles, dwelling on the wonderful things they are going to do, the things they are going to enjoy. Thus they miss the splendid present, with its magnificent possibilities for growth, enjoyment, and achievement. No one can do his best work while he is trying to live in the past or the future. He must focus his mind vigorously and persistently upon the present. Habitual dreamers of the past or of the future usually get a very small percentage of their ability into the practical in life.

That only becomes ours which we live, and, if we are habitually living old days over again or living in anticipation, we get very little out of the present. One of the greatest delusions that ever crept into a mortal's brain, is that which robs one of the blessings, joys, and comforts of to-day either by regrets for the past, or the expectation of something better to-morrow.

Our future is in our present. Looking for some far-off glory, some future joy, some unknown happiness that may come, shall we lose the present joy of home and friendship, and the daily opportunities to do good and scatter flowers as we go along?

If we could realize that only the present is real, that only the present exists, or ever can; that there is really no yesterday or to-morrow; that we can never be certain of anything but the moment we are living in; that we cannot project ourselves into the future, nor can we step

backwards; that there is only one eternal Now—and that the years, the months, the days, the minutes are mere arbitrary divisions of the eternal Now—if we could only fully realize this, how it would multiply our power and increase our enjoyment and efficiency!

People who live in the present, and use it to the best possible advantage, who do not spend their time in regrets over their mistakes, or over what they failed to do yesterday, nor waste their energies in dreaming about the possible to-morrow, are much more successful and get infinitely more out of life than those whose gaze is always turned forward or backward. Many people find it almost impossible to concentrate their minds with power on the present moment. They have dreamy natures, wandering minds, and they have allowed too many things to fight against their focusing on the present; there are so many confused images in their minds that to-day slips away from them before they weave it solidly into their life-work, for they have only put a tithe of their energy and their efforts into it.

If they waste a large part of their precious energy and time, living in the past, brooding over their mistakes, castigating themselves for not having done better, or if they anticipate the future in dreaming, they have little left for the living, ever-present now.

Could we let the yesterdays and the to-morrows take care of themselves, we could do something worth while.

It is a great art to learn to extract

the most out of our own. Many people go through life dissatisfied and unhappy because they do not have what their neighbors have. They allow themselves to be constantly nettled by comparing themselves with others better off. About as poor business as one can engage in is that of going through life with one's eyes so fixed upon what others have, that he cannot enjoy or appreciate his own.

Everywhere we see prosperous people who are making a great deal of money, and yet they are dissatisfied, discontented, unhappy, restless. They rove about from place to place, trying to find pleasure in this thing or that, but are always disappointed. They think that, if they could only get somewhere else than where they are, could only do something else than what they are doing, if they could only go abroad, travel over different countries, in a touring car or in an automobile, they would be happy. Their eyes are always focused upon something in dream-land instead of something in the land of reality.

They mistake the very nature of happiness. They put the emphasis on the wrong things. The secret of happiness is not in your fortune, but in your heart. It does not consist in having but in being. It is a condition of mind.

Most men seem to think that when they once get their fortune they can change their life habits, that they will not be anxious. They do not realize that they are the victims of their life habits, that they are no more likely to get away from these than a leopard is likely to change his spots.

What a mockery most of us make of our lives! They are but the burlesque of the life we were intended to live. We know that the Creator intended life to mean more, to be infinitely richer, nobler, happier than it is. This brutal game of money-football, which so many of the human race are playing, this restless pushing, and crowding for place, this lust for power and wealth, had no place in the infinite plan for the race.

A strong resolution to be contented every day, to wear a cheerful face, and to speak a pleasant word to the newsboy, the elevator boy, and the office boy, to be civil to the waiter in the restaurant or hotel, to speak cheerily to the servants, to everybody with whom we come in contact, would not only add enjoyment to the ordinary industries of life, but would also keep the wheels of our ordinary social activity well lubricated.

It is a great art to learn to see the things close to us, to enjoy life as we go along.

If you have made a botch of 1907; if it has been a failure; if you have not succeeded in your undertakings; if you have blundered and made a lot of mistakes; if you have been foolish, have wasted your time, your money, do not drag these ghosts over the new year line to haunt you, to destroy your happiness. Let it all go. Forget it; bury it. Do not let it sap any more of your energies, waste any more of your time, destroy any more of your peace or happiness. You cannot afford to give it more thought or attention.

A rough, rude, coarse manner creates
an instantaneous prejudice, closes
hearts and bars doors against us.

The Young Man in Business

By Wilson Rice in American Business Man

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune."

THERE is no other bit of quotable verse in all of Shakespeare's works that appeals to me, more than this; for the reason that, besides being beautiful in its metaphorical allusion and its phraseology, it is a truth that embodies the fundamental rule of success—that misused, misinterpreted word, opportunity.

The ebb and flow of the tide to which Shakespeare refers, is nothing else than the coming and going of opportunity. Whether we will see and grasp these opportunities as they appear is a matter wholly dependent on the individual himself. This is the vital point which the young man in business too often fails to comprehend. The tendency is to throw the burden of responsibility elsewhere than upon himself. Not only is it incumbent upon each of us to seize upon and take advantage of all opportunities as they arise, but it also lies within our opportunities to a great extent. Every man is endowed more or less with creative ability for just such purposes.

I find that the young men who are about to enter into the world of business, and a great many already active in it, fancy the opportunities that will arise for them, are things that develop entirely apart from them, and with which they have no direct concern until ripe for the plucking. This delusion is a myth that is incapacitating hundreds of young men to-day. It is making idleness where there should be activity.

Who of us does not know or has

not seen young men equipped with the ability and brains actually to accomplish things, but who are waiting for "their chance," as they term it. They are making no effort to find this "chance." Valuable time and energy is being wasted with the assurance that the chance of which they are dreaming will present itself to them of its own accord and initiative. This is the reason why we have hundreds and hundreds of young men in our retail stores, manufacturing establishments and, in fact, in all possible avenues of business, who never advance in their work year after year. They continue as unimportant cogs in the wheel of commerce instead of becoming a part of the hub of the wheels—the factors in the business.

The extremely few instances where men have succeeded in gaining wealth and fame through no activity of their own, where luck played the important role, become so accentuated in our minds that we are inclined to make them the rule instead of the exception. Luck to a very small extent, is an element to be considered. But opportunity and luck have nothing in common. In fact, the one is the direct antithesis of the other.

The young man should school himself to see and take advantage of his particular opportunities. He must learn to discern which are and which are not his opportunities. This is no easy task, I admit. You must first know your capabilities and limitations. You must know the trend of your ability, whether you are fitted by nature and by education to take up a professional career or a mercantile undertaking.

Young men, still in their high school or collegiate course, are dazzled by the eloquence of some famous lawyer's plea to a jury; or the sight of a doctor, riding by in his phaeton, impresses them; or they may hear of, or see the efforts of men who are famous in any of the arts or sciences.

This first impression and enthusiasm may influence them to study law, medicine, or any other of such professions, when, as a matter of fact, they are not capable of pursuing successfully such a task, by reason of any of a dozen or more handicaps, physical, mental or financial. In such cases where men have entered into a profession or business for which they are not fitted, the opportunities that are presented lose their value because they cannot be utilized to the maximum possibility.

A few months' experience will show if you like and are equipped to fulfill a business career. You may try yourself out at dozens or more different kinds of business, until you find something for which you are suited.

We are inclined to be too harsh and hasty in our judgment of the young man who changes positions frequently, although the criticism may not be well merited in many cases. There is a certain type of young man who is always looking for new fields to conquer but he refuses to stay in any one position long enough to master it and find out if he is fitted for it. This species of the nomad in business becomes dissatisfied at the first bit of real hard, monotonous work he attempts and immediately seeks another position.

But there are young men who are forced to change positions more or less frequently because they are trying to find labor for which they are adapted—a position where the possible opportunities will mean something to them.

This purpose is to be endorsed. Temporarily, the frequent chang-

ing of positions may be detrimental but after a situation that is congenial is found, the young man will advance satisfactorily and consistently, if he applies himself to his work diligently.

The well-balanced young man who will succeed in business is he who realizes his limitations. This is as important as knowing what you can do.

The careers of our successful men in business, furnish a clear demonstration of this fact. Not only the fruitful actions of men but also the evolution of nature in every form emphasizes this basic principle of success that only by a more or less precise rotation—a carefully graduating process—are things climaxed into satisfactory results. Until you feel reasonably certain that you are fully able to tackle a proposition, leave it alone.

You are not losing an opportunity in so doing. To the contrary, you are putting yourself in a better position successfully to use your rightful opportunity when it arrives.

An humble street-car conductor who has now advanced to the head of one of the largest street-car companies in the United States furnishes an illustration of the proper utilization of opportunity. It took many years of steady climbing to bring forth this transformation. There were many, many opportunities to be seized and acted upon before the change from conductor to president was accomplished; but the appreciation of opportunities made it possible.

"Oh, that's all luck pure and simple; they just happened to fall into such good things," protests the skeptic who is himself idling his time away, waiting for something lucky to show itself for his grasp.

No, my cynical friend, these are not examples of what you are pleased to call luck. In fact, I stoutly deny that luck is an element in business to be considered in its influence upon success. Luck

THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS.

is nothing else but a superstition. It is on a par with the notions that picking up a pin or not walking under a ladder will influence one's future favorably or otherwise. Thus to characterize opportunity is a form of consolation indulged in by the indolent who will not bestir themselves sufficiently to see their opportunities.

There is another phase of this question which I believe bears an important part in the success of the young man in business. Do not let your opportunities slip by you without any effort to advance yourself.

There is some excuse, however small, for the young man who lets his opportunities go to waste because he has not trained himself to know them when they are formed. But for the young man who is too inactive to take advantage of his opportunities—who hesitates until they have passed, never to return again—there is no excuse. This is the saddest, most hopeless attitude possible. "Well, something else will turn up," is the salve that is applied. Assuming something else will turn up, yet that specific opportunity that you have allowed to go by you, will never return. Your action in refusing to profit by it, will only handicap you in your endeavor toward success in the future. Competitive forces are too keen, too highly organized now-a-days, to permit of any lagging on the highroad to success. It is absolutely necessary that the young man take advantage of every possible opening to advance himself.

The man in business, be he em-

ploye or employer, succeeds through one source only, and that is his own actions. The efforts of others cannot bring success to you. It rests entirely with the young man himself if he is to progress. Opportunities may or may not be things of his own creation, but they are there for a fixed purpose and the instinct in the man himself should prompt him to use them.

Do not make the dollar sign the standard by which you are to judge your opportunities. Advancement will not always mean an increase in salary. If the opportunity is given you to learn a new part of the business in which you are engaged, even if it does not bring a monetary increase and even assuming the position itself is a humbler one than that which you are occupying, regard this as a good opportunity and take it.

Mental development is more valuable to the young man than mercenary profit. The young man who scoffs at the opportunities given him to make himself more proficient, when there is no further compensation offered, is placing an obstacle in his path for future success. The careers of successful men of business in all the various enterprises known, are the most convincing verifications of the soundness of the statements I have here made.

Opportunities are not playthings. The young man's progress in the business world and his early success depend upon his ability to see, appreciate and act upon the opportunities that arise in his particular sphere of action.

The language of the face and manner
are the instantaneous shorthand of
the mind, which is very quickly read.

Fleas Will Be Fleas

By Ellis Parker Butler in American Magazine

MIKE FLANNERY was the star boarder at Mrs. Muldoon's, and he deserved to be so considered, for he had boarded with Mrs. Muldoon for years, and was the agent of the Interurban Express Company at Woodcote, while Mrs. Muldoon's other boarders were largely transient.

"Mike," said Mrs. Muldoon one noon when Mike came for his lunch, "I know th' opinion ye have of Dagos and niver a-one have I took into me house, and I think the same of thim meself—dirty things, an' takin' the bread away from th' honest American laborin' man—and I would not be thinkin' of takin' one t' board at this day, but would ye to tell me this:—is a Frinchmin a Dago?"

Flannery raised his knife and laid down the law with it.

"Mrs. Muldoon, mam," he said, "there be two kinds of Frinchmin. There be the respectable Frinchmin, and there be th' unrespectible Frinchmin. They both be furriners, but they be classed different. The' respectable Frinchmin is no worse than th' Dutch, and is classed as Dutch, but th' other kind is Dagos. There is no harm in the Dutch Frinchmin, for thim is such as Napoleon Bonny-part and the like of him, but ye want t' have nawthing t' do with the Dago Frinch. They be a bad lot."

"There was a Frinchmin askin' would I give him a room and board, this mornin'," said Mrs. Muldoon.

Flannery nodded knowingly.

"I knowed it!" he cried. "'Twas apparent t' me th' minute ye spoke, mam. And agin th' Dutch Frinch I have nawthin' t' say. If he be a Dutch Frinchmin let him come. Was he that?"

"Sure, I don't know," said Mrs. Muldoon, perplexed. "He was a

pleasant-spoken man, enough. 'Tis a professor he is."

"There be many kinds of professors," said Mike.

"Sure!" agreed Mrs. Muldoon. "This wan is professor of fleas."

Mike Flannery grinned silently at his plate.

"I have heard of thim, too!" he said. "But 'tis of insects they be professors, and not of one kind of insects alone, Mrs. Muldoon, mam. Ye have mistook th' understandin' of what he was sayin'."

"I beg pardon to ye, Mr. Flannery," said Mrs. Muldoon, with some spirit, "but 'tis not mistook I am. Fleas the' professor said, and no mistake at all."

"Yis?" inquired Flannery. "Well, mebbly 'tis so. He would be what ye call one of thim specialists. They do be doin' that now, I hear, and 'tis probable th' Frinchmin has fleas for his specialty. 'Tis like this, mam:—all professors is professors; then a bunch of professors separate off from the rest and be professors of insects; and then the professors of insects separate up, and one is professor of flies, and another one is professor of pinch-bugs, and another is professor of toads, and another is professor of lobsters, and so on until all the kinds of insects has each a professor to itself. And then they call specialists, and each one knows more about his own kind of insect than any other man in the world knows. So mebbly the Frinchmin is professor of fleas, as ye say."

"I should think a grown man would want to be professor of something bigger than that," said Mrs. Muldoon, "but there's no accountin' for tastes."

"If ye understood, mam," said

Mike Flannery, "ye would not say that same, for to the flea professor the flea is as big as a house. He studies him throo a telescope, Mrs. Muldoon, that magnifies th' flea a million times. Th' flea professor will take a dog with a flea on him, mam, and look at th' same with his telescope, and th' flea will be ten times th' size of th' dog."

"'Tis wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Muldoon.

"It is so!" agreed Mike Flannery. "But 'tis by magnifyin' th' flea that the professor is able t' study so small an insect for years and years, discoverin' new beauties every day. One day he will be studyin' the small toe of th' flea's left hind foot, and th' next day he will be makin' a map of it, and th' next he will be takin' a statute of it in plaster, and th' next he will be photygraftin' it, and th' next he will be writin' out all he has learned of it, and then he will be weeks and months correspondin' with other flea professors in all parts of th' worrld, seein' how what he has learned about th' little toe of th' flea's left hind foot agrees with what they have learned about it, and if they don't all agree, he goes at it agin, and does it all over agin, and mebbly he dies when he is ninety years old and has only got one leg of th' flea studied out. And then some other professor goes on where he left off and takes up the next leg."

"And do they get paid for it?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, with surprise.

"Sure, they do!" said Flannery. "Good money, too. A good specialist professor gits more than a hod-carrier. And 'tis right they should," he added, generously, "for 'tis by studyin' the feet of fleas, and such, they learn about germs, and how t' take out your appendix, and 'Is marriage a failure?' and all that."

"Ye dumfounder me, Mike Flannery," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Ye should have been one of them professors yourself, what with all the knowledge ye have. And ye think 'twould be a good thing t' let th' little Frinchmin come and take a room?"

"'Twould be an honor to shake him

by th' hand," said Mike Flannery, and so the professor was admitted to the board and lodging of Mrs. Muldoon.

The name of the professor who, after a short and unfruitful season at Coney Island, took lodging with Mrs. Muldoon, was Jocolino. He had shown his educated fleas in all the provinces of France, and in Paris itself, but he made a mistake when he brought them to America.

The professor was a small man, and not talkative. He was, if anything, inclined to be silently moody, for luck was against him. He put his baggage in the small bedroom that Mrs. Muldoon allotted to him, and much of the time he spent in New York. He had fellow countrymen there, and he was trying to raise a loan, with which to buy a canvas booth in which to show his educated insects. He received the friendly advances of Flannery and the other boarders rather coldly. He refused to discuss his specialty, or show Mike the toe of the left hind foot of a flea through a telescope. When he remained at home after dinner he did not sit with the other boarders on the porch, but walked up and down the walk, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and thinking, and waving his hands in mute conversations with himself.

"I dunno what ails th' professor," said Mrs. Muldoon, one evening when she and Flannery sat at the table after the rest had left it.

Flannery hesitated.

"I would not like to say for sure, mam," he said, slowly, "but I'm thinkin' 'tis a loss he has had, maybe, that's preyin' on his mind. Ever since ye told me, Missus Muldoon, that he was a professor of th' educated fleas, I have had doubts of th' state of th' mind of th' professor. Th' sense of studyin' th' flea, mam, I can understand, that bein' th' way all professors does these days, but 'tis not human t' spend time givin' a flea a college education. Th' man that de-scinds t' be tutor t' a flea, and t' teach it all th' accomplishmints, from readin' and writin' t' arithmetic and football, mebbly, is peculiar. I will say

he is dang peculiar, Missus Muldoon, beggin' your pardon. Is there any coffee left in the pot, mam?"

"A bit, Mr. Flannery, an' you're welcome t' it."

"I understand th' feelin' that makes a man educate a horse, like that Dutchman I was readin' about in th' Sunday paper th' other day," said Mike, "and teachin' it t' read an' figger, an' all that. An' I can see th' sinse of educatin' a pig, as has been done, as you well know, mam, for there be no doubt a man can love a horse or a pig as well as he can love his own wife——"

"An' why not a flea?" asked Mrs. Muldoon. "'Tis natural for an Irishman t' love a pig, if 'tis a pig worth lovin', and 'tis natural, I make no doubt, for a Dutchman t' love a horse th' same way, and each t' his own, as th' sayin' is. Mebby th' Frinch can learn t' love th' flea in th' same way, Mr. Flannery."

"I say th' same, Missus Muldoon," said Flannery, "an' I say th' professor has done that same, too. I say he has educated th' flea, an' mebby raised it from a baby, and brung it from his native land, mam, an' taught it, an' learned t' love it. Yes, Missus Muldoon! But if th' educated horse or th' educated pig got loose would they be easy t' find agin, or would they not, mam? And if th' professor come t' have a ggrand love for th' flea he has raised by hand, an' taught like his own son, an' th' flea run off from him, would th' educated flea be easy t' find? Th' horse an' th' pig is animals that is not easy t' conceal themselves, Missus Muldoon, but th' flea is harrd t' find, an' when ye have found him he is hard t' put your thumb on. I'm thinkin' th' reason th' professor is so down is that he has lost th' flea of his hearrt."

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Muldoon.

"An' th' reason I'm thinkin' so," said Flannery slowly, and leaning toward Mrs. Muldoon across the table, "is that, if I be not mistaken, Missus Muldoon, th' professor's educated flea spent last night with Mike Flannery!"

Mrs. Muldoon raised her hands with a gesture of wonderment.

"And listen to that, now!" she cried, in astonishment. "Mike Flannery, do you be thinkin' th' professor has two of them? Sure, and he must have two of them, for was it not me-self was thinkin' all last night I had th' same educated flea for a bed-felly? I would have caught him," she added, sadly, "but he was too brisk for me."

"There was forty-sivin times I thought I had mine," admitted Flannery, "but every time whin I took up me thumb he had gone some other place. But I will have him to-night!"

"But mebby he has gone by now," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Never fear, mam," said Flannery. "He's not gone, mam, for he has been close to me every minute of th' day. I could put me thumb on him this minute, if he would but wait 'til I did it."

"Well, as for that, Mike Flannery," said Mrs. Muldoon, mischievously, as she arose from the table, "go on along with ye, and don't be bringin' th' blush t' me face, but whin I want t' find th' one I was speakin' of, I won't have t' walk away from meself t' find him this minute!"

The trained flea is one of nature's marvels. Everyone says so. A Bobby Burns might well write a poem on this "wee, timorous, cowerin' beastie," except that the flea is not, strictly speaking, timorous or cowering. A flea, when it is in good health and spirits, will not cower worth a cent. It has ten times the bravery of a lion—in fact, one single little flea, alone and unaided, will step right up and attack the noisiest lion, and never brag about it. A lion is a rank coward in comparison with a flea, for a lion will not attack anything that it has not a good chance of killing, while the humble but daring flea will boldly attack animals it cannot kill, and that it knows it cannot kill. David had at least a chance to kill Goliath, but what chance has a flea to kill a camel? None at all, unless

the camel commits suicide. And dogs! A flea will attack the most ferocious dog and think nothing of it at all. I have seen it myself. That is true bravery. And not only that—not only will one flea attack a dog—but hundreds of fleas will attack the same dog at the same time. I have seen that myself, too. And that multiplies the bravery of the flea just that much. One flea attacking a dog is brave; one hundred fleas attacking the same dog are therefore one hundred times as brave. We really had to give the dog away, he was carrying so much bravery around with him all the time.

Think of educating an animal with a brain about the size of the point of a fine needle! And that was what Professor Jocolino had done. The flea is really one of nature's wonders, like Niagara Falls, and Jojo the dog-faced man, and the Canon of the Colorado. Pull? For its size the educated flea can pull ten times as much as the strongest horse. Jump? For its size the flea can jump forty times as far as the most agile jack-rabbit. Its hide is tougher than the hide of a rhinoceros, too. Imagine a rhinoceros standing in Madison Square, in the City of New York, and suppose you have crept up to it, and are going to pat it, and your hand is within one foot of the rhinoceros. And before you can bring your hand to touch the beast suppose it makes a leap, and goes darting through the air so rapidly that you can't see it go, and that before your hand has fallen to where the rhinoceros was, the rhinoceros has alighted gently on the top of the City Hall at Philadelphia. That will give you some idea of the magnificent qualities of the flea. If we only knew more of these ordinary facts about things we would love things more.

At the breakfast table the next morning Professor Jocolino sat silent and moody in his place, his head bent over his breakfast, but the nine other men at the table eyed him sus-

piciously. So did Mrs. Muldoon. There was no question now that Professor Jocolino had lost his educated flea. There was, in fact, ground for the belief that the professor had had more than one educated flea, and that he had lost all of them. There was also a belief that however well trained the lost might be in some way their manners had not been carefully attended to, and that they had not been trained to be well behaved when making visits to utter strangers. A beast or bird that will force itself upon the hospitality of an utter stranger unasked, and then bite its host may be well educated, but it is not polite. The boarders looked at Professor Jocolino and frowned. The professor looked stolidly at his plate, and ate hurriedly, and left the table before the others had finished.

"'Tis in me mind," said Flannery, when the professor had left, "that th' professor has a whole college of thim educated insects, an' that he do be lettin' thim have a vacation. Or mebbey th' class of 1907 is graduated an' turned loose from th' university. I had' th baseball team an' th' football gang spendin' th' night with me."

"Ho!" said Hogan, gruffly, "'twas th' fellys that does th' high jump an' th' long jump an' th' wide jump was havin' a meet on Hogan. An' I will be one of anny ten of us t' tell th' professor t' call th' scholars back t' school agin. I be but a plain uneducated man, Missus Muldoon, an' I have no wish t' speak disrespect of thim as is educated, but th' conversation of a gang of Frinch educated fleas is annoyin' t' a man that wants t' sleep."

"I will speak t' th' professor, gintlemin," said Mrs. Muldoon, "an' remonstrate with him. Mary, me girl," she added, to the maid who was passing her chair, "would ye mind givin' me th' least bit of a rub between me shoulders like? I will speak t' th' professor, for I have no doubt he has but t' say th' worrd t' his scholars, an' they

will all run back where they belong."

But the professor did not come back that day. He must have had urgent business in New York, for he remained there all night, and all the next day, too, and if he had not paid his bill in advance Mrs. Muldoon would have suspected that he'd run away. But his bill was paid, and his luggage was still in the room, and the educated fleas, or their numerous offspring, explored the boarding-house at will, and romped through all the rooms as if they owned them. If Professor Jocolino had been there he would have had to listen to some forcible remonstrances. It was Flannery who at length took the law into his own hands.

It was late Sunday evening. The upper hall was dark, and Flannery stole softly down the hall in his socks and pushed open the professor's door. The room was quite dark and Flannery stole into it and closed the door behind himself. He drew from his pocket an insect-powder gun, and fired it. It was an instrument something like a bellows, and it fired a simple squeeze, sending a shower of powder that fell in all directions. It was a light, yellow powder, and Flannery deluged the room with it. He stole stealthily about, shooting the curtains, shooting the bed, shooting the picture of the late Mr. Timothy Muldoon, shooting the floor. He bent down and shot under the bed, and under the wash-stand, until a film of yellow dust lay over the whole room, and then he turned to the closet and opened that. There hung Professor Jocolino's other clothes, and Flannery jerked them from the hooks and carried them at arm's length to the bed, and shot them.

As he was shooting into the pocket of a pair of striped trousers the door opened and Professor Jocolino stood on the threshold. There was no doubt in the professor's mind. He was being robbed!

He drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. The bullet whizzed over the bending Flannery's head, and before the professor could fire a second time Flannery rose and turned and, with a true aim, shot the professor!

Shot him full in the face with the insect powder, and before the blinded man could recover his breath or spit out the bitter dose, or wipe his eyes, Flannery had him by the collar and had jerked him to the head of the stairs. It is true: he kicked him downstairs. Not insultingly, or with bad feeling, but in a moment of emotional insanity, as the defense would say. This was an extenuating circumstance, and excuses Flannery, but the professor, being a foreigner, could not see the fine point of the distinction, and was angry.

That night the professor did not sleep in Westcote, but the next afternoon he appeared at Mrs. Muldoon's, supported by Monsieur Jules, the well-known Seventh Avenue restaurateur, and Monsieur Renaud, who occupies an important post as garcon in Monsieur Jules' establishment.

"For the keek," said the professor, "I care not. I have been keek before. The keek by one gentleman, him I resent, him I revenge: the keek by the base, him I scorn! I let the keek go, Madame Muldoon. Of the keek I say not at all, but the flea! Ah, the poor flea! Excuse the weep, Madame Muldoon!"

The professor wept, into his handkerchief, and the two men looked seriously solemn, and patted the professor on the back.

"Ah, my Alphonse, the flea! The poor little flea!" they cried.

"For the flea I have the revenge!" cried the professor, fiercely. "How you say it? I will be to have the revenge. I would do be the revenge having. The revenge is having will I be. Him will I have, that revenge business! For why I bring the educate flea to those States United? Is it that they

should be deathed? Is it that a Flannery should make them dead with a—with such a thing like a pop-gun? Is it for these things I educate. I teach, I culture, I love, I cherish those flea? Is it for these things I give up wife, and patrie, and immigrate myself out of dear France? No, my Jules! No, my Jacques! No, my madame! Ah, I am one heart-busted!"

"Ah, now, professor," said Mrs. Muldoon, soothingly, "don't bawl annymore. There is sure no use bawlin' over spilt milk. If they be dead, they be dead. I wouldn't cry over a million dead fleas."

"The American flea—no!" said the professor, haughtily. "The Irish flea—no! The flea au naturel—no! But the educate flea of la belle France? The flea I have love, and teach, and make like a sister, a sweetheart to me? The flea that have act up in front of the crowned heads of Spain; that have travel on the ocean; that have travel on the land? Ah, Madame Muldoon, it is no common bunch of flea! Of my busted feelings what will I say? Nothings! Of my banged-up heart, what will I say? Nothings! But for those dead flea, those poor dead flea, so innocent, so harmless, so much money worth—for those must Monsieur Flannery compensate."

As the professor's meaning dawned on Mrs. Muldoon a look of amazement spread over her face.

"And would ye be makin' poor Mike Flannery pay good money for thim rascal fleas he kilt, and him with his ankles so bit up they look like the smallpox, to say nothin' of other folks which is the same?" she cried. "'Tis ashamed ye should be, Mister Professor, bringin' fleas into America and lettin' them run loose! Ye should muzzle thim, Mister Professor, if ye would turn thim out to pasture in the boardin' house of a poor widdy woman, and no end of trouble, and worry, and every one sayin', 'Why did ye let th' Dago come for, annyhow?'"

The professor and his friends sat

silent under this attack, and when it was finished they arose.

"Be so kind," said the professor, politely, "to tell the Flannery the ultimatum of Monsieur the Professor Jocolino. One hundred educate French flea have I bring to the States United. Of the progeny I do not say. One milliard, two milliard, how many is those progeny I do not know, but of him I speak not. Let him go. I make the Flannery a present of those progeny. But for those one hundred fine educate French flea must he pay. One dollar per each educate flea must he pay, that Flannery! It is the ultimatum! I come Sunday at past half one on the clock. That Flannery will the money ready have, or the law will be on him. It is sufficient!"

The three compatriots bowed low, and went away. For fully five minutes Mrs. Muldoon sat in a sort of stupor, and then she arose and went about her work. After all it was Flannery's business, and none of hers, but she wished the men had gone to Flannery, instead of delegating her to tell him.

"Thief of th' woorld!" exclaimed Flannery, when she told him the demand the professor had made. "Sure, I have put me foot in it this time, Missus Muldoon, for kill thim I did, and pay for thim I must, I dare say, but 'twill be no fun t' do it! One hundred dollars for fleas, mam! Did ever an Irishman pay the like before? One week ago Mike Flannery would not have give one dollar for all the fleas in th' worrld. But 'Have to' is a horse a man must ride, whether he wants to or no."

But the more Flannery thought about having to pay out one hundred dollars for one hundred dead insects the less he liked it and the more angry he became. It could not be denied that one dollar was a reasonable price for a flea that had had a good education. A man could hardly be expected to take a raw country flea, as you might say, and educate it, and give it graces and teach it dancing and all the ac-

complishments, for less than a dollar. But one hundred dollars was a lot of money, too. If it had been a matter of one flea Flannery would not have worried, but to pay out one hundred dollars in a lump for flea-slaughter, hurt his feelings. He did not believe the fleas were worth the price, and he inquired diligently, seeking to learn the market value of educated fleas. There did not seem to be any market value. One thing only he learned, and that was that the Government of the United States, in Congress assembled, had recognized that insects have a value, for he found in the list of customs duties this: "Insects, not crude, 1-4 cent per pound and 10 per cent. ad valorem."

As Flannery leaned over his counter at the office of the Interurban Express Company and spelled this out in the book of customs duties he frowned, but as he looked at it his frown changed to a smile, and from a smile to a grin, and he shut the book and put it in his pocket. He was ready to meet the professor.

"Good day to yez," he said, cheerfully, when he went into the little parlor on Sunday afternoon, and found the professor sitting there, flanked by his two fellow countrymen. "I have come t' pay ye th' hunderd dollars Missus Muldoon was tellin' me about."

The professor bowed and said nothing. The two gentlemen from Seventh Avenue also bowed, and they too said nothing.

"I'm glad ye spoke about it," said Flannery, good-naturedly, "for 'tis always a pleasure to Mike Flannery to pay his honest debts, and I might not have thought of it if ye had not mentioned it. I was thinkin' them was nawthin' but common, ignorant fleas, professor."

"Ah, no!" cried the professor. "The very educate flea! The flea of wisdom! The very teach'd flea!"

"Hear that now!" said Flannery, "and did they really come all th' way from France, professor? Or is this a joke ye are playin' on me?"

"The truly French flea!" explained the professor. "From Paris herself. The genuine. The import flea."

"And to think ye brought thim all the way yerself, professor! For ye did, I believe?"

"Certain!" cried all three.

"An' t' think of a flea bein' worth a dollar!" said Flannery. "Thim can't be crude fleas at sich a price, professor."

"No! Certain, no!" cried the three men again.

"Not crude," said Flannery, "and imported by th' professor! 'Tis odd I should have seen a refrinee t' them very things this very day, professor. 'Tis in this book here," He took the list of customs duties from his pocket and leaned his elbows on his knees, and ran his hand down the pages.

"'Cattle, if less than one year old, per head, two dollars. All other, if valued less than \$14 per head, \$3.75; if valued more than \$14 per head, twenty-sivin and one half per cent.'" read Flannery. "Sure, fleas does not count as cattle, professor. Nor does they come in as swine, th' duty on which is one dollar an' fifty cints per head. I know th' pig, an I am acquainted with th' flea, an there is a difference between thim that annyone would recognize. Nor do they be 'Horses an' Mules' nor yet 'Sheep.' Some might count them in as 'All other live animals not otherwise specified, twenty per cent.' but 'twas not there I saw refrinee t' thim. 'Fish,'" he read, "th' flea is no more fish than I am——" He turned the pages, and continued down through that wonderful list that embraces everything known to man. The three Frenchmen sat on the edges of their chairs, watching him eagerly.

"Ho, ho!" Flannery sung out at length. "Here it is! 'Insects, not crude, one quarter cent per pound and tin per cent. ad valorem.' What is ad valorem, I dunno, but 'tis a wonderful thing th' tariff is. Who would be thinkin' tin years ago that

Professor Jocolino would be comin' t' Ameriky with one hundred fleas, not crude, in his drss-suit portman-teau? But th' Congress was th' boy t' think of everything. 'No free fleas!' says they. 'Look at th' poor American flea, crude an' uneducated, an' see th' struggle it has, competin' with th' flea of Europe, Asia an' Africa. Down with th' furrin flea,' says Congress, 'protect th' poor American insect. One quarter cent per pound an' tin per cint. ad val-orum for th' flea of Europe!'"

Mike Flannery brought his hand down on the book he held, and the three men, who had been watching him with a fascinated stare, jumped nervously.

"That's what Congress says," said Flannery, glaring at the professor, "but up jumps th' Sinator from Californy. 'Stop!' he says, 'wait! 'Tis all right enough for th' East t' rule out th' flea, but th' Californian loves th' flea like a brother. We want free fleas.' Then up jumps th' Sinator from New York. 'I don't object t' th' plain or crude flea comin' in free,' says he, 'for there be need of thim, as me frind from th' West says. What amusement would th' dogs of th' nation have but for the flea," says he, "But I'm thinking of th' sivinty-three theayters on an' off Broadway,' says he. 'Shall th' amusemint industry of th' metropolis suffer from th' incoming of th' millions of educated an' trained fleas of Europe? Shall Shakespeare an' Belasco an' Shaw be put out of business by th' hightoned flea theayters of Europe? No!' says he. 'I move t' amend th' tariff of th' United States t' read that th' duty on insects, not crude, be one fourth of a cent per pound' an' tin per cint. ad valorum,' he says, 'which will give th' dog all th' crude fleas he wants, an' yit shut out th' educated flea from compytition with grand opera an' Barnum's circus.' An so 'twas voted," concluded Mike Flannery.

Monsieur Jules fidgeted and looked at his watch.

"Be easy," said Flannery.

"There's no hurry. 'Im waiting' for a frind of mine, an' 'tis time t' talk over th' tariff with educated min once in a while. Th' frind I'm lookin' for anny minute now is a fine expert on th' subject of th' tariff himself. O'Halloran is th' name of him. Ilim as is th' second deputy assistant collector of evidence of fraud an' smugglin' in th' revenue service of th' United States. 'Twas a mere matter of doubt in me mind," said Flannery, easily, "regardin' th' proper valuation of th' professor's fleas. I was thinkin' mebby one dollar was not enough t' pay for a flea, not crude, so I asks O'Halloran. "Twill be easy to settle that," says O'Halloran, 'for th' value of thim will be set down in th' books of th' United States, at th' time whin th' professor paid th' duty on thim. I'll just look an' see how much th' duty was paid on,' says he. 'But mebby th' professor paid no duty on thim,' I says. 'Make no doubt of that,' says O'Halloran, 'for unless th' professor was a fool he would pay th' duty like a man, for th' penalty is fine an' imprisonmint,' says O'Halloran, 'an' I make no doubt he paid it. I will be out Sunday at four,' says O'Halloran, 'an' give ye th' facts, an' I hope th' duty is paid as it should be, for if 'tis not paid 'twill be me duty t' arrest th' professor an'——'"

Flannery stopped and listened.

"Is that th' train from th' city I hear?" he said. "O'Halloran will sure be on it."

The professor arose, and so did the two friends who had come with him to help him carry home the one hundred dollars. The professor slapped himself on the pockets, looked in his hat, and slapped himself on the pockets again.

"Mon dieu!" he exclaimed, and in an instant he and his friends were in an excited conversation that went at the rate of three hundred words a minute. Then the professor turned to Flannery.

"I return," he said. "I have lost the most valued thing, the picture of the dear mamma. It is lost! It is picked of the pocket! Villains! I go to the police. I return."

He did not wait for permission, but went, and that was the last Mike Flannery or Mrs. Muldoon ever saw of him.

'An' t' think of me a free trader every day of me born life," said Mike Flannery that evening, to Mrs. Muldoon, "but I am no more. I see th' protection there is in' th' tariff, Missus Muldoon, mam. But, annyhow, I wonder what is 'Insects, not crude'?"

The Game Got Them

By Edwin Lefevre in Everybody's

SOMEBODY asked for a dollar! That is what precipitated the worst panic of recent years.

The banks had stocks, bonds, mortgages, office buildings, participations in syndicates, notes, steamships, copper mines, words of honor, loans to directors, and other first-class assets. But for months a boulder had been trembling perilously on the very brink of the precipice. At last, when somebody asked his own bank for his own money, down crashed the boulder on spotless reputations and trembling fears and shining hopes. And beneath the debris of credit there came to many people the only death that they feared—financial death.

"Somebody asked for a dollar. That's what's happened!" A New York banker said so at his club the other night. Among his hearers were other bankers. And they nodded acquiescence, forgetting to accuse Roosevelt of being responsible for the wreck of hopes and reputations and, worse still, of fortunes. The epigram told a long story to the bankers, in exactly five words.

Now, there were reasons why there should have been a panic, and why it should have been exactly the kind that it was, and also why it should have raged at the time when it did and not much earlier and not much later. It had been coming

for a long time. More than one observer had perceived its advance, notwithstanding the wonderful prosperity of the past two or three years. Every now and then something happened that hurried it along; some plan miscarried; something encroached upon the bank reserves; also from time to time some financier deliberately closed his eyes and swore that the situation was bright and healthy, or some statesman impetuously opened his mouth and said that the situation was not. But these things did not cause the panic; they did not even cause the distrust that in November pervaded the community.

Who would have said that the touring car and the projected European trip of 1908 had regretfully to be abandoned because some years ago a few cold-eyed, eagle-beaked gentlemen in London coveted a few gold mines in the Transvaal? And that the reason why Santa Claus will not bring the Russian sables this Christmas is that Russian grafters, dreaming of vast Manchurian plunder, also dreamed that the Japs were apes? Yet these remote events are clearly causes of such disappointments. For the Boer War, so far as concerned the world of business, which does not trouble itself with ethics, meant the loss of about a thousand millions of liquid capital. Not very long after that stupendous

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financial loss came the war between Russia and Japan, and a still greater amount of capital disappeared forever—something like a billion and a quarter of dollars. Then came the San Francisco disaster. The loss there was, let us say, five hundred millions of dollars; that much wiped out at one fell swoop. Thus you have in a few years the loss of over two and a half billions of dollars in this little world's liquid capital. Remember, this was no stock-market slump loss, no mere disappearance of an elusive "paper profit" on a speculative line, no shrinkage of bank accounts incidental to the collapse of some absurd boom, no diversion from one channel of trade into another; but the actual and definite and irretrievable loss of that much of the world's capital, which it could have used, which it needed to do business with.

And serious though so stupendous a loss at any time would be, it proved much more than usually serious because during the past three or four years the entire world has been unusually busy. Aside from spasms of speculation in stocks and staples and metals, there has been unprecedented activity and expansion in industries and manufactures, not only in the United States but also in Germany and England and France. In our country, because of the national optimism, the expansion has been extraordinary, the volume of business simply colossal; our industries have grown at such a rate that we have been unable properly to finance that growth. This state of affairs has been clear to all for many months. We have had too much prosperity for the money; more than we could promptly pay for. Didn't the railroads pray for less business so that they might earn more per ton per mile? Well, we went along as we should have done no matter who had been president of the United States or president of the Union Pacific or president of the Standard Oil or president of

the Federation of Labor. And one cloudy day somebody asked for a dollar, and not getting it promptly enough, very promptly squealed. That squeal was the signal for the chorus to join—the chorus of the entire world, which also wanted Money! Money! Money. It is sad to want money and not get it. But to ask for your own money and not get it is the civilized man's hell.

The crash would have come earlier if the gold production had not been so great—the greatest it has ever been. But it was not great enough to offset the tremendous losses referred to and, moreover, Mexico went on a gold basis and absorbed a great deal of the precious metal; and Argentina also needed a lot; and Egypt had to have gold. The land of the Pharaohs, by the way, also had its huge boom, in stocks and real estate and agriculture—and its collapse.

The panic of 1907 was, indeed, a world panic. To the British business man the fact that the Bank of England's minimum rate of discount in 1907 reached a higher level than had been seen since King Edward was a young man, is as a long and vivid chronicle of disaster. And the extraordinarily high rate made by the Bank of Germany also tells of strenuous finance, and of hardship to German industry and commerce.

In addition to the loss of \$2,500,000,000 of the world's capital, we must reckon also in a general way with the American temperament. Our easy-going methods, our optimism, our habit of not looking beyond to-day helped to make the visible phenomena of the panic of 1907 more sensational in America than elsewhere. The story can begin with the Union Pacific dividend incident: that is, when the common stock was put on a ten per cent. dividend basis, in 1906.

A great romance, that! The first chapter of the Story of the Great Panic is really the wonderful Tale

of the Dice Throw that Failed. When you say William Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers, Henry Clay Frick, Edward H. Harriman, and their friends, you really say the star aggregation of cold-blooded sagacity in stock market operations, familiarity with legitimate, upbuilding business methods and loaded dice, and enormous individual wealth; it is the All-America Team of Finance, is it not?

These men held enormous blocks of divers stocks bought in 1904 and 1905. It had proven more difficult than they liked to dispose of these holdings. Like lesser men, they saw that the country at large was unprecedentedly prosperous, and, by the light of the past, that was precisely the time to sell stocks to the people whose prosperity enabled them to purchase securities. It is not possible to believe that these sagacious business men did not realize that there was scarcely enough money to go around.

It may be that the All-America financial team was too heavily committed to be able to do anything but go ahead. It was already resentful of the "muck-raking" attacks by press and President, but these did not give it pause. Indeed, it planned more aggressively; the campaign for high stock prices—to permit of the unloading process—was to be pushed more vigorously than ever. The ruins of the city by the Golden Gate were not yet cold when the dividend on the common stock of the Union Pacific was raised beyond the most sanguine expectations of the greediest "outside" stockholder. There followed a general rise in stock prices, Union Pacific triumphantly leading the advance. It looked like golden history in the making, another glorious page of prosperity.

Do you know what these mighty captains really did? Knowing now that time urged, but not yet knowing the fear of man, they took their own money, borrowed more and said: "Five hundred millions on the red!"

And the red did not win!

About three months later: Enter Roosevelt.

The great constructive financiers, as they love to call themselves, had begun to see that their manipulation in the stock market, successful though such methods had been in the past, was not attracting the public. They thereupon began to lose patience, which is always far worse than to lose money. They blamed Roosevelt's speeches for their failure to market their stocks, as though it were the President's oratory that had unsettled confidence. Did they think that their abuse of corporate power and their misuse of money had earned the public's distrust? Not for one fleeting moment. Such practices had in the past won for them scores of millions and the admiration of an unenlightened but success-worshipping public; also much power. All the muck-raking in the country and all the Presidential speeches had taught them nothing.

The injudicious attempt to manufacture a bull market big enough to unload in was successful in aggravating the situation by tying up scores of millions of dollars that were needed for the conduct of legitimate business.

From that time on, danger signals rapidly multiplied. The mob possibly did not see them; but the wise few, who must have seen, either deliberately disregarded or could not heed the warning. I recently asked a world-famous multimillionaire why he did not take a relatively small loss by selling out months ago instead of waiting until October to complete his liquidation, and he replied: "I couldn't get out earlier. None of us could. Of course we knew months ago that we were in for pretty severe losses. But general business kept up so remarkably well that we hoped for improvement. If we had tried to liquidate completely last winter, there would have been such a stock market panic that all of us would have been utterly ruined; and many

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banks would have gone with us. Oh, yes; we saw the foot of the precipice very clearly; and we knew we were on the way thither. But we took six months to reach it. Think if we had made the descent in two and a half seconds! No. We are at least alive." It is to be regretted that this man's name cannot be published. From being one of America's "richest dozen," he has become what is better—a philosopher, who now realizes the error of his ways and admits it cheerfully, and does not see red when one mentions muck-rakers in his hearing.

Many business men—and promoters and stock speculators—now regretfully remember how they paid no attention when, late in 1906, the Bank of England raised its rate of discount. The wise Old Lady of Threadneedle Street said as plainly as she could: "Get out of debt!" A very wise Old Lady, with ears that can hear a whisper half a world away and a voice that can carry 5,000 miles in the stormiest weather. "Get out of debt!" said the Old Lady, and those that heard her and heeded her advice are not blaming Roosevelt to-day for having caused the panic that in a few brief hours flung us back into financial barbarism.

In March, 1907, we had a severe slump in the stock market. It relieved the situation somewhat, but it did so at the expense of unwise stock speculators, among whom were many personal friends of the Rockefeller - Rogers - Harriman-Union-Pacific coterie. In Newport, Tuxedo, and Westchester County were heard voices ordering horses to be sold and stablemen to be dismissed; automobile repair bills were angrily sent back for revision, and itemized accounts were insisted upon and extensions of time asked for. The list of the people who suffered the severest losses last March reads like the "Social Register." All of them had "straight tips from the inside."

The Union Pacific coterie itself did not then lose so very much. But it made a beginning of losses. The powerlessness of the Big Men to prevent losses was indeed what frightened Wall Street during those blustery March days; there was no support visible anywhere. There were moments during the slump when it was impossible to sell stocks; there was nobody to buy them. The inveterate bargain hunters whose lair is at 26 Broadway were not buying bargains; they were straining every resource to keep the public from getting bargains from them. John D. Rockefeller, it was said at the time, saved the day for his brother, William, and for his associate, Rogers, by lending ten millions in cash that he happened to have in bank in New York.

It was then, in March, that the Street and, indeed, people all the country over realized that the All-America financial team, who had said: "Five hundred millions on the red!" had cast the die and had lost. The members of the aggregation had not, however, acknowledged, even to themselves, that they could not win out. That came not long thereafter. When the Standard Oil Company was fined \$20,000,000, then, and not till then, did the Standard Oil people and other capitalists realize the seriousness of their position. Roosevelt they had regarded as annoying, a sort of gigantic and overactive mosquito, dangerous only potentially. But, with the Government's action, the possible menace had changed into an actual blow, a wound in a vital spot. It is safe to say that not one man in ten in the country really expected that the Government could or would collect that fine. But there is not one Standard Oil millionaire who is sure that the Government will not collect it. From that day to this, the All-America team has had all it could do to protect itself. It has ceased to be a "steadying factor" in slumps and recessions.

Next in the list of events that

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

helped along the panic was the break in the copper market. Mr. H. H. Rogers had been asserting for years—and other sagacious business men had agreed with him—that copper-mining as an industry possessed elements of stability that made a good copper mine one of the best and safest investments in the world. Copper had almost become one of the precious metals. Now, consumers of copper had been so busy, and deliveries of their own finished products were so urgently clamored for, that they had bought a great deal of copper in order to avoid delays. They did not overstock—as their business then was—nor were they speculating in the metal. There was an enormous legitimate demand for copper, and the high price was justified.

But with the March slump came a warning to all business. The country at large realized that there was not enough money to do the tremendous volume of business in sight, and merchants and manufacturers began to reduce their purchases of raw material. The consumers of the metal said: "We will use up what we have on hand before we buy fresh supplies." The demand for copper ceased so abruptly and completely that it seemed the work of black magic. And the price fell, first gradually and then violently. Copper shares broke badly; millions upon millions were lost by speculators, and also by investors who shared Mr. Roger's opinion of King Copper; and the stays were thereby greased for the panic to slide on.

And Henry H. Rogers, compelled to abandon cherished plans, forced out of one thing at enormous losses in order to be able to avert still more enormous losses in other schemes, saw the ruin of his hopes and then of his health. That was the tragedy of the Street, relentless as destiny, inevitable as death. Mr. Rogers had gone into Amalgamated Copper because of the stock market end of it. He had gone into Union Pacific and

Atchison and other railroads because of the stock market end. He had disliked Roosevelt because Roosevelt had interfered with stock market plans. He had played the game with superhuman adroitness, a courage beyond compare, and the ruthlessness of a machine, with a power that seemed almost resistless; he was the possessor of marvelous vision, the incarnation of financial might—the Master of the Game, not its votary and not its slave. And yet . . . the Game got him!

Facing enormous losses in all his ventures, this man at last knew fear, financial fear, knew what it was to ask for money and not to be able to get it. H. H. Rogers not able to borrow money! Do you see the tragedy of that? Can you imagine this demigod of finance jostled off his solid gold pedestal? Can you realize his feelings as he had to let go one thing after another in order to protect his Tidewater Railroad? He had started to build a railroad; he loved to speak of "my road," to boast of its small capitalization, of its being without bonds. It was the most expensive toy in the world; it was the most costly venture ever undertaken by an individual capitalist; as a bit of financial arrogance it was superb. Rogers could say of that road: "I am its founder and its builder; its banker and its absolute czar. I am the railroad." He owned it all. It was magnificent, but it was not business.

I dare say he dreamed splendid dreams; perhaps, at times, when his soul's gaze was fixed upon the future and he saw a finished railroad, he did not hear the ticker. But because he had listened overlong and overfondly to the voice of the little tape machine, and had prospered overgenerously, he had lost his sense of proportion. When the storm came, it found merely a man; it did not ask his name, nor his rating. It flung him to the ground and passed on. The Game got him as it gets everybody who plays it as assiduously as Rogers played it. It took from him many millions and

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his health. It always takes from people either their money or their soul, for none can escape retribution by an exit through the door over which is the black sign: Death.

With his health impaired, possibly permanently, facing losses of millions, Rogers to-day owns his unfinished tidewater railroad, which has cost him so far \$40,000,000 or more—an incomplete piece of work which some day either he or his estate will be glad to dispose of to the Pennsylvania Railroad or some other system. What is life, Mr. Rogers? A dream—is it not?—which begins with toil, grows bright with the glitter of unthinkable gold, and ends in a shower of ashes of hopes!

If I have dwelt at some length on the case of Mr. Rogers, it is because in the popular imagination he was the sublimated specimen of the Wall Street magnate. Also because it is men like Mr. Rogers and his associates who have blamed Theodore Roosevelt for all the recent financial troubles, finding worthy echoes in the picayune officials of trust companies, hirelings of breach-of-trust presidents, and managers of tin-pot railroads. In speaking of Mr. Roosevelt's participation in the matter, I may say here that there is no question that he aroused public distrust in the integrity of the managers or organizers of many of our great corporations, and that this year he has been particularly successful in arousing such a lack of confidence, not so much by his speeches, as by the confirmation of his assertions found in the sworn testimony of some of the recent Metropolitan Street Railway revelations. Those revelations certainly made Mr. Roosevelt help along the panic, because they made people say: "The President's speeches are justified. They are borne out by the testimony of these men themselves. We must believe him and not Wall Street."

Now, if, as we have seen, it is the loss of over two and one-half

billions of liquid capital, at a time of enormous industrial expansion, that principally is responsible for the panic of 1907, it is in all likelihood also true that it was Mr. Heinze who pushed the button and blew up a few reputations and made many unfortunate depositors spend sleepless nights. Of all that Mr. Lawson has written, the best by all odds is his sketch of the Butte man. When Mr. Heinze sold out to Mr. Rogers and came from the West with several millions, the financial East looked askance at the young Lochinvar. His speculations and his financial operations, his relations with certain banks and certain people were well known and not approved by the bankers. In October, 1907, he thought he saw a chance to punish the treason of associates, and with that end in view—and incidentally, of course, some plunder—he tried to corner United Copper. But his brokerage firm ran against the insurmountable obstacle of no money—and suspended payment. Then the "conservative bankers" thought they perceived a heaven-sent opportunity to eliminate Heinze and his associates from the banking situation of New York City. There followed certain threats the exact tenor of which has not been disclosed, but that they were effective is obvious. Mr. Heinze and his friends gladly "resigned" from their positions as presidents or vice-presidents of several banks. But the seed of fear had been implanted in the breast of the New York City mob.

In the history of every great catastrophe, you will find that some masterly bit of stupidity sets fire to the oil-soaked rags. The ousting of the adventurers from the banks of which they had obtained control had left the community so keenly apprehensive that almost anything would have stampeded it. The Bank of Commerce had been "clearing" for the Knickerbocker Trust Company in the New York Clearing House. In that capacity, the Bank of Commerce was responsible for the

Knickerbocker Trust Company's checks, and, even if it gave notice that it would not "clear" for the trust company, it was responsible for twenty-four hours thereafter. Now, the Bank of Commerce, finding some affiliation between the Knickerbocker Trust Company and some of the so-called "banking adventurers" grouped with Heinze, decided not to clear any longer, and so notified everybody through a megaphone. When, a little later, the resignation of Charles T. Barney, president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company was called for and received, the damage had been done. The run began the next day. The sins of the past were expiated in a few hours. The depositors, as usual, paid the damage. Mr. Barney paid for it with his life.

The most remarkable development of the banking business of New York City during the past ten years has been the growth of its trust companies. By paying interest on deposits, thereby attracting business; by not observing—not being obliged to do so by law—certain safeguards required of the national banks, as, for instance, in the matter of reserves, they have cut heavily into the banks' business. In New York City alone they have deposits of hundreds of millions. To be able to make money after paying the high interest on deposits that they paid, they were naturally obliged to take chances and run risks that no conservative banker would approve. They engaged in ventures, underwritings, development schemes, etc., that nothing but the amazing prosperity of the past decade prevented from failing disastrously. Now, the public knew all this in a vague way, but the public always insists on astutely waiting for the horse to be stolen before locking the stable door. But when Mr. Barney resigned as president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, it believed that all it had ever heard about the business methods of certain trust companies was true of the Knickerbocker. The run be-

gan—somebody asked for a dollar!—and then there was panic—sheer blind, unreasoning fear.

Of course, the suspension of payment by the Knickerbocker Trust Company, an institution with \$62,000,000 of deposits, was the signal for runs on other institutions; and not only in New York City, but elsewhere, trust companies and banks closed their doors. After sleepless nights and much thought, the majority of the banks of the great metropolis of the United States decided to issue Clearing House certificates. Other cities followed the example of New York—anything in order not to have to pay out the money that they did not have!

The inevitable growth of unreasoning distrust blossomed logically into the hoarding habit—an inevitable phenomenon of all panics, with or without Roosevelt. And it was not only the small depositors who hid their pitiful hundreds. A bank president whom I asked to estimate how much hard cash had been lost to the working world by this mediæval hoarding, answered: "I can't tell you. But the amount is enormous. Even the wealthy are hiding their money. I know one man who has locked up \$230,000, and several who have locked up from \$75,000 to \$150,000. And one of my friends has put very nearly \$1,250,000 in his safe-deposit box." Think of a man intelligent enough to have become rich enough to have \$1,250,000 in cash acting like a poor man who hoards his money because the life of his family literally depends upon his not losing what little he has!

Great as is Mr. Morgan's reputation as a financier, notable as are his achievements as an organizer, and dazzling his triumphs as a banker and a financial leader, yet of all his successes surely there is none so great as this: that, unanimously, all turned to him and chose him for their leader in their hour of need.

There was not needed a financial genius, an adroit banker, a great capitalist! What the occasion called for was a man—a human being

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who could command the respect and the confidence of the public that had grown distrustful, so that it might heed wise counsel; a man also whose bidding all bankers and financiers and captains of industry would do; in brief, that rarest of creatures, a man who could rise above self-interest.

Mr. Morgan had not been in good health for months, but he did not shirk the responsibility. He feared no man, did not hate the truth, and he had a lifelong habit of command. Aided at every step by Mr. James Stillman and backed by the mighty strength of the Clearing House banks, Mr. Morgan was the supreme commander. It was he who prevented a great stock market panic on October 24th. Money was not to be had on the Stock Exchange at any price. Stock brokers who had been called upon by banks or other lenders to pay off loans, scurried about frantically trying to find money. Not to find it, and quickly, meant insolvency—financial death. One hundred per cent., two hundred per cent. was offered . . . and no money!

Down went stocks, dividend-paying shares, standard investment stocks as well as speculation issues, breaking one, two, three points between sales because there were no buyers. And as prices declined, there came from those who were lending money on call, requests to be paid off. The margins had been impaired. But the brokers did not want collateral; they desired their own money. It was not prudence; it was plain cowardice, twin sister of their unintelligent selfishness.

The tickers began to print on the tape the first chapter of a mighty financial tragedy. Bank presidents in their offices saw clearly that somebody was about to be brutally butchered; and there was no telling who might receive a glancing blow of the knife or at least be splashed with blood. For a moment a thousand hearts felt the clutch of pity or of despair. You could have offered 1,000 per cent. for a million

dollars, and not have found a lender. Stocks finally reached the toboggan slide. At the bottom was hell and at the top was Morgan.

One minute more without money would have bankrupted Wall Street. But Morgan was watching the ticker in his office, desirous of determining the precise time when it was not alone the stock gamblers who needed money—the breath of life—but also the people. At last he said:

"Lend \$25,000,000 at ten per cent!"

The news was flashed through the world. And Wall Street heard it as through a blessed megaphone, and devoutly thanked the firm of J. P. Morgan for its life. Of course, it was not Mr. Morgan's own money. But he had not waited for voluntary offers to help. He had told this man or the other, such and such a bank, that his or its particular share would be so much; please to remit at once. And the help came, for Morgan to do with it as he judged best. And so he was able to check the panic.

The day before, the presidents of the principal trust companies had met at Mr. Morgan's residence. They were informed that they must help themselves by helping the situation. The Trust Company of America needed aid. If it met the run successfully, sentiment would improve. If it closed its doors heaven help the rest. At first there was no enthusiastic response. Think of it, even at that late day, each man was for himself, and the enemy was Fear, panic Fear, a match for all the banks in the world when they allow him the slightest start. After much discussion, a committee was appointed to investigate the condition of certain companies. The chairman of this committee deemed it his duty to ask many questions, which were cheerfully answered, among others, by Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America. Finally, when tempers were beginning to wear out, Mr. Morgan, supported by Mr. Stillman, insisted upon the co-operation

of the trust companies. The trust companies then philanthropically chipped in \$10,000,000.

There is no intention here to condemn the policy of any bank or trust company, nor of the presidents thereof. But the situation really called for a man like Mr. Morgan—a man who could say, as he did in his office, heedless of who might hear him: "Tell the Secretary of the Treasury that he must do it, now, at once, if he is going to do it at all. Tell him that we can't wait for him to make up his mind. Tell him that if he can't or won't help immediately, I will." The man who said that was the same man who half an hour before might have been seen pounding his desk, telling some evident truths to men like Thomas F. Ryan. And men like Mr. Thomas F. Ryan meekly accepted the self-same evident truths, scarcely daring to bat an eyelid before this choleric old fellow, because they knew that he did not fear them. They knew also that this old man with the gift of plain speaking was incapable of littleness or spite, and particularly incapable of taking advantage of their troubles to make money for himself. And

they knew that he was the only man who might help struggling millionaires to pull through. To see the faces of the Ryans and the Harrimans, whenever Mr. Morgan addressed a few well-chosen remarks to them, was almost worth the panic. It was not so much that Mr. Morgan was so very big, but that some of the others were so very little!

It was fortunate for Mr. Morgan that in this crisis he had for his right hand Mr. James Stillman. Whatever may be the popular impression of Mr. Stillman's connections, the fact remains that, at the height of the storm, not even Mr. Morgan himself worked harder or more efficiently or more disinterestedly than the president of the National City Bank.

The Clearing House Committee also rendered valuable assistance. And if we are to take the testimony of every bank president in the City of New York, there is reason for congratulation in the fact that George B. Cortelyou was Secretary of the Treasury. He proved himself a man broad-minded, public-spirited, of real ability, remarkable quickness of perception, and great courage.

The Knighthood of To-Day

Elsa Barker

In other days the knights went forth to war
To gild the glory of some conqueror.
Knights of humanity, no ancient lord
Had ever cause like yours to battle for!

Der Kaiser

From Saturday Review

WHETHER the German Emperor is regarded as an enemy or as a friend, the world at large bestows more attention upon his movements and his public utterances than on those of any other ruler. In fact he has managed to impress himself upon his age as no other living ruler has, and not less as a man, perhaps even more, than as a sovereign. But as a sovereign his position is remarkable enough, for he is not only the King of the most powerful German State but also *primus inter pares* among German monarchs. Without him there is little doubt that the German union would come to an end. Upon his tact and capacity depends in no ordinary degree the greatness of an Empire which consists of States unified less than forty years ago. He embodies the common ideals and aspirations of the German race as divorced from the local politics and individual aims of the particular States, and his position in this respect is strengthened by the fact that his grandfather was elected to the Imperial throne by the unanimous voice of the other German princes. The elective origin of the British monarchy is so lost in the far distant past that few remember it, but this is not so in Germany, and the Kaiser consequently combines in himself both the hereditary and elective elements which form the strength of kings and presidents.

But this is merely the distinction he enjoys by right of his office. Far more impressive is that which he has won by his own character. He is, in the first place, the only European statesman living to-day who can be said to possess the unde-

finable quality of genius. What Goethe called "something dæmonic" inspires both his actions and his utterances. This gives him the capacity to gauge, often with marvellous accuracy, both the character of men and the meaning of a political event. No doubt, to a certain extent this may be within the capacity of a shrewd and accomplished man of the world, but he will fail often when the occasion demands that the heart of a people or an individual should be appealed to. Napoleon and Chatham showed the quality in their better moods, Julius Caesar pre-eminently, but neither Wellington nor the younger Pitt, though each of them a man of supreme ability, ever attained to it. The Kaiser has never yet had to meet a great international crisis, and it may be sincerely hoped for the good of the world that he never may, but he is the only ruler living of whom it can be safely predicted that, if he had to, he would win through not only without loss of prestige, but with a distinction which only falls to the lot of the truly great. He can inspire a nation, not merely conduct its affairs in an adroit and serviceable fashion, which indeed is a power that has great uses but does not mark the highest plane on which sovereigns or statesmen can live.

He possesses in a high degree the supreme gift of imagination without which statecraft is but a dull business. It is this which enables him to appeal successfully to Germany for many objects which it is quite certain many of his subjects fail to appreciate. It is indeed true that this quality in a conspicuous man may expose him to some misad-

hension. It may lead him to tread perilously near the line where the sublime slides into the absurd. This is a risk which the shrewd talented statesman will never incur, but then he will never achieve anything really great though he may have considerable success in his policy. It is a risk which the Kaiser has never hesitated to run and has always triumphantly steered through. In this he has no doubt been greatly helped by the gift of oratory in which he is rivalled to-day by very few statesmen and no sovereign. A gift so rare and therefore so dangerous would be timidly exercised under great restraint by any monarch of the ordinary "constitutional" type who was inconsistent enough to possess it. Its exercise might indeed lead him into perilous paths, but, in the peculiar position of the German Emperor, it is a valuable asset towards the development of a consistent and successful national policy. It must be remembered that a number of interests have to be consulted in the German Empire which have no analogy in this country. There are States where jealousy of Prussia is a smouldering fire never extinguished, there are large sections of the population whose religious feelings might easily be inflamed by any maladroit act or utterance, especially when the dominant State is strongly Protestant; there are also very varying business interests which are ready to consider themselves injured by many plans of national policy. Through all the difficulties brought about in home affairs by these conflicting claims, the Kaiser has, principally by this gift of imagination, been able to steer his course so as to secure his own ends without seriously disturbing the feelings of his subjects.

In these higher functions of a ruler, and in the capacity to appeal to great aims and noble principles, which should inspire the policy of a great nation, the Kaiser is pre-eminent. And in the more com-

monplace yet necessary equipment of the ruler he is not wanting. It was no unreal or windy boast that he uttered at the Guildhall when he appealed to his record and reminded his audience of the words he uttered sixteen years ago. It is not too much to say that a man with a mere vulgar taste for glory, or even a vain man of talent, or a clever man of unstable mind, would in his position have before this plunged the world into war. It was the universal belief at the beginning of his reign that William II. would be a ruler of this showy pattern. But no man could be less so, as the world must now acknowledge. He has maintained the military supremacy of his own country unimpaired in Europe. In fact, when we consider the present capacity of France and Russia for offence and defence we have no hesitation in saying that it is less challenged than when he ascended the throne. Yet this is not a position won by blood and iron but by a steady persistence in insisting on the recognition above all of the claims of duty and patriotism upon the German nation. The still more remarkable growth of German sea-power is almost entirely the work of the Kaiser, and has called forth his persuasive capacity and his imaginative genius in a much higher degree than the preservation of the high military standard already won. The advantages of a navy and of colonies were by no means self-evident to large numbers of his subjects, and it had to be brought home to them again and again by the arts of oratory and practical demonstration. The extraordinary growth of German industry and commerce and also of its armed strength by sea is in the highest measure the Kaiser's work. This may be held perhaps quite excusably by other nations no strong reason for commending him, but in the other scale they must throw the undoubted weight of peace preserved often when it might have been excusably broken.

He has never hesitated to emphasize the necessity of religious faith as the foremost ingredient in national character. His warnings are certainly as widely needed in his own country as in this. "Pride and sudden growth of wealth" have had already a corrosive effect on the best sides of German life, as on Florence in the days of Dante. But Germany has the good fortune among the other nations of Europe to possess a ruler who never fears to appeal to a Higher Power as the arbiter of national destinies and to self-restraint and self-respect as the true foundations of greatness among Empires. Secularism and materialism are the distinguishing marks of latter-day politicians, and the people are fortunate that can both

produce and follow a ruler who is never afraid to point to higher ideals than now claim the worship of most public men. At all events most leading politicians lack the courage to denounce the direct appeal to low instincts which is the staple of political tactics. This has never been the German Emperor's way. And, as always, the high endeavor makes the path before bright. It is lit from the man himself. It is just this kind of man, and this kind only, who can really enjoy life. This type cannot grow blase or ennuye. Sport, statesmanship, art, science, everything has its zest for him. No living ruler so successfully embodies the aspiration of Goethe:

"Im ganzen schonen
Resolut zu leben."

Twelve Business Maxims

Have a definite aim.

Go straight for it.

Master all details.

Always know more than you are expected to know.

Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.

Treat failures as stepping stones to further effort.

Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back.

At times be bold ; always prudent.

The minority often beats the majority in the end.

Make good use of other men's brains.

Listen well ; answer cautiously ; decide promptly.

Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

Why the Jew Has Won

By Edward Lauterbach in *Herald Magazine*

WHEN Israel Zangwill was asked "Why have the Jews succeeded?" he replied that they had not succeeded, and that as a race they were a miserable failure, and that only here and there could there be found a solitary example of success. He had some figures to support his statement, and these figures were drawn not from the United States, where the Jews have attained the nearest approach to some kind of social solidarity, but from the swarming, confused East. He said that in Russia and Algeria and in Persia the average Jew was not worth five dollars.

Although no Jew would consider this a real test whether he has succeeded or failed, viz., the size of his bank account, yet judged from this standpoint the Jew in the United States is a pronounced success. From figures supplied by Joseph Jacobs, one of the editors of the *Jewish Encyclopedia*, in the *Jewish World*, I find that in the city of New York alone there are over forty millionaires who are Jews; that in Chicago there are thirteen Jews who possess a million of dollars, ten in San Francisco, seven in Baltimore, six in Cincinnati, five in Philadelphia, five in Louisville, three in Pittsburg, two in Denver, St. Louis, Marquette and Paterson, and one each at least in all the larger cities of the United States.

This list was compiled in 1904, four years ago, and it comprised bankers, lawyers, furriers, publishers, shoe manufacturers, dry goods merchants, etc.

It is also significant that there are at least one hundred thousand well-to-do and well-dressed Jews who live in the upper section of New York city to-day, and many of these have

but lately emerged from the east side districts. There are also hundreds of thousands of refined and cultivated Jews in Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco; in fact, in all the large cities and towns of the Union wealthy Jews can be found.

I do not, however, share the current superstition of the enormous and fabulous wealth of the ordinary Jewish merchant. I believe that either Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller possesses more wealth than all the Jews of the United States put together. Those persons who circulate the fabulous tales of the wealth of the Jews see but the Jews of the Broadway and Lexington avenue districts. They do not see the Jews of the east side. They forget these crowded and poverty-stricken quarters of the city.

An old proverb of the Jews says: "Rather sell than be poor." The Jews in modern times have perhaps too faithfully carried out this maxim. It really is in trade that their success is most easily evidenced. Emerson says: "Trade also has its geniuses." But because the Jew has succeeded in trade it is fast becoming a prevalent belief that by nature he is a trader and that he is incapable of anything higher than trade.

Instead of the word "trader" being employed to slur the Jew it really is a compliment to his inherent adaptability, because by temperament he is anything but a "trader." Being shut out for centuries from all kinds of civic and political activity, he has simply made the most of his own narrow opportunities, uncongenial though they often were.

Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, himself a Jew, some time ago said: "Instead of the Jew being a barterer

he is the most spiritual man alive. He has been pounded by the ages, robbed and massacred, but he yields neither his traditions nor his ideals. Had he been materialistic he would have sold out long ago and bought peace. Therefore I say that he is spiritualistic or idealistic rather than practical or material."

NOT ALLOWED TO TILL THE LAND.

For centuries the Jew in Europe has not been allowed to till the land and has been excluded from the trades, which, for the most part, were controlled by antagonistic corporations. He has been expelled from one province to another, like a helpless piece in a game of chess. This caused the Jew to invent the "letter of exchange," which has since proven of such efficacy to modern international banking.

Having no other opportunities open to him, and desiring power like all other humans, it is not hard to understand why the Jew should take to banking, especially as by nature he is, like the French, of a mathematical temperament.

A story illustrative of the mathematical mind of the Jew is told of the elder Rothschild, who, when summoned by the King of France, assented immediately to a financial scheme which the King had just explained to him. The King was amazed. He asked, "How is it possible that you understand in a few moments what it has taken my Ministers any myself many weeks to comprehend?"

Even in Spinoza, the Jewish mystic, we find this same mathematical sense predominating, and those who do not understand the axioms of mathematics need never expect to understand the mind even of this dreaming Jewish mystic.

One strong reason why the Jews make such a marked success in this country is because they make such good citizens. After the Jews are here a few years they are not to be distinguished from those of any of the other foreign born races. They assimilate well here. They love the

country and its political traditions. They make good patriots.

Oscar Straus told President McKinley, "I'd shoulder a musket for my country to-morrow." Haym Solomon never even asked for a dollar back of the \$658,000 he furnished to the impoverished government. He also contributed liberally to the personal expenses of leaders like Jefferson, Madison, Lee and Monroe, and endured long confinement in British jails for the cause of American independence.

In other countries the Jews have had to practise all the subtle arts of repression. Here they stand upright and look at the sun. It does them good. See how they scatter into the arts as soon as their fetters have been unbound. In modern times the name of David Belasco casts almost a spell over things theatrical. There are a number of Jewish playwrights—Bernstein and Rosenfeld and Klein coming only to my mind now. Rachel was and Bernhardt is a great actress, not to mention Sonnenthal and Adler. In music there are Joachim, Johann Strauss, "the waltz king"; Meyerbeer, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn and Rosenthal.

Dr. Madison C. Peters, on the authority of Professor Charles Gross, of Harvard University, has offered evidence to prove that it was a Jew who supplied Columbus with the necessary money to undertake his voyage across the Atlantic; that it was a Jew who made the map that was employed on this voyage; that both the surgeon and the physician of the ship were Jews, and that it was a Jew who landed first, he being the only one who could speak the Indian language, and they thought they had landed in some part of India. I mention these facts only. I have not invented them, nor do I comment on them.

In astronomy the Jews claim Sir William Herschell; in painting, Joseph Israels and Millais; in philosophy, Philo, Maimonides and Spinoza. Emin Pacha, the explorer, was a Jew. Heine, the poet, was a Jew. In philanthropy, Sir Moses

Montefiore, Baron and Baroness de Hirsch, Jacob H. Schiff and Mrs. Esther Hermann all stand out prominently. Dr. Peters has figures to prove their bravery on the battle field. It is significant that Massena, the bravest of all Napoleon's field marshals, was also a Jew.

In banking, the very name of Rothschild sounds success, and the Pereirres, the Seligmans and the Foulds are all well known names.

In the law the Jews have been eminently successful.

In New York city alone there are upward of three thousand lawyers who are Jews. There are certainly one thousand Jewish physicians. There are six judges of the Supreme Court in the county of New York, viz., M. Warley Platzek, David Levintritt, Joseph E. Newberger, Samuel Greenbaum, Mitchell L. Erlanger and Michael H. Hirschberg, and Otto A. Rosalsky, of the Court of General Sessions, is also a Jew.

I have been giving these different facts to undermine the universal superstition that the Jew is only a trader. He has succeeded also in medicine, in the arts and in the law; in fact, he has made his mark in all the professions.

Perhaps another reason why the Jew is successful is the fact that he is one of the longest lived of all the races, the Quaker only living longer than him. Through all forms of persecution he comes forth unharmed. "Cast down but never destroyed." In the Middle Ages he was tortured by the superstitious knights, and the Saracens also burned whole villages of the Jews because they would not embrace the Mohammedan faith. Surely this does not seem as though they were materialists, when they died by the thousands rather than change their faith.

For centuries the Jew has been persecuted. For centuries he has been on the defensive. He has withstood and seen all forms of attack. He has learned all the arts of self-preservation. Napoleon once said: "Do not fight the same enemy too often; he will learn all your tricks."

The Jews really have borrowed strength from their enemies.

Scattered all over the world, they are yet struggling and succeeding. Disraeli said: "The world has found out by this time that it is impossible to destroy the Jews." As a matter of fact, there are more Jews to-day by five millions than there were in the time of King David.

"If there are ranks in suffering," Kunz says, "Israel takes precedence of all the nations; if the duration of sorrows and the patience with which they are borne ennoble, the Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting 1,500 years, in which the poets and the actors are also the heroes?"

The centuries of suffering that the Jew has undergone has left its impress on his subconscious mind. The Jews as a rule take life very seriously, because for centuries they did not know how long they could keep it. They see the stoical side of life, as the Greeks saw the joyous, although the second and third generations of Jews in this country are certainly lighter hearted than their ancestors.

Look at the face of Israel, the painter, and at Felix Adler's face. Zangwill's face is as serious as the grave. Rubinstein and Meyerbeer both have serious expressions on their faces. Spinoza's face was sad.

The Jews, however, are not fatalists. "There is no fate in Israel," is one of their oldest and most respected proverbs. It is the strength of will that the Jews possess that has made it possible for them to succeed in things which were so uncongenial to them. The Jews originally were a shepherd people, and to say they were a commercial nation is absurd, as they were entirely cut off from the sea. They had no great bankers in those days; they did have many great poets and psalmists.

The Jews take education very seriously. See the books that circulate in the libraries on the east side. Are they fiction? No! For the most part

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they are books of science, travel, biography and social economics. It is not an infrequent sight to see a little slip of a Jewish boy with a big volume of Aristotle under his arm. They know the old heroes of literature and science much better than they do the heroes of contemporaneous fiction.

C. J. Ellis, general passenger agent of the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, only a few weeks ago told me a story which illustrates in a homely sort of way the Jews' eager search for knowledge. In this respect they do resemble the Greeks. Mr. Ellis had left a meeting hall on the east side at eleven o'clock for some reason, and he noticed huddled on a street corner a group of Jewish boys. They were discussing political economics. He returned that way two hours later and the boys were still on the street corner, fiercely discussing the same subject, utterly oblivious of the cold and the sleet.

It is said that three-quarters of the students of the College of the City of New York are Jews and that nearly three-quarters of the young women who attend the Normal College are Jewesses.

The public schools are crowded with Jewish children. In 1904 a record of twenty-eight schools of the city of New York showed an attendance of 64,605. Of these 61,103 were Jews. In thirty-nine Philadelphia schools having an attendance of 21,485, it was found that 11,683 of these children were Jews. In nine Chicago schools having 11,430 attendants it was found that of this number 7,929 were Jews. Of course these statistics are made up from schools that are more or less Jewish sections in the different cities mentioned above.

These young students, when they get out of school, all get into some active business or profession. The Jews are eminently a practical race, and there is a vast distinction between the practical and the materialistic. The French are a very practical people; they are also eminently artistic and idealistic.

Another reason, and a very strong one, why the Jews have succeeded. They have a great belief in humanity. They love it! In New York city alone they have ten millions of dollars' worth of property which is given up to the service of humanity, such as asylums, hospitals and educational buildings, homes for the aged, etc. The Mount Sinai Hospital is the greatest hospital in the world. It has cost three million dollars, all of which has been supplied from Jewish funds, and there is not a single mortgage on it. On the east side there are the Beth-Israel Hospital and homes for the aged and infirm, and the Hebrew Orphan Asylum now is taking care of 1,100 boys and girls, and the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society looks after 700 of these unfortunate little people. Nathan Straus, with his milk and coal charities, is a type of the Jew who is interested in the human, and Jacob Schiff is never so busy that he cannot stop to distinguish the cry of his own unfortunate race. He is always devising some new scheme to help it. The greatest of all the organized humanitarian movements among the Jews is the United Hebrew Charities, which last year distributed \$360,000.

The Jew has asked no one to help him. He supports all his own charities. The compact the early Jewish settlers made with Governor Peter Stuyvesant has been kept to the letter.

That the Jews are a cultured race, that they have intellectual as well as commercial leanings, is proven by the fact that in the crowded east side they support five daily newspapers printed in Yiddish, which is the patois jargon of the Jews of Eastern Europe, and all of these papers have large circulation.

The Jews have succeeded because they have placed character above everything, because they have treasured the educational and ethical ideals, and also because they have aimed to perfect themselves morally as well as financially.

Health Resolutions—Good and Bad

By Dr. Luther H. Gulick in *World's Work*

A GOOD resolution may be looked upon as a sort of labor-saving device in the business of healthy living. Its usefulness lies in the fact that it deals with certain practical issues in advance of their actual presentation: thus, the course of action being already determined, the arguments pro and con do not need to be canvassed later.

Looking at this past life calmly from some point of vantage like that of a vacation in the woods, a man may be impressed with the fact that he does not get enough exercise in the city; he may admit to himself that he could get a decent amount of it if only he would make up his mind that way. He could be walking in the open air half or three-quarters of an hour every day during the week, and on Saturday or Sunday he could put in several hours of wholesome physical activity—helping his digestion, his temper, his brain, and his business by so doing. A sober resolution to follow such a schedule for a certain length of time in the future gives him a running start at achieving a very useful habit.

When responsibilities press upon him, when the day seems crowded full of engagements, when all the impediments set by natural inertia, bad ventilation, laziness, and so forth block his way to out-of-doors, his resolution comes to his rescue. His only alternatives are to get there somehow, or else to sacrifice his self respect. The issue does not need to be overhauled and discussed anew every day; the moral courage required is of a simple kind, merely a matter of being true to your word, not a difficult and nerve-

trying decision on any nicely balanced merits of argument.

The most important test of a good resolution is whether or not it is attainable. If a good resolution has no chance of being kept, it is the kind of thing that is said to pave the road to hell. Good resolutions are resolutions that are not too good.

Not that a man's reach shouldn't exceed his grasp; that is another matter. What I am trying to say here is that a man must have a grasp, and a grasp that holds with a bull-dog grip. To make up one's mind to do a thing without taking sober account of what it involves is mere foolhardiness. Every time you deliberately take hold of a thing, meaning to keep hold, and then let go because you can't help it, you are worse off than you were before. You are simply getting practice in failure.

Scrutinized by common sense, many good resolutions turn out to be preposterous. To adhere to them might compel a man to move into an entirely different environment, away from his family and friends. They might interfere with his health or with his neighbors or with his happiness in life.

A man says, for example, when the repentant fit has come upon him: "It's all wrong for me to lie abed in the morning as I do. During the coming year I'll do better. I'll get up at 6.45."

What happens? We all know perfectly well. And then you sigh, "Well, there goes another of those good resolutions!" and in consequence you are weaker, less self-respecting, less qualified for undertaking a new venture.

The fact is that you have been grossly unfair to yourself; you have imposed upon your moral strength; you have not taken into account your experience in the past; you have not considered the "psychological climate" in which you live. These are important and not-to-be-neglected elements of the situation. Your sense of values is perverted. To be quite candid, what real use is there in your getting up at 6.45? Probably you have an inherited sentiment about it; it seems more virtuous to you than a longer sojourn in bed; but an analysis of the case will lead you to the conclusion, likely as not, that your sentiment is not based on logic. You did not take into consideration the specialized conditions of modern city life. You were merely fighting against the stars in their courses. You aimed at a theatrical brand of goodness, not at the steady, workable, everyday sort of thing that has a part to play in practical life.

Success is a habit that may be cultivated like any other; and it has a more wholesome push in it than the habit of failure. He is a foolish person who embarks upon enterprises for which his natural qualifications do not at all fit him. Failure begets failure.

Take it in business. Men of affairs will hesitate a long time before they put in a position of responsibility a man who has failed two or three times in business, for the very reason, if for no other, that he cannot undertake a new venture with that necessary degree of confidence and assurance that business success requires.

Take it in athletics. The beginner in the high-jump will start with the stick at a height where he can jump it easily, and it will be a little raised every time he clears it. Finally, when the stick gets to a point where by the greatest effort he just succeeds in clearing it, an inexperienced trainer will put it up a little higher yet. "Make

him try," says the trainer, and the jumper keeps struggling for a long time under conditions where he must almost of necessity fail. This excess of effort disturbs form. The result is that a man who is kept jumping under a standard that is too exacting for him never learns to jump so well as a man who is kept jumping most of the time well within his ability. The latter acquires perfect form, perfect control, and gradually reaches an increased height.

I do not mean that a good jumper never tests himself: he does, but the major part of his work is done under conditions where he can succeed.

Take it in the training of the feeble-minded. The most important, and at the same time the most difficult, thing to do for these unfortunates is to convince them that they can do something. Put a child that is mentally sub-normal in school with other children: no matter how hard he tries he cannot come up to the standard of the rest. He tries and fails. He is scolded, perhaps punished, and appears ridiculous. In the playground he cannot play with the skill and intelligence of his schoolmates; nobody wants him on his side in a game. In tag, he is always "it." The conviction gets rooted in his mind that he will fail, that there is no use in trying. And he quits trying.

The first great obstacle to progress with him is this experience of failure. The first problem of the teacher of the feeble-minded is to discover tasks which will be interesting and at the same time so simple as to be well within their grasp—tasks that will enlist their effort, and reward it. They must not be allowed to fail. The habit of success, of belief in themselves, must be established. That is the first great step. The mental attitude of hopelessness—which is inaction, paralysis—has been changed to one of hope, which is activity.

When you are succeeding you can try harder than when you are failing.

We have a right and a duty—all of us—to hold in mind the measure of power and of attainment that we possess. As compared with men of genius, we are most of us feeble-minded; but does that excuse us from using our minds to the best advantage we can? Not a bit. Attainment is not to be judged by absolute, but by relative, standards.

The person whose undertakings are rightly proportioned to his capacity is the successful person; his relation to life's work is normal.

To come back, then, to good resolutions. Good resolutions are those that can be lived up to consistently, without capitulation, in the corrupted currents of this world—here in the midst of all the actual impediments, inhibitions, and distractions of our mortal environment. Every resolution kept increases moral grip; every resolution surrendered weakens it.

At epochs of moral house-cleaning, such as are supposed to occur at the end of the old year and the beginning of the new, we are sure to become aware of many undesirable habits in our lives; we see faults that ought to be eradicated; new lines of conduct that might helpfully be pursued. The natural tendency is to undertake too much at once in the way of regeneration, to attempt the impossible task of making oneself over completely. In the end that swarm of old habits—things ingrained, some of them, into the very fibre of our constitution—are bound to get the better of us. They can be pushed back for a time, as long as our wills can stand up to the task we have set for them; but eventually the will gets tired and relaxes its hold on the door. And then all the wicked old habits come pell mell back again, much like the devils who sometime return bringing seven other devils beside, far worse than themselves. Thus the latter state of that man is worse

than the first. He should have made the attack systematically, first on one devil, then on another, and not have attempted to lay them all out at once.

The resolution most to be recommended directs itself at doing, not at being; or, to put it differently, at being, as an end, through doing, as a means. Upon a concrete, objective thing-to-be-done one can fix one's attention—aim the attack: here is a particular habit to be cultivated in this or that particular way.

Pious resolutions to lead a better life during the coming months are not usually of great efficacy, just because they do not supply one with a handle that can be gripped: it is a fuzzy-minded, here-we-go-round-the-gooseberry-bush programme of self-betterment.

By the same token, a resolution to be more cheerful is not so commendable as a resolution to tell at least one good story at the breakfast table every day for a month; a resolution to be a better neighbor has less to commend it than a resolution to make at least one call a week; a resolution to take better care of one's health has less chance of holding its own against the whips and scorns of time than a resolution to spend at least half an hour in the open air every week-day.

In estimating our capacity we should not forget that there are various external props and safeguards to take advantage of. Not everything need depend on the will to be good.

A man ought, perhaps, to go to his office every day. But that isn't why he does it. It does not occur to him to ask himself whether he ought to go or not. He's got to go: his salary, his reputation, his self-respect—these are all forces that give him a shove out of the front door even when he feels least ambitious.

So with certain resolutions. I once asked a man who stands today in the forefront of modern philosophic thought, how he managed

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to get as much accomplished as he did. I knew him well. I knew that he was normally lazy.

He said: "I load my wagon at the top of the hill; then I get in front of it, and we start down. I have to keep ahead you see—that's all." What he meant was, not that he loaded his wagon foolishly; but that, taking his health, his strength, his other obligations into account, he decided what more it was wise for him to undertake, and then he put himself under bond, as it were, to undertake it. He would accept certain invitations to lecture: then he had to do it—and he was a splendid lecturer. He would agree with his publishers to have a book ready by such and such a time; then he got it ready. There was no way

out of it. He would pay certain fees to take a course at a university; and then he was sure of going to the lectures, not only to get his money's worth, but also to save his pride.

That man's resolutions were practical, constructive—because he provided himself with the machinery of carrying them through. He didn't let the matter depend upon the nagging of a frail and easily-seduced conscience. It was good campaign tactics: estimating the exact strength of the enemy, and then making the utmost of one's available resources.

Resolutions like that, made under sane conditions of perspective and self-knowledge, are aids, never hindrances, to efficiency.

The Only Fear

By Roy Farrell Greene

Have you a something of moment planned,
Of work, or barter, or sale?
And do you now like a craven stand
Deterred by the fear you'll fail?
Then may this message of mine ring clear,
And prompt you your wings to test:
The only failure a man should fear
Is failure to do his best!

Personality in Directing Working Energy

By William A. Field in System

IT is because of trouble that we men are employed in thinking positions. If there were no trouble for us to solve, the whole place would be run by automatons. I suppose what I do in the matter is about like the fellow who, walking along the street for the first time, sees a loose brick in his path, picks it up and throws it out of the way. A hundred other people, accustomed to walk down that same street, might get into the habit of stepping over the brick as though it were second nature to them, while the man coming along with his eyes open for new things would see the brick and take it out of the way. Going out through the plant, I am constantly finding things which can be straightened out easily enough.

Now, the reason someone else doesn't do this is because the average man is so often apt to think that his part in the world is so small that if he does nothing, or relaxes his efforts, his production will not be missed. No one ever made a greater mistake than to regard himself in this light. I would always rather see a man magnify his own importance than underestimate it, for to entertain the part of inferiority is to invite defeat. A just and proper appreciation of one's own powers and relative importance in affairs is an essential part of every man's equipment in his battle for a living; and every one was made to fill a niche somewhere.

Don't be afraid of anything in this world when you think you are right. Somebody said that "fear is an insult to your Maker," and I most thoroughly endorse that sentiment. Fear makes you doubt the very ability and talents you possess,

and literally robs you of so much per annum in both material gain and mental development. Don't be afraid to bring out your own individuality; a man strong in himself may make a very weak imitation of some one else. We do not consider in anything so much the means as the end. If all roads lead to Rome, never mind if you choose a different one from your neighbor, if you get there without loss of time. Only, don't be afraid to start out on the journey. Don't hide your light under a bushel, no matter if the light be but a small one. It is of much importance to keep it burning, and if you give it room to grow and feed it well you may build up a big fire from a feeble flame. Besides, we are not all made to be Alexanders and conquer worlds. It is not in the nature of things that all men should be equally successful, but we should never lose sight of the fact that the small man's part is of as much importance relatively as that of the greater.

Bringing this thought down to actual factory management, we try to get this feeling into our men by always stimulating the initiative in them. If they can invent anything that is a benefit to them and to us, we are glad to have them do it. We are ready to pay the cost of anything that any of our men may make in our line and then the patent belongs to him, we reserving only the shop rights for use of the patent in these shops of ours here, and he having the right to sell the patent or to receive royalty from its use anywhere else he chooses. If a man can think out something that is going to help us, we like to recognize it even though he has

PERSONALITY IN DIRECTING WORKING ENERGY.

done it along the lines of the work for which we pay him.

Employment and happiness are associated together as naturally as the sun with the day and the darkness with night; and by just so much as we make our employment productive, to that extent are we increasing our satisfaction with all our surroundings. To the man who accomplishes less than he ought to, the world seems hard and unyielding, but it lavishes contentment and plenty on him who finds his happiness in the thorough, earnest and vigorous prosecution of a work made successful by his own untiring efforts. In plain words, this means that he who does his work well will have reason to be satisfied with the result, but the half-way worker will be disappointed, and will invariably put the blame anywhere or everywhere except where it belongs—upon himself.

The half-way workers—those who do their work listlessly or incompletely—make the misanthropes and the pessimists, because the character of the work they do makes failure a foregone conclusion, or at least precludes any hope of marked success. It is those who perform every detail of their work well who reach the end for which they are striving, and who realize the high-prize of life which is the glorious privilege of working and doing.

I go out through our plant as often as I can and I make it a point of nodding to every one. I do not know all the men personally, but they all know me. I have heard that they refer to me pretty generally as "Billy Field," especially the men with whom I used to work in the olden days—and Mr. Field said this with a grin of pride that showed how he felt. Perhaps there is nothing more illuminative than a personal study of these points in a man like Mr. Field, because it is the personality of managers toward men and of men toward man-

agers, which is more important than anything else in handling a working force.

When there is a grievance, we want our men to come straight to us. I say to them, "Sit down. Let's talk things over. You want to remember that I am just as much one of the workmen here as any of you, only my job now is to do the best I can for the company and it's up to me to see that you don't get any more than fairness allows." Then we get down to business. They know that they are going to get justice, and justice is what men want more than anything else.

I found that out when I was just an assistant superintendent of the foundry in a small factory. I made the men feel that they could come to me for justice every time. I wouldn't allow anyone to interfere with me—not even the general superintendent or the owner of the business. The men knew that they had only me to deal with and that no one else could either hire, fire, or promote them. It made plenty of friction for me with my superiors and I suppose I ought to have been discharged once a week regularly. But it made friends of the men—and got more work for the company.

Then I worked out a plan of giving them a chance to earn more money on piece work. On the old plan, the aim was to have a minimum scale on the theory that the men would work their utmost to hold their earnings up to a certain standard. If they did more than this, the custom was to cut down the scale at once. Consequently the men found it to their interest not to show how much they could do but to keep well within the limit.

I called them together and said: "Here is a scale for the next six months. I would make it a year, but styles change so I can't fix the scale over six months. But you can count on its being this and

nothing but this for that length of time."

"How do we know that this is to be the scale," they asked.

"You can take my personal word for it," was my reply. And from that time on the men increased their production heavily without increasing the number of men employed in the plant, which naturally reduced the cost of production per unit, as well as increased the output.

The same effect can be produced, though the methods may be a little different. We have put this same idea of personality among our men here, by instilling into the men the fact that, while they are part of the great whole, the work of each counts in the total and counts for the individual—that each man's work is a link of a chain, but we watch and give credit for each link as well as for the whole chain; and every link must be perfect in itself if the chain is to be good.

In producing that spirit, I cannot, of course, work directly with the men, but it is my aim to instill this spirit into the department heads. It is not so much the very fact of personal contact that brings these results, it is the co-operation and team work that comes from understanding. To develop this to the utmost one should get together all heads of departments and assistants—that is, all who have a direct part in the business—at a meeting once a week. I make it a luncheon at one o'clock, but this is not as much for sociability's sake as for convenience, for a meeting at the plant at that time would be a waste of working time. The brief time devoted to lunch has the merit of working off any possible feeling of formality or restraint. This meeting is for business strictly. Suggestions are discussed, which I invite at all times. If a suggestion is not good it will be quickly pricked, where a score of minds are concentrated upon it. If it is good, it will be just as quickly developed, and it makes each man feel that he

has had a part in the innovation, and helps its execution in the departments in which it is to be applied.

Complaints and friction between departments are handled in the same co-operative way—giving every man a chance to defend himself and doing away with the suspicion of secret "knocks." Every one knows the days of referring and counter-referring and the hours of dictating and answering it requires to chase down a complaint—like shortage in coal deliveries, for instance.

But see how quickly and satisfactorily that can be settled at such a meeting. Superintendent of mill three complains that his power ran down Tuesday morning. The engineer is asked, "Why no power?" He says his coal ran out. The purchasing agent is asked, "Why no coal?" He says no wagons were on hand. The yard-master is asked, "Why no wagons?" and he must explain.

And in the meantime every man learns how far-reaching his little daily job is. I know, and have much satisfaction in the knowledge, that there are many who give us the best work of which they are capable, and they are the rock we stand on; but I am sorry to say that there are others of a character well illustrated by a remark I heard an old farmer make once upon a time when in my boyhood days I was paying him a visit. I had been struck by the ruggedness and strength of a great, stalwart, hulking harvest hand, and ventured to say:

"That fellow ought to be chock full of a day's work."

"Yes," replied the farmer, "he ought to be for I ain't never been able to get any out of him."

That man did not love his work; he had not learned that in a real love of work lies the secret of success. As soon as a man begins to love his work, then will he also begin to make progress. Those who are lukewarm in the pursuit of any business are those who are "just

getting along" some way or other, or "doing fairly well." It is the enthusiasts who do the climbing, making progress every day, and who get to the top. Enthusiasm generates energy as naturally as the sun gives forth heat, and energy again, by its reflex influence, in-

creases enthusiasm. If I were to be asked what is lacking in the work of the majority of men, I should say energy—put energy into your work, more energy, and yet more energy; then believe in yourself and your calling and you will be one of the enthusiasts climbing to the top.

The Women that Women Like

The Spectator

TWENTY years ago we used to hear a great deal about the "woman's woman." The phrase suggested that the women whom women like are not liked by men. The notion was one of those which pass for true while they are new, but are in reality nothing but false deductions from cognate facts. Men like the women whom women like, but they also like some who are far from popular with their own sex. There is such a person as a man's woman, and though she is sometimes admired, she is not liked by her sisters. There is more in this fact than can be accounted for by the obvious reflection that all men admire youth and beauty and that many women are jealous. There is more, too, than can be explained by saying that each sex is hampered by ignorance in its judgment of the other. This explanation, indeed, is beside the point. Mistakes are no indication of taste. A man cannot be said to like deceitful women because he may like such a one while she is successful in deceiving him, any more than a woman can be said to like thieves because she is attracted by a particular man of whose lax pecuniary principles she is unaware. A man's woman may be a man's woman from her cradle to her grave; but such a description does not imply that men like her better than they like any other kind of woman, but only that the fact of their liking her is notice-

able since women do not. She may never have had any very striking good looks, and her male friends and relations may continue to like her although she is no longer young, and they know not only all her good qualities, but all her defects as well. She may make an excellent wife to some man and be a devoted mother to his sons, she may gain the confidence of boys and the trust of older men, and yet never have a close feminine friend.

There are certain qualities—and they are by no means always or altogether bad qualities—which women cannot put up with in each other. Perhaps the most notable of these is extreme candor—candor unsoftened by consideration. The woman who invariably speaks her mind, shows her feelings, and disdains all innocent dissimulation may have men friends, but if not she will have none at all. Women fear roughness in each other, and require in a friend that they should be able to place at least as much reliance on her kindness as on her word. Intimacy between them does not sanction complete plainness of speech. Sharp speaking, sometimes sharp speaking accompanied by terms of endearment, may be overheard between them; but it is among women whom circumstances, not choice, have rendered intimate, and the very fact that they take the precaution to cover a blow with a blandishment shows how high they put the

necessity of mutual civility. All women consider the wounds of a friend to be faithless. In men they forgive rough speech, just as they forgive rough manners in boys; but they dislike both in a woman, and where they find them they are always on their guard. The extreme truthfulness of an over-sincere sister may wring from them a measure of respect. "You always know what she means," they may say with a certain grudging admiration; but they do not take off their armor in her presence, they do not dislike to hear her found fault with, and in trouble it is not to her that they turn. On the other hand, it is not uncommon to see such women popular with the opposite sex, or, at any rate, with a considerable portion of them. There is often a great deal of good-comradeship behind their roughness, and they are very seldom dull. Physical health, jovial spirits, and a certain mental thickness of skin often accompany extreme downrightness. A down-right woman has neither moods nor megrims. Plain speaking may mean praise as well as blame, for partisanship makes a serviceable substitute for sympathy. It constantly has a certain piquancy, and it is allied with the energy which the modern successful man looks to find in his wife. But none of these things are sufficient to commend the plain-speaking woman to other women.

There is another kind of woman of whom no other woman makes a friend, and that is one who gives any grounds whatever for being considered a fool. But, it may be asked, do not the fools make friends with each other? Not often. Even in school-room days, so far as their own sex is concerned, they are left alone. The troubles of a foolish woman begin very early. If she is allowed to associate at all with other little girls, she has a disagreeable time. Her contemporaries are hard on her. The young are harsh to each other, and neither boys nor girls realize the cruelty of ridicule. No doubt there is a large class of fools, both masculine and feminine, who are very

knaveish. Nobody likes them. But women do not even like the best sort. Let her be the best-tempered and most imperturbable fool that ever lived, let her be conscious or unconscious, whether she lament her folly or whether she trade upon it, she will have no real friends among women. Instinctively she makes an effort to please the other sex, and not seldom she succeeds. It is absurd to say that men do not value intellectual sympathy from women. They do; but they do not demand it, and they put many other things first. It is absurd to say they do not value practical ability in the other sex, especially when their comfort depends on it; but it is marvelous how indulgently they often look upon its absence. They are very apt to credit those who will faithfully reflect their conclusions with the power to understand their reasons, and many of them like to be the sole authority, at home and abroad, and would rather rule in an uncomfortable house than submit to rules in a well-regulated one. The very stupidity of some women endows them with a certain stanniness which rightly gains them affection from the opposite sex. It is a great rest to know there is one person from whom criticism is literally impossible. Oddly enough, other women do not care to know this. They are anxious to be understood, willing sometimes to be deceived, but they crave that more delicate flattery which, while over-appreciative, is also comprehending, and are very little touched by stupid devotions in either sex.

Again, there are certain peculiarities of character that do not go very deep which, while to men they seem of little consequence, frequently destroy a woman's popularity with her own sex. We mean, for instance, what are usually called "airs." Social airs irritate the feminine mind beyond all bearing. That subtle atmosphere of triumph which often pervades the presence of the woman who has made a marked social success is suffocating to her sisters. The ready explanation of jealousy really does not meet the case, for it is felt equally by those

who have stood all the while around the winning-post, and by those who have never started, or thought of starting, in the social race. It is due, we think, to a preoccupation with delightful details concerning no one but herself which makes all women condemn such a woman as radically unsympathetic. To many men these details are not worth thinking of; they brush them aside and consider the disposition underneath. But to almost no women do social things seem small. Of course, social airs are by no means the only airs, but they are perhaps the only airs which do not preclude popularity with both sexes. Intellectual airs are equally disliked by both. Dr. Johnson, while generously defending the able woman in whatever direction her ability may lie, admitted that instructive and argumentative women are truly insufferable. "Supposing," said he, "a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome, for instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of

the Arian heresy." Women, too, respect knowledge in their sisters, but are never impressed by its display.

There is a great tendency nowadays to exaggerate differences of point of view in the two sexes. The question of falling in love remains a mystery. Like heroism and religion, it is not explicable by reason alone. But so far as friendship and popularity go, so far even as lasting affection is concerned, they see almost eye to eye. Certain qualities are lovable and their opposites are hateful, and as to what these qualities are men and women are pretty well agreed. Men, however, are more indulgent to women, and women to men, than they are to their own sex, and each would find it hard to give a reason for the selection they reciprocally make of faults to forgive. The whole question, of course, is complicated by the fact that women are the best judges of women, and men of men, and that women by men, and men by women, are often—and lastingly—befooled.

The Power To Do

William A. Field

The man who waits for opportunity, and when he sees it takes it, is not so good a man as he who does not wait, but makes it. If I were asked what is lacking in the majority of men, I should say initiative, coupled with judgment. By the power of the former a man is impelled to do things and may make mistakes. On the other hand his mistakes tend to cultivate judgment and his earlier failures may be turned into stepping stones to success. Many men fail because they fear to attempt.

A Long Duel

By Frederick H. Heryet In Chambers's Journal

THE medieval custom of settling quarrels by personal combat dies hard on the Continent, and few things contribute more to the mirth of nations than the jests and caricatures inspired by the duelling exploits of our Gallic neighbors. The development among the French of that sense of humor which is our particular pride, and consequently the fuller recognition of the farcical nature of such a settlement, possibly account for the disappearance of that "thirst for gore," of that determination to fight to a finish, which formerly characterized the French duel.

The following story presents a striking contrast to those we are now accustomed to hear, and gives us some idea of the character of those dashing beaux sabreurs, by whose aid Napoleon became the scourge of Europe.

In the City of Strasbourg at the close of the eighteenth century soldiers of all ranks had ample opportunities of picking quarrels whenever they wished. A captain of hussars named Fournier indulged in this amusement to his heart's content, and became celebrated for his aggressive temper and his address with arms. Strasbourg had to reproach him for the loss of several of her sons, and especially for having challenged without any plausible reason a young man named Blume, whom he killed without the slightest pity.

On the very day of Blume's funeral General Moreau gave a ball, to which were invited all the members of the high bourgeoisie. It was desirable to avoid the scandalous scenes which could not fail to take place between the fellow-townsmen,

perhaps the relations, of the unfortunate deceased and the aggressor, who was styled his murderer. General Moreau, therefore, desired his aide-de-camp, Captain Dupont, to prevent Captain Fournier from entering the ballroom. Dupont stationed himself in a corner of one of the antechambers, and immediately he caught sight of him accosted him abruptly.

"What are you going to do here?"

"Ah! is that you, Dupont? Good-evening. Parbleu! you see what I am doing. I am come to the ball."

"Are you not ashamed to come to a ball the very day of the funeral of that poor fellow Blume? What will his friends and relations say?"

"They may say what they please; it is all one to me. But I should like to ask what business that is of yours."

"It is everybody's business. Everybody is thinking and talking about it."

"Everybody is wrong, then. I don't like people to poke their noses into my affairs. And now, if you please, let me pass."

"You shall not go into the ballroom."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"You must take yourself off. The General orders you to return to your own apartments."

"Am I turned out of the house?"

Dupont shrugged his shoulders.

"Are you aware of the consequences of turning Fournier out of doors?"

"I don't want to hear any of your rodomontades. Just have the goodness to take yourself off."

"Listen!" said Fournier in a fury. "I cannot have my revenge of the

General, because he is my superior officer; but you are my equal; you have presumed to take your share in the insult, and you shall pay for the whole of it. We will fight!"

"Listen, in turn," said Dupont. "I have long been out of patience with you. I am disgusted with your bullying ways, and I hope to give you a lesson you will long remember."

Fournier would have gone mad with vexation had he not been consoled by the hope of killing Dupont. But the result of the combat was not what he expected, for Dupont gave him a frightful wound.

"You fence well," said Fournier as he fell.

"Not badly, as you see."

"Yes; but now I know your play. You won't catch me another time, as I will soon show you."

"You wish for another encounter?"

"Parbleu! that's a matter of course."

In fact, after a few week's nursing, Fournier, for the second time, was face to face with his adversary. It was now his turn. He gave Dupont a home-thrust with the comment, "You see you hold your hand too low to parry properly. After your lunge you gave me time to stick three inches of cold iron between your ribs."

"This is only the second act," cried Dupont. "We'll come to the catastrophe as soon as possible."

At the third meeting they each received a trifling scratch. So these two fire-eaters, annoyed at such a negative result, agreed to recommence the struggle until one of the two confessed himself beaten. They therefore drew up a treaty to this effect, and whenever the madmen were able to meet they fought. Their persons were marked with numerous scars, yet they continued to cut and slash at each other in most enthusiastic style. Fournier used to observe now and then, "It is really astonishing that I, who al-

ways kill my man, cannot contrive to kill that devil Dupont."

After these encounters had continued some years Dupont, now promoted to the rank of General, received orders to join the army of the Grisons. He was not expected, and was trying in vain to find a lodging, when he perceived a chalet, through whose windows a light was gleaming. He knocked at the door and entered. A man was writing at a bureau; he turned his head, and, recognizing his visitor, said before the other could cross the threshold, "Ah! is that you, Dupont? We will have a little sword-play."

"With all my heart," said Dupont to Fournier, who chanced to be the occupant of the chalet; and they set to work, chatting between the passes.

"I thought you were employed in the interior," said Fournier.

"The Minister has promoted me to the fourth corps."

"Vraiment! What a curious coincidence! I command the cavalry there. And so you have only just arrived? I am delighted."

At last General Dupont's sword, after piercing General Fournier's shoulder, struck the wall.

"Sapristi!" shouted Fournier.

"You didn't expect that."

"On the contrary, directly I left my guard I knew I was caught. But 'tis you who don't expect what is going to happen."

During this little dialogue Dupont kept Fournier pinned to the wall, as a naturalist would a butterfly.

"Well, what will happen?"

"The moment you stir I shall give you a thrust in the belly. You are a dead man," said Fournier.

"I shall parry your thrust."

"Impossible."

"I shall keep you pinned till you throw down your sword."

"I shall not do that. I intend to kill you."

Fortunately the noise made by the two Generals was heard by some

officers who separated the combatants.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, sometimes thought of the absurdity of a quarrel which still went on after so many conflicts, and at last decided to make an end of the matter.

One morning he called on Fournier.

"Are you come to fix a day for a match?" inquired the latter.

"Yes; but first of all let us talk a little. Listen. I intend to get married, and before doing so I would like to be done with you."

"Oh! oh!"

"Our quarrel has now lasted for nineteen years. I do not wish to continue a style of life which my wife might consider not exactly comfortable, and therefore I am come to propose a change in the mode of the combat. One of my friends has, at Neuilly, an enclosure planted with trees, surrounded by walls with two doors, one at each end. At the hour agreed we will go to the enclosure separately, armed with our two holster-pistols, to take a single shot with each. We will try which can find the other, and whoever catches sight of the other shall fire."

"That's a droll idea."

"Does it suit you?"

"Ten o'clock on Thursday morning—will that do?"

"Agreed. Adieu till Thursday."

They were punctual at their rendezvous, and as soon as they were inside the enclosure they sought each other cautiously. They advanced slowly, cocked pistols in their hands, eye on the watch, and ear all attention. At the turn of

an alley they perceived each other. They threw themselves behind a couple of trees and waited. At last Dupont resolved to act. He waved the tail of his coat just outside the tree which protected him; then he protruded his arm, drawing it back instantly. Immediately a bullet sent a large piece of the bark flying. Fournier had lost a shot.

After a time Dupont recommenced the same manoeuvre on the opposite side of the tree-trunk, without, however, drawing his adversary's fire. Then holding his hat in his hand, he displayed it as far as the brim. In a twinkling the hat was blown away; fortunately there was no head inside it. Fournier, therefore, had wasted his second bullet.

Dupont then sallied from his fortress and marched up to his opponent, who waited him in the attitude of a brave man for whom there is no further hope. When Dupont was close to him he said, "I can kill you if I like—it is my right and my privilege; but I cannot fire at a human creature in cold blood. I spare your life."

"As you please."

"I spare you to-day; but you clearly understand that I remain the master of my own property, of which I allow you the provisional enjoyment. If ever you give me any trouble, if ever you try to pick a quarrel with me, I shall take the liberty of reminding you that I am the lawful owner of a couple of bullets specially designed to be lodged in your skull; and we will resume the affair exactly at the point where I think proper to leave it to-day."

So ended a duel begun in 1794 and finished in 1813.

How the Englishman Does Business

By James H. Collins in *Saturday Evening Post*

WHY does the American in London look with pity and impatience upon the business methods of his British cousin?

Because he can't help it. Because, no matter where he turns, from costering to finance, he sees things being done with a sedateness, a reverence for tradition and a disregard for economy in labor or detail that make him desire to reform the whole British commercial fabric at once. Everywhere the pallid "clark" upon his high stool. Everywhere the pewter ink-pot. The American's letter of credit is on a great international banking house. He finds its main counting-room spread over half a block. Not a typewriter in the place. Not a modern office appliance. On the shelf where he signs his draft are a steel pen and goose-quill, side by side. This bank has thirty branches in London. But it requires two days to furnish a bit of New York exchange.

He wishes to telephone, and is shown to an instrument with a crank and ear-piece unlike anything he has ever seen. It resembles an American pencil-sharpener—and he learns that it often works like one. This morning he found the London papers full of wonder at American civilization because it could permit Philadelphia telephone interests to abolish the word "please" in their service, with a gross saving of 900,000 "pleases" daily. But London Central blackguards him for saying "fifty-nine hundred Battersea," when he should have said "five-nine-double-aught."

The American feels sorry for his English cousin, and would be out of patience with him were the latter not such a kindly fellow. And yet, the Englishman isn't at all wrong. He is

merely conducting English business on English lines, whereas the American has been making a peck of trouble for himself every day by trying to do business in London as he would do it in New York or Chicago.

The bank referred to clears through an institution that uses two hundred American adding machines. The London agent for these contrivances would tell him that this is a larger number than can be found in any single American business house. Why? Because English business is big—very big. And quiet—exasperatingly quiet.

ENGLISH DREAD OF AMERICAN HUSTLE.

He shouldn't have telephoned. Wait until the year 1911, when the British post office has rebuilt the lines everywhere with American apparatus. Until then, use the post office telegraph—sixpence from London 'way up to Hoy, in the far Orkney Islands. Or the mails. He may write to a man in Liverpool after breakfast and have a reply the same day by bedtime—depending on the man. This is why a Londoner, however patient at his bank, will not forgive neglect of a business letter, nor an appointment.

All British business is done by appointment. Where one is to call, and whom one is to receive, are laid out a week ahead in his diary—so much time allotted to each engagement. You are on hand to the minute, talk ten minutes, and give place to the next caller.

As a result of this system, the Londoner comes down later and goes home earlier than business men in any American city, perhaps, except

New York, where the appointment system has also been long in use.

The Englishman transacts business very deliberately.

One of the American concerns manufacturing card index and office appliances has a growing business in London, with a large showroom. At its home office, in Boston, there is also a showroom, and a large trade is done with business men who come in, look over stock and order on sight.

"By Jove!" says the American purchaser, "just the thing I need. Get it around to my office this afternoon."

In London the company also sells to Englishmen, who grow enthusiastic upon seeing labor-saving devices. But the enthusiasm and the sale are further apart. There is not the slightest chance of bringing them together. After the Englishman has warmed up to a new appliance he chills again and goes away to think it over. This concern lost many sales until it learned how to handle them by the simple expedient of sending a salesman around to Englishmen about three days after to take the order. The more enthusiastic he gets, the longer he needs to think it over.

An Englishman is mortally afraid of the quality that he calls "American hustle." His ideas on this subject are queer. He thinks it means working at high pressure, and that it reaches its highest development in the American who runs for a car. He comes home with stories of American business men who ignore their appointments, rush about the streets looking for one another, and talk shop between acts at the play. If he hasn't been to America, his conception of American hustle is probably embodied in the "Do it now" sign. He never tires of telling about the hustling American chap who hung "Do it now" signs all about the bally old shop, such a blessed lot of them you never saw, and then put his feet up on his desk, 'pon me word, and did nothing! This type of Englishman cannot rid himself of the belief that the American regards "Do it now" as a prime-mover. Whereas with us it is rather an effect than a cause—an

axiom spread around originally, perhaps, by some big American executive who was in the habit of doing it yesterday, to guide subordinates who were likely not to get it done until tomorrow.

ENGLISH PARODIES ON AMERICAN AXIOMS.

The Englishman is importing our commercial axioms now—and mighty humorous stuff they become on the Atlantic voyage. Our terse philosophy on the delights of getting busy, the value of persistence, the infallibility of success, are always qualified by the British editor who prints them. He carefully removes all the zip! He counsels the business youth of England to "Do it now," and at the same time reminds him that "Happy the man whose wish and care a few paternal acres bound."

Other American methods and appliances are being imported, too. But very slowly. In five or ten years England may be a country of opportunity. The young generation of Englishmen has a new aggressiveness. The Scotchman presses in from the north as never before. A typical Scotch face encountered in London affairs has the thinness, keenness and earnestness of the entering wedge. It belongs to an individual who delights in the Yankee, because the latter will sit and talk business with him unashamed past midnight—something that few Englishmen will do.

"I've lived with him five days now," said a Scot, speaking of his English roommate on a steamer, "and a fine young chap—a rare talker. But I don't know yet what his line may be."

There was a stone quarry in the West of England that had come down several generations in the same family. The founder had employed about one hundred men. His son employed no more, nor his grandson. But two great-grandsons came from the universities three years ago and took charge. To-day that quarry employs a thousand men. It embodies the new spirit.

The American, knowing not what

lies below the surface, would accelerate matters with a few kicks and pushes. After a week in London he finds the Briton's problem easy, and the Briton himself plain as print. When he has lived there five years, however, he not only finds matters not so simple, but has been known to outdo the Englishman himself in conservatism. It is said, for instance, that the manager for an American insurance company, in London that long, now carefully writes his reply in pencil on the back of each letter, and sends it to a clerk to be copied in longhand.

A newly-arrived American put some legal matters in the hands of one of the ablest corporation attorneys—a famous “city man.” For weeks he had occasion to visit the latter's chambers, climbing several dark flights of stairs in a dark alley. A worn shred of carpet on the floor. A huge table strewn with valuable documents, gathering dust and soot. More stored in tin boxes, with never a thought of fire. A maze of partitions, high desks, high stools, and a dozen of those London “clarks” who seem to be cheaper than any labor-saving contrivance.

“See here,” protested the American one day, “a man of your ability knows better than this. Throw out that old table, clean up, buy a civilized rug and some modern files, and store those papers where they'll at least be kept tidy.”

The attorney laughed.

“My dear fellow, if I did that every client would leave me to-morrow. Why, they'd fawncy I'd gone into some shady bit of stock-jobbing! Only the Jews do such things.”

THE BRITISH MERCHANT'S INHERITED HANDICAP.

A story is told of an attorney who, more rash, actually installed a typewriter. His first letter to a client brought an alarming reply: “My dear sir, if you cannot take time to write me personally when I communicate with you I shall have to be engaging another solicitor. I cannot

permit every clerk in your chambers to know my affairs.”

The Bankers' Clearing House, in London, deals with bankers. Hence, it may safely install computing machines. The banks, however, deal with a clientele very different from the pushing business men who make up the mass of American depositors. Instead, their depositors are largely an elder generation. They look to banks to safeguard investments and collect dividends. And they insist that the goose-quill be found beside the modern steel pen. The latter is concession enough to a thoughtless generation without such abominations as typewriters.

Only in a few of the older cities of our own Atlantic coast will an American be able to realize how a business house handed down through three generations can be hampered in policy and operation by its very past. For our business is all new. Nine out of every ten houses in the United Kingdom are hampered by generations now dead and gone.

In the Scotch distilling trade, for instance, there has been remarkable aggression the past ten years. Scotch-and-soda has been introduced all over the world. One or two names in this trade are widely known—outside of Scotland.

“These are promoters,” explained a distiller in the North country—a young man who is now conducting, as aggressively as he can, a business founded by his grandfather. “They started with nothing—not even hampered by a distillery. The gentleman who made the largest success once worked here for my father. Now we are tied up all over the kingdom by trade agreements, discounts, divisions of territory, all arranged by the Pater or his Pater. Regular heirlooms, you know. We should like to advertise our product in American fashion. But we don't sell direct anywhere, and it would be making money to put into other people's pockets. Why, we sell at third hand in some places. One of these promoters who developed foreign trade by advertising actually gets goods made here in our plant.

But we don't sell it to him. He buys it of a man who buys it of another man who comes to us."

Occasionally a new generation comes and cuts such a Gordian knot of trade alliances. More often, however, the first or second generation has made so much money that the third abandons trade and the business is sold or wound up.

It has been said that the Englishman works that he may play, while the American plays that he may work. The epigram holds much truth.

While at his shop the Englishman transacts nothing but business, by appointment. He wants to be finished. The Londoner is a clock-watcher, and hates the thought of Monday morning. His heart is in his country estate and his family. For this reason he sharply condenses his transactions, and omits hundreds of details that the American works out lovingly. Thus, it is entirely true, as Americans of some experience in London assure new arrivals—and as the latter are seldom willing to believe—that a man may get through several times as much business during a year in the British metropolis as in New York, and have twice or thrice as much leisure.

LITTLE SOCIAL LIFE IN BRITISH BUSINESS.

There is little social life in British business, and this the American misses most of all. No business clubs where every one in wool, hardware, chemicals or publishing lunches at midday, meets every one else in that trade, and gets all the gossip. The Briton dines at his regular club, where business is strictly tabooed. Personality plays a smaller part in business—where an American house often permits department managers to sign their names in correspondence, the English business letter is usually signed by the "Manager for the Company." Our countless commercial organizations, with their great dinners and notable speakers, are just beginning to be understood in England. With us, of course, business is the one general interest. Over there it must give place to half

a dozen other general interests, social, artistic, political, and likewise compete with a hundred little hobbies. So a man is expected to leave his shop in the city.

An excellent English couple, staying at a London hotel, formed an acquaintance with an American. The last thing the American did in parting was to hand to Mrs. John Bull his business card instead of the ordinary visiting-card. This breach of usage puzzled her for several days. The matter was not cleared up until another American explained that his business card was undoubtedly the only sort our compatriot possessed.

The Englishman condenses his business, gives it the cut direct, and some times turns and vilifies it roundly. And still he is bound up with details to a much greater degree than we are, because he will not delegate authority. Ask him to decide to-day, and he smiles: "Ah, yes, you are a newly-arrived American!" With us, initiative is cultivated. Our executive is always looking for a man who can do his own work. Our office boy is encouraged to make suggestions. But, in England, initiative is still generally regarded as impertinence, and if the office boy came down with a suggestion for improving methods he would not only be discharged, but his employer might consider it a work of public service to keep that boy out of other houses and force him to emigrate to Canada. Under such conditions it is but natural that subordinates should be intent chiefly on sitting squarely upon three-legged stools and keeping their thoughts to themselves.

An Englishman admires the initiative in American business. Nothing so transforms him as a visit to this country. He goes back with a complaint that his own understrappers lack this vital spark. As a matter of fact, however, they respond very readily to coaching under an American manager. Initiative is not lacking, but the art of cultivating it and trusting it with burdens is.

An English employer hires a boy because he can show who his great-grandfather was. He promotes him

steadily by a seniority system until the top of a department is reached. He puts him in charge of this, and watches him from day to day, and interferes in every detail. The first year that department fails to pay out goes its head.

An American hires a boy because he has a clean spark in his eye, puts him through torsion, compression and breaking-strain tests, gives him full charge of a department, all the weight of his credit, and lets him alone up to the annual report of net earnings. There may be a falling off as compared with last year. Well, he isn't going to throw away all that experience. So they go into the matter together, find out where the money was lost, and next year concentrate energy on the weak point.

An American with a growing business in New York found it necessary to establish a London branch. The latter grew. He had to visit it once every year. It grew more, and he went yearly. It grew still more, and eventually he was spending weeks on the ocean back and forth.

Every time he got back to his New York business he found that some subordinate had pried a bit of it loose, taken it away and made it the basis of a business for himself. In the end this happened so many times that the New York house had to be wound up and attention concentrated on the London one. In London, however, the business remained much as he left it, neither growing nor decreasing while he was away, and with all the subordinates in their same old places each time he returned. More than three years passed before one of the latter had the hardihood to chip off a tiny corner of the London establishment and set up independently, and, when the matter was looked into, it was found that the Englishman who did this had had experience in America.

An Englishman seems to consider that his business has reached the ideal stage when it is efficient but wholly impersonal. He wouldn't wish to have it intrude on others. Conse-

quently he misses some of the finest phases of our business atmosphere.

There is a certain house in New York that has an internal telephone exchange with perhaps twenty-five branch instruments. Each of these communicates with somebody in authority in that house. Each of these somebodies has relations with twenty-five, fifty or a hundred customers, to say nothing of relatives and friends. Altogether there must be more than 2,000 persons in the city who are likely to call that house up at any moment. The girl who sits at that telephone exchange has perhaps never seen twenty of these 2,000 persons. But she knows every one of them by voice, and also knows whom he usually asks for, and probably whether his relation with that person is a commercial or a friendly one. If Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had ever called up a person in that establishment as many as six times, she might not know that he was the Mr. Morgan. But she would classify him as a Mr. Morgan, and if the financier went around the world in his yacht and was gone two years, and suddenly popped into New York again and called up that concern, this young lady would greet him immediately and unhesitatingly with:

A TELEPHONE GIRL WHO IS A REAL ASSET.

"Oh, this is Mr. Morgan, isn't it? And you want to talk with Mr. Ben B.? I'll switch you right on his wire."

It took five years to train this girl. But she was worth it, for an American never grows too great or too busy to be susceptible to such consideration. She is an asset in that business.

An Englishman demands similar attention in personal service. He expects, when he turns over in bed and sighs in the morning, that the maid in the hotel corridor will set down his jug of shaving-water outside the door. But he hasn't learned to refine his business in the same way. If a telephone girl said to him: "Ho, yus—you're Mister Morgan," he would straightway infer that she had wormed out a lot of his secret discounts.

It is the same with the typewriter. The London typist is a stolid, inefficient creature compared with the keen American girls who serve busy American executives, and are not only confidential secretaries, guardians of the chief's secrets and his privacy, but literally snatch away from him details that he might not perceive can be carried out by subordinates. They handle not only his correspondence, but also manage his appointments, make his luncheon engagements, and buy his railway tickets. Under a relation that would hardly be comprehended in England, they oftentimes keep up for him at the office a complete wardrobe, and with three words of direction will take the detail of letting his wife know he is bringing some one home to dinner, 'phoning the chauffeur to be at the door at five-thirty, and blowing him up a bit for being late the night before.

The English typist, good soul, is chiefly concerned with punctuation and capitalization, and dares be concerned with little else. She is quite up to her opportunities. One sharp shock comes to the American in England when he sees an order given her, accompanied by an imperious snap of the fingers. It is clear that this is done only by some Englishmen. But a Yankee's fists close in spite of himself when he runs up against this habit the first time. And he never grows so accustomed to it that he ceases to speculate upon what might happen to anybody who did that to an office-boy at home.

THE MORE SUBORDINATES THE BETTER

In contrast, however, this is the place to speak of the English employer's loyalty to his employees, and also to point out the distinction that the word "employee" is seldom used, but that a man's subordinates in business are called "servants." From the greatest railways to the humblest private business there is a disposition to give places to as many subordinates as possible, and a truly paternal system of promotions by seniority, of keeping a man or woman as long as it is possible, for them to work, and

then pensioning them off. It obtains as universally through commercial affairs as in English governmental service. One characteristic of the typical English business house is that it will be overmanned.

Something else the American misses after a time. Not immediately, perhaps. But one morning the question suddenly flashes upon him:

"Where is the business woman?"

And echo answers: "Yep, that's so—where!"

Occasionally the British magazine, when it wants a really up-to-date feature with a streak of yellow in it, prints the portraits of the half-dozen peeresses who have embarked in trade. There is Lady Auckland with a furniture shop, and the Countess of Essex with a laundry (an American girl, to begin with), the Countess of Limerick, who has gone into trade for philanthropic purposes, and so forth. In his heart the London editor probably considers this symposium altogether devilish. But the typical American business woman, with her grasp of detail, her independence, her clean, frank glance into one's eyes, and her clean, direct way of analyzing a proposition in a moment and pointing out its weaknesses—she will not be found to any extent in London. In fact, when one comes to think of it, the only person standing for her at all was Miss Sally Brass, in the Old Curiosity Shop. And she came to a horrible end.

Will the Englishman ever be, in business, like us? In some respects he is becoming so, and, rather strangely, his government seems to lead in American notions. It was predicted that the staid Foreign Office would have trouble when modern files and real live typists were added in Downing Street. No woman could keep a secret! What would become of diplomacy? But the reform has been a success. Scotland Yard actually woke up not long ago and began giving photographs of criminals and their handwriting to the press.

There is the question, too, of whether we are not becoming somewhat like the Englishman. Our big man's

art collection, and our little men's golf clubs seem to show that this new trade in business standards is to have an import as well as an export side.

But in business it is safe to say that the two nations will never very closely resemble each other. There are racial differences and social differences. Most of all, there is the climatic difference.

The American never grows accustomed to London's climate. Neither does the Londoner. It is a remarkably healthy climate, for one thing, and also markedly depressing. There are no wide variations of temperature. Nor are there the brisk breezes of the United States, which in New York City average nine miles an hour, putting nip into the air. London's rainfall is heavy, and also its percentage of humidity even in clear weather. The rarity of disastrous fires there is sometimes cited by American editors as a result of English care and construction. But the London fireman gives other reasons:

"No high winds, sir," he says, "and a smaller ignition risk on account of the humidity—things do not ignite so easily nor burn so freely."

When the thermometer drops in New York the effect is usually invigorating. When it drops in London a damp cold penetrates the bones. There is far less sunshine than we are accustomed to, and when a real London fog comes down from nor'east

(not the white fog of the tourist season, but the regular "black un," or what Mr. Guppy called a "London particular") There is not much optimism going. The Londoner never comprehends the American until he comes to New York and lives in a brighter, brisker climate. At the end of a week he will run after street cars he doesn't want at all, and beat the American hustler at it, and doesn't need a "Do it now" sign either.

The Englishman is coming out of a drab generation that is still reflected in the scoldings of Ruskin, those gloomy novels of Gissing, like a long family quarrel, and in many other places. He fell behind in free education, in technical training, in applied science. He would be a genuine decadent to-day were it not for his magnificent stamina. But he is catching up, and no criticism of his business methods must be read without keeping in mind his vast world trade, and the very long time that he has been doing business at the same old stand.

He is coming out of the shadow of the chimney-pot hat. A curious alteration is going on inside of him, commercially. He is sloughing off a lot of outworn social notions that hamper him in business. Almost any of these days now he may be thoroughly awake. And when he is, the American in London, far from wanting to reform him, may heartily wish that he could be put back to sleep again.

On Living

Philip James Bailey

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

The Significance of Mr. Hearst

By Sidney Brooks in The Fortnightly Review

IT borders perhaps on unfriendliness to say that Mr. Hearst is typical of America. But he is certainly so far characteristic of his country that none other could have permitted him to become the social problem and the political force he unquestionably is. His career and his power, and the way in which he pursues the one and accumulates and utilizes the other, are salient and revealing precisely because they are abnormal. Just as it often needs an exaggeration to lay bare the heart of a truth, so the essentials of national conditions and tendencies are sometimes most clearly crystallized in their least representative products. Mr. Hearst fulfils with an overwhelming adequacy this function of illumination by distortion. He is the concave mirror of American life, journalism, and politics. Features in the national physiognomy that would otherwise pass unnoticed leap into a scandalizing prominence under the reflex of his elongations and distensions. He may not be America, but he is undisguisably American; nor, even with the utmost goodwill, can one conceive him as being anything else. Millais was not more assuredly the John Bull of British art, nor the late Mr. Kensit of British theology, than is Mr. Hearst in his papers, his politics, and his influence, a summing-up of much that makes America so peculiarly American. The achievements of all three bear the stamp of unmitigated nationality. No one could possibly have mistaken Millais for a Frenchman or Kensit for anything but what he was. Each was typical of

his milieu to the negative degree of being impossible and unimaginable outside of it. In the same way, while Mr. Hearst, as an embodiment of his country, may be, and no doubt is, a caricature and a grotesque, Americans cannot disown or repudiate him. Unhappily for them, it but too often happens that a caricature is more lifelike than a photograph, and that over-emphasis does not obscure realities but heightens them.

Mr. Hearst's father was one of the hardest-headed and most fortunate of the Californian pioneers. Silver mines, copper mines, newspapers, railways, ranches, and, finally, a seat in the United States Senate, he amassed them all. Exploitation was his business, and politics his hobby, and with a fortune of four millions sterling it was a hobby he could afford to prosecute on a big scale. Of all his properties the San Francisco Examiner was the one that probably interested him the least. He had acquired it as part of the necessary equipment of a millionaire with many interests to protect and political ambitions to forward. It did not pay; it was not meant to pay; but it served its purpose as a monthpiece for the local "magnates," and it was part of the bargain that carried its proprietor to the Senate. With that its mission in life was well-nigh over. In another few months Mr. Hearst would probably have unloaded it with the utmost efficiency upon the next millionaire in whose bonnet the political bee was buzzing. It was just at that moment that his son was expelled from Harvard for

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. HEARST.

some mildly mischievous escapade, returned to San Francisco, utterly refused, on the ground that they did not interest him, to be harnessed to the paternal mines and ranches, and asked instead for the gift of the Examiner. It was handed over to him. The Senator was well pleased to find his amiable indolent son develop a definite purpose, even though it lay in the incomprehensible direction of journalism; he had the curiosity of a great industrial gambler to see what he would make of so curious an enterprise; and he no doubt took it for granted that after playing for a few years with his new toy, the young man would settle down to the business of learning how to preserve, administer, and enlarge the fortune he was to inherit. But the son had other views. Journalism to him was not a paragon but a career. He had sat at the feet of Pulitzer and had studied the methods by which that consummate master of phosphorescent effects had raised the New York World to the unquestioned primacy of the sewer. He determined to be the Pulitzer of the Pacific Coast, and to conduct the Examiner with the keyhole for a point of view, sensationalism for a policy, crime, scandal, and personalities for a specialty, all vested interests for a punching bag, cartoons, illustrations, and comic supplements for embellishments, and circulation for an object. He entirely succeeded. His father bore the initial expenses, and in return had the gratification of finding the Examiner turned loose among the businesses, characters, and private lives of his friends and associates. Hardly a prominent family escaped; the corporations were slayed, the plutocracy mercilessly ridiculed, and the social life of San Francisco, and especially of its wealthier citizens, was flooded with all the publicity that huge and flaming headlines and cohorts of reportorial eavesdroppers could give it. San Francisco was horrified but it

bought the Examiner; Senator Hearst remonstrated with his son, and to the last never quite reconciled himself to the "new journalism," but he did not withhold supplies, and in a very few years the enterprise was beyond need of his assistance, and earning a handsome profit. He marked, however, his sense of insecurity in his son's proceedings by leaving his fortune entirely in the hands of Mrs. Hearst, a lady whose unhappy fate it has been to furnish the son to whom she is devoted with the means of propagating a peculiarly disagreeable type of journalism.

It was about eleven years ago, when he had just turned thirty-three, that Mr. Hearst made up his mind to duplicate in New York the success he had met with in San Francisco. He bought up a disreputable sheet called the Journal, and proceeded to turn it into a rival that would meet and beat the World on the latter's own ground. He justly argued that to do this he had, first of all, to make the Journal more notorious than the World; and it speaks well for his self-confidence that he did not at once dismiss such an ideal as absolutely unattainable. There is no need to go into the details of the resounding journalistic conflict that followed. Mr. Hearst began by winning over to his side most of the men whom Pulitzer had trained; Pulitzer bought them back again at an increased figure; Hearst finally annexed them with the bait of long contracts and more than ambassadorial salaries. He ransacked the magazines and the weekly paper for the best writers and the best artists; he produced a paper with as much wood pulp in it and as liberally bespattered with ink of every hue as the World, and he sold it for half the price. The fight was long, bitter, and ignoble, but the victory in the end went to the younger man. He outbid the World at every point; he made it by contrast seem almost respectable. His

headlines were longer by whole inches, his sensations more breathlessly acrobatic, if Pulitzer turned on a dozen reporters to unravel a murder mystery Hearst detailed twenty. There was, and is, an enormous amount of real talent and ingenuity in every issue of the Journal, but it was guided in those early days by no principle beyond that of securing a circulation at any cost. Other objects have influenced its policy and its ambitions since then, but its first business was to make itself known and talked of. It succeeded; the dishonor of selling the most papers in and around New York ceased to be Mr. Pulitzer's; and the veteran practically retired from the contest when he disclaimed for the World the epithet of "yellow" which his rival boldly and openly gloried in. To-day the two papers are scarcely competitors; the World has retained its old footing and influence; and Mr. Hearst has discovered a new and larger class of readers, and invented for their delectation and his own advancement a new type of journalism.

Within the last few years the Journal has multiplied itself in many cities and under many aliases. Mr. Hearst now owns a Continental chain of eight papers published in the leading cities of America, and many weekly and monthly periodicals as well. Through them he daily addresses an audience of probably not less than four million people. All his publications are of the same saffron coloring: all belong emphatically to "the journalism that acts." One cannot stay for long in any part of the United States without being confronted by the tokens of their activities. Whether it be rescuing a Cuban maiden from the clutches of a General Weyler, or dispatching relief trains to the scene of some great disaster, or distributing free ice in summer and free soup in winter, or taking out an injunction against a Trust, or setting forth with full illustrations a hundred dif-

ferent ways of killing a man, or fomenting a war, Mr. Hearst's papers are always "doing things." And some of the things are worth doing. That is a fact which the stupidity of Mr. Hearst's enemies—and no man has ever been served so well by his foes—has yet to recognize. There is nothing to be said against his journals which in my judgment they do not deserve. But there is something to be said for them which has to be said if the nature of their appeal and of Mr. Hearst's power is to be understood. While most of the American papers in the big cities are believed to be under the influence of "the money power," Mr. Hearst's have never failed to flay the rich perverter of public funds and properties and the rich gambler in fraudulent consolidations. They daily explain to the masses how they are being robbed by the Trusts and the concession-hunters, juggled with by the politicians, and betrayed by their elected officers. They unearth the iniquities of a great corporation with the same microscopic diligence that they squander on following up the clues in a murder mystery or collecting or inventing the details of a society scandal. Their motives may be dubious and their methods wholly brazen, but it is undeniable that the public has benefited by many of their achievements. When Mr. Hearst was running thirteen months ago for the Governorship of New York State no journal opposed him more strongly than Collier's Weekly. But that admirable periodical which combines alertness with sanity, a perfect balance with perfect fearlessness, doubled the effectiveness of its opposition by admitting to the full Mr. Hearst's services to the community. "It is due to Mr. Hearst more than to any other man," it said, "that the Central and Union Pacific Railroads paid the £24,000,000 they owed the Government. Mr. Hearst secured a model Children's Hospital for San Fran-

cisco, and he built the Greek Theatre of the University of California—one of the most successful classic reproductions in America. Eight years ago, and again this year, his energetic campaigns did a large part of the work of keeping the Ice Trust within bounds in New York. His industrious Law Department put some fetters on the Coal Trust. He did much of the work of defeating the Ramapo plot, by which New York would have been saddled with a charge of £40,000,000 for water. To the industry and pertinacity of his lawyers New Yorkers owe their ability to get gas for eighty cents a thousand feet, as the law directs, instead of a dollar. In maintaining a legal department which plunges into the limelight with injunctions and mandamuses when corporations are caught trying to sneak under or around a law, he has rendered a service which has been worth millions of dollars to the public." These are achievements the credit for which no fair-minded opponent can refuse to Mr. Hearst, nor do they make a meagre list. But Mr. Hearst's own valuation of his public services is pitched in a much higher key. He has not, few American politicians can afford to have, any mock modesty. Not a Bill that he has supported passes, not a movement that he has once advocated succeeds, but Mr. Hearst claims the credit for it. In enormous headlines and with every artifice of capitals, italics, and cartoons his papers daily proclaim, and his four million readers hear and believe, that Hearst has forced a popular measure through a reluctant Congress, or exposed another financial "magnate," or procured an official inquiry into the workings of some detested Trust, or rescued San Francisco from starvation.

The glorification of Mr. Hearst is, indeed, the first of the many queer enterprises in which his journals engage. His name appears on them all in unavoidable type; the leading articles bear his signature; the news

columns "spread" themselves over his doings. No man has ever had at his disposal so vast an engine of publicity, and Mr. Hearst and his advisers are consummately skilled in working it. There were probably few Congressmen who spoke less or were more frequently away from Washington than Mr. Hearst during his four years' membership of the national legislature. Yet there was none who made himself more conspicuous. Whenever he had a Bill to propose, a Bill drafted by his private attorney, the reporters and special correspondents from all his newspapers would descend upon Washington to "write it up." Thus the workmen had it screamed into them that Hearst had brought forward one Bill for establishing the eight-hour day in the Government arsenals, and another for relieving Trade Unions from their liabilities under the laws against combination, and a third for the national purchase of the telegraph lines, and a fourth for the institution of a parcels post. The farmers were made to realize that Mr. Hearst had introduced a Bill appropriating £10,000,000 to the building of good national roads; and all who had a grievance against the Trusts were enjoined in megaphonic tones to fall in behind the young Congressman who had framed one Bill empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix railway rates and another facilitating and expediting prosecutions under the Anti-Trust Laws. And lest the more conservative elements in the country should be alienated, it was emphasized in a voice of thunder that Mr. Hearst had sought to raise the salaries of the judges of the Supreme Court from £2,400 to £5,000 a year. None of these Bills passed or had the remotest chance of passing, but they enabled Mr. Hearst to come before the public as the friend of the people, the champion of labor interests, and the foe of the corporations. Nothing that can add to the attractiveness of

these roles is left unshricketed. Mr. Hearst is a generous employer; he pays if anything rather more than the highest rate of Trade Union wages; the salaries received by his staff of writers are probably unique in the history of journalism; all his newspaper properties are conducted on the eight-hour plan. These are the sort of facts that his papers never weary of hurling at the American public. He is the most widely and ingeniously advertised man in the world; his "boom" never slackens; no one's voice reaches farther than his. The whole machinery at his command is worked to popularize the impression—which is not, I repeat, a wholly baseless one—that while other men are talkers, Mr. Hearst is a doer, and that even Mr. Roosevelt, for all his sermonizing and with all the implements of official authority in his hand, has done less to shackle the Trusts and to uphold the rights of Labor than this private citizen working single-handed, on his own initiative and at his own expense.

When I was revisiting the United States some eighteen months ago I found no one, not even Mr. Roosevelt, more talked about than Mr. Hearst. But the talk was mainly a string of speculative interrogations. That he was a power every one, from the President downwards, admitted; some joyfully, some reluctantly, others with a shrug of disgust at the strange whims of democracy. But beyond that elementary acknowledgment everything was chaos and conjecture. I found no one who could tell me with the least assurance of certainty what manner of man Mr. Hearst was; whether he really believed in the policies he advocated, whether he had any ideas or convictions of his own, or whether he was merely a puppet in other and abler men's hands. I was assured with equal positiveness that Mr. Hearst was the only genuine champion of the Have-nots against the Haves, that he was a political mountebank and buffoon, that he was nothing but a notoriety-hunter, that he

was a myth, and that his show of power was due to the dexterity of an adroit and supremely capable committee in the background. No man, of course, who owns newspapers that are published in half-a-dozen cities, scattered over an area of three million square miles, and who is also the proprietor of a million acres of farm and ranch land, and a mine owner into the bargain, can possibly attend in person to the management of all his interests. Mr. Hearst has had the good sense not even to make the attempt. He has all of Mr. Carnegie's genius for picking out the right man to do his work. Only where Mr. Carnegie capitalized Brains and invested them in business, Mr. Hearst has invested them not only in business but in politics as well. He is the paymaster of a small, loyal, and brilliant organization. They do all the work; he takes all the public credit. The chief of this little band is Mr. Arthur Brisbane. It is he who formulates and expounds the Hearst creed in the editorial columns of the New York Evening Journal. His father was one of the most ardent of the Brook Farm fraternity, from which he separated because he could not engraft upon it the doctrines of Fourier. The son, cosmopolitanly educated, with many of the attributes of a student and a scholar, has inherited his father's Socialistic leanings. He has at all events an attractive and more or less definite creed of sympathy with the oppressed, the disinherited, the "less fortunate," as he is fond of calling them. He is a man of wide reading and a keen, open, and reflective mind; he writes with an unsurpassable crispness and lucidity; and he has invented a sharp staccato style which, when set off with a coruscation of all known typographical devices, has brought him a wider audience than any writer or preacher has had before. Always fresh and pyrotechnical, master of the telling phrase and the plausible argument, and veiling the dexterous half-truth beneath a drapery of buoyant and popular philosophy or sentiment, Mr. Brisbane has every qualification that an insinuating propagandist of discontent

should have. The leading articles that have made Mr. Hearst a household name among the laboring classes have all been written by Mr. Brisbane. He supplies the Hearst movement with its intellectual dynamics; Mr. Carvalho attends to the business of making it pay. Thirty years' experience of newspaper offices, and even more than the average American's instinct for organization, have put Mr. Carvalho in complete possession of all the details of advertising, circulation, distribution and mechanical production. He is the business manager of all the Hearst newspaper properties, and in forwarding their development he shows none of that objection to Trust methods which animates Mr. Brisbane's editorials. The belief is very common in America that thanks to Mr. Carvalho's astuteness, Mr. Hearst's political campaigns are practically self-supporting. They pay their way in the increased circulation of his journals. Two more of Mr. Hearst's lieutenants deserve a passing word. One of them is Mr. Clarence Shearn, who takes charge of Mr. Hearst's legal interests, drafts the bills that Mr. Hearst used to introduce into Congress, starts proceedings every other month or so—always, of course, in Mr. Hearst's name—against this or that Trust, and has the yet more arduous task of looking through Mr. Hearst's New York papers before they go to press and deleting the libels. The other is Mr. Max Ihmsen, the political manager, whose business it is to found Hearst clubs, create Hearst sentiment, enrol Hearst delegates, conduct negotiations with rival bosses, and see to it that conventions do what is expected of them. Mr. Ihmsen was the Hearst candidate for Sheriff in the election three weeks ago, but suffered defeat.

These are the men who, working behind the scenes, without any observable friction, and with a complete suppression of personal ambitions—a collection of Mr. Brisbane's articles was published under the title of "Hearst Editorials"—have made the Hearst movement a reality. It throws a wholly new light on the possibilities

of electioneering to watch them working together in the heat of a campaign. There is not a device for attracting votes that they do not know and practise. Mr. Hearst's cablegram to the Times, with its rowdy appeal to Irish-American and German-American sympathy, by no means gave the full measure of their ingenuity. The Pope has been repeatedly pressed into Mr. Hearst's service; one of their favorite "campaign documents" is a portrait of His Holiness inscribed with a message of thanks and a pontifical blessing to Mr. Hearst for the "relief" he sent after the eruption of Vesuvius. The Jews on the East Side are taught to look upon Mr. Hearst as the foremost American champion of their Russian co-religionists. The many services Mr. Hearst has rendered to the community, the many more he claims to have rendered, are made the themes of daily panegyrics. For each class and for each nationality a special ground of appeal is prepared. The allegations regarding Mr. Hearst's life before his marriage are answered by flooding the constituencies with portraits of his wife and son, and by making Bishop Potter, who performed the marriage ceremony, appear in the light of a witness to his character. The Trade Union vote is angled for by the conclusive argument that Mr. Hearst pays more than Trade Union wages. For the farmers there is a separate journal, in which Mr. Hearst chiefly figures as the sympathetic owner of a million acres. Business, politics, philanthropy, domesticity, an infinity of brass bands, fireworks, processions, and all the other aids to reflection with which Americans conduct their political campaigns, the Brisbane editorials and Mr. Ihmsen's genius for the tactics which his countrymen glorify under the name of politics, are all enrolled in the Hearst movement.

But there is more in it than pantomime and pandemonium. What gives Mr. Hearst his ultimate power is that he has used the resources of an unlimited publicity to make himself and his propaganda the rallying point for disaffection and unrest. His journals

make it their consistent policy to preach discontent, to side always with "the people," and to take the part of Labor against Capital. They used to set no bounds to the violence of their attack. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna were assailed and caricatured with an unbridled vehemence and maliciousness that provoked a fierce, though only a brief, reaction after the President's assassination. Mr. Hearst bowed to the storm, covered the stricken President with sanctimonious eulogies, and did not until the day after the funeral attempt to defend himself. "The sum of the Journal's offences," it was then announced, "is that it has fought for the people, and against class privilege, and class pride and class greed and class heartlessness with more and varied weapons, with more force and talent and enthusiasm, than any other newspaper in the country." That was and is a perfectly true statement. The Hearst newspapers, though they have moderated their methods, have not changed their policy; and it is a policy which finds an immense justification in the conditions of American life and politics. No one can visit the United States these days without becoming conscious of a pervasive social unrest. The people are beginning to think. They have turned away, as Mr. H. G. Wells rightly discerned, "from all the heady self-satisfaction of the nineteenth century," and have commenced "a process of heart-searching quite unparalleled in history." They are questioning themselves and their future and their institutions with an open-mindedness that a decade ago would have seemed well-nigh treasonable. They are beginning to wonder whether the great experiment is after all so great as it once appeared; or, rather, they are beginning to see that it is an experiment merely. Familiar ideals, established political and social systems, are being brought as never before to the touchstone of fact. The inadequacies of an eighteenth-century Constitution in the face of twentieth-century problems are daily impressing themselves for the national comprehension. Economic and industrial de-

velopments, it is felt, have taken on an intricacy and a varied sweep that are slowly bringing the Constitution to a confusion of helplessness. More and more, people are asking themselves whether the United States can any longer be called a democracy. More and more, people are coming to see that under the forms of popular self-government, political equality has become the sport of "bosses" and economic equality the jest of a voracious plutocracy. The Courts to an alarming degree are losing the confidence of the masses; the Senate has already lost it. The old parties, the old catchwords are ceasing to attract. The people perceive their emptiness and are palpably tiring of them. Republicans and Democrats, with their obselete mummeries, will soon mean less than nothing to a nation that is girding itself to wrest its liberties from the grip of organized wealth. A wave of social protest is sweeping across the country, over all sections, and with an utter heedlessness of the traditional party divisions. Federated Labor, fired by the example of England, is abandoning its timid non-partizanship and preparing to plunge into politics as a class with distinct interests of its own to serve. In city, State and nation there is now but one issue—the struggle between equality and privilege. Great masses of Americans are growing up with an angry feeling that they have been cheated out of their inheritance. They see, or think they see, that the millionaire and the boss rule and own America; that together they control all the functions of Government; that the Courts and the ballot-box are merely instruments of their power and the Constitution a handmaid to their iniquities; that all legislation is conceived in their interests, drafted and voted by their henchmen; and that, as a consequence, where there is one law for the protection of human life there are a thousand for the protection of property. This may be a mere nightmare vision of America, but it is one that hundreds of thousands believe in as a waking reality.

Against such conditions Hearstism

is the loudest and the most popular protest. With more point and passion than any other leader, Mr. Hearst has attacked the industrialization of American politics, has insisted that the political masters of the country are its captains of industry. He has proclaimed with strident iteration that the money power is in effect a conspiracy against the commonweal, and the disclosures of the past few years in the management of the insurance companies, the railways, the Chicago canning factories, the New York traction companies, and in the banking corporations, have abundantly justified him. He has incessantly shrieked that "the people" were being robbed by their rulers, and he is now proved right. Employing all the resources of a vicious journalism to quicken the American proletariat into an uprising against the forces of bossism and capital, he has made himself believed in as the forerunner of the new American revolution. It is not only a political party, but a social class that he seeks to found, to rouse to consciousness and to lead. From the sinister alliance of debased politics with industrial monopoly he points to what not only he, but many millions of Americans believe to be the only road of escape—the public ownership of public utilities. When he declares that "the great problem of the hour is to do away with corporation control of the Government," and when he declares that control to rest "mainly upon our system of partizan politics directed by Boss rule and subject to Trust ownership," there may be many Americans who will dispute Mr. Hearst's fitness to apply the remedy, but there are few with sufficient hardihood to deny the accuracy of his diagnosis. He profits enormously by the ferocious hostility of the corporations that have debauched American politics, nor is it only the poor and the ignorant who subscribe to his programme. I was surprised, when in America last year, to find how many of the younger men he had won over to his side—men who were not at all inclined to sympathize with "yellow" journalism, but who

were sick of the old parties, repelled by the universality of graft, and who, while deploring Mr. Hearst's methods, saw in his programme, and in his alone, a chance of real political regeneration. The main plank in that programme is, as I have said, the public ownership of public utilities; but it contains other measures, such as ballot reform, direct nominations, and the election of United States Senators by the people instead of by the State legislatures, that also commend themselves to a great body of sensible and non-partizan opinion.

Mr. Hearst's political career has been sensational even for a land where politics are always turning somersaults. One cannot begin to appraise it aright until one grasps the fact that for a large section of the masses he symbolizes not only a detestation of the plutocracy, but also that weariness with the regular parties which is one of the most baffling phenomena in American politics. That Republicans and Democrats are slowly transforming themselves in policy and spirit, though not in name, into Conservatives and Radicals, seems to me indisputable. Mr. Hearst is a Radical, and it is to all Radicals, whether they call themselves Democrats or Republicans, that he makes his appeal. By affiliation a Democrat, it is on the Democratic Party that he will first of all seek to impose himself and his programme; but the ultimate aim of his somewhat bewildering tactics, if I understand them aright, is to gather round him in every State in the Union such a body of followers as will enable him to hold the balance of power. In the Presidential Election of 1904 he secured over two hundred delegates at the National Democratic Convention. In 1905 he ran for the Mayoralty of New York on an independent ticket, and fought Tammany to a standstill. In 1906 he was in alliance with Tammany, and accepted by the Democrats of New York State as their official candidate for the Governorship. In 1907 he cut loose from his allies of the previous year, and "fused" with the Republicans, who twelve months before had smothered him with abuse.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

In 1908 he will probably appear before the National Democratic Convention with a sufficient number of delegates to influence and perhaps control the party nominations for the Presidency. That this "in and out form" puts Mr. Hearst in a very dubious light and heavily discounts his sincerity is, of course, self-evident; but it is at the same time a remarkable testimony to the reality of his power that he should have succeeded in forcing himself upon both parties in turn. His political methods, like his journalistic, are wholly brazen, but they seem to be effective, and the prophets who were declaring three weeks ago that Mr. Hearst was finally done for little know their man or the game he is playing. Mr. Hearst, in my opinion, will continue to be an incalculable and profoundly disturbing influence in American politics; and it is not yet certain that he may not some day be the supreme influence. No force that can be brought against him appears capable of doing more than defeat him; it cannot crush and annihilate him. Even his unsavory tactics and the manifold contradictions of his position do not alienate his following. Despite the fact that he is the professed foe of corporations, his own organization, the Independence League, is a corporation not merely in name but in law. It is registered like any other stock company, and it can take no action whatever without the consent of a board of directors, who, of course, are Mr. Hearst's personal satellites. Anomalies such as these make people question Mr. Hearst's honesty. The truth is, I believe, that having had a certain creed expounded in his name every morning and evening in the year for the past eleven years, and perceiving that this creed contains a degree of truth and falls in with his personal ambitions, Mr. Hearst has come to believe in it, and to take it serious-

ly, but not by any means fanatically. Beyond that I should not care to venture any opinion as to the depths of Mr. Hearst's political convictions. He impressed me when I came across him as a man very difficult to know. That he is as different as possible from his papers goes without saying; nobody could be like them and be a human being. They are blatant, and he in dress, appearance, and manner is impeccably quiet, measured, and decorous. He struck me as a man of power and a man of sense, with a certain dry wit about him and a pleasantly detached and impersonal way of speaking. He stands six feet two in height, is broad-shouldered, deep of chest, huge-fisted, deliberate, but assured in all his movements. But for an excess of paleness and smoothness in his skin one might take him for an athlete. He does not look his forty-four years. The face has indubitable strength. The long and powerful jaw and the lines round his firmly clenched mouth tell of a capacity for long concentration, and the eyes, large, steady and luminously blue, emphasize by their directness the effect of resolution. In more ways than his quiet voice and unhurried, considering air, Mr. Hearst is somewhat of a surprise. He neither smokes nor drinks; he never speculates; he sold the race horses he inherited from his father, and is never seen on a race track; yachting, dancing, cards, the Newport life, have not the smallest attraction for him; for a multi-millionaire he has scarcely any friends among the rich, and to "Society" he is wholly indifferent; he lives in an unpretentious house in an unfashionable quarter, and outside his family, his politics, and his papers, appears to have no interests whatever. To gauge his future is impossible. To watch it will be at least an experience in a novel and somewhat sinister form of political burlesque.

Balzac and Mr. Hopkins

By Louis Weadock in Broadway Magazine

AT the time that George Hopkins discarded his runabout in favor of a touring-car and had a new roof put on his house, he also laid in a ready-made library. Previous to the installation of this collection of splendid bindings and uncut edges he had been permitted by urbane book agents who wore silk hats and gloves on the street to invest money in limited editions. His wife liked to open these subscription books and look at the numbers.

Hopkins had a vague idea that the lower your number was the more secure was your standing as a book-lover, but he was not sure.

And in spite of the nine hundred dollars' worth of the best literature of all ages which he had placed in his library it took a great deal of argument to make him sure that when the Literary and Culture Club elected him to membership the members of that organization were not having fun with him.

"I know all about day-books and ledgers," he said, "and a little about handbooks, but I'll make an affidavit that I don't know enough about the old masters, living or dead, to qualify me as a literary person."

But having been elected, he did the handsome thing. He invited all the gorgeously gowned ladies of the Literary and Culture Club and those husbands who were sufficiently tamed to come with them to his house. He hired the best caterer in town. He bought a case of champagne. He took the newspapers off the library-table, where they hid a fine copy of Somebody's "Visits" to the Homes of Some Other Persons, and he stood by, hot and uncomfortable, for three solid hours while the members took down his books and raved over them.

And he sent the treasurer a check for his dues in advance and gave her the names of a couple of chaps in the hardware business that really needed elevating along ethical and literary lines.

Also he secured important business engagements at the time of the next club meeting and arrived at the house where the club was in session just as the members were putting on their hats and telling one another what a lovely time they had enjoyed.

But they caught George Hopkins at the next meeting. He was not present. His wife made his excuses. She said that he had run in to New York to look at some new importations of books.

He was in New York, it was true, but he was pursuing an arduous course of study at the theatres rather than the libraries or the auction-rooms.

The morning he got back his wife met him at the door of his library.

"You can't guess, George, what has happened while you have been away?" she said gayly.

"The cashier has run away or the typewriter has been married or the car is out of order," said the practical Hopkins.

"You," said his wife, fixing upon him a look of great pride, "you have been chosen as our next lecturer."

"I'll play the pianola for you," said Mr. Hopkins, "but I'll not lecture for one thousand dollars a night. I never did such a thing in my life. At my age it's too late to begin. Who started this nominating convention for me, anyway?"

"Mr. Pillsbury suggested it," his wife told him, "and Mr. Haines said he thought it would be perfectly fine. He said that he knew you could tell

the members many things they do not know."

"Those two hardware brigands," muttered Mr. Hopkins as he stamped to the door.

"And remember, George," Mrs. Hopkins called to him, "the meeting is on Monday evening."

"They can have it at six o'clock Monday morning if they like," answered Mr. Hopkins. "I'm going to send in my resignation as soon as I get to the store. When I fed that club of yours I did not know that it was going to punish me by insisting upon me making a fool of myself."

On his way down-town he thought seriously upon the futility of trying to clamp culture upon gentlemen in the hardware line. He had to admit that they had evened up matters with him for putting them into the club.

He telephoned to each of them from the store, and each of them refused to believe that he was not elated with the prospect of an opportunity to deliver a lecture. Further, they promised to come and bring some friends.

Like a fugitive who awaits the coming of the police did Mr. Hopkins await the coming of Monday. He passed a restless Saturday. He essayed golf, but played so miserable a game he gave it up in despair. He tried a "bracer" for his nerves, but the "bracer" disagreed with him. Sunday there was rain. One of the auto tires was loose and the roads were too muddy for driving. All of his friends seemed to be out of town. There was nothing in the morning papers. In desperation he took refuge in his library.

"And what a subject!" he groaned to himself every little while. "What a subject! 'The influence of Balzac upon the latter-day novelists of France.'"

Mr. Hopkins, in regard to French literature, had preserved a blameless plume. Concerning Balzac, his predecessors, contemporaries or successors he had not a solitary idea.

He took down Balzac. The sentences were too long. The names of the characters sounded foolish. He read some of the shorter stories. He

liked them. But the man who had selected his books had not put in any of the modern Frenchmen. It was patent that from reading some of Balzac's shorter stories he could hardly be expected to know precisely the effect that Balzac as a whole had upon the latter-day novelists of France whose very names even were unknown to Mr. Hopkins.

He attacked Balzac again, but he stopped when in one of the volumes he came upon a note written by his chauffeur.

It was dated a month previously, and related to repairs that at that time had seemed essential to the welfare of the car. The note was clearly written. Mr. Hopkins said to himself that he wished he could write a hand like that. Then he remembered that he had always thought his chauffeur a remarkably clever chap. He also remembered that upon occasion he had loaned books to the chauffeur. Then he arose and went out to the barn.

The chauffeur was plodding over the brasswork.

"Mike," said Mr. Hopkins solemnly, "what was Balzac's influence upon the latter-day novelists of France?"

Mike went on polishing the brasswork.

"I suppose," said Mr. Hopkins, "you understood what I said?"

"I don't think it were very good," Mike answered, "judging by what I've heard of them."

"Heard of them?" echoed Mr. Hopkins. "Haven't you—a man who likes reading as well as you—haven't you read them?"

"I'm reading 'David Copperfield,' sir," answered Mike; "there's a feller in there named——"

"How about the tire?" asked Mr. Hopkins, abandoning his literary labors.

After he had discussed the car for a while he said to Mike:

"You write a good clear hand. You know that, I suppose?"

"Thank you, sir," said Mike.

"You make your letters good and big."

"Thank you, sir."

"Anybody can tell which is 'A' and which is 'E' right off the bat."

"I try to make 'em plain, sir."

"How long will it take you to finish that brass-work if I tell you to quit now?"

"I'm just through," said Mike, "and anything I can do to help you I'll be glad to do. I heard the cook and the maid talking this morning."

"About what?" asked Mr. Hopkins suspiciously.

"About the way the plates are to be laid for the lunch after the meeting to-morrow night," said Mike, looking out of the window with a faraway look in his eyes.

"Wait here," said Mr. Hopkins.

"Yessir," said Mike.

Through the rain Mr. Hopkins went back into his library. He shut the door behind him, locked it, and pulled down the works of Balzac again.

With the first volume under his arm he hurried back to the barn.

"Mike," he said, "there's something in that introduction there that I want for reference. Copy it out in ink. Copy all the introduction, and I'll come out and get it after dinner."

Mike went off to his room and started to work. He propped the copy of Balzac against a carriage lamp and wrote with his tongue between his teeth.

Mr. Hopkins walked through his house, humming an air he had heard in a musical comedy in New York.

His cheerfulness coming upon the leaden heels of two days that had been as black as Friday and Saturday puzzled Mrs. Hopkins and pleased her as well.

"George," she said, "I know you'll do well to-morrow evening. I would have offered to help you if I had not thought that you would do the work better alone. Too many cooks, you know——"

Mr. Hopkins meditated upon the fact that so far as he knew there existed no proverb which said that there was such a thing as a superfluity of chauffeurs.

"I won't ask you another word about the lecture," Mrs. Hopkins said;

"I know you still have the rough edges to smooth out. Mike said you worked all afternoon in the library."

"What business is it of Mike's?" Mr. Hopkins said tartly. "Mike is getting too officious lately."

"I'll speak to him about it if you say so, George," said Mrs. Hopkins—"or suppose you do it yourself?"

"I will," said Mr. Hopkins, starting up.

He found Mike still at work with Balzac propped up in front of him.

"How goes it, Mike, my boy?" asked Mr. Hopkins. "I hope you're making the paragraphs right."

"Right as a trivet, sir," answered Mike proudly. "Do you want to read it, sir?"

"I wouldn't read it for anything in the world," Mr. Hopkins answered from the heart. "It'll be bad enough to have to read it once."

He blotted the last sheet carefully and put the paper in his pocket. Also he took Balzac to the shelf. Then he telephoned to a man down-town and the man came up and they talked business till bedtime.

The Monday mail and getting the week's work under way kept Mr. Hopkins so busy the next day that by the time he got home to dinner he was pretty tired.

"This is positively my last appearance on any stage," he said to his wife at dinner.

She smiled at him across the table.

"Ah, no, George," she said. "When you see how well you are received to-night you will want to deliver a lecture at every meeting."

"If I exhibit symptoms like that," said Mr. Hopkins, "it will be no trouble to break my will."

He helped Mrs. Hopkins receive the members when they came. Pillsbury and Haines were among the last to arrive.

Mr. Hopkins took them to the side-board.

"What excuse are you going to offer?" asked Pillsbury.

"What do you mean?" Mr. Hopkins asked with dignity.

"He means," said Haines, "how are

you going to side-step this lecture thing?"

Mr. Hopkins threw back his head and laughed.

"I?" he asked. "I try a dodge like that? Not I. Am I one of these fellows that is tied so fast to the hardware business that he doesn't know Balzac from Hall Caine? Am I a slave to my business? No. I read. I study. I improve my mind. I'm going to deliver a lecture that's a corker. Been working at it for more than a week. Been neglecting my business, in fact. Here's looking at you."

Pillsbury looked at Haines and Haines looked at Pillsbury for some time before they drank. Then they sighed.

"It's going to be worse than a bull fight," said Pillsbury genially.

"I hope the police don't interfere," said Haines. "A ten-round bout between Hopkins and Balzac. Why, Hop can't even pronounce that name the same way three times in succession."

The two big front rooms were filled. The women outnumbered the men. Yet none of the men seemed to regret that he was there. Hopkins did not lecture on Balzac every evening.

The president of the club, a large lady with eyeglasses and an English accent, opened the meeting.

Mr. Hopkins, freshly shaven and slightly flushed, sat at her side. From the other side of the room Mrs. Hopkins beamed upon him.

He winked at her. Then he remembered that he had never seen any other lecturer wink at his wife or anybody else's wife in public. So he blushed a little more.

He saw that every eye in the room was fixed upon him and he began to wonder if his coat was not getting too tight across the shoulders.

He noticed, too, that one of the electric lights shone more brightly than the others. He wondered why. He compared that electric light with those in the store. He remembered that somebody had said that all 16-candle-power lights are not of the same strength, and as his mind went wandering down a vista illuminated

with various sorts of lights he got cold all over and his face began to feel as if it were made of wood. The president had called his name and made a brief speech of introduction.

He stood up and bowed stiffly. Pillsbury and Haines were looking at him with compassion written all over their fat faces. Mr. Hopkins glared back at them.

" . . . who will now address us upon 'The Influence of Balzac upon the Latterday French Novelists,'" pounded into his ears, and he grabbed the reading-table with one hand and cleared his throat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I've written out what I'm going to say, and it isn't very long and I hope you'll enjoy hearing it as well as I did writing it."

And then he read them Mike's copy of the introduction to Balzac.

Even Pillsbury and Haines got interested in it as Mr. Hopkins went along.

As for the real members, they fairly drank in every word.

Mr. Hopkins, warming to his work, regretted that there were only three pages there instead of thirty.

He liked the sensation of being the centre of all the attention. He even ventured to introduce a pathetic tone in his voice once or twice.

Once he stamped his foot and then elevated his hand above his head. He had to keep it there a little longer than he had intended, but he did not bring it down until he could find some appropriate sentiment with which to accompany its descent and produce an effect.

And striking the last page and happening to notice that both Pillsbury and Haines were looking at him in open-mouthed admiration, he slackened his pace even more and became even more impressive.

"And," he read, "Balzac represented in his various works both poles of narrative writing. He was at once a romanticist and a realist. A fine steel engraving of Balzac will be found upon page five hundred and twenty-six."

Mr. Hopkins saw the noose in

which he had hanged himself as quickly as anybody else. But no quicker.

Pillsbury and Haines broke into unhallowed glee.

Pillsbury dared to ask in a high tone:

"Will the gentleman please repeat

his last observation? Those in the back of the room did not hear it."

And out in the hall Mike, who had crept in on tip-toe to witness the triumph of Mr. Hopkins, suddenly remembered that a friend was waiting for him and he went away rapidly.

The McIntosh Red Apple

By A. McNeill

HUMAN interest in the origin of things is perennial. The first of anything, even of a variety of apples, has a peculiar interest. In tracing the history of varieties of apples, one is impressed with the large part played by the element of chance, of the thousands of seedling trees springing up here and there over the whole country, and how few are developed under circumstances that would adequately bring forth their good features, if they had any. And even where these qualities have been developed, it is astonishing how frequently the reputation of a particular tree begins and ends in the little circle of some remote neighborhood. It is only occasionally, we are bound to believe, even after the good qualities of a tree have been developed, that the fame of the variety has impressed itself so as to give it a permanent place in the list of desirable fruits. But occasionally a fruit or flower has its reputation carried beyond the "desert air," and it becomes known among "the madding crowd," and sometimes becomes an article of everyday commerce. Such was the case with the McIntosh Red, which has deservedly become famed over a wide area.

The original tree has an interesting history. In the year 1796, Mr. John McIntosh bought a farm in the County of Dundas, Ontario. It is needless to say that at this time

the greater part of the country was covered with forest trees, though even at that early date there had been some settlers in the neighborhood and small clearings were not uncommon. On this particular lot, there was a clearing of about six acres, but it was without fences and the edge of the clearing was grown up with a mass of shrubbery, most of free growing seedlings. In the process of cleaning up and enlarging the clearing, Mr. McIntosh found there were several young apple trees growing with a fair amount of vigor. The seeds of these apples were, no doubt, disseminated by cattle who fed upon the pomace from the small cider mills used by the neighboring farmers. Coming from the Old Country, where the making of cider was an industry on every farm, they naturally continued the habit when they settled in the new country, using the fruit which they found in the neighborhood. The most commonly cultivated tree was the Fameuse.

The climate of this district is such that only the hardiest trees will survive, and no variety had a better reputation than the Fameuse. It is fair to infer, therefore, but it is only an inference, that the trees which Mr. McIntosh found in the border of his small clearing, were mostly from the Fameuse seeds. He selected about forty of the young seedlings and removed them to a

suitable place near the dwelling house, where they grew and flourished. Apparently many of them were fairly good varieties, and satisfied the demands of the family. But one tree near the house was an especial favorite, and it was noted that extra precautions had to be taken to defend this particular tree from the nocturnal visits of the fruit-loving youth of the neighborhood. The boys having directed special attention to this tree, its reputation spread among the neighbors. They began to ask for scions from it, not only on account of the excellence of its fruit but because of the vigor and hardiness of the tree.

About this time Mr. McIntosh's son started a small nursery to supply the demand which had now developed to an extent to justify this course. This nursery has been continued from that time till the present and is now carried on by Mr. H. A. McIntosh, grandson of the discoverer of the original McIntosh Red tree. The tree still stands and would undoubtedly be in full vigor had it not been for serious injuries received in the year 1895. It stood about fifteen feet from the original farmhouse which was burnt in that year, the fire scorching and completely killing one side of the tree. The other side continues to bear a few apples and scions are still taken from it.

The Ontario Fruit Growers' Association are becoming mindful of the importance of the horticultural historical spots, and have appointed a committee with a view to placing an appropriate monument that will preserve the memory of this very great addition to the horticultural wealth of the American continent.

If I should be given the privilege of adding a few words to the dignified record which will be placed on this memorial, I would certainly devote myself to extolling the possibilities of the discriminating taste of the small boy who appreciates a good apple when he gets it. Had it

not been for the enthusiasm of the boys in Mr. McIntosh's neighborhood, the virtues of the McIntosh Red apple might never have been spread abroad and the variety propagated for the benefit of all apple-lovers. I would also put in a plea for clemency for the small boy who indulges his love for apples upon fruit to which he has no right, unless we will admit the validity of that broader law of human kindness that would put us in possession of that of which we can make the best use.

The McIntosh Red, or, to conform to the best horticultural authority, the McIntosh did not find its way into horticultural literature until 1876. The American Pomological Society catalogued it in 1883, and it was only after this date that it began to figure in nurserymen's catalogues. Its virtues have been tested fairly widely during the last ten or fifteen years and its adaptability fully tested for a special dessert trade over a fairly wide range of localities. The variety is distinctly of the Fameuse group, of a most attractive bright deep red color and of the proper size for the dessert apple. The flesh is tender, delicious in flavor and possesses an agreeable and characteristic aroma. Indeed, the aroma is almost too strong when the fruit is stored in large quantities. It is so hardy that it can be grown in the Northern part of Ontario, hundreds of miles beyond the range of the Spy or Rhode Island Greening. It is, nevertheless, a prime favorite as far south as Maryland. It is being planted largely in the Okanagan Valley and other dry fruit belts of British Columbia. It is also being planted in increasing quantities in the Annapolis Valley to supersede, perhaps, the famous Gravenstein.

The variety possesses hardiness and vigor of tree and excellent quality as tested by the palate. If anything can be said against it, it is perhaps that it requires delicate

THE MCINTOSH RED APPLE.

handling to reach the market in safety, and is somewhat susceptible to scab. The former weakness is readily corrected by careful packing in boxes and by the use of cold storage, which is now being placed at the disposal of almost every fruit grower, and the scab can be effectively controlled by the use of the Bordeaux Mixture.

It is said of prophets that they

highest priced apple upon the markets of Ottawa, outselling the Fameuse or even the Northern Spy.

It must be confessed that its characteristics do not appeal so strongly to the English palate. Their taste has been formed upon the firmer and less highly flavored varieties, such as the Blenheim, Cox's Orange and Wellington, and it will be some time before they will prefer the McIntosh



The First McIntosh Red Tree in Canada

Although this tree is of very scraggy appearance yet it stands first among the historic trees of Canada.

are not without honor except in their own country, but the McIntosh Red cannot complain of want of reputation at home. For the last two years, it has been the

Red to these varieties. The Boston market is already familiar with it; it ranges even higher than that prime favorite of the same class, the Jonathan.

The Utility Automobile

Conspicuous Examples of its Increasing Use

Collier's Weekly

THE trend of evolution in the business world indicates nothing more certain than that the automobile will eventually supplant the horse, not only in the larger cities, but wherever commercial activities are conducted on any but the smallest scale. In any city at the present time the difficulties of transporting merchandise are constantly aggravated by the presence of horses in the streets. In the warmer months the press of traffic and the blockading of the streets are sufficiently annoying, but in winter it is nearly intolerable. This is a day when things must be done on a large scale, if they are to be done at all. It is a day of utility, as opposed to sentiment, but it is strongly to be doubted whether the evident torment of harmless, and, oftentimes, engaging brutes has any direct relation to the credit column. Horses long since became impossible on street railways; they will presently be proscribed by law for all but the lightest kinds of traffic. This will be the first long step toward the "horseless age."

In one respect the commercial vehicle situation is the same to-day as formerly: the foremost obstacle to its universal adoption is the dearth of skilled drivers. This accounts in large measure for the prevalence of electric vehicles for city and local traffic, the electric being simpler to operate than either the steam or gasoline machines. None the less, the truth is generally dawning on the mind of our youth that a conspicuous field of opportunity has been opened up in the calling of chauffeur or motor driver. In a very few years this great fundamental objection will have been removed, and a new era of civilization will have been

begun, an age fraught with changes as great as followed the introduction of the railroad locomotive.

Sanguine automobilists are predicting rural and suburban traffic by automobile; caravans on wheels; motor trains on the highways; the railroad rebate evil circumvented by the motor-car; every man his own freight agent. That this prophecy is already on the way to fulfilment is a fact less familiar. Yet such is the case. Within the present year an enterprising concern in Paterson, N.J., has established a motor-car route between that city and New York, a distance of eighteen miles. At the present time they are running eight five-ton trucks over the route—some of them making two trips daily—and are doing a constantly increasing business carting raw silk to the Paterson mills and finished products in the opposite direction. Before the opening of another year sixteen such trucks will be in operation. Such trucks have a normal speed rating of eight miles per hour, with a possibility of twelve on a hard level road, and are capable of ascending all reasonable grades up to twenty per cent. at a minimal speed of five miles. The average fuel consumption is 22 gallons to 80 miles, with one gallon of lubricant.

Such an item is more than news. It indicates that, for short hauls at least, the motor-truck is cheaper, quicker, and more reliable than the railroad. For, in the time consumed in loading, despatching, running, and unloading a freight train, the motor-truck is well on its way with an excellent chance of arriving first.

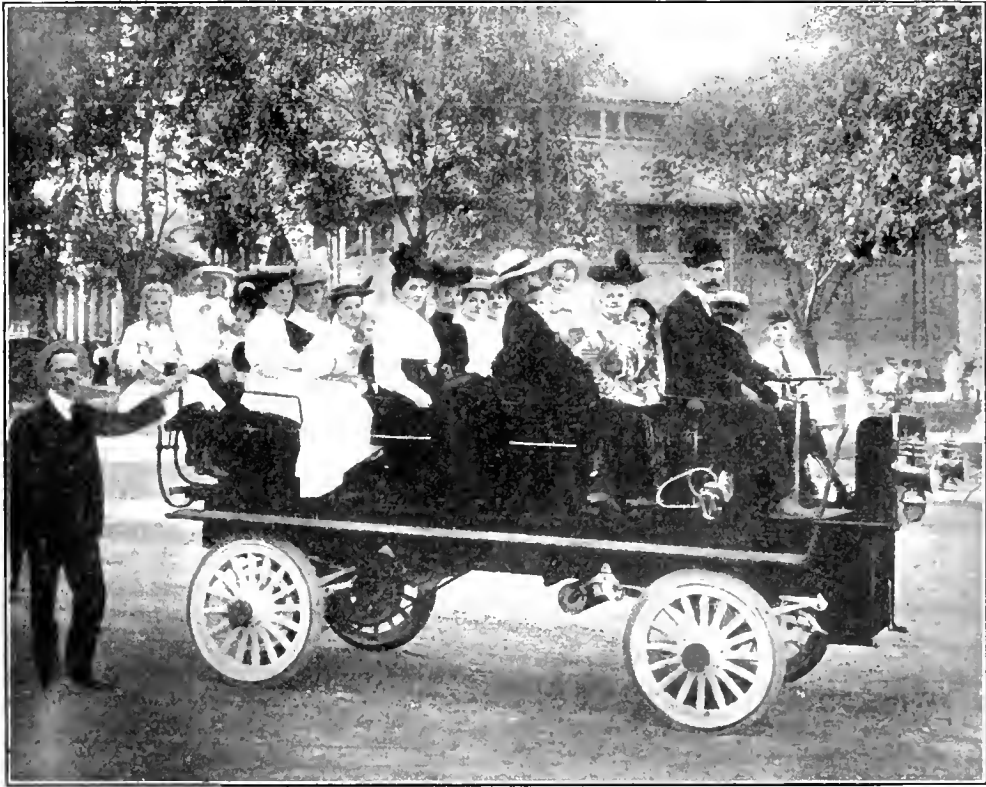
THE UTILITY AUTOMOBILE.

THE LONG-DISTANCE FREIGHTER.

The progress toward long-distance haulage is indicated by the recent action of a Mexican copper mining company, which, instead of building a railroad for transporting its ores, has constructed a wagon road seventy-three miles in length, and is now operating five heavy trucks in daily trains. The wheels of these trucks are equipped with tires twelve inches wide, regular

side of the Atlantic, in spite of all the advantages urged in its behalf. The road tractor and trailer train for heavy, long-distance traffic, as advocated by Ford and some other authorities, is also among the possibilities of the near future. America has the gasoline habit.

Heavy gasoline trucks are gaining a foothold—wheelhold is perhaps the better word—in some American cities,



A Familiar Sight in the Streets of Our Cities

road-rollers, carrying steel clips on rubber cushions. The trip is made in a day's time, with return on the following day. Although the ore is hauled in comparatively small quantities, the mine operators find the motor-truck line quite as satisfactory and considerably cheaper than building and operating a railway.

The heavy steam truck so popular in England and on the Continent of Europe still awaits its debut on this

where brewers, millers, furniture jobbers, and other large handlers of merchandise are beginning to recognize their advantages in point of economy and durability. For medium and light-weight trucking gasoline vehicles are constantly gaining in favor, and in some places are even rivalling the electrics, which, hitherto, have virtually monopolized the field. Indeed, by the use of very light vehicles of the buckboard type, the movement toward

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

an entirely new order of package delivery has already been begun in some of our large cities.

A certain department store in Chicago conducts all its retail deliveries by this kind of vehicle, achieving notable results in both rapidity of covering territory and in economy of cost. Formerly, in reaching points at between four and five miles from the store, an express company was engaged to haul the merchandise to a distributing depot, whence it was con-

factor at this point in the calculation.

Particularly in middle Western cities, the medium-weight truck, averaging a carrying capacity of one and one-half tons, is used to a moderate extent for local freighting and delivery. Its general adoption for these purposes is a mere matter of time, as already stated, but, if it is still necessary to compare its service and economy with the horse, a statement of actual expenditures of such a truck in service is given, as follows:

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT ON A ONE-YEAR BASIS.

As between a 1½-ton truck and three 1-horse wagons.

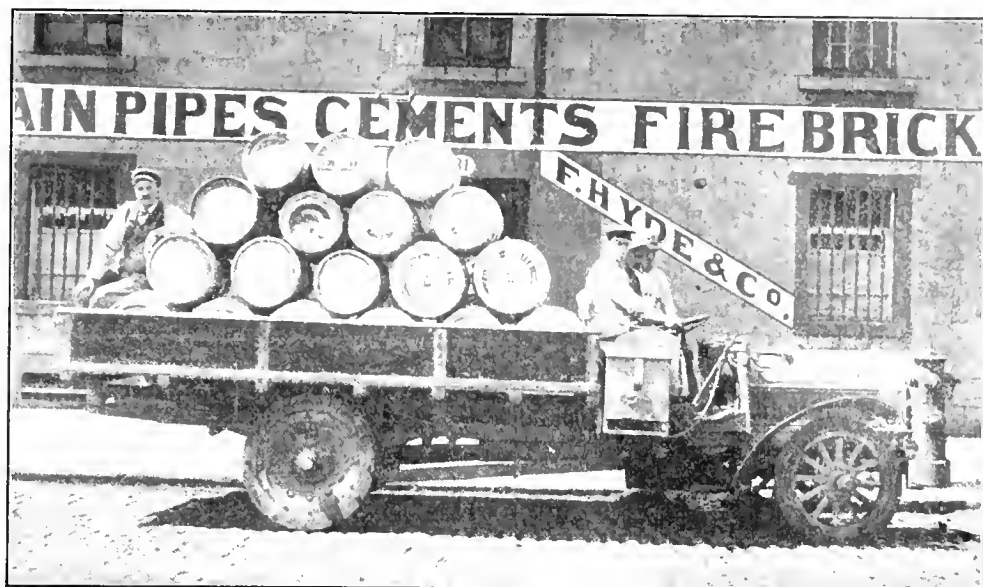
| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| 3 horses at \$150 each | \$450.00 | Cost of car | \$1,600.00 |
| 3 wagons at \$100 each | 300.00 | Repairs | 300.00 |
| 3 sets harness at \$40 each | 120.00 | Gasoline | 111.41 |
| Feed, shoeing, etc. | 540.00 | Lubricating oil, 10-mile day ... | 45.00 |
| Wagon repairs | 25.00 | Hard oil, 40-mile day | 4.00 |
| Harness repairs | 15.00 | Driver at \$2.50 day | 750.00 |
| 3 drivers at \$2 a day | 1,800.00 | 6 per cent. on difference in in- | |
| | <u>\$3,250.00</u> | vestment (\$730.00) | 43.80 |
| | 2,854.21 | | <u>\$2,854.21</u> |
| | \$ 395.79 | | |

veyed by horse deliveries to the various addresses. According to figures furnished by this firm, the average cost per package delivered was 15 cents, which, with an average of 150 packages, totalled an expenditure of \$22.50 per day. This was additional to the local deliveries. By the use of the light gasoline deliveries, with a capacity of 800 pounds each, this expenditure is equalled only in a week—that including wages and up-keep—and the local distributing depots have been abolished. Furthermore, each of the gasoline cars makes two trips in each week-day over an average distance of 100 city blocks and three on Saturdays.

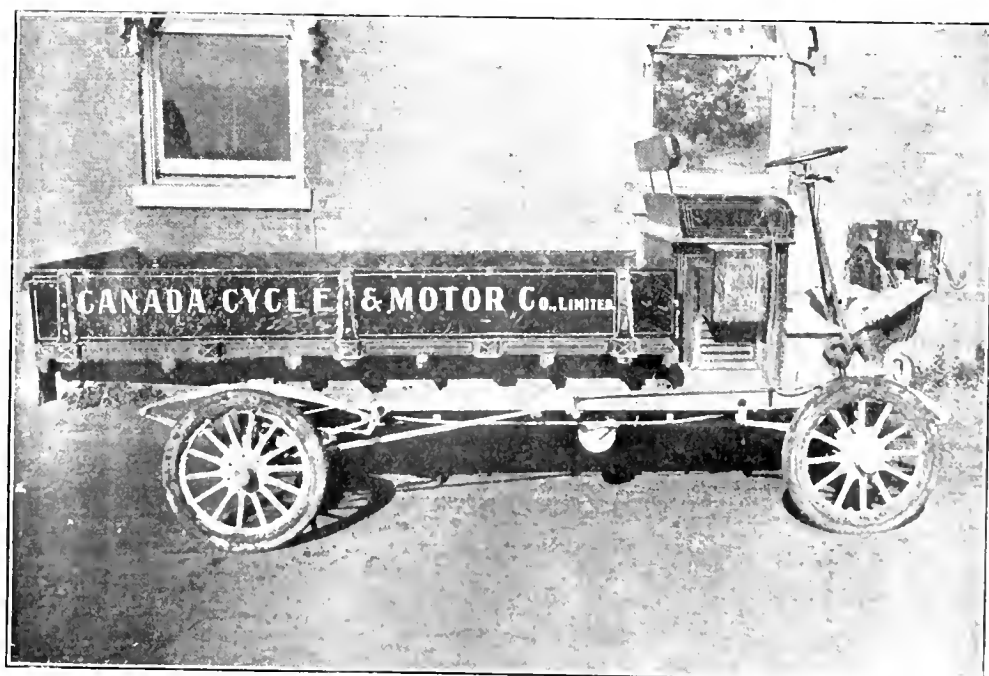
Each of these little cars delivers, on an average, 600 parcels per week at the rate of 2.4 cents each, which represents a total saving of over 600 per cent., quite an item on a yearly expense account. The selling price of each car is about \$400. Our enterprising merchant could save that in three and one-half weeks out of the expenses of the express wagons alone. The horse becomes a disappearing

This statement shows a saving of \$395.79, including the wages of two men and the care of two wagons. This figure could probably be increased were the bulk of the business larger. Such a truck, if well handled and kept constantly at work, would be found capable, on occasion, of supplanting three double teams, or six horses.

Probably the largest private use of the gasoline truck at the present time is found in the passenger vehicle or sight-seeing 'bus. For this purpose the gasoline machine is rapidly crowding the electric in nearly every city in the United States. One manufacturer reports an increase in demands for trucks of over 200 per cent. within two months, the bulk of orders for passenger vehicles. In New York City over a score of these cars run regularly from points in Manhattan to Coney Island and other pleasure resorts. In other parts of the Union the use of the gasoline 'bus for inter-urban passenger traffic is on the increase. In parts of the South, for example, where "Jim Crow" laws hold sway, enterprising colored capitalists



A Record Load of Casks



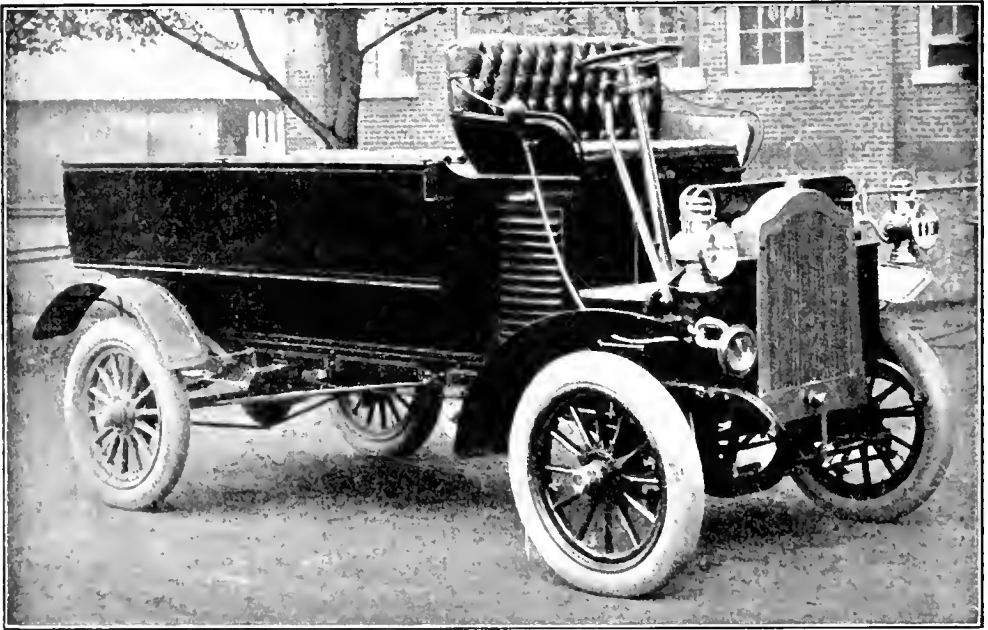
A Truck for Heavy Draft Work

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

are establishing motor-car routes, run on schedule time, for the exclusive use of people of their race. Already there are signs in several directions that motor-car lines will presently be preferred to interurban trolley systems for both passengers and freight. A Western manufacturer, who makes a specialty of such vehicles, reports that one of his cars, capacity twelve passengers, recently made a test run of over 100 miles, fully loaded, at the rate of 22 miles per hour over sandy

apollis ambulance showed it capable of replacing three wagons and nine horses. It was in operation within eight seconds after a call, and had run 104 city blocks in 20 minutes' time. A test for gasoline capacity showed running power of 185 miles on 12 gallons at 20 miles per hour.

A gasoline ambulance and patrol wagon has been in use in Springfield, Mass., for nearly three years, and, according to official statements, has greatly added to the efficiency of the



A Passenger Motor Car

roads through a hilly country, without accident or stops, for adjustment. Many interurban trolley cars do little better than this.

An interestingly hopeful feature at the present time is the increasing use of the motor-car by public institutions and municipal departments. Electric ambulances are in use in several American cities, and gasoline ambulances have recently been ordered by the police departments of Indianapolis, Chicago and New York.

A recent official test of the Indian-

police department. In the case of a serious automobile accident at a point five miles from the city, the victim was safely in the hospital within thirty-five minutes from the time of summoning relief by telephone. This same vehicle, used as a patrol wagon, has a seating capacity for fifteen. It has proved extremely efficient in assembling conventions of people who are not good, rendering police raids in various parts of the city virtually simultaneous.

North to Great Slave Lake

By S. E. Sangster in National Sportsman

IN Canada is found to-day a population of some 110,000 Indians and, forming a part of this number, away in the far North, bordering on the Arctic Circle, is congregated some 4,000 of these, being known as the Yellow Knife Slaves and Dog Rib tribes. Needless to remark, these Indians are the nearest to the oldtime savage in habits and customs and sometime I hope to give you a description of these peoples, living next door to the Esquimaux, and tell you some of their interesting legends and beliefs. However, it is not my purpose herein to dwell on the Indian generally or on any tribe in particular, but to endeavor to describe in a limited space the trip covered by Mr. Couroy annually when traversing from Edmonton, the point where railroads and modern civilization is left for the virgin country to the North, to the reserves bordering on Great Slave Lake.

The City of Edmonton is in the calcium light of importance to-day as being a centre towards which travel thousands of settlers and men who follow their wake into new countries. Once not so very long ago, Edmonton was merely a Hudson's Bay Post; it was only a very few years ago that I visited there when it was only a small town, a village in fact, set out in one of the most beautiful locations I have ever seen in this Western world. Now Edmonton is a beautiful little city of some 12,000 or 14,000 inhabitants and growing with leaps and bounds: it is undergoing the transformation previously experienced by Winnipeg and a few other western cities. To-day it is a revelation

to visit this place; now a city of boulevards, fine buildings, and with an excellent system of water works. It is here we outfit and possibly nowhere else, even in New York, Chicago, Montreal or Winnipeg, could we obtain anything required that cannot be had in Edmonton; there are the Hudson Bay Company and Revillon Bros. to help us and as these people have made it a business for years to supply parties bound on similar trips, it is not to be wondered that they are par excellence. Northward from the City settlement is fast opening up the country, where but three or four years ago, only the wild animals and birds lived. Gradually, however, we leave these signs of humanity and ere long strike into that newer West, where yet only the Indian and white hunter and trapper are encountered.

The route from Edmonton to the Athabaska Landing, on Athabaska River, is by trail and is a much used one. A second trail lies cross-country from Edmonton to St. Johns, B.C., a very old H.B. Post, some 600 miles. On this latter route the country encountered west from Lac St. Ann is dotted with timber, which will prove of value in the near future; also a considerable amount of muskeg is met with as well as much open prairie until the Athabaska River is arrived at. Here there is a fringe of trees varying from one-half to two miles in width which runs alongside of the river. This timber, spruce of a large size and cotton-wood (known also as the black-bark poplar) will eventually be most valuable. There is also a second growth of the common pop-

lar which will shortly prove of great value as pulpwood. This timber belt is the home of all kinds of game and of the fur-bearing animals—moose and the black-tailed deer, martin, mink, wolverine, lynx and various other valuable fur animals live here in hundreds. Many deer are seen while crossing the river, and I believe it will be the hunting paradise of America so soon as sportsmen learn of the game to be had and when they can manage easily to get into the country.

The route lies across the Atha-

centre and from thirty to forty feet breadth at the base. There are but few remaining to-day and little recent beaver work was noticed.

We now cross just west of Sturgeon Lake and the trail leads into the famous Smoky River Country. The banks of the Smoky River are very high and the black, the brown and the grizzly bear all dwell throughout the region, as well as many other fur-bearing animals. In fact this territory is one of the greatest fur districts in the Northland. Once the buffalo roamed the



York Boats Carrying Hudson Bay Company's Supplies on the Peace River.

baska where it is joined by the McLeod River. Westward it travels, where the country met with is broken and hilly for some miles, when it develops into open tracts of prairie and beaver meadows. These beaver meadows are a most unique sight and give the impression that at one time they were the greatest beaver resorts in the world. Immense dams yet remain; some of these run from one and a half to two miles in length, are from fifteen to eighteen feet high in the

Smoky River territory in thousands. One small opening encountered was literally covered with the dried and whitened bones of these now practically extinct animals. On questioning an Indian of the locality regarding this scene, I learned that some 30 years ago there had been the worst snow storm within memory of the inhabitants of the country. The ground at the time was not frozen and this heavy body of snow when struck by one of the Chinook winds, so prevalent to this

NORTH TO GREAT SLAVE LAKE.

belt of territory, melted in a few days into a mass of water which, when the wind veering into the north again, froze into a solid field of ice. Consequently the buffalo were unable to find sufficient food to maintain life and they died literally by hundreds.

Still westward the country appears to be one suitable for agricultural purposes, in fact it is a fine farming territory, and is dotted everywhere with clumps of timber. Crossing the Pine River, a river

anywhere. Only one rapid is encountered on the route between the Rockies and Lake Athabaska. Here it was necessary to land and unload, walking round and shoving the raft out into the current, to be taken willy-nilly to the lower end. Strange to relate, although warned that it would never run this fall and come out save in pieces, the old raft arrived at the lower end and was caught with no damage save that the bark flooring had been washed away, necessitating a delay of a



A Group of Yellow Knives on Pay Day.

similar to the Smoky, with its high banks, well timbered, the route strikes the famous Peace River, and St. Johns.

From St. Johns the trail lies by water (the Peace River). At St. Johns a large raft some 24 by 18 feet was built and a tent 12 by 14 was erected on it with an awning in front. Traveling night and day, save for stops at the various posts met with on the river's banks, northward we moved on one of the most enjoyable pilgrimages in America, on one of the most beautiful rivers

few hours to repair, when the run was recommenced.

From now on the progress was slower as the current was more languid than heretofore. Never a day passed but that both large and small game were sighted—bear, moose and caribou; duck, geese and swans, the latter in myriads. Nowhere have I ever seen the water fowl in such numbers. There seemed to be millions of them. I marvel at their decrease on our eastern waters.

Onward we floated, the river wid-

ening in places to a mile and a half; the banks were lower and shelved away from the river in great contrast to the bluffs and rocky hills met with earlier on the run. The country had every appearance of being an ideal agricultural territory, as the altitude is low and the sunlight long, giving perfect conditions for the growing of wheat and other cereals. I noticed that the bunch grass (buffalo grass) here grows much coarser than that encountered farther to the south.

From a point here on the Peace River, known to the Indians as "Peace Point" or "Province Point," northward to the southern shores of Great Slave Lake, is the country of the wood-buffalo. From information given by the Indians, Fort Resolution of the south shore and Fort Smith, on the Great Slave River, are the boundaries of a country containing to-day some 300 of these animals. Three specimens were seen last year by Mr. Conroy, the Inspector, and, in fact, he obtained two of them for the Exhibition branch of the Canadian Department of Agriculture and these are now being mounted in England for exhibition purposes. They are much larger than their kindred now practically extinct, the prairie buffalo or bison. I did not see any myself, but have had an opportunity of viewing the specimens in the Geological Survey branch of the Canadian display of animals and birds.

Onward from Fort Chipewyan the route crosses Fond du Lac, an old Hudson's Bay Post and where yet may be seen many bales of furs collected annually by the Indian trappers for shipment to England. Here has been for decades and is yet, the meat post for this northern country. From time immemorial until last year, when, it is stated by the Indians, the snow lying to the far North was too deep to permit it, caribou have traveled south from the barren lands in their annual migrations.

The northern caribou is a small

animal, averaging some 80 to 100 pounds in weight; their flesh is as good, and I feel almost inclined to state better even than that of our eastern caribou. They come down in such numbers that they can be shot from the lodge doors. In fact one Indian told me he had so shot 14 from his tepee. As a rule the Indian hunters travel northward to meet them and turning back harry their flanks till they reach their southern limits, following them back as far north as they dare go. While thus engaged, the Indians live upon the flesh of those killed and also dry hundreds of pounds for winter use. As a consequence, when, as last year, this migration fails to materialize, the Indians are in a bad way, as they depend on this for their winter food and without it they naturally suffer. I do not know just how many hundreds of pounds of caribou is thus dried, but the quantity is enormous. It will be remembered that the ill-fated Hubbard and Dillon Wallace had as the end in view, when entering upon their expedition through Labrador, the annual caribou hunt of the Montagnais Indians, who annually travel from the Lake St. John Country, in Quebec, away north to James Bay and meet the caribou there in their migration. Nowhere in America can anything similar to this caribou hunt be seen to-day. It resembles more or less the oldtime hunt of the bison, but I understand that in spite of the great slaughter yearly the caribou seems to return in as great numbers on each succeeding migration.

From Fort Chipewyan, on Great Slave Lake, a H. B. Company's steamer runs across and up the lake, carrying supplies, etc., to the various posts. The lake is a grand expanse of water, clear, cold and sparkling. Here we are entirely removed from signs of "civilization." All is virgin and the men encountered, save for the few H. B. Company's officials, are Indian trappers and hunters, with a few "whites,"

NORTH TO GREAT SLAVE LAKE

who are more Indian than white. It is one of the most pleasant trips on the continent from Edmonton all the way to the lake. This country will soon be filled with settlers, towns and villages, and then the game will, as always has been the case, be pushed further north again. The Canadian Pacific Railway takes you to Edmonton in modern cars with every comfort. Soon the Transcontinental will push through the heart of this region and convey thence the Anglo-Saxon settlers,

here in thousands and yet more thousands, its scenery is unique and grand once a sunset is seen in this far away north it will ever be remembered and the sunsets of Switzerland and even of our northern lakes in Ontario and Quebec are insignificant by comparison. The railway service is as good as anywhere on the continent, and the C.P.R. deserve credit for its enterprise in this matter.

I might go into the formation of the country in this far away north,

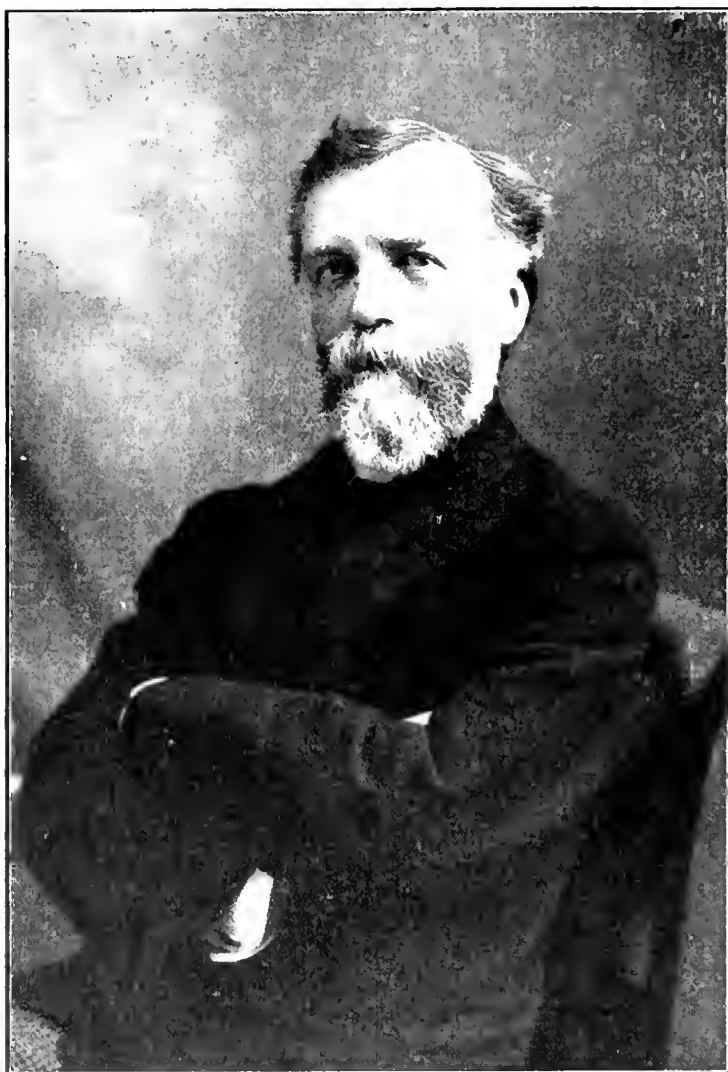


Typical Esquimaux Costume.

with their energy and modern ideas; soon it will develop into a most respectful, modern tract comprising thousands of square miles—you must remember everything is "big" out in the great West.

Nowhere else in the world today can be found a similar state of affairs as exists in the Great Slave Lake country as regards game and "virginity of nature," if I may coin the expression. This trip means several thousand miles' travel. It cannot be properly classed with any of our nearer game grounds in this respect. Game and fish abound

but time will not permit a detailed reference to this matter. Sufficient to say that the rock formation found in the Temagami and Cobalt districts stretches clear across the continent, and at Great Slave Lake there is assuredly mineral bearing quartz, which ere long will yield millions of dollars to those who search old earth's surface and delve under it. I candidly believe mineral worth untold millions is buried there, and it would not surprise me if one day it should become a second Klondyke.



THE LATE HON. J. I. TARTE

When the inside history of the last fifteen years is written, it will be found that the late Mr. Tarte did more than any other man to inspire the aggressively progressive policy which is making Canada the country of the twentieth century. Mr. Tarte had an overflowing enthusiasm for Canada and her future and the great things the Federal Government might immediately do to build up a great nation. It was perhaps fortunate for him and for the country that his two chief colleagues Laurier and Fielding were extremely conservative, but at the same time quick to understand and grasp a situation presented to them. He inspired them with his ideas, and before he left the Cabinet he had the pleasure of seeing the foundations laid for a campaign of development such as no other country has ever experienced. Mr. Tarte once remarked to a group of friends that no man should be allowed to be a member of Parliament until he had seen the Dominion from coast to coast. There was a good deal of common sense in this remark.

No three men in Canada have been so severely and sometimes brutally criticised and even persecuted by the press and by politicians as have the late Hon. Mr. Tarte; Prof. Goldwin Smith, and W. F. MacLean, M.P. Independence of thought, and breadth of view, have been the outstanding characteristics, and journalism the profession of all three. In many other respects their lives have been very similar. They have been associated with both parties yet they have never varied from their own well defined principles. Mr. Tarte and Mr. MacL. can never swerve from their policy of the protecting of Canadian industries or Mr. Smith from his Continental Union ideas promulgated a generation ago. Public office and preferment have been abandoned or refused by them because of their advocacy of the principles which they thought were in the best interests of their country. We may differ from them strongly and a very large number of us do, but we must all admit their greatness and their brilliance. All are brilliant and enthusiastic journalists. They are the natural products of a new paper office.

The Northern Packet

By D. J. Benham

THE mails for the great inland wilderness of Northern Canada during the winter are distributed through four wonderful channels of communication maintained hitherto by the Hudson's Bay Company, and known as the packet routes. These are the Mackenzie River, the English River, the York Factory, and the Moose Factory mails, and by them and their ramifications even the most remote posts are reached; and the news of the civilization carried at long enough regular intervals to those who hunger for it in their terrible isolation within the almost inaccessible wilds.

The simple official announcement to the effect that the mail for the far north will close in Edmonton on a stated date conveys to the uninitiated no conception of the dangers and difficulties which beset the gallant couriers by whom it will be conveyed in safety across the dreary, trackless wilds; and no conception of the wonderful organization of the Hudson's Bay Company which makes it possible to maintain communication between civilization and the lonely missionaries, trappers, police and prospectors around the posts in the great lone land, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the outmost fringe of the frontier. Yet so perfect is the organization of that grand old commercial institution, even though the system is simplicity itself, the time-table under which the couriers operate has scarcely varied for centuries. Of course, accidents have happened and tragedies occurred, but these are unavoidable or are incidental to an undertaking so hazardous and so arduous as "mushing" through the

wilds in the middle of winter. Sickness may overtake the driver injured to other hardships, his gun may be accidentally discharged, his axe may glance when preparing wood for the camp fire or his dogs may die when the nearest post which affords relief or assistance is fifty or perhaps a hundred miles away beyond a trackless waste of snow and forest. The horror of such a situation can be realized without any stretch of the imagination. But these are painful possibilities, even probabilities, which are faced every day in the year and laughed at by the light-hearted heroes who carry the packet to the exiles of choice in the Arctic.

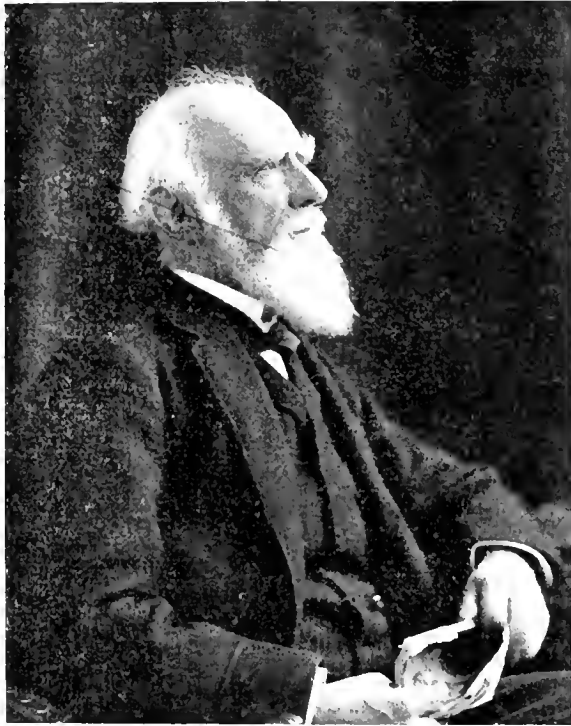
THE FOUR PACKETS.

The four packets previously referred to start from different points at different times, but until the Government assumed the duty of delivering the Fort McPherson mail in November, 1906, all were made up under the direct supervision of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company at headquarters in Winnipeg. This has always been but a part of the wonderful business system of the company which has been the foundation of its commercial success throughout nearly three centuries and which has enabled the heads of departments to communicate their directions to the factors and traders at the outlying posts. All matters pertaining to the company's affairs, the accounts of the various posts, the orders and invoices for goods and the correspondence have always been completed and despatched according to schedule to the several points from which the couriers leave.

The Mackenzie River packet is finally made up at Edmonton, that for English River at Prince Albert, for York Factory at Winnipeg, and for Moose Factory at Mattawa. The last three mentioned are seldom referred to and their existence is scarcely known even to the majority of Canadians although they serve a territory larger than the continent of Europe.

The destination of the English

peg on or about December 10 in each year; and if no untoward difficulties are encountered usually is delivered at its destination during the last week in January, though not infrequently better time is made. York Factory is 600 miles from Winnipeg by a direct route, but the couriers, of course, traverse a distance much in excess of that mileage. They have six posts of call in the course of the journey.



LORD STRATHCONA
Governor of Hudson Bay Company

River packet is the Hudson Bay Post at the northern end of Reindeer Lake, on the edge of the Barren lands and 500 miles from Prince Albert.

The Norway House and York Factory packet follows one of the most historic routes of the traffic of the Hudson's Bay Company, its terminus having been for an age the only seaport of the fur trade of Rupert's land. This packet is closed and despatched from Winni-

The Moose Factory packet, which leaves Mattawa serves a vast territory, as it is met at Moose, 700 miles from the point of starting, by couriers from posts on both sides of that great inland sea, the Hudson's Bay, and by them it is distributed far and wide. Indeed, each of the packets is met thus by couriers from other points in the several districts and by them the distribution is completed.

But it is the Mackenzie River

packet that takes precedence. Hitherto it has started first and traveled furthest; and there has always been much to wonder over as to the experience gone through by a despatch box from Edmonton which was carried from post to post, first down the Athabasca, then the Slave, and then the whole length of the mighty Mackenzie, one set of carriers succeeding another, until it was finally deposited with the sturdy old Hudson's Bay official in charge of Fort McPherson, in latitude of 68 north, 50 miles within the Arctic circle, and a distance of 1,954 miles from the point of starting. There are fourteen post offices along the route, namely: Athabasca Landing, Fort McMurray (or Fort McKay), Fort Chipewyan, Smith Landing, Fort Smith, Fort Resolution, Hay River, Fort Providence, Fort Simpson, Fort Wrigley, Fort Norman, Fort Good Hope and Fort McPherson.

Ever since the earliest days of Fort Garry this packet has been surrounded with almost a halo of interest. In those bygone days it was despatched from H. B. headquarters, and pioneers yet speak enthusiastically of the interest which centred in the toboggan sled in which it was carried behind the team of four "huskies" accompanied by two couriers dressed in the picturesque costumes characteristic of their calling. This consisted of a gay blue cloth capot, L'assomption belt, bead bedecked leggings and headdress and their sleeping bags. There was nothing out of the ordinary in outward appearances to distinguish them from scores of others which came to and departed from Fort Garry. It was the little packet stamped "H.B.C., Fort Simpson, Mackenzie River district," that was the mark of distinction; for it meant that the couriers du Bois who accompanied it must spend weary months on the trail to the frozen north before the last letter was finally delivered probably away within the Arctic circle.

CAREFUL RECORD KEPT.

A careful record of the various packets while in transit is kept and filed in the office of the commissioner in Winnipeg. Each of the company's officers at the various posts touched en route both going and returning, is required to fill in a time sheet provided the exact hour of arrival and departure of the mails and to attest to the same with his signature. The following way bill of the packet for York Factory



C. C. CHIPMAN

Commissioner of The Hudson Bay Company

gives a correct idea of the attention to detail required of its officers by the company, and of the care devoted to the discharge of duty in delivering the precious packet, though it does not attach the merited meed of praise to the heroes of the great unblazed trails in the white lone wilds who seem to travel with an instinct almost as unfailing as that of their faithful dogs.

One of the first of these official charts of the H. B. Company is a matter of great historic interest. It is referred to by Sir George Back in his book on "The Great Fish River," a

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

work that covers his travels with the Mackenzie River packet in 1833-4, when he was in command of an expedition sent to search for Capt. Sir John Ross, who, with his ship had been lost in the Arctic four years previously while looking for the Northwest passage. When away almost on the verge of the Circle, Back received a message through the medium of the packet informing him that the object of his search had escaped from his perilous sojourn in the frozen North in an almost providential manner, and had returned to England. In his re-

the packet by which this is sent will be forwarded to your address in duplicate; one copy to Montreal, to be transmitted from post to post by the Grand River, and the other by the American mail, to the care of the commanding officer at St. Mary's. It contains letters for Capt. Back, apprising him of the arrival of Captain Ross in England, and it is of great importance that he should receive this information before his departure from his winter quarters.

I am therefore to request that the copy which first reaches you be sent

WAY BILL OF PACKET FROM WINNIPEG FOR NORWAY HOUSE AND YORK FACTORY.

| POST | ARRIVED | | DEPARTED | | SIGNATURE |
|---------------------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|-----------|
| | Date | Hour | Date | Hour | |
| | 1905 | | | | |
| Winnipeg | | | Dec. 12 | 5 p.m. | |
| Dog Head | Dec. 19 | 2 p.m. | " 20 | 7 a.m. | |
| Berens River | " 22 | 5 " | " 24 | 8 " | |
| Poplar River | " 25 | 8 " | " 26 | 12 " | |
| Norway House | " 29 | 3 " | " 31 | 9 " | |
| | 1906 | | | | |
| Oxford House | Jan. 5 | 10 a.m. | Jan. 7 | 8 " | |
| York Factory | " 16 | 4.30 p.m. | | | |
| York Factory | | | Mch. 11 | 5 a.m. | |
| Oxford House | Mch. 20 | 9 p.m. | " 22 | 1 " | |
| Norway House | " 26 | 7 a.m. | " 30 | 4 " | |
| Poplar River | " 31 | 7 p.m. | April 1 | 6 " | |
| Berens River | April 2 | 3 " | " 3 | 6 " | |
| Dog Head | " 6 | 9 " | " 7 | 10 " | |
| L. Fort Garry | " 9 | 6 " | " 10 | 8 " | |
| Winnipeg | " 10 | 1 " | | | |

ference to this Sir George Back says: "The extraordinary despatch with which this letter was transmitted is worthy of being recorded, and I have, therefore, in the appendix given a few particulars which will be interesting to the reader."

(Appendix X, Sir George Back's narrative.)

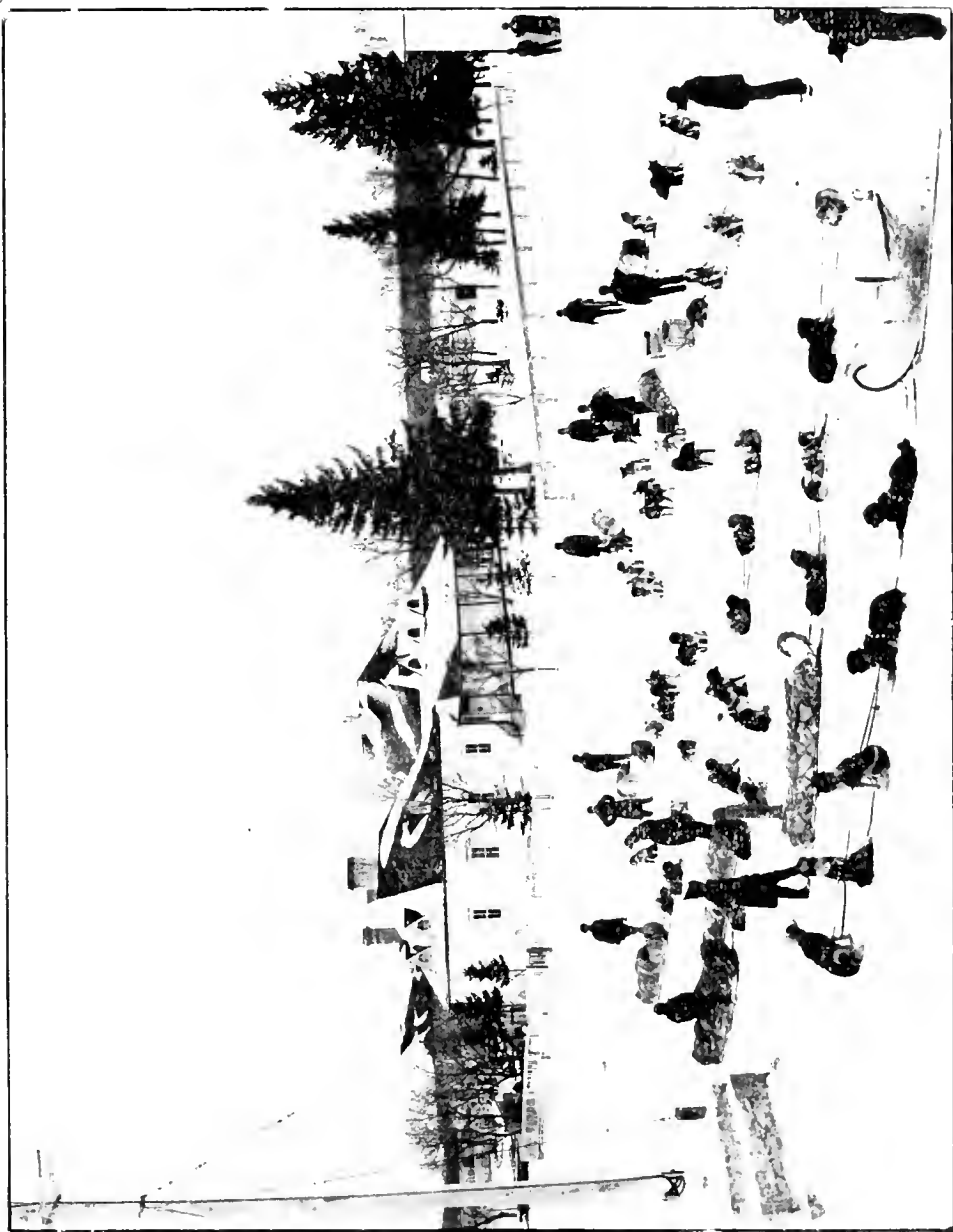
Hudson's Bay House,
London, Oct. 22, 1833.

Angus Bethune, Esq., Chief Factor,
Etc., Etc., St. Mary's:

Sir, I am directed by the governor and committee to acquaint you that

on to the next post by a couple of the most active men you can find without the delay of one day at St. Mary's, and that it be forwarded in a like manner, accompanied by this letter, with the utmost expedition, from post to post, via Michipicoten. The Pic, Fort William, Lake la Pluie, via Riviere and Rosseau to Red River, thence to Fort Pelly, Carlton, Isle a la Crosse, Athabasca and Great Slave Lake, until it reaches its destination, where if due expedition be observed, it ought to arrive early in April.

The governor and committee further direct that the officers of the different posts do not, on any pretence



At Lower Fort Garry

whatever, detain the packet, and desire that the date of the arrival and departure from each post, signed by the officer in charge, be endorsed on the back thereof, and also that the messengers from each post be instructed to proceed to the next without attending to any directions they may receive to the contrary from persons they may meet en route.

And when the second copy of this packet gets to hand at the Sault, let it be forwarded in a like manner.

I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

W. SMITH, Secretary.

(Letter Endorsed.)

Received at The Pic 7th of February, 1834, 8 p.m. Thomas M. Murray, C. trader, Hudson's Bay Company.

Left The Pic 8th of February, 6 a.m. Thomas Murray.

Received at Long Lake, 13th February, 1834, at 11 p.m. Peter McKenzie, clerk Hudson's Bay Company.

Left Long Lake, 14th February, 5 a.m. Peter McKenzie.

Received at Lake Nipigon, 16th February, 10 p.m. John Swanson, clerk, Hudson's Bay Company.

Left Lake Nipigon, 17th February, at 5 a.m. John Swanson.

Received at Fort William, 21st February, 1834, at 11 a.m., and left Fort William 3 p.m. same date. Donald McIntosh, C.T.

Received at Boise Blanc, 25th February, 1834, at 1 p.m., and left Boise Blanc at 4 p.m. same date. John C. McIntosh, clerk, Hudson's Bay Company.

Received at Lac la Pluie on 2nd March, 1834, at 6 a.m., and will leave at 7 a.m. same date. William Sinclair, clerk.

Received at Carlton on the 2nd of this post at 1 o'clock noon, the same date. L. P. Pruden, C.T.

Received at Fort Chipewyan, 21st April, 1834, 4 p.m., and will start at 3 a.m. on the 22nd. L. Charles, C.T.

Received at Great Slave Lake, 20th April, 1834, 11 a.m., and will leave April, 1834, 7 a.m., and left on the 30th at 4 a.m. J. McDonald, clerk.

Thus is chronicled one of the most remarkable overland journeys ever accomplished, and well may Sir George Back regard it as worthy of being handed down to posterity through the medium of his book.

. MEETINGS OF THE COURIERS.

The meetings of the couriers at the packet posts are gay and festive reunions, a relaxation from their arduous duties, brightened always by the reception of news from the distant homes in the outside world. They are invariably marked by a feast, for to the white men in their winter isolation packet time is the one occasion of the year for making merry. The few luxuries they have are carefully hoarded for the "Packet Supper," and if they have not wine to drink or walnuts to crack there is no dearth of news to discuss, for some six months of the world's work comes under review. To look back but a few short years we are told how the battles of the Transvaal War were fought over again and again at many a northern post, months after they had actually taken place. He who enjoys the privileges of civilization may think with some degree of sadness of the weary waiting and of the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, of these men who heard of the investment of Ladysmith, of Kimberley and of Mafeking in January, and knew no more of the progress of the events of that cruel war until the following midsummer. Their loyalty was as strong as ours, their sympathies as warm and true to British institutions, for it was in the Far North that the germ of British Empire in Canada was sown, and their anxiety for the success of our arms and their regrets for those who fell were manifested by many a generous subscription to the Patriotic Fund, which the packet couriers brought out.

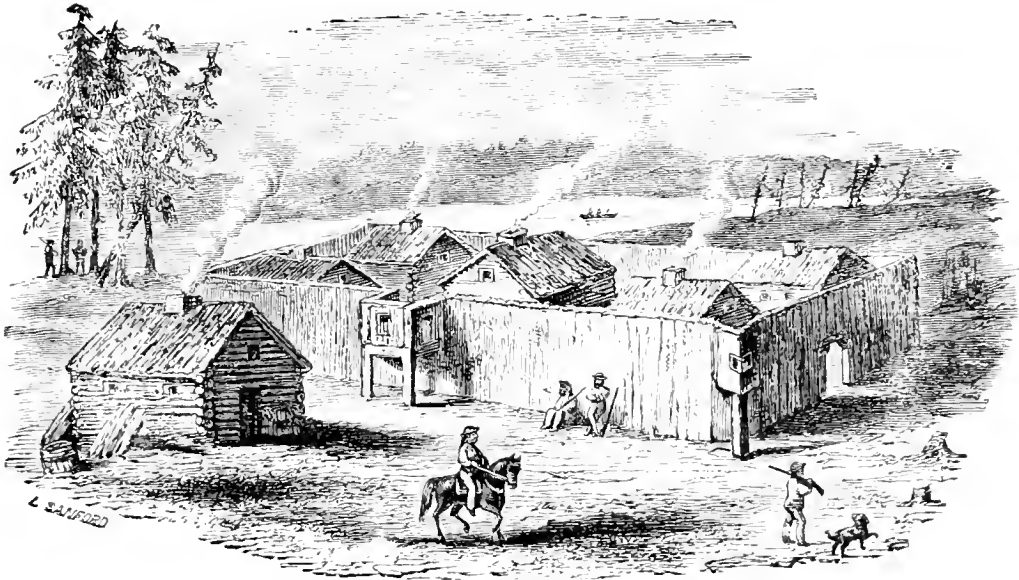
ONWARD MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

However, all this is but the outgrowth of the historic, heroic past and the onward march of civilization proclaims the dawn of a new era. Already the shriek of the locomotive is

heard where but a few short years ago the musher and the cart driver were the only means of transportation, and the railways are being pushed further and further into the wilds as the wealth of those great regions in minerals, in petroleum, asphalt, fish and furs is revealed by the success of prospectors. Within a short time the rails of the C.N.R. will be laid as far as Athabasca Landing; while away east of Prince Albert another branch is piercing the forests with Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, as its goal. This remarkable extension of railway facilities within recent years has, in a great measure,

organization has been perfected by the company and the expense has been cheerfully born by them also.

But the responsibility for the forwarding and distribution of the mails for the important Mackenzie River district has been gradually passing from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Federal Government as is proper. The company having paved the way, its organization renders government action possible as well as necessary. For several years past the post office department has forwarded and distributed the mails as far north as Athabasca Lake and Fort Chipewyan, and throughout tributary territory into



An Old Time Trading Post

solved the problem of communication. But for many years to come the packet service will be the only one known to the little communities around the remote H. B. posts, and many of these will never know any other. They must remain dependent on the service of the Hudson's Bay Company—a service which has been always freely given, one which has been a mighty factor in the life and work of the missionaries especially, and one which effectually contradicts the prevailing idea that sentiment has no place in the business and commercial life of the twentieth century. The

which treaty extensions have been made by the Indian department. The service was extended gradually as conditions seemed to warrant it, and on November 29th, 1906, the first government packet was sent through to Fort McPherson. Since then another step forward has been taken and this year an effort is being made to organize the route thoroughly under the direction of the deputy postmaster-general. Already one mail which left Edmonton on the morning of November 20th, the same date on which it has left for years, is well on its way to Fort McPherson. With the ex-

ception of the first 100 miles, the entire trip will be made by dog train, relays being secured at the several offices at which the couriers are obliged to call. Terrible cold and privations must be faced on the journey, for at times the thermometer will drop to 60 below zero as they approach the Arctic Circle, and the lone travelers will be forced to face the fierce blizzards that sweep down from the North and "the wind from Thule that freezes the word upon the lips." They cannot, of course, carry provisions necessary for such a trip, but must to some extent depend upon their success as hunters for their food. The husky dogs which compose the trains are fed on frozen fish and tallow, and to see those sagacious brutes lie down in the snow to receive their peculiar food is an impressive sight for a tenderfoot. Neither bread nor any other necessities of civilization which are luxuries on the trail will find a place on the frugal bill of fare of the voyageurs. Their drink will be a billy of tea made from snow water, melted over the camp fire, and their bed a blanket and sleeping bag beneath a little canvas tent. Occasionally they may enjoy the luxury of spruce boughs, but like their dogs, as a rule, their cheerless bivouac is the snow or the frozen ground, with their pipes as the only source of consolation or dissipation. However, the time for rest allowed themselves along the trail by those couriers is really remarkable in its brevity, considering how strenuous is their occupation.

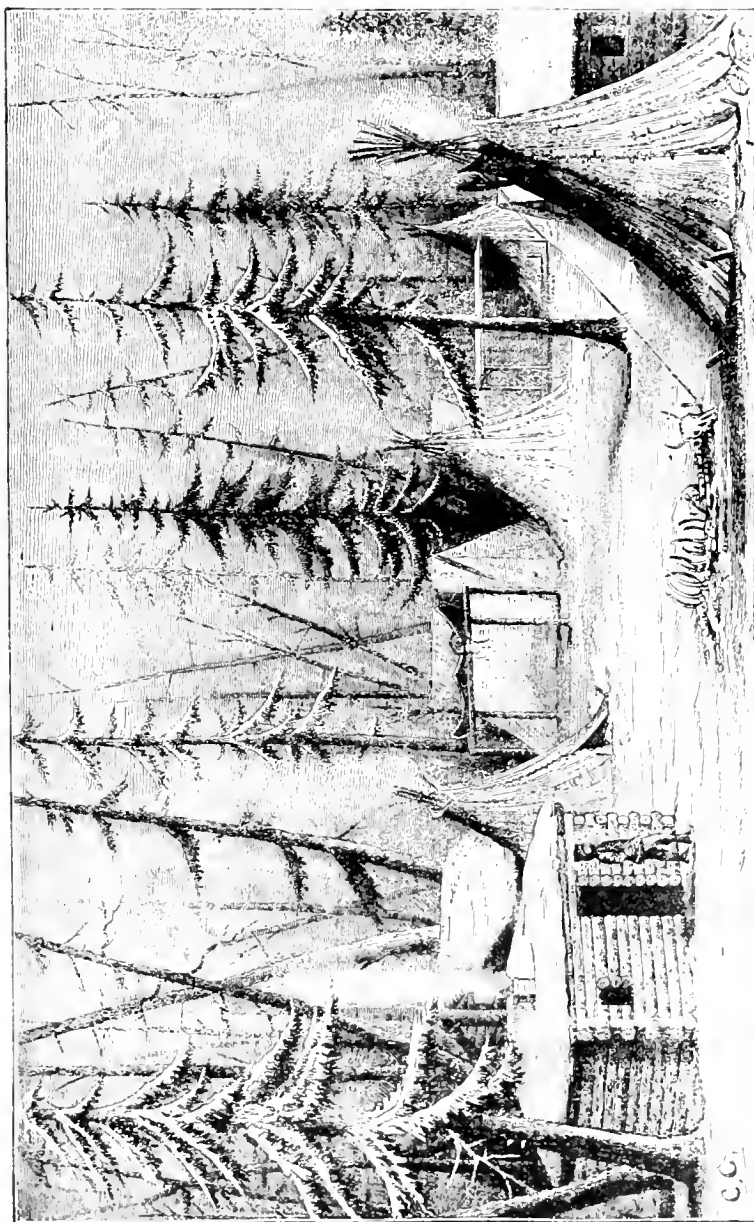
This year the government is instituting an innovation which might even be dignified with the term of free rural mail delivery in the Arctic, inasmuch as the couriers are requested to deliver letters to settlers and others living along their route. This has been done with a view to saving those people the unnecessary hardship of traveling long distances to the posts to secure their mail, and will be a boon to the scattered residents of the north which none but they can fully appreciate.

It is necessary to limit the mail matter for the packet to letters only, and

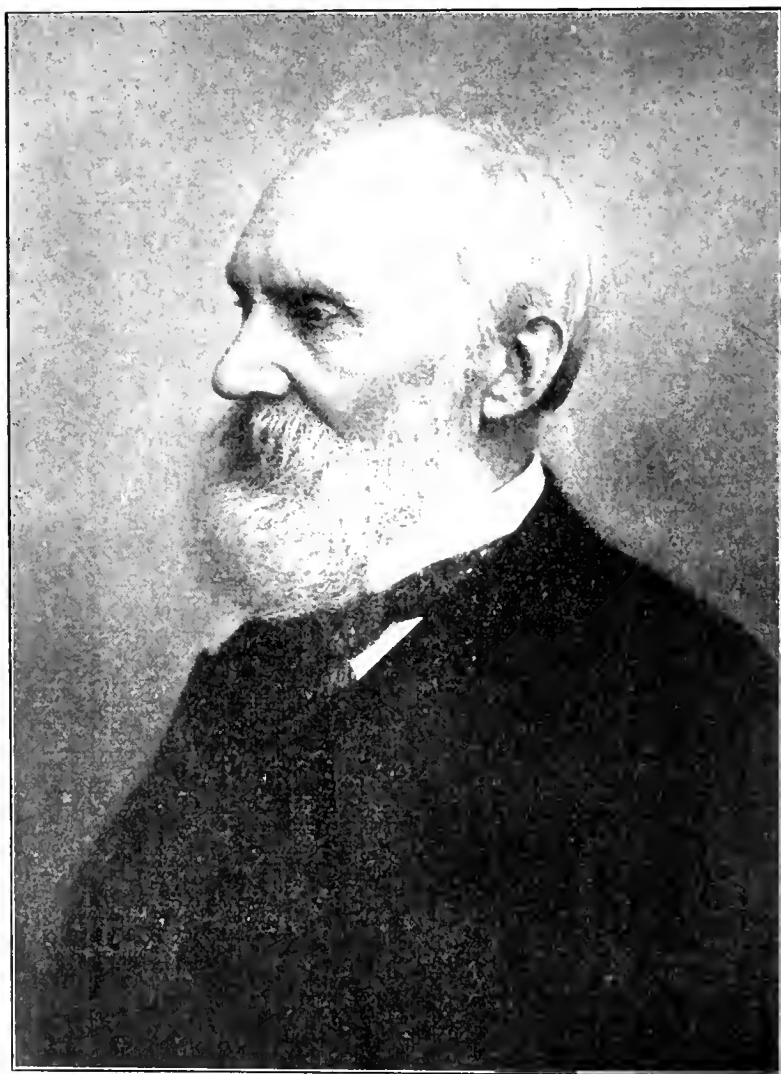
owing to circumstances which will be apparent the letters may be registered but not insured. Preference, however, is given in making up the packet to registered matter, and afterwards the letters are given precedence according to the date of posting.

Though now reorganized as a government enterprise the same organization which has delivered the mail in the past is still availed of. The government evidently appreciates the fact that the experience of the pioneers in northern travel and their devotion to duty goes far to relieve responsibility which they are now assuming. Only as development progresses and the hardships to which these pioneers were subjected become more apparent to the masses can a full appreciation be formed of the important part this grand old company played in transforming what was supposed to be icebound deserts into the most renowned wheat fields of the world. When in years to come the great northwestern regions are traversed by railways and the delivery of mails to what are now the most remote districts becomes an important arrangement of detail, it is to be hoped that the landmarks of the past will continue to bear evidence of the difficulties overcome by the employees of the pioneer company whose experiences will ever be valuable to the government and the inhabitants of the Far North so long as the present mode of transportation is a necessity.

This extension of the mail system is but a step on the threshold of development of the North, but a finger-post of progress pointing to the future when the wonderful resources of the "great lone land," which, until a few years ago was a sealed book to all save the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, will have been exploited and the railways will have supplanted the picturesque dog trains and the gallant couriers who carried the packet post, giving a daily instead of a semi-annual service, and carrying to the markets of the world a wealth of furs and fish, and the products of the forest and the mine.



Hunters' Camps in the Far North



LORD KELVIN

What He Has Done

If to be useful is to be great, Lord Kelvin has left behind him a record of usefulness equaled by few men. What he has done for the scientific world is incalculable. His work has received the instituted recognition of the whole world. He was fortunate in having his great work appreciated.

Lord Kelvin's family name is Thomson. Young William Thomson entered Glasgow University at the age of ten, which was by no means an unusual thing in those days. At the age of seventeen he was transferred to Cambridge, from which university he took his degree four years later. His actual life work Thomson started with Regnault in Paris, where the latter was conducting experiments on steam, from which he deduced his well-known theories and formulas. From France, Thomson returned a few years later to fill the chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University.

The high-lying industry of Lord Kelvin is attested by the collection of over 300 papers with which he has enriched scientific literature. The most brilliant of them was on the connection of heat with power. Another important feature of his work were electrical measuring instruments, prominent among which is the world-wide known Kelvin balance. Navigation is another department of practical life, which is under a heavy debt of obligation to him. The improved and simplified modern mariners' compass owes its origin to him. But his achievements are too numerous to even mention.

Men have attempted to rank Kelvin with some of the other great scientists, but his was one of those rare characters whose simplicity shamed the idea of comparison, and now that he has passed to the Great Beyond, the world has the consciousness of seeing a great career worthily ended.

Hetty Green: Mistress of Finance

By Mabel Potter Daggett in Broadway Magazine

IF you have been a part of the hurrying throng that daily jostles down lower Broadway, you may have seen her. Such a lonely little figure! A withered leaf, it seems strangely tossed in the great financial current. Follow this little old woman in rusty black and see her enter the Chemical National Bank. She is not the scrubwoman. The scrubwoman has no clothes of such ancient date as hers, the alpaca gown that has weathered many seasons, the black woolen cape that has shaped itself to the shoulders as they have bowed through the last ten years, and the tousled bonnet with its little bunch of flowers that faded with the millinery of many summers past.

Yet she has made no mistake in entering here where the atmosphere is crisp with the ways of the business world and metallic with the sound of money. For lo! office boys and clerks and men higher up stand obsequiously aside as she passes. The bowed gray head turns neither to the right nor the left as she walks straight on. With assurance her hand rests on the gate that leads inside beyond the brass-barred windows to a mahogany roll-top desk. This is her office.

The shabby little old woman who has just passed from view is worth \$60,000,000, even \$100,000,000, some estimates say. She is Hetty Howland Robinson Green, greatest mistress of finance the world has ever seen. Seated atop of her huge yellow millions, a wrinkled old woman, the financial limelight of a continent plays about her as she directs the destinies of men and of corporations. There is power in the pen-

stroke of her aged fingers, the thin old fingers that are busy, busy all day long cutting coupons and signing checks. She has more ready money at her command than any other one individual. Wall Street waits on her coffers. To the old-fashioned mahogany desk comes a procession of bank presidents, hat



The Jovial Edward Green, Jr.

in hand, railroad magnates, bowing low, and rich directors humbly making obeisance. Even the city of New York in need has brought its plea to her, its richest citizeness. Coolly, calculatingly, she listens, balancing want and entreaty with a grim nicety of judgment. Then she drives her bargain shrewdly.

They get her money and they pay her price.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

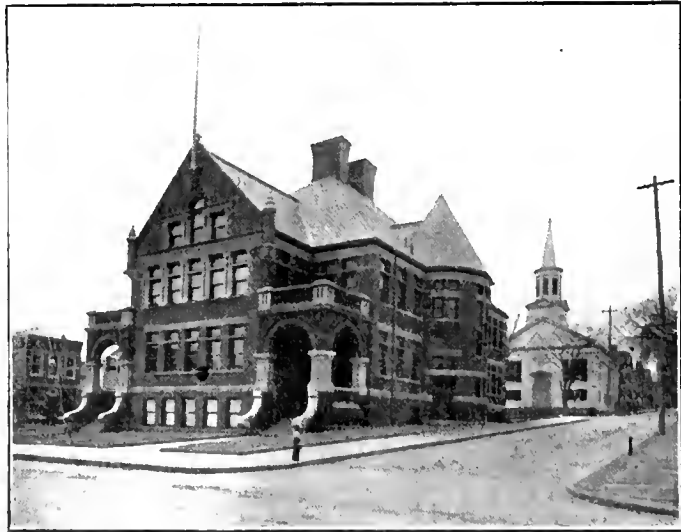
So rolls up the fortune for which she has long been famed as the richest woman in America. There is the possible exception of Mrs. Russell Sage, but hers was amassed by her husband. In all history there has been no other woman who, by the exercise of her own ingenuity, has made so much money as this supreme financier.

LEAST HAPPY WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

Yet the Midas touch that has fairly encrusted her life with gold has been a fatal gift. For Hetty Green

heart under a new spring gown, the butcher from whom she buys chuck steak at twelve cents a pound has a better Sunday dinner, and her neighbors in a Hoboken flat, when they go on a Coney Island outing, brighten the monochrome of existence with more of color than varies her drab days.

Poor Hetty Green, least happy woman in New York! Her husband, who died a few years ago, she completely eclipsed in individuality. Her daughter Sylvia's personality is subordinated entirely to hers. But there is one smouldering heart-in-



SYLVIA ANN HOWLAND SCHOOL AT NEW BEDFORD
Hetty Green's Only Public Benefaction.

is really a bankrupt to-day, bankrupt in desire! With money to buy all that the world has for sale, it holds nothing that she would like. She has mortgages strewn in acres from Boston to San Francisco. She owns railroad and steamboat lines, copper mines in Michigan, gold mines in Nevada, iron mines in Missouri, telegraph and telephone securities and government bonds, and in her safe is locked a pint of diamonds and one of the finest collections of pearls on earth. Yet the girl stenographer who takes her dictation probably has a lighter

terest beneath the cold financial exterior of this woman who devotes herself to making money as unceasingly as a machine. And the touchstone that proves her still human is, "My son Ned." It is for him, Edward Howland Robinson Green, railroad president and a leading citizen of Texas, that she is piling millions on huge yellow millions. Her consuming ambition, her only desire, is to make that son, Ned, the richest man in the world.

New York knows Hetty Green as one of its queerest characters. The mention of her name among the pre-

HETTY GREEN: MISTRESS OF FINANCE.

sent generation raises a smile at her parsimonious eccentricities.

ONCE A NEW YORK BELLE.

But it was not always so. Once Hetty Green was young. She was brilliant and beautiful, one of the belles of New York and Newport and Saratoga. The eligible men of the day were at her feet, and one in the Far East who had heard of her reign as the daughter of a merchant prince of America was on his way to woo and to win her. There is a portrait of that Hetty, a photograph, across the back of which is written:

Miss Hetty Howland Robinson at 26. Taken on the way to dinner at Saratoga to be given by ex-President Van Buren and his son, John, to Lord Althorp, afterwards Duke of Northumberland; Lord Harvey; Col. Scarlett, afterward Lord Abinger; and Captain Tower, of the Coldstream Guards. Was matronized by Baroness Stoeckel, wife of the Russian Ambassador.

An old beau of the sixties who danced with her that night says with reminiscent wistfulness: "She was most charming. Her hair was very brown and her eyes were very blue and the necklace of pearls that she wore was not whiter than her slim young throat. Then her laugh, that rippling, delicious laugh, I hear the music of it yet!"

From this portrait of Hetty Robinson look to the Hetty Green of to-day, with the faded eyes that are done with sweet smiling, and the stern mouth that is hard with the tired lines about it. A story beginning with romance and ending with pathos—stranger than fiction is this chronicle of a curious career.

For this woman of wealth, who lives like a pauper because she prefers to, comes of a family that has had social position and riches unlimited for generations. She reads her title clear to the Mayflower passenger-list, and her ancestral shield is starred with Colonial governors. She was born in New Bed-

ford, the town that her forefathers founded and in which they made their fortune in the whaling industry. She was the daughter of Edward Mott Robinson and Abby Howland. New England, to this day, smooths its apron complacently and adjusts its spectacles proudly as it adds, "She is a Robinson of the Howland Robinson line and a Howland of the Round Hill Howlands, you know."

It was on November 21, 1835, that a little daughter came to the great stone mansion on Pleasant Street, New Bedford, and to a most pleasant heritage, it seemed. "Such a fortunate child," the neighbors sighed almost enviously, "with a father the richest man in Massachusetts."

She was sent first to a famous Quaker school kept by Eliza Wing, at Sandwich, Cape Cod, and later for a final polishing to a Miss Lowell's seminary in Boston. Afterward, at home, she became her father's associate and virtual secretary. The house in which Edward Mott Robinson had been made a partner by his father-in-law still retained the hereditary name of the rich whaling merchant, Hetty's great-grandfather, Isaac Howland, Jr. In the counting-room there at night passers-by often saw the daughter poring over the books by lamplight with her father, and getting her first lessons in finance.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE DAUGHTER.

And she was soon more than a mere pupil. She was able to render him very definite assistance. His ships touched at many ports, and he must know the credit of the world. So it became her daily duty to read to him the reports of the world's finance. And dry and unattractive as such reading might seem for a girl in her teens, this girl became as keenly interested in the markets as another might have been in romances. It is said to have been upon her advice that Edward Robinson made his first investments in

Chicago real estate that later netted him a million dollars or more profit.

Then Edward Robinson, after the death of his wife, about 1860, transferred his residence to New York. Like the rich men of to-day, having made a fortune, he went to New York to enjoy it.

About this time there was given in Japan a dinner for the American commercial men in the East. Among the guests was Edward Green, for twenty years United States Consul-General in Manila, where, identified with the house of Russel, Sturgis & Company, he had made three or four millions in the silk trade. A toast was proposed to the "Richest American Heiress."

"Who is she?" came in a chorus.

"Hetty Robinson," some one answered.

The Consul-General's fist came down with an emphasis that rattled the glasses and silver. "I'm going home to marry her," he declared.

And he did. Through business connections he obtained the necessary introduction to the Robinson home. He found a woman of personality as attractive as her fortune. And his wooing was swift and sure. He was a handsome elderly man of the world, polished of manner and practised of speech in saying the things that women like to hear. Hetty Robinson was nearing thirty years of age, and by the custom of the day it was time for her to marry some one. Here was a man with money enough of his own not to want hers. When he proposed, she applied a test, and he met it unflinchingly. Would he sign an ante-nuptial contract agreeing to leave her fortune hers absolutely, while he supported her and any children they should have? He would, and on this strange but characteristic agreement the engagement was announced.

One month later came the shadow of trouble that embittered Hetty Robinson's life. In June, 1865, her father died suddenly, leaving her

his nine millions, one million outright and the income from the other eight millions, the principal to be held for her children. Hardly had she arranged the house of mourning in New York, when she was summoned to New Bedford by the death of her aunt, Sylvia Howland. This aunt, in turn, was worth \$2,500,000, and her niece, Hetty, had been brought up from the time she was a little girl to count it as hers.

"You have had your mother's money, you will have your father's money and you shall have my money—you shall be the richest woman in the world," the aunt was wont to say.

THE RICHEST WOMAN.

The richest woman in the world—the richest woman in the world—that was the ideal that had been held up to the girl until it had been ingrained in her soul.

Then Aunt Sylvia's will was read—bequeathing the half of her fortune to numerous beneficiaries and to charity. The other half was set apart, the income only for Hetty, and the principal at her death to go to the living descendants of her grandfather, Gideon Howland. Hetty Robinson listened to the reading of this document, stunned and amazed. This will was not Aunt Sylvia's wish, she knew. Some one had unduly influenced its making. Had not she and Aunt Sylvia made and exchanged wills mutually benefiting each other? Nevertheless, the document was probated as read. All New Bedford was interested that it should be. Then a month later Hetty came forward with the missing will making her sole heir and declaring all past or future wills of Sylvia Ann Howland null and void. She said that she had found it in a trunk, and she at once instituted the famous Howland will contest, most celebrated in American legal annals. The Howlands charged her with forgery. There was a battle of the handwriting experts that has never since been equalled. Louis Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and members of Harvard's faculty were called to give scientific evidence. After two

years the case was finally settled out of court. New Bedford to-day has \$100,000 of Aunt Sylvia's money invested in its pure water supply. There is another \$100,000 in the Sylvia Ann Howland School and the public library.

Through all the trouble of the will contest Mr. Green had stood staunchly by his fiancée. After it was over they were quietly married. The ceremony was performed July 7, 1867, at the home of a distant cousin, Mr. Henry Grinnell, of No. 17 Bond street, New York.

After the marriage, Mr. Green and his bride lived abroad for seven years, during which time they were presented at court in England, and on the continent were introduced to many distinguished people who had been the friends of genial Edward Green in his previous world wanderings.

Two children, a daughter and a son, were born while Mr. and Mrs. Green lived abroad. It was during their travels that she began to protest at all expenditures as extravagance. She could enjoy no pleasure because she forever asked its price and counted its cost. To free spending, pleasure loving Edward Green this was as harrowing a sort of incompatibility as could well have been invented. On their return to New York, in 1874, the house that they took she thought too large and too fine. He had the taste of a connoisseur for rare books and pictures and statuary. It was a luxury that she attempted to curb. The Green ancestral home was at Bellows' Falls, Vermont, and the family planned to spend the summer there. Before their departure she decided to sell the horses to reduce expenses. And to drive a good bargain, she would sell them herself. She had them harnessed and brought to the front door of the New York residence, with a black and white "For Sale" sign hung from the carriage. Then she climbed on the front seat to wait for a purchaser. It is related that her husband appeared at the door, and, every other entreaty failing, declared, "Harriet, if you don't come into the house this minute, I

shall have a commission in lunacy appointed to declare you insane!" All this happened with millions of dollars in the family exchequer.

It was soon after the return to America that both Mr. and Mrs. Green went to Wall Street with their money. From the first dip his began to disappear, and it is said that she declined to risk any of hers in its rescue. When he succeeded in extricating himself he was no longer a rich man. His wife, on the contrary, was growing richer.

But the more money that Hetty Green made the more she wanted to make, and the less she wanted to spend.

EDWARD GREEN: NEWSBOY.

She insisted that they give up their handsome home and go to a boarding-house to live. Then she moved frequently to avoid being taxed on her enormous fortune, and the boarding-houses that she selected became cheaper and cheaper. She enforced the most rigid economies on the entire family. It is said to have been her custom, after the daily paper had been read, to thriftily send her son on the street to turn an honest penny by selling it. He didn't so much mind the selling of the paper. There were other boys whose circumstances in life compelled them to sell papers, too. But there were none who had such enormous patches on their trousers as he. Having brooded over the indignity until he could bear it no longer, he one day, before an admiring group of companions, drew forth his pocket-knife and deftly removed a particularly large and offending patch with the remark, "Mother shall never sew that on again."

When her husband had endured Mrs. Green's eccentricities as long as he could, he finally left her to go the way she liked. He took up his residence at the Cumberland Hotel, and there and at the Union League Club lived until within a few years of his death. The children were sent to school, Edward to St. John's College, at Fordham, and Sylvia to the Sacred Heart Academy, in Manhattanville.

Edward's declaration of independence about the trousers' patch evidently endeared him to his mother. Her purse opened more indulgently to him than to any other member of the family. In Chicago, where, when he had finished his college career, he went to look after some of her property, he became known as a rather lavish man of the world. On joining the Elks there he liberally expended \$2,500 for furnishing the headquarters. Indeed, he spent so much money that his mother concluded life in a large city made a son a luxury, so she bought him a railroad in Texas—the Texas Midland—and sent him to be its president.

THE DAUGHTER AND THE DUKE.

Sylvia, the daughter, since leaving school, has patiently followed her mother from one temporary abode to another. For a girl who was the heiress to several millions, which she will inherit from her grandfather's estate, she had little of the joy of girlhood. Deprived so long of so much she grew accustomed to going without, and she is now a middle-aged woman who apparently doesn't care. On leaving school she joined St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church. She had a summer at Newport under the chaperonage of the Countess Leary, and there was another summer at Morristown, New Jersey, at the home of a distant relative. Here, at the same time, was another guest, a certain Duke de la Torre. For just a little while Sylvia

strayed on the borderland of romance. Then the Duke returned to Italy. And she went back to her mother's Hoboken flat.

The stories that are told of Hetty Green's oddities would fill a volume.

She happened to be in Philadelphia one day when there was a sudden fluctuation in securities in which she was interested. It was already afternoon and unless she reached New York before the close of the stock exchange, she would miss the chance to make several thousand dollars. No train would bring her in time, and she opened negotiations for a special. A price was named for one car and the engine. She haggled for some moments over the figure. Then she suddenly announced: "Take off the car and knock off five dollars from the price. I'll ride in the locomotive cab." And that was what she did.

Her parsimony even reaches the limits of the ridiculous. One day she objected to her laundry bill and wanted the price reduced five cents on the dozen. But her washerwoman protested that she could not lower the rate. "Well, then," said the astute financier, "we'll compromise this way. When you come to the petticoats, wash only the bottom where the soil shows and charge half-price for the garment."

"There are many kinds of people in the world," Hetty Green herself has declared, "but I am a kind all by myself. I live as I like and I always shall."

The curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks, is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.

The Middle-Aged Failure

By Maximilian Foster in Everybody's Magazine

THERE crashed upon Penstock in that one moment's idle reflection the whole, ugly truth of his condition—middle-aged and a failure! The thought, vaguely originated, leaped forward in his mind, took form, and, gathering bulk, ruthlessly swept aside the pretenses with which he had shielded himself from realization. Now he saw himself as he was; and the shock of it was as dizzying as a blow between the eyes. He stood before himself, as naked as a soul before the judgment-seat; and a glow of shame suffused him. Had he been able, Penstock would have put on again the rags of self-delusion that had been torn away.

Seizing his pen, he jabbed it roughly at the ink-pot, his cheek flushed and his hand unsteady. But the pen, instead of returning to its work, wandered absently to the wide, blue blotter on the desk, and there described meaningless diagrams, vaguely and tremulously drawn.

He sat alone. It was after office hours, and the others long since had gone. But it was no new thing for Penstock to stay behind to toil. To work!—there was another sting of pain—he knew little else but work! Success wins leisure; and, with the awakening wonder of discovery, he realized how little of it had ever been granted him. He sat alone, but his brain rang with many voices; together they uttered a united judgment—that only he himself was to blame. Yes!—he had failed; and he felt as if the knowledge laid hold of the last atom of courage within his breast, and strangled it with ruthless hands. Nothing seemed left to him now but the mere barren privilege of existence. He still might live, a failure. His eyes,

fixed straight before him, swam mistily; and then, as if in scorn of the instant's self-pity, he grinned in sardonic derision. Penstock sat alone; but his brain was an ugly, peopled world.

He saw—or he thought he saw—as he looked back, the causes of his defeat. He had lived and fed upon the promises of the future. That was it! He had lived on hope, trusting all to hope's easy assurances; and hope's other name is to-morrow! He had let to-day slip by—an untold number of to-days; and he looked back now, and saw the past dotted, as if by so many mile-stones, with the chances he had missed. There he grinned again; for if hope were to-morrow, opportunity had been yesterday!—or so it seemed to him in that moment's bitterness of reflection. He had been content, day by day, with the little he had gained; for always there had been before him the lying, deluding hope of the future. It had seemed that he need only reach forward to the morrow; then he should grasp the prize. But in all the time that he had lived he had never stopped suddenly in the present and gripped masterfully the opportunity that was floating by on the tide. So time had brought him nothing—nothing but middle-age—and failure! He arose and slowly closed his desk. Then, with his hat drawn down about his eyes, he shuffled out. One might see in his lowered head and listless walk the man who realizes defeat.

In actual years Penstock was not middle-aged. He was still within two months of forty; but in active business affairs forty is well past the mid-way post. Before then a man must have arrived—or have shown that he

may arrive—if he is to escape the stigma of failure. Penstock knew now that he had deluded only himself; and when he thought what others must say of him, his cheek flushed anew. An honest, steady fellow—a good man; that's what they were calling him; and he ground his teeth in a rage. In the street, with a conscious grimness, he turned his head to look up at the office windows; and his eyes paused for an instant upon the familiar lettering of the firm title:

LETHBRIDGE & Co.,
Wholesale Coal.

—& Co.! It was the "& Co." that filled him with wrath. For through nineteen hard, slow-footed years, Penstock had made himself useful to Lethbridge & Co., and what had he to show for it? He had given to the firm loyalty, hard work, all his intelligence—the best there was in him. He had come early and stayed late; and except for his right to resign, he had been little better than a bond slave. In that moment of bitter self-analysis, he contrasted himself with the others—with old Lethbridge, head of the firm; and Coyne and De Mille, the junior partners. By what superior intelligence or industry had they won where he had failed? Penstock knew the story of old Lethbridge, the tale the old man was so fond of telling—of the first thousand dollars saved by harsh deprivation, and of the wise investment that had brought the money rolling in. Penstock, too, had saved his thousand dollars—once—and at the old man's suggestion had invested the hoard, wisely, without doubt. But it had brought him only a beggarly six per cent.—\$60 a year—and then sickness and other needs had eaten into it. Penstock, still analyzing, could not repress a sneer; for it must have been more than the first storied investment that had put Lethbridge on his feet—luck, more likely. But then there were Coyne and De Mille. They had come to the employ of the firm some years after Penstock; and now the two were partners—Coyne, the active manager, and De Mille in charge of its finances. But Penstock,

faithful and honest, Penstock was still only a salesman, and little better than a hired clerk.

He thought of Coyne, alert, confident, and able. He knew that Coyne, but for De Mille's interference, would have given him a better chance. And he liked Coyne, respecting his quiet friendliness with the men under him; but there were times when he flinched at his authority—a man younger than he, yet put in charge over him. For Penstock had arrived at that period in life when one always makes the age comparison; had Coyne been older than he, the man's established success would never have caused him that pang of envious inferiority. But by what means had Coyne risen? Old man Lethbridge had found him running a one-horse coal-pit in the Hocking district; and, elevating him over the heads of old employes, had put him in charge of the larger operations of Lethbridge & Co. Why? Penstock tried to think, and could not. He saw no wide differences between his own methods and those of Coyne; indeed, they seemed to him identical. Then his mind turned to De Mille.

De Mille! The very thought of him filled Penstock's mind with a tumult of bitter questions. Again he sneered; for De Mille seemed to him narrow-minded, lacking in all keener intelligence, even stupid. Furthermore, Penstock knew him to be dishonest; long ago he had made the discovery. Luck might have helped Lethbridge to success, and Coyne might have won because he was likable—but how had De Mille succeeded? There was the poser. He knew how De Mille had made the money that had given him a start; but not for a moment could he connect it then with the man's obvious prosperity. Indeed, in that hour of acute debasement, Penstock had lost all power to think clearly. Still plunged in his despondency, he let himself in at his door; and at the sound of his wife's and children's voices, made a manful effort to hide the gloom in his face.

But that night, in the sitting-room with his family, despondency seized him anew.

THE MIDDLE-AGED FAILURE.

"Milly," he said suddenly, but with regret, and not criticism, in his tone, "that gown of yours is pretty shabby."

Milly shook her head and smiled. She was a tall, well-proportioned woman with a strong, cheerful face, and a quiet, determined air—a man's vigorous helpmeet. Penstock observing her now, felt, with an added self-abasement, that she would have done better with another man. But Penstock's wife had not yet lost her confidence; nor, if she had, was she of the kind to admit it.

"Why, no," she said, smoothing down the front of her dress; "it doesn't seem shabby to me. It might be a little newer, perhaps," she added with a laugh, and, plucking a fold of the cloth between her fingers, regarded it whimsically, with her head perked on one side; "but it'll do a while yet. Why, I've only just turned it for the first time."

Penstock fluttered his paper, cringing as if he had been struck a blow. He glanced sidewise as he turned the sheet; and his eye fell upon his younger boy, curled up in a rocker and mumbling the morrow's lesson. One knee was thrust forward; and the sight of the boy's stocking, overly darned, stabbed him anew with a sense of his failure. He could not provide for his own as other men provided for theirs. There was Coyne, for instance; but Coyne had no children. Still, were Coyne a father, his children would have been better cared for than were Penstock's. There was De Mille, too—he had a wife and children; and the paper's printed characters swam before Penstock's sight, and he hid behind the sheet.

Again De Mille!—this De Mille, who had succeeded. He had seen what De Mille lavished on his family, De Mille, who whined and snarled and almost wept when the men in the office asked for advancement and better pay. There came to him the sudden, sickening contrast between his own family and De Mille's, De Mille's wife and children, arrogant, pampered, supercilious; and Penstock's, grateful for the year's necessities,

skimping along narrowly on what De Mille's brood threw away in a single month.

But that was the obvious privilege of success—to trick out one's wife and children luxuriously, as if in advertisement of one's own ability, one's power of making money. For it was by money alone that Penstock rated success: by money made honestly, as he had tried to make it. Now, as if by inspiration, came the swift companion thought: To make money, honestly if you could, but to make it somehow. Suddenly, with a swift memory of former events, he saw De Mille revealed; he understood the secret of his success. De Mille had risen because of his dishonesty!

De Mille had improved a single chance. In the third year of his employment, he had been sent down into West Virginia to buy up undeveloped coal lands. In this new and unknown field the price was low—\$40—\$50 an acre—for the farmers had not yet thoroughly realized the value of their lands. Old Lethbridge had been willing to go \$60; and what De Mille had done was to get secretly for himself options on a large acreage, and then, under an assumed name, to turn it over to the firm. Old Lethbridge had paid a flat \$60 for the lands; and De Mille, getting it at an average of \$45, had pocketed the difference. Penstock, sent on a trifling errand about the titles, had found out the truth. But he had never "peached," regarding De Mille's trick only as a stroke in high finance of a kind that did not tempt him. But now—Well, there was the difference! A savage resentment filled Penstock's breast. Give him the chance again, and he would not let it slip.

There had been three times, at least, when Penstock might have laid the foundation of a fortune as easily as had De Mille. But Penstock had been honest—yes!—there was the rub; and with a growing bitterness, he thought how his honesty had served only to keep him back.

For in that moment Penstock's resolution was formed. Conscience,

struck a body blow, lay dormant; and Penstock was akin to the bank clerk who, detecting the officials' dishonesty, starts in to tap the till. He would remain a failure no more.

But opportunity lagged. Months passed, and all they brought to Penstock was a deeper sense of his own inability, a clearer, more severe indictment against himself. The chance of dishonest, as of honest, success was only a mocking promise for the future. Penstock must wait even to become dishonest. And, in his bitter waiting, he drew into himself, displaying at the office a gloom and an aloofness so unusual that the others wondered at the change.

Once Penstock thought that his chance had come. It was during a period of inactivity, the season when all the year's output of coal was already sold under contract. Little was required of Penstock, as a salesman, except to visit the trade occasionally, and to look about him for prospective business.

He sat in the office, lending his help to a clerk, when he heard the voice of De Mille raised in earnest argument in an inner room.

The discussion concerned certain coal lands that De Mille wished to buy, and that Coyne was opposed to buying; and at its significance Penstock pricked up his ears.

"I say we ought to have that acreage," cried De Mille loudly. "We'll need it later on, and we ought to buy to-day."

Coyne's voice, calm and resolute, was so modulated that Penstock could hear him only indistinctly. He arose, and, pretending to search for a pen, edged closer to the partition.

"No, De Mille," he heard Coyne declare; "it'll take a lot of money to swing a deal like that. Money's too close, I tell you; and our obligations are already pretty heavy. We'd have trouble in managing it, though later on——"

De Mille's voice cut in sharply. "Later on!" he cried derisively, almost with a sneer; "why, that's only throwing money away. They'll add twenty per cent. a year to the price, if

they know their business. They ask a hundred and twenty five an acre now; but——"

Coyne's voice made some reply indistinguishable to Penstock, and De Mille spoke again:

"Well, I'll be square with you, Coyne. I'm going to Lethbridge; and if he sees straight, he'll send a man there—and without any waiting, either—to get options on every acre."

Penstock went back to his desk, his head ringing. He knew the coal lands they spoke of—6,000 acres lying behind the piece on which De Mille, long before, had turned his trick. He knew, too, whom they would send to get options on it—himself!—and besides, he knew the class of men who owned the lands—farmers holding each a small piece that made up the total acreage. A hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre! Penstock grinned furtively. Why, these farmers would jump at \$120; and five times 6,000—huh! five, the difference between 120 and 125—five times 6,000 are 30,000. Thirty thousand dollars! Penstock could almost feel it burning in his hand.

But all his plans came to naught. He waited, wild with impatience; and when he heard nothing more of the projected deal, tried clumsily to get at the facts.

"What's happened to that West Virginia business?" he asked Coyne one day. "I heard we were about to buy additional acreage."

"Hey, what?" exclaimed Coyne, looking up sharply from his work.

Penstock strove to hide his embarrassment under an air of flippant coolness. He repeated his query, though his eyes dropped beneath Coyne's steady stare.

"Oh, I just heard some talk in the street," he replied, answering a terse question of Coyne's. "They were just talking, I suppose."

Coyne regarded him in a moment's grave silence. "I hope you haven't said anything, Penstock." He spoke quietly, laying down his pen. "We're not buying yet, but we're going to, later on; and if they find out that

Lethbridge and Company is after the lands, they'll make us pay all kinds of prices. De Mille wants to buy now, but we decided to wait a while. He'll attend to it personally."

Then he himself would have no chance! With an effort, he raised his eyes, as Coyne still kept on speaking.

"Yes, De Mille's doing it," said Coyne, trusting Penstock absolutely. "I thought we ought to let you handle it, when the time came; but De Mille won't let any one but himself have a hand in it. You must say nothing about it, of course."

No. Penstock would say nothing. He started to his desk, with brain reeling and feet dragging, as if he had heard his death-warrant read. "Oh, Penstock!" Coyne called him back. "Why, Penstock," he added, "I meant to tell you, but it escaped me. Tell the bookkeeper to add twenty-five a month to your check. I forgot it, but I think you won't," he added, laughing.

It was a raise, the added money that Penstock so long had asked for. He knew that Coyne had prevailed against De Mille, and that he had been glad to manage it. But gladness, on Penstock's side, was not evident. A deep flush mantled his face, and he spoke his thanks with difficulty. Twenty-five dollars a month—\$300 a year! Penstock had been dealing in thousands; and there came only three hundred a year! But Coyne accepted his nervous and mumbled sentences as due to the embarrassment of gratitude; and, to set Penstock at his ease, began a crisp story of how he had won his first increase of salary. Penstock listened with distaste. He escaped from Coyne as quickly as possible; and denned himself, like a bear, behind his desk. Nor could he find heart to announce the news to his wife, sick as he was at the thought of it. At the end of that week he gave her his check, and winced when she cried out sharply at the amount.

"Yes—it's a raise," he answered gloomily, from behind his paper. "There's going to be a strike," he went on, cutting in upon her expressions of elation. "Have you heard? The hard-coal miners are really going

out." He turned over the sheet. "Well, if they do, I shan't have to run my legs off to sell what coal we've got. No—soft coal will have to take the place of anthracite, and it'll be easy to get rid of it. About time, too."

Milly looked at him sharply, but said nothing. A moment later she smiled, thinking what the added money would mean to them in comforts; but her husband still sat hedged behind his paper, in utter abjectness. Twenty-five a month! Why, De Mille's wife and children tossed away lightly in a month as much as that on their gloves and hair-ribbons—and De Mille had grudgingly allowed him this pittance after blocking him in a deal that might have meant thousands.

It was as Penstock had predicted—the anthracite strike came on, spurring to unexampled prosperity every operation on the soft-coal side. Coal, either hard or soft, became, in a few short months, a rare commodity, and difficult to get. On the basis of run o' mine, fuel that sold normally at a dollar a ton, f.o.b. mines, was now quoted at an advance of fifty cents a ton, and was climbing higher day by day. Coyne, as usual, had looked ahead. He had reserved unsold a large tonnage; and was waiting now to place it not only at an advantage in price, but with an eye to getting future business. He expressed his views to Penstock; but Penstock, most of his interest lost, cared very little about it.

Yet it was through this means that opportunity knocked at his door again.

"Oh, Penstock," called Coyne; and Penstock, arising, shuffled wearily into Coyne's private office.

"I want you to go north to-night," said Coyne tersely; and then as tersely told why. He had heard only a moment before that the Midshire Steel Company, a large consumer, was in desperate need of fuel. Time and again Coyne had tried for the business; but the tonnage had gone always to Hargreaves & Co., a firm of middlemen, who had been able by some invincible influence to keep their grip on it. Now Hargreaves & Co. had fallen down on the contract, since

the mines from which it had formerly bought had been tempted by higher prices, and had sold the coal elsewhere. Thus the great Midshire Company was in a tight place, and was squirming in the fear that it must be closed down for want of fuel.

"You get after them, Penstock. Close at a good price—a dollar sixty as a minimum—but don't squeeze them. They're in a place to feel grateful for favors, and it'll do us good later on. We've got to have a good price, though, or they won't respect us. But if we rob them, they'll hate Lethbridge and Company. You understand?"

Penstock nodded. He understood, but he assented with so little energy and interest that Coyne looked at him sharply.

"You get a bounce on, Penstock," he added crisply; "it's a good chance for you. If you can get that business and control it, there'll be a good deal in it for you."

Penstock reached Midshire the morning after, and sent in a card to the purchasing agent. Then, after the agent, as a matter of business principle, had kept him cooling his heels in the hallway for nearly three-quarters of an hour, Penstock was admitted to the presence.

"Morning," said the buyer, afraid to the last to show any interest, lest Penstock might add to his price; "what can I do for you?"

But Penstock knew buyers and their ways; and he smiled listlessly.

"Oh, nothing—not much," he answered, without fervor; "does twenty-five thousand tons interest you—run o' mine, or three-quarters? D'you want it?"

He felt tired and careless. He knew that the Midshire did want it; but it was only a sale, even though a sale with a "chance" in it for him—it was just another incident in a long and wearisome procession of such drudgeries.

"I don't believe we need it," answered Gaines, with an assumption of indifference. But, as the

words were spoken, Penstock noted in his eyes a quick and leaping light of relief. Twenty-five thousand tons would put the Midshire on its feet again.

"We don't need it; but you might quote us in case we do."

The instinct of the seller quickened in Penstock; and with a sudden command of all his forces, he woke up, and began to play his hand in the game.

"Oh, well," he answered, rising and reaching for his hat; "if you don't need it, there's no use wasting your time. Sorry to have bothered. Warm, isn't it?"

He heard a door open behind him; and then another voice cut in. Penstock knew the owner of that voice; it was Barbour, general manager of the steel plant.

"Hold on there, Penstock," called Barbour, and waved Penstock back to his seat. "You got any coal to sell?" he demanded shortly.

"Yes. Twenty-five thousand—three-quarter, or run o' mine."

"What price?" demanded Barbour crisply, and Gaines, trained to hemming and hawing, gasped at the general manager's rashness in showing the weakness of his cards. "What price?" demanded Barbour openly; for Barbour knew that the loss of closing down the plant would be far greater than any extras that Penstock might tack on to his price.

Then Penstock, the seller, began to hem and haw. "You see," he began, impressing on Barbour the favor he should confer if he sold him the coal, "there are a lot of companies after that tonnage. They know we can make delivery at once; and Coyne has said that we'd perhaps better keep it to help out our old customers."

"Huh!" grunted Barbour savagely; "if you didn't have it to sell, what did you come here for, then?"

Penstock smiled affably. "Why," he explained, and comfortably crossed one leg over the other, "I thought if you needed it that Coyne might be willing to help you out."

"We do need it," growled the general manager; "now what's your price?"

"Can't say yet. 'I'll have to talk to Coyne." Penstock arose and again made for the door. "I'll let you know in the morning, Mr. Barbour."

"I want to know to-day."

Penstock shook his head, smiling. "I'll talk to Coyne," he answered, "and let you know by 10 a.m."

Penstock already had the price, but he was in no hurry to give it.

It would do Barbour good to stew a little longer; and he looked casually from the general manager to Gaines—Gaines could stew, too, for the purchasing agent had been pretty impudent, making him wait so long. Then, as he walked down the steps, he thought in swift self-degradation that Coyne or De Mille would not have been kept waiting like that.

He had hardly reached the hotel when a card was sent up to him. He read the name—Joel Hargreaves—Hargreaves, of Hargreaves & Co., The firm did no business with Lethbridge & Co., but it cost Penstock little reflection to know what Hargreaves was after.

"Morning, Mr. Hargreaves," said Penstock, and as he motioned his visitor to a chair, he noted the perspiration on his brow.

"Look here," said Hargreaves bluntly, as he mopped his face and fixed his eyes anxiously on the salesman; "you're trying to sell the Midshire people coal."

Penstock nodded; and the old man cleared his throat noisily.

"Penstock," he said, leaning forward anxiously, "won't Lethbridge and Company let me have that coal? I'm willing to pay a good stiff price for it."

Penstock shook his head. "No," he answered slowly; "we're going to sell it to the Midshire."

Again old Hargreaves cleared his throat, the perspiration starting out on his face. "Let me have it, Pen-

stock," he almost pleaded. "I know about what price you're going to ask—about \$1.80 f. o. b. mines. Give it to me and I'll stand for \$2.05—I'll pay a premium of twenty-five cents the ton."

Again Penstock shook his head. "It's not that, Mr. Hargreaves," he answered: "It's not the price we're after, and you know it. The Midshire people have as much as said they're done with middlemen, and I'm after the business."

Old Hargreaves huddled down in his chair, his face miserable. But there was strong stuff in the man, and a moment later his jaw squared sullenly.

"You can't get their business. Hargreaves and Company have had their trade for fifteen years; and you can't get it away from us."

"It remains to be seen," said Penstock and then he felt a pity for the man who was so evidently in deep anxiety. "Mr. Hargreaves," he added gently, "I hate to refuse you, but you've had your show, and now I'm looking for mine. I want to get the Midshire business, for it'll mean a big thing to me, a contract like that. I'd like to ask Coyne to help you out; but business is business—and in business, it's every man for himself. I'm in it for what I can get for myself."

Hargreaves shot him a sudden, piercing look. There came a silence that ended in the older man's rising, hat in hand. "Give me twenty-five thousand," he said slowly, "and I'll tell you what I'll do, young man. If I can get this coal, I can hold the Midshire's business; and, next year, I'll give you the contract. I'll buy from Lethbridge and Company through you—and the year after—every year so long as we hold it."

As he spoke, his hand had reached to the door-knob, and nervously half-opened the door. Now he closed it, and looked quickly in Penstock's face.

"Help me out, and I'll pay you the twenty-five cents premium over and

above the price Lethbridge and Company asks us for the coal."

Penstock looked at him, his jaw falling.

"Six thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars—cash on the nail!" Old Hargreaves fumbled in his breast pocket, and half revealed a check-book. Penstock turned white.

The Midshire Company got its coal. It came from the Lethbridge and Co. mines, and it was delivered through the firm of Hargreaves and Co. Penstock had arranged the matter.

"It's this way," he said, facing Coyne with an energetic directness rather new in him: "the Midshire people are tied up to Hargreaves and Company, and won't leave them. No one can get the business away. I tried to sell them straight, and they only sent Hargreaves to me, notwithstanding that they were almost closed down for want of coal. But I've got Hargreaves where we want him. Give him the twenty-five thousand tons, and he promises—in writing, mind you—to buy from us, yearly, at the same price that our responsible competitors bid for the business."

Coyne pursed up his lips, looking out of the window doubtfully.

"He'll pay a dollar eighty for the twenty-five thousand tons," urged Penstock, with a heart failing suddenly at Coyne's expression. "That's twenty cents above the price you told me to quote the Midshire. Remember, too, the total tonnage for the year will be a hundred and twenty-five thousand tons."

Coyne turned abruptly to him. "Let 'em have it," he said: "it's pretty fair business, anyway!"

Penstock walked out, his head reeling like a drunkard's. In his breast pocket was hidden a bank-check that burned like an ember laid on the living flesh. A day later he cashed it, and asked for a week off to attend to some personal business. To his wife he said that he was going away for the firm.

Penstock hurried straight into

West Virginia. He secured options to himself, under an assumed name, on nearly the entire block of coal land that the company had in view. His \$6,250, paid down to the owners, gave him the right, within one year, to buy 4,300 acres at \$115 an acre. If he did not take up the option in the specified time, the money would be lost. But in January, Lethbridge and Co., flush with the money made through the advance in the price of their soft coal, bought in the acreage. De Mille wondered that options had been given on so large a block of it just before him; but behind the name of Amos Steers, Chicago, he could not see Penstock, a salesman in his own employ. And he bought in the unknown Penstock's option, haggling with Penstock's lawyer-agent, who knew nothing of his client's real identity; and Penstock was jewed down to \$120 an acre. He had demanded \$125 at first; but De Mille had his own reasons for holding out against it. What these reasons were, Penstock understood when he peeped into Lethbridge & Co.'s books after the transaction was closed. De Mille had paid him \$120 an acre; but on the books it was set down at \$125; and Penstock felt a sense of failure even in his wrong-doing. For De Mille had quietly pilfered the extra \$5 an acre that Penstock should have pilfered for himself.

Yet Penstock had cleared \$21,500 on the deal; and in his elation his mind freed itself of regret—regret for what De Mille's abilities had cost him, and regret for the price that conscience had been forced to pay. The day that the check came—the price paid for his wrecked integrity—he stopped at a high-priced dressmaker's and bought his wife an order for three expensive dresses.

"Here you are!" he cried jubilantly, giving it to her; "you get them, and go call on Mrs. De Mille and let her see them."

Milly's face clouded over. "I can't wear three dresses at once," she said quietly, turning the order

over in her hand. "Why have you been so extravagant?"

"Oh, shucks!" he exclaimed: "don't worry about that. I've made a little money on the side. You don't understand such things, or I'd tell you how. You go ahead and get the dresses; the boys need new clothes, too."

Milly looked at him queerly. He was flushed and excited. "Have you been speculating?" she asked; and Penstock nodded. It was an easy explanation. "Well, I wish you wouldn't," she declared, distressed; "it's nothing but sheer gambling; and you know what Mr. Lethbridge thinks of it."

Pool! Little he cared for what old Lethbridge had to say.

The anthracite strike ran its course; and after that came the reaction. There was a drop in prices: soft coal went down inversely as it had risen. Hard times came knocking at many business doors; and one day there was a commotion in the house of Lethbridge & Co. Old Lethbridge himself, routed out of his long ease, appeared on the scene, and was closeted with Coyne. Penstock, with a view to investing his money, had been reading the financial papers. He knew that money had again become perilously tight in the coal trade; for as the weeks went by the selling price of soft coal had sagged close to the cost of production. In coal, as in the iron and steel trade, it was either a feast or a famine. Famine was on now. That day an order was given to cast up a trial balance; Lethbridge & Co. needed to know exactly where it stood. The firm, long established soundly, for the first time found itself in stormy waters.

"If it hadn't been for those new West Virginia lands," said the head book-keeper confidentially to Penstock, "we'd have been all right. But I don't know—I don't know."

Then came something else—a discovery. The trial balance was struck off, and Coyne himself came back to look at the books. Whether

Coyne suspected or had been told, no one ever knew. But one day he and old Lethbridge were closeted together, and De Mille was called in to stand before them. Penstock knew what was in the air, and he trembled guiltily, though his own tracks were closely covered. But for De Mille now there was no escape; in the inner office was a noise of high voices; and De Mille came out of the conference looking like a beaten dog. A week later they learned in the outside office that he was no longer with the firm; and, hedged behind his desk, Penstock heard the news with another sharp quiver of guilty apprehension. He knew what would happen to him, too, were he detected—he of whose integrity they were so confident. De Mille's successful crookedness was now no longer an object for his envy. He heard, on the heels of this, that Lethbridge & Co. had become hard pressed for ready money—that the West Virginia deal had saddled the firm with a burden. It needed money badly; and had Penstock known a way, he would have turned over to Lethbridge & Co. the proceeds of his dishonesty. But how could he do it, and still preserve himself? He thought once of telling Coyne that a distant relative had died and left him a windfall. But reflection told him that wouldn't do. Again he felt the agony of self-abasement. For he knew now that in a new sense he was a failure.

A failure—yes; for there came to him, as if in a blinding flash of light, the realization that mere money does not mean success. To succeed involves contentment in the victory, ease of conscience and peace of mind, the consciousness of honesty as well as of ability. In imagination he became pleader at the bar, prisoner, prosecutor, jury and judge combined. His sentence was that the money must be returned—but how?

"Milly," said he, cautiously, as if sounding perilous depths, "I wish

I could buy a partnership in the firm."

Milly looked up from her sewing. "Yes—only I don't know where you could get the money. But I'd rather see you promoted to a partnership. That would be better than buying your advancement."

He writhed at his wife's unconscious stab. It was a return to the old theme—had he been more active and capable and less willing to trust blindly to the future, he would not have failed of the goal. He would have arrived, as Coyne had, for instance, by sheer force of effort—not like a De Mille, who had made his way dishonestly, only to face ruin at the end.

"I don't see where you can get the money," said Milly, returning quietly to her sewing.

Her answer checked the words on his lips. He had been on the point of saying that he had made enough, intending to explain it by that easy lie of fortunate speculations. But he looked into Milly's clear, honest eyes, and he dared not. He knew, then, that he could get no aid from her, unless he openly confessed and was willing to make restitution.

But out of that night's sleepless thought came the knowledge of what he must do. There was but one thing: he must return the money to Lethbridge & Co., and he must hunt another place. They would not let him remain, of course, once they knew of his dishonesty; but until he had returned what he had stolen, Penstock's conscience would allow him no rest. For this was the type of failure that he had become—less unscrupulous than those that succeed unscrupulously—less able in application than those that achieve by honest ability.

But his heart weakened when he looked for another place. Famine still lay upon the coal trade, and new places were few and far between. There was an overproduction, too; and with too much coal on hand, who would need a sales-

man? He inquired furtively, fearful lest Lethbridge & Co. might hear of it, and discharge him before he had found another place; but the firm was too much troubled with its own affairs to bother about the concerns of its hired men.

Eventually, he got a chance. A company in the Ohio field made him an offer; but it was \$25 a month less than Lethbridge & Co. were paying. Should he take it? The thought came to him that he must explain to Milly why he chose to begin life anew and with less money to provide for his family. But he saw in this the only way.

He arose after a sleepless night, and went to the office, nerved for that climax of shame when he must lay bare his soul to Coyne. He sat at his desk, his face haggard and his eyes burning; and then came a bitter revulsion of feeling. No—he would not! He thought of the men he knew—successful, conscienceless, unscrupulous. How they would laugh at him! No, he would be of their kind instead!

"Penstock!"

In his nervousness the name rang in his brain as if they had called—not his name—but "Prisoner to the bar!"

With his heart in his throat, Penstock walked unsteadily into Coyne's office; for it was Coyne that had called. Now was the time!

Coyne sat wearily at his desk, looking absently from the window. His brows were wrinkled in a frown, and he did not look at Penstock. Again Penstock's heart leaped into his throat—discovery had come, forestalling his confession.

But Coyne knew nothing yet of his guilt. "Penstock," he said, turning to look at him, "I hear you're going to quit us. Why do you do that?"

Astonishment and the revulsion from his terror convulsed Penstock; so that speech failed him.

"Are you leaving because you've

heard we're in trouble, Penstock?" I'd hate to think that."

"No!" gasped Penstock.

"I told Lethbridge I didn't believe you were," Coyne said. "We don't wish you to leave, you see; and if you haven't decided yet, perhaps you'll reconsider."

Reconsider? He clutched the table with an unsteady hand, trying to read in Coyne's eyes what lay hidden in his mind.

"De Mille's gone, Penstock—I needn't tell you why. Perhaps you know. He's no longer with the firm, and Lethbridge and I thought we'd put you in his place. I mean as partner—15 per cent. share in the profits, and the stock in your own name."

Partner! He heard the word, its sense striking him as had that other word failure—as if he had been hit a blow between the eyes.

"Lethbridge and I thought it would be all right. You're a hard worker and careful, and you know the business. We've seen, for years, how you've put Lethbridge & Company's interest before your own; and you're the kind of man we'd like to have in the firm."

He looked at Penstock, his keen eyes searching him narrowly; and Penstock saw integrity and fearlessness and unclouded conscience in the eyes, haggard and weary though they now were with the effort of steering Lethbridge & Co. through perilous waters. Penstock, abased with a thousand recriminating voices shrieking in his mind, clung to the table and gulped.

"You know, of course, Penstock that Lethbridge & Co. have had a narrow squeak. But it looks now as if we're safe. It will be hard work for all of us yet; and, Penstock, if you have a better chance, I won't ask you to make a sacrifice. Don't let loyalty stand in your way."

Speech came to Penstock at last. "Give me an hour," he said hoarsely, "and I'll tell you."

Under his breath, as he blundered out, he repeated the words to him-

self—a man condemned, pleading for the reprieve: "An hour—for God's sake, only an hour!"

He put on his hat and rushed home. "Milly!" he cried; and when she came into the room, she found him with his head on his arms, and shaken to the soul. "Oh—oh!" he groaned, his face hidden, "A failure—a failure! God Almighty, how I have failed!"

She knelt beside him, her arm across his shoulder; and there, stripping his soul naked in a relieving agony of the confessional, he laid bare all his guilt. The hour passed—and then another. But he returned to the office, at last, his face white yet confident; and with his eyes on Coyne, he closed the door behind him.

"Sit down, Penstock," urged Coyne, and the man shook his head. In one hand he held a strip of watered blue paper with writing across the face. "Coyne, how much does Lethbridge & Co. need to tide it over? I'd like to know."

Coyne, thinking that the state of the firm's finances had to do with Penstock's decision, figured rapidly. "Our assets exceed liabilities by sixty per cent.; but collections, as you know, are far delayed. Eighty thousand spot cash would see us safe; I can get twenty-five thousand by the first of the month, and Lethbridge will come up with thirty. It will be a struggle to get the balance, though—somewhere around \$25,000. Does that frighten you?"

Penstock drew a hand across his brow. Then, abruptly, he threw out his other hand, disclosing to the startled Coyne the narrow strip of watered blue paper.

"There's a check for twenty-one thousand, five hundred," he said, and breathed deeply as if he had just set down a heavy burden from his shoulders.

"For God's sake!" cried Coyne, leaping up, a wild look of relief in his eyes: "for God's sake, Penstock!" he repeated.

"No—say nothing," he murmured,

looking at the other steadily; "the money belongs to Lethbridge & Company: for I stole it from the firm."

The middle-aged failure shuffled

to the door, his chin bent to his breast: and there, for an instant, he turned, looking back, a wistful smile on his lips. Then the door closed behind him slowly.

Claims Which Have Startled Britain

Answers Magazine

NOBLE names and great estates have ever possessed a peculiar fascination for two entirely separate types of individuals.

There is, firstly, the man who firmly, although erroneously, believes that he really has a legitimate claim to the titles and lands he covets; and, secondly, there is the swindling impostor, clever and unscrupulous, who sets himself deliberately to gain his ends by forgery and perjury.

Foremost amongst this latter class was Arthur Orton, the Wapping butcher, who in 1867 claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne, and as such the lawful heir to the Tichborne estates, with a rent roll of £24,000 a year. It is no exaggeration to say that all England took sides in the controversy, for or against. It is the fashion nowadays to say that the "masses" only were for "the claimant," the "classes" against him; but this was not by any means wholly so.

The late Mr. Guildford Onslow, M.P., a near relative of the present earl of that ilk, and a typical aristocrat and gentleman, if ever there was one, was a firm believer in him, so much so, indeed, that he gave him £15,000 to advance his claim. And he was but one of many—army officers, clergymen, barristers and other people of standing and repute.

But this credulity on the part of the public is typical of such cases. When, for instance, Alexander Humphrys, a Birmingham tradesman, gave himself out some years back to be the Earl of Sterling, he found very little diffi-

culty in raising £13,000 to prosecute his suit, giving in return bonds for £50,000 on the property he was to inherit when "he came into his own."

As a matter of fact, the civil action never came on for trial, for Humphrys was arrested in Scotland while pursuing his "investigations," the charge against him being the very serious one of forgery. Arraigned in due course, he was found "not guilty," the jury holding that, although forgery had undoubtedly been committed, the prisoner in the dock was not the forger, but had himself been the dupe of forgers.

It is said that Humphrys was "more fool than rogue," but there can be no doubt that it was very much the other way about as regards the two brothers Cooke, who, in 1823, laid claim to the barony of Stafford and the estates pertaining to it. No more barefaced swindle than this is recorded in the annals of crime. The conspirators, one of whom called himself Lord Stafford, while the other posed as his secretary, gained access to Stafford Castle on a day when it was open to visitors desiring to inspect its historic treasures. Then, when the time came for the public to depart, they refused to go, stating that they were the rightful owners.

The real owner, Sir George Jerningham, was away at the time, and the aged housekeeper feared to authorize the use of force against the intruders, who threatened her with the law if she dared to interfere with them in any way. Eventually, however, there

arrived on the scene Sir George's steward, and he, assisted by some laborers on the estate, lost no time in bundling them out neck and crop.

Thereupon the precious pair established themselves at an inn near the castle, and proceeded to serve notices on the tenants, requiring them to pay their rents to their new landlords. The new "lord" made a state entry into Stafford in a carriage blazoned with the baronial arms and drawn by four splendid bays.

But meanwhile legal steps were being taken, and, as a result, the bogus baron was arrested, together with his brother. Tried at Gloucester Assizes on charges of forgery, fraud and impersonation, he was found guilty. Whereupon he had the brazen audacity to plead from the dock his "privilege of peerage."

Curiously enough, it was at Gloucester, too, that there was tried, in 1853, another famous case of the kind, involving the claim of a man named Provis to a baronetcy and estates worth between £20,000 and £30,000 a year. The features were of the old familiar kind: a bogus will, a forged entry in a family Bible, a spurious "heirloom"—manufactured to order—in the shape of a signet-ring, with the family arms engraved upon it. These were produced at the hearing of the civil action, in which this amazing impostor tried to establish his claim to be the son of Sir Hugh Smyth, the last baronet, who, as a matter of fact, had died childless in 1824.

The story he told was a plausible one, but he broke down utterly in cross-examination, and the end came when the defence proved that at the time he asserted he was visiting a certain titled lady, he was in reality serving a term of imprisonment in Ilchester jail. The jury stopped the case, and the plaintiff was promptly arrested on the judge's warrant. A few weeks later he took his place in the criminal dock, was found guilty of forgery and perjury, and sentenced to

penal servitude for twenty-one years.

In the romantic Berkeley peerage case, however, which turned upon the validity, or otherwise, of an alleged secret marriage of an earl of that ilk with one Mary Cole, 'a butcher's daughter, there is little doubt that the claim was a valid one, although the House of Lords held it "not proven." The claimant, although worsted in the legal contest, showed himself a gentleman of courage and ability, so much so, indeed, that twenty years later he actually took his seat in the Upper House as Baron Segrave and Earl Fitzhardinge, titles won by zeal and ability in a learned and honorable profession.

Then, again, there was the famous Hastings case, tried in 1841, in which the claimant established his title to the peerage, although it had lain dormant 450 years; while, in 1839, a man named Stonor succeeded in proving his claim to the barony of Camoys, although the title had been in abeyance ever since the year 1426.

Finally, mention ought to be made of the successful claim to titles and estates instituted in 1743 by James Annesley, a one-time beggar by the wayside, then a plantation slave, and later a common sailor.

No more romantic story than his could be imagined. Educated at an expensive school for the sons of noblemen, he was kidnapped, at the instigation of an unnatural father, who had fallen out with his mother, and sold into slavery in the American plantations. Escaping after years of cruel captivity, he underwent hardships and dangers innumerable, ere he at length succeeded in reaching England, starving, and in rags.

After a while, however, he found powerful friends. Legal proceedings were instituted; and, finally, after a trial lasting fifteen days, he found himself in the possession of vast estates, and the threefold peerage of Earl of Annesley, Viscount Valentia and Baron Altham.

What Men of Note are Saying

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE AMERICANS.

By Comte Van Mourik de Beaufort, of Luxembourg.

I SAW and experienced more in the United States in eight months than I did in eight years in Europe. I have made up my mind to return to New York in January, after a short sojourn on the Riviera.

How can I say anything but complimentary things of America, when I was treated so splendidly everywhere? I went over with a hundred letters of introduction, and whether it was New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Newport or Bar Harbor, every one put himself out to be kind.

Luxury such as I found in the summer homes in the country spoils Europe for me, for such a display of wealth and comfort is unknown on this side. However, extravagance made some of the homes seem artificial, for while eating from golden spoons may be agreeable, some of the dinners must have cost \$10,000, and on one occasion the dining-room was decorated with two hundred orchids at \$5 apiece. But it is the vast, glorious West, with its democracy and freedom, that I love. It is very different from New York, where things are measured by gold.

I went to a Wyoming ranch to pass a fortnight, stopped five weeks and would like to go back there. Now, when I left Europe I thought I knew how to ride, as I had been riding horses all my life. But when I reached that Wyoming ranch I had to start all over again. Some of the men at first took me for a tenderfoot, but I slept in the open, with a blanket, like the others, and when some one said I could not ride I accepted the challenge.

Two of us started to cover one hundred miles in a day. Four times I changed horses, but was determined to stick it out. At eighty-two miles, as the last horse was mounted, my companion fainted, but I finished the one hundred miles in eight hours.

Two things I did not like in America—political corruption and yellow journals, and I might say that for every rich man I found five very poor ones.



CHEAP BOOKS WILL DISAPPEAR.

By Wilson Lange, a leading publisher of Berlin, Germany.

THIRTY years from now white paper will command such a price that the size of newspapers will be reduced to a minimum, and cotton fibre will be used exclusively in its manufacture. The novel will disappear, as well as the yellow journal, while cheap literature and ragtime musical compositions, which have demoralized the unsophisticated, will be limited to a narrow circle.

I do not understand you Americans. You have in your northern and western States hundreds of millions of acres of idle soil where at one time stood magnificent forests, equalled by none in the world. This land, apparently, is not adapted to agriculture. Why do you not make it useful to you before the fertile soil is washed away into rivers and gulf?

Am informed that the land can be had for from £3 to £6 an acre. With soft wood forest covering it, an acre would bring £300 to £400 sixty years from now. Of course the government, to aid the forests, could exempt them from taxation. Forests would not only improve the climate

and value of the surrounding agricultural districts, but would protect valleys and the rivers against floods.

I am surprised that the government is not planting alders instead of willows along the places where natural jetties are desired.

Sweden, whence Germany imports great quantities of paper and pulp, has begun to replant its forests. They are learning from Germany, which has the most magnificent system of forest culture in the world, not a tree being permitted to be felled before there is assurance that another will be put in its place.



PAST AND PRESENT EDUCATION WORK IN ENGLAND.

By Whitelaw Reid.

IN any consideration of English education for the masses it must be remembered that a national system for it did not exist before 1870, and could not be said to have reached good working order before 1892. The Government gave no assistance whatever for elementary schools until 1834, when the house of commons made its first appropriation of £20,000. This was to be used solely for new school buildings. Not till 1839 did the government make any appropriation at all for more direct aid to popular education.

Yet meantime England had somehow trained Shakespeare and John Milton. She had also trained the Pilgrims, who began in the colony of Massachusetts Bay that common school system which is now the pride of every American.

Until William E. Forster, in 1870, carried through the bill to provide for public elementary education in England and Wales, the government itself could hardly be said to have taken much share in real educational provision for the poorer classes, and not a great deal even for the middle classes.

Nevertheless, such as their system was, and for what it undertook, it had long been of rare excellence. It had admirably accomplished—for a certain number—the highest aim of educa-

tion; it had been a wonderful developer of character. Public schools, Eton and Harrow, Winchester and Rugby and many another leading up to and co-operating with the two universities had been such a nursery of statesmen, of soldiers and sailors and great pro-consuls and civil administrators throughout the empire on which the sun never sets, as the world had never before seen.

It may have been a fanciful notion, attributed to the Iron Duke, that Waterloo was won at Eton, but certainly the secret of Anglo-Saxon superiority in the 17th and 18th centuries was largely to be found in the British schools and universities.



AMERICAN NOVELS POPULAR IN LONDON.

By Grant Richards, a prominent English book publisher.

AMERICAN novels are getting to have quite a vogue in London, though in my opinion they deserve a great deal more of popularity than they have acquired.

When I used to publish the late Frank Norris' novels over there, persons would not read them. Why? Well, I suppose insularity was largely responsible. Now they are beginning to read American books. So far, I might say, the American novel has had in England a success more of esteem than of sale.

We haven't anybody in England nowadays who is writing what I should call vital novels. The novelists of the present day in England all appear to be sentimentalists. Your novelists are turning out books that deal with live subjects. The "business novel," for instance, such as has been written over there, is being widely read in England, and Maud Whitlock's novel, "The Thirteenth District," is having a big sale.

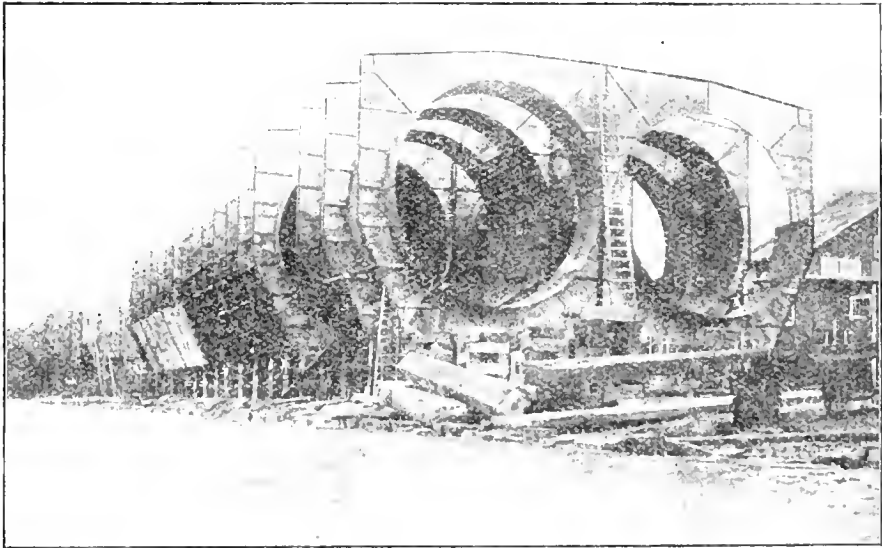
There seems to be no interest in American historical novels, except perhaps, the works of Winston Churchill. Theodore Dreiser's novel, "Sister Carrie," had considerable success from the start in England.

Science and Invention

RAILROAD TUNNEL BETWEEN UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE Michigan Central Railroad, by means of a subaqueous tunnel, is overcoming the gap in its line where the Detroit River forms the national boundary between United States and Canada. This is the last serious break to be overcome in the whole roadbed of the

electric locomotives. Our half-tone illustration shows sections of tubes as they stand in the contractor's yard at St. Clair, Mich. Each section consists of a circular ring of 3-8-inch steel plate, with a central fin or diaphragm all around it. The tube sections are 250 feet long, and are each 23 feet 4 inches in diameter, and have a concrete lining 20 inches



Front View of Tunnel Tubes Connecting Diaphragms

New York Central lines. The river separating Detroit and Windsor is about three miles wide, and powerful ferry boats make the connection with the two towns.

The tunnel is being built of twin steel devised by Mr. Wilgus, vice-president of the New York Central. On each shore these tubes will connect with tunnels by open cuts and through these cars will be drawn by

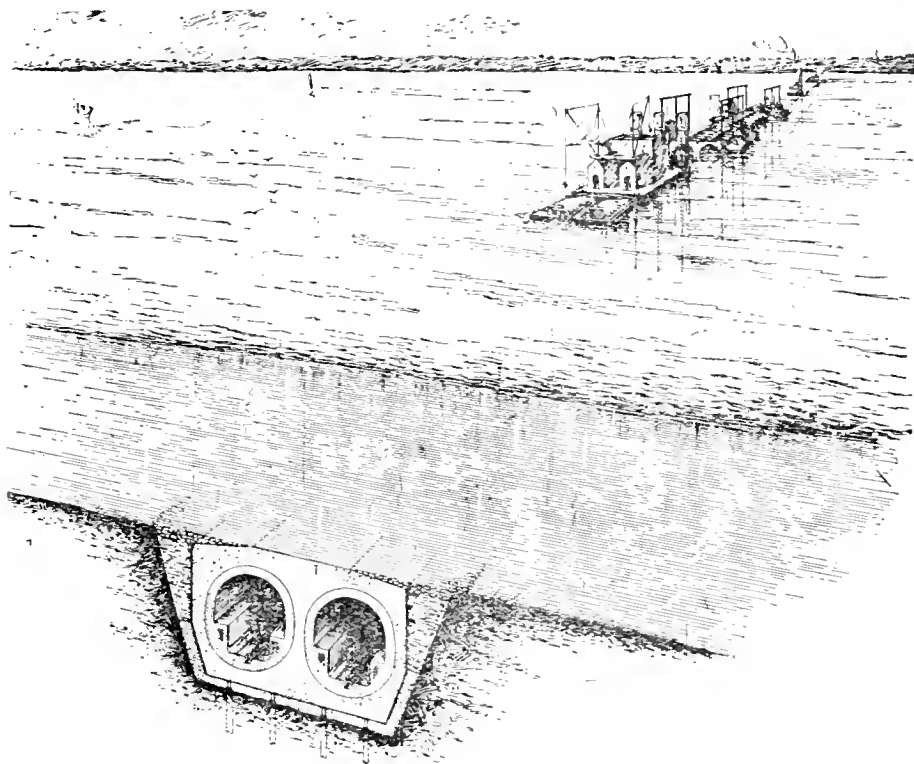
thick which gives a clear diameter of 20 feet. Each tube contains one track and the roof of the tunnel is 18 feet above the rails. Running along the sides of the tunnel are concrete platforms, 5 feet 3 inches above the rail and 3 feet 10 3/8 inches wide on top. In these concrete platforms are contained conduits for signal, lighting and electric power cables, telephone and

telegraph. The platforms provide a walk way for passengers in case of necessity, and room for the workmen.

The line cut shows the method of carrying on the work. The dredge, equipped with powerful clam-shell buckets for excavating the trench in the bed of the river, is seen in the distance nearing the Canadian shore. Behind the dredges are the pile drivers followed by the scows

COALITE OR SMOKELESS COAL.

A METHOD of producing smokeless coal has been discovered in Great Britain by an eminent British engineer, Mr. Thomas Parker. The object of the invention is to abate the smoke nuisance and effect a saving in coal. Coalite is ordinary coal so treated that it cannot emit smoke, the smoke-forming constituents having been elimi-



Detroit - Windsor Tunnel, Looking Towards Canada

with derricks, air machinery, hoisting apparatus, equipments, etc., for placing the tubes. The tubes are made air tight and floated to their position where they are deposited between the piles. The tubes are then bolted together. The tunnel is being covered over with cement, sand, gravel and stone so that it is thoroughly protected. It will cost \$10,000,000 and will be completed by June, 1909.

nated. It is easily ignited and may be consumed in any grate, stove, furnace or kitchen range. It does not emit any noxious or injurious fumes, and is equally pleasing in appearance. And it is considerably cheaper in use.

Coalite is obtained in an entirely different manner from coke. The stills are automatic and continuous in their action and coal fed in at the top emerges as coalite at the

bottom. The temperature is not very high and the apparatus is not subjected to any great wear, so that the cost of maintenance is small. The effect of the gentle distillation of coal in the preparation of coalite is that a gas is evolved of superb quality—over twenty candle-power—approximating to the illuminating power of acetylene. As the process does not break down the hydro-carbons, almost a double quantity of valuable liquid by-products is obtained.

A large site for the manufacture of coalite has been obtained in England on the banks of the Thames and it is intended to open other factories in the United Kingdom so that there will be a new and large industry.

BELIN TELEPHOTOGRAPHY.

A Frenchman, M. Edouard Belin, has solved the problem of transmitting photographs of both faces and landscapes any distance with distinct exactness. A carbon print of the photograph to be telegraphed is placed on a revolving cylinder, while a stylus traveling over this print imparts to the line conductor by means of a lever, current difference corresponding with the differences of relief through a rheostat.

The picture is rolled on a metal cylinder for transmission and is a carbon print on rather thick paper representing a relief proportional to the intensity of the colors of the pictures. This relief is unnoticeable by touch but is sufficient for a point gliding over the surface to respond to the differences and transmit the movement in corresponding amplitude to the extremity of the arm of the lever. By means of a little slider on a rheostat connected with the line, currents of an intensity proportional to the amplitude of these movements and thus are sent the corresponding colors.

The print is received by a beam

from a Nernst lamp and an oscillograph which is a small oscillating mirror reflects the light into a lens opposite which is placed a sheet of glass called a "color scale" tinted gradually from black to absolute transparency. Thus the luminous ray is colored and is impressed on the photographic paper which is rolled on a cylinder in a dark chamber. This cylinder has a rotary motion identical with the sending station. By transposing the color scale either negative or positive prints may be obtained and the proper tone may be had by changing the color scales.

OPERA AND DRAMA FOR THE DEAF.

SEVERAL theatres in New York have adopted an innovation which might very advantageously be copied in other countries, since by its means the pleasures of the opera and the drama are brought to a section of the community whose enjoyment thereof would otherwise be seriously curtailed. This is the provision of "deaf stalls" equipped with the ingenious "acousticon," by means of which the deaf are enabled to hear every sound uttered on the stage. The appliance is similar in design to an ordinary telephone receiver which is held to the ear, only it is equipped with a sound magnifier which collects the sound-waves and intensifies them to such a degree as to enable them to penetrate the disabled auditory nerves. The apparatus is very neat and compact in design, the two receivers—one for each ear—being carried in a handle similar to the lorgnette, than which it is no more conspicuous. Attached to the seat is the requisite small dry battery. It must be pointed out, however, that the contrivance is only applicable to those cases of deafness in which there is no paralysis of the nerves of the ear, which malady no scientific development has yet succeeded in surmounting.

A notable later application of this device is the "dictograph," by means of which, strange to say, people whose deafness prevents them from listening to ordinary conversation can hear quite distinctly and easily. The "deaf stalls" are precisely the same price as the other similar seats in the theatre, the expense of the instruments being defrayed by the management.

TREATMENT OF NERVOUS DISEASES.

AT the large sanatorium in Chemnitz, devoted chiefly to the treatment of nervous complaints, the inclosed space utilized for air baths is the most striking feature. At a recent meeting of German scientists a sanatorium director summed up the results of this simple and inexpensive method of curing nervous complaints, and claims for it a more widespread recognition on the part of the physiologist and practitioner.

In order to secure the best results from these baths, it is recommended that they be taken when the air is as dry as possible; that care be taken at the outset against prolonged exposure; that the requisite amount of light gymnastics be assured, especially in cool weather, and that too much exposure to the direct solar rays be avoided, especially in connection with nervous complaints.

A spacious place, surrounded by trees, free from wind, with a certain amount of shade—preferably foliage—containing a gravel track, a sand heap, and a pool in the open sunlight, supplies the best combination of

favoring conditions. The application of water outside of a bathroom should be allowed in such an open space only when sunshine and adequate warmth are assured.

TO CURE DEAFNESS.

A STRIKING demonstration of what modern science can do was given recently at the Academy of Medicine, Paris, when, in the presence of a hundred physicians and surgeons, a girl of twenty, who two months ago was believed to be an incurable deaf mute, sang a solo, and later answered questions asked her by doctors in the audience.

She is one of four pupils of Dr. Marage, and exhibits in her accomplishments the good effects of his new system of training deaf mutes to hear and to speak.

He uses in his practice a so-called "vowel-syren," an instrument commonly used by Paris professors of acoustics to amplify the volume of the human voice.

According to Dr. Marage, cases of absolute deafness are exceedingly rare. By use of the vowel-syren he says the rudimentary faculty of his patients is rapidly developed, and at the same time they learn to imitate sounds, and thus become able to speak.

"Whatever his degree of deafness," said Dr. Marage, "the deaf mute is susceptible of improvement if he can repeat what he hears. The young girl who sang and spoke to-day has been under treatment only six weeks."

Carlyle claimed that "every stroke of honest work is throwing sunlight into some dark corner, and bringing some bit of chaos into heavenly order."

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Improvements in Office Devices

THE Underwood Condensed billing typewriter describes itself in its title. An invoice (and as many carbon copies as may be required) as well as the salesbook entry are made at the one writing. The salesbook entries are made on a long sheet, and by a most ingenious contrivance which gives the machine its name, are condensed, eliminating all waste space. Both sides of the sheet are utilized; disintegration columns may be added to the right of the total column upon the sales sheet, in which sales can be classified according to departments and ledgers. It does away with needless transcriptions and every

ONE of the handiest devices for the office desk that has come under our notice is the "Macey" Desk File, a very simple affair, that is made of quartered oak with numerous indexed "pockets" that serve in a practical manner as a daily reminder and portfolio for the following up inquiries, orders, remittances, advertisements, engagements and numerous other incidents that make up the daily routine of business and professional men. The cost of this unique device is but \$1.50, and can be procured from the Adams Furniture Co., Toronto.



A COIN COUNTING MACHINE.

LARGE commercial establishments and banks which have necessarily to handle a considerable number of coins per day fully realize the labor involved in counting and wrapping the various denominations in paper. Several ingenious mechanical contrivances for accomplishing this work have from time to time been evolved, but have not proved sufficiently accurate to become practically applicable. An ingenious inventor, after some five years' dogged perseverance, has at last devised a machine which will count any type of coin—gold, silver, or copper, and of any size—in consignments of fifty, and will, moreover, wrap up the same with perfect accuracy and security with the speed of five or six cashiers. It is only about the size of a typewriter, and is driven by a small electric motor of one-sixteenth horse-power. The coins are fed into a chute, and at the opposite end resolve themselves into a continuous edgewise line or roll, each coin, as it falls into line record-



transcription eliminated means a saving of time, and decreased possibility of error. There can be no discrepancy between forms made at one writing. It effects a saving of 50 per cent.

The condensed billing typewriter, as well as the other special Underwood bookkeeping typewriters, are well worthy of careful examination. Illustrated catalogues will be cheerfully supplied upon request by United Typewriter Company, Limited, Toronto.

ing the fact upon a dial. When the fiftieth coin has been registered the whole roll is automatically gripped, carried under a roll of paper, and strongly wrapped up, with the edges beaded over. When discharged in the wrapper the complete roll resembles a cartridge, and falls into a box, where, if desired, the name and address of the firm is imprinted upon the outside of the wrapper. Owing to the novel means of wrapping, it is impossible for a single coin to be extracted from a roll without evidence of the fact being betrayed by injury to the packing. The amount of electricity consumed in the operation of the motor amounts to about twopence or threepence per day; and as the only manual labor involved is simply the feeding of the coins into the receiving-chute, it can be manipulated by a boy or girl, while the coins are counted and wrapped and addressed at the rate of four hundred or more per minute. As a time and labor saver it is distinctly advantageous, especially in view of the fact that it works with infallible accuracy.



COMBINES PEN HOLDER AND BLOTTER.

COMBINATIONS of various kinds are being made in all sorts of office devices daily and the aim and desire of inventors and manufacturers seems to be to bring about combinations that will consider as units as many different ideas as possible. The latest of this class is a scheme for combining penholder and blotter and this is the idea evolved by a New York man, and it has proved to be highly successful.

It combines ordinary penholder with a light cylinder fastened at the top. The cylinder is covered with thin blotting paper and revolves when pressed and moved over the surface of the paper. The movement over the

paper naturally causes the blotter to take up the surplus ink and thus the person writing is enabled to perform the work of making his marks on the paper, and then by reversing his penholder blot up the surplus ink. Large corporations could use them in large quantities for the time wasted in hunting for a blotter or waiting for ink to dry in a huge billing department runs into money every year.



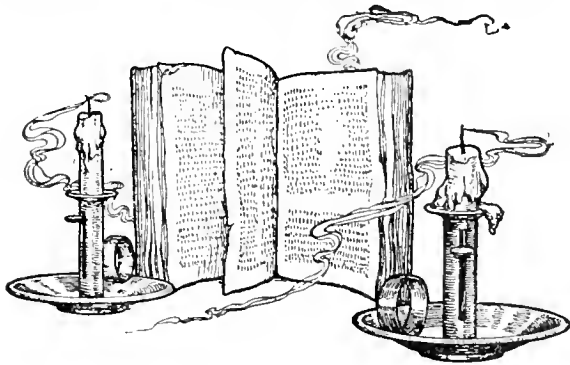
MINISTER INVENTS TYPEWRITER

H. J. OTTO, pastor of the Christian Church at Princeton, Ind., is the newest minister inventor. He has perfected a pneumatic arrangement which may be attached to any typewriter in such a way as to increase the speed that the operator merely has to touch the keys instead of pressing them when manipulating the keyboard.

Mr. Otto's air pump can be attached to the typewriters and manipulated in such a way that the rollers or platens are also controlled. He claims that pumps can be placed in the basements of large buildings, where a great number of machines are used and supplied with power by dynamos or attached to an electric light wire and given power.

He has calculated that the ordinary typewriter wastes miles of muscular energy every day. Basing his estimate that an ordinary three-inch stroke of a type bar consumes six inches he figures it out that in a letter of forty lines 16,800 inches are used up. By using his invention the ordinary key is pressed down only for the distance of one-eighth of an inch and in a letter of forty lines only 360 inches are used. He claims absolute perfection for his machine, which he has named "The Otto," and will manufacture and place it on the market.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S book, "The Weavers," once more leads the United States list, as well as the Canadian. "The Shuttle" stands second on both lists. By comparing the United States summary with that of last month, it will be noticed that the same six books were most popular; while in the Canadian summary there is considerable change, three new books appearing on the list. "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" reached third place; "Alice-for-Short" is in fifth place, while "Days Off" runs a close sixth. "Satan Sanderson," by H. E. Rives, still holds a place in both lists.

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

1. The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
2. The Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.
3. The Dawn at Shanty Bay. By R. E. Knowles.
4. Satan Sanderson. By H. E. Rives.
5. Alice-for-Short. By Wm. De Morgan.
6. Days Off. By H. E. Van Dyke.

UNITED STATES SUMMARY.

1. The Weavers. Parker.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon.

4. The Younger Set. Chambers.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little.

ENGLISH SUMMARY.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. By Edith Wharton.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. The Little City of Hope. By F. Marion Crawford.
4. The Comments of Bagshot. Edited by J. A. Spender.
5. Pekin to Paris. By Luigi Barzini.
6. The Reign of Queen Victoria. By Sydney Low and L. C. Sanders.



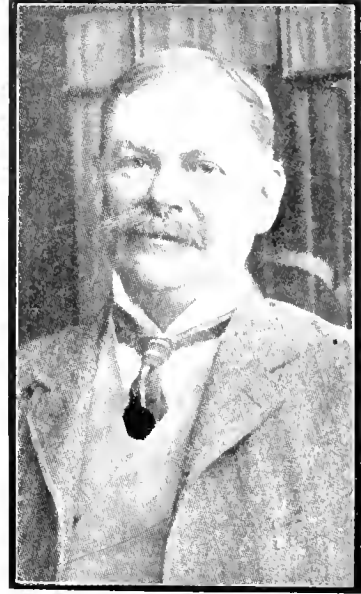
THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN. By F. Hopkinson Smith, Toronto. McLeod & Allen. Adam Gregg, a northern artist, goes to Maryland to paint the picture of Olivia, the girl-wife of the aged Judge Colton. The attraction for one another grows from day to day, until the artist's instincts of honor dictate his precipitate retirement. After years of quiet, but triumphal, work in Paris he learns of the judge's death, and returns to seek his love, then released, but only to find her dead, too. The life that follows is pathetic, but beautiful. Encounter-

ing Olivia's son, a successful young financier in New York, he makes of him a pet, and the attachment is mutual. He lives to take a hand in young Philip Colton's affairs, and by an appeal through his own sacrifice for the youth's mother's sake, he sends Colton along the honorable course in what would have been a dishonest financial deal, and to happiness in his own love affairs. Incidentally the author draws an interesting picture of Wall Street life.

THE CONTENTS OF OPPORTUNITY. By Francis E. Clark, Toronto. F. H. Revell Co. Shows the undeveloped resources of South America. This country is an immense field for future exploitation by the capitalists and laborers of the richer and farther developed countries of the north and east.

"The physical features of South America," he writes, "are on a more gigantic scale than in North America. Its mountains as a rule are higher its rivers broader and deeper, its forests

have not utterly discouraged him in the conquest of the country. It is as though this continent were waiting for a later race of giants who, with scientific and mechanical skill, super-



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ior to any yet achieved, shall be able to subdue this richest of continents, which yet guards her riches so securely."

I care not how humble your bookshelf may be, nor how lowly the room which it adorns. Close the door of that room behind you, shut off with it all the cares of the outer world, plunge back into the soothing company of the great dead and then you are through the magic portal into that fair land whither worry and vexation can follow no more. You have left all that is vulgar and all that is sordid behind you. There stand your noble, silent comrades waiting in their ranks. Pass your eye down their files. Choose your man. And then you have but to hold up your hand to him and away you go together into dreamland.

Conan Doyle in *Through the Magic Door* (London: Geo. Bell & Sons), a delightful volume of gossip about authors.

more impenetrable, and all these features have presented obstacles to man and have daunted and delayed, if they



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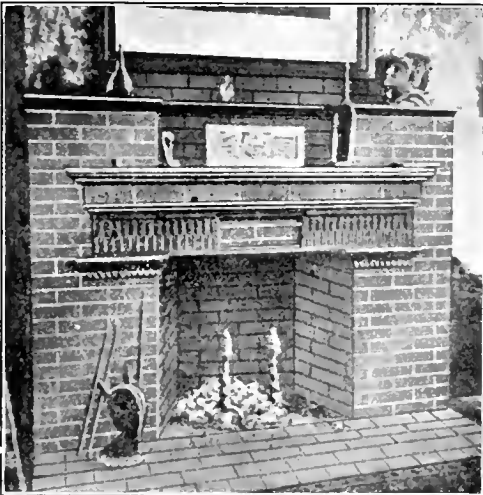
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Humor in the Magazines

THE new judge out West charged his first jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury: Charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself. You have heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you,



"The Bank of France is sending three hundred millions in gold to the Americans. Well, I am very glad for the poor devils!"

your verdict will be for the plaintiff. But if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will find a verdict for the defendant. But, if you were like me, and don't believe what either of them said, I'm hanged if I know what you'll do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

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A French schooner went ashore at one of the fashionable resorts. When day dawned she was plainly in sight from the beach, the waves breaking over her decks, and the crew clinging to the shrouds. The residents flocked to the water's edge, where a life-saving crew was working.

"Mercy, man, why don't you all do something—try to save those poor men? I wonder what they are——" an excited woman gasped, catching a bronzed coastguard by the arm.

"We are doing all we can, mum," was the hurried reply. "They are French. We have just sent them a line to come ashore."

The lady turned to a friend with a look of admiration in her eyes.

"Just think of that, Mary," she said. "And isn't it just like those awfully polite Frenchmen? That man said they had just sent them a line to come ashore. You see, they wouldn't come, though they were about to be drowned, without a formal invitation."

At a fancy-dress ball for children a policeman was stationed at the door, and was instructed by the committee not to admit any adults. Shortly after the beginning of the ball a woman came running up to the door and demanded admission.

"I'm sorry, mum," replied the policeman, "but I can't let anyone in but children."

"But my child is dressed as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and has forgotten her wings."

"No matter," replied the policeman, "orders is orders, so you'll have to let her go as a caterpillar."

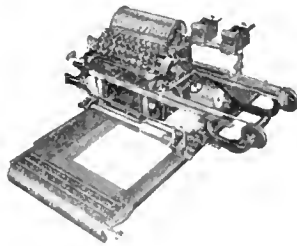


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John and Pat were two friendly workmen who were constantly tilting, each one trying to outwit the other.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.

"I am that," said Pat, quickly.

"Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked John.

"Sure," said Pat, "it depends on whose yard you get into."



Mick (acting-footman): "Now hurry, Missus M'Gann! The ladies is sthriped for dinner already!"

During the last silly season a heated discussion raged in the Plumpville Politician with respect to the length of time that bullocks are able to exist without water.

"Three years, four months, and five days ago," one correspondent wrote, "when I was farming in Australia I boarded over the mouth of a long abandoned shaft near my place, as I considered it dangerous to my offspring. Some time afterwards I removed the boards and descended the shaft.

"Upon reaching the bottom I was astounded to find there a full-grown bullock. Now, there was not a drop of water in the shaft, and he must have fallen in before I covered over

the mouth thereof. Consequently, the unfortunate animal could not have had a drink for three months and six days at the very least.—Yours, etc., Cynicus.

"P.S.—I omitted to mention that, when I found the bullock he was not alive."

They were a newly-married couple and superlatively happy. He spent the day on 'Change, rushing round the streets and working for her; she spent the day at home, dusting up the rooms and cooking for him.

And when they were together in the evenings she pretended that his long absence at work didn't leave her very lonely; and he pretended that eating the things she cooked didn't make him extraordinarily uncomfortable.

One night, however, when he returned home from his hard day's work no smiling countenance greeted him in the hall; for she was in great distress, and the tears were streaming down her pretty cheeks.

"Why, dearest," said the young husband, taking her in his arms, "what are you crying about?"

"Oh, Henry, Henry!" sobbed his wife. "There is no pudding for your dinner. The mice have got into the pantry and eaten up the beautiful custard-cakes I made this afternoon."

He stroked the locks back from her troubled brow.

"There, there, dear," he murmured gently. "Don't cry over a few little mice."

There could not be the slightest doubt that the roughest railroad in the country was the Joltem and South Bumpem line. So, at least, thought the wealthy cotton merchant, who, having passed the evening in a "sleeper," rose pale and haggard from want of rest.

"If I cannot sleep," he muttered hoarsely, "I will at least eat." And entering the breakfast-car, he called a waiter to his side. "Bring me," he said, "a cup of coffee, roll and butter, and a couple of fried eggs."

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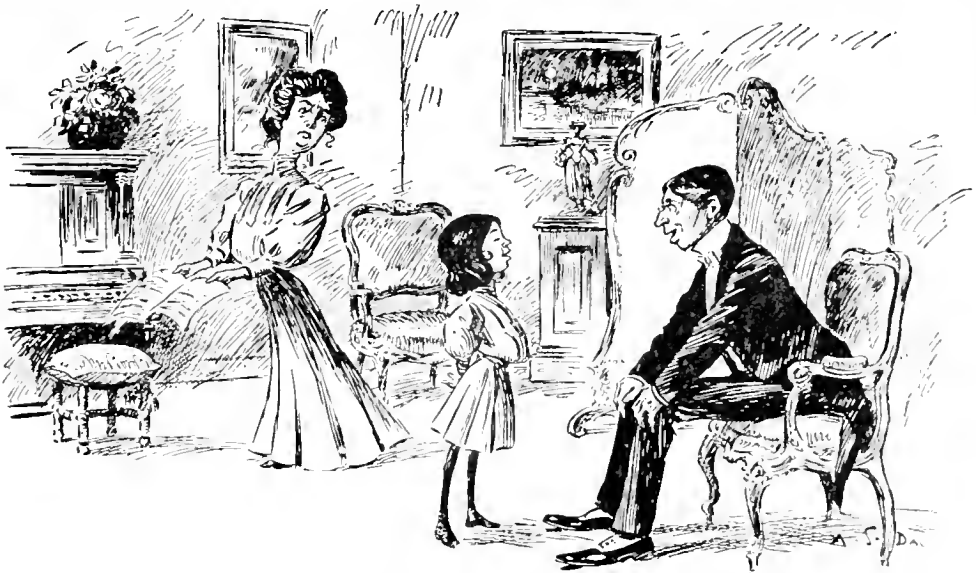
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GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

Sister's Beau—"With your little feet, I'm afraid Santa Claus won't be able to get much into your stocking."

Mabel—"I've thought of that, and I was just wishing you'd lend me one of yours."—Judge.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Busy Man's Magazine.

"I am afraid, sir," replied the waiter, "that unless you wait until the train stops, fried eggs are quite impossible."

"Can't you give me even fried eggs!" exclaimed the despairing merchant. "By George, what a railway! And why not?"

"Well, sir," explained the waiter, "if you really wish to know the reason, this railroad is so rough that every time we try to fry an egg it scrambles."



GIVING THEM NOTICE.

The Teller—"Before you draw any money we require that you give us a month's notice."

The Cook—"A moonth's notice, is ut! Are yez thinkin' av gittin' some wan in me place?"—Judge.

A Presbyterian minister was discoursing to his hearers on the advisability of doing charitable work through the various boards of the church.

"Should you desire to assist the heathen," declared the clergyman, "there is the board of foreign missions; for domestic work we have the board of home missions. There are boards of charity and aid, hospital boards. For the reformation of wayward boys we have a board——" at

this juncture a ball came crashing through the window near the pulpit, startling the audience. "And I sincerely wish," continued the preacher, solemnly, "that at this moment we had a club instead."

"Yes!" said the traveler, "my wife's mother was the most admirable house-keeper that ever lived. Poor soul, she was eaten by cannibals in Africa."

"You don't mean it?"

"Alas! it's true. Why, when the savages had thrust her into the caldron and she was beginning to cook, she cried out faintly with her last breath: 'Don't forget the salt and pepper!'"

A well-known humorist tells the following story, evidently meaning it to convey a warning.

"When I was a boy in Geneva," he says, "I was once taken through an asylum that was not far from the town.

"Many strange, many terrible things I saw in this place, but what affected me most deeply was the sight of a young man, of intelligent and refined appearance, who sat with his head in his hands, mumbling over and over and over again, without a pause—

"I can't strap it round my waist, and it won't go in my pocket. It isn't a motor horn, because it won't blow. It isn't a lamp, for it won't light. I can't put it on my feet, and it will not go over my head. It is neither a fountain pen, a pipe, nor a balloonist's barometer. It looks like a golf glove, but it is not a tennis racquet. I can't——"

"Turning away, I asked the keeper the young man's history.

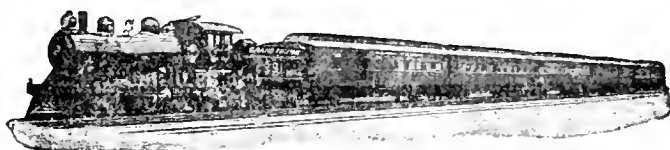
"Ah, sir, a sad case," the keeper said. "One year ago that there young man was prosperous and renowned—the finest puzzle inventor and decipherer for miles round. But last Christmas his young lady friend gave him a present made with her own hands, and in tryin' to determine its name and its use the poor fellow became what you see."

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The Great Niagara Falls, which during the winter months present even more marvellous and wondrous beauties than at any other season of the year, is reached direct by the Grand Trunk, and so on from Portland to Chicago there is something worth seeing to be seen all the way.

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"You say in this report of the fire," remarked the editor to the youthful reporter, "that 'The lurid glare of forked flames shot athwart the dark-domed sky.' Now, are you quite sure of that?"

"Perfectly, sir," answered the reporter. "I saw it all."

"Did you chance to ascertain the cause of the fire, or the time of its inception, the total value of the property destroyed, or the amount for which it was, or was not, insured?"

"No, sir, I cannot say I did."

"Then," concluded the editor, "just watch the lurid glare of forked flames shoot athwart this ink-besmeared report."

And they did.



"Well, where is the bridegroom?"

"He is in America at present. But he has sent his 'I will' over here on a phonograph record, so that the ceremony may be consummated."

The conversation had veered round to dogs.

"Well," said Bumpus, "here is a dog story that will take some beating. My friend Johnson had a most intelligent retriever. One night Johnson's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Johnson and his wife flew for the children, and bundled out with them pretty sharp. Alas! one of them had been left behind; but up

jumped the dog, rushed into the house, and soon reappeared with the missing child.

"Everyone was saved; but Rover dashed through the flames again. What did the dog want? No one knew. Presently the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burnt, with— with what do you think?"

"Give it up!" chorused the eager listeners.

"With the fire insurance policy, wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen!"

The young curate, who was said to be rather "sweet" on the attractive schoolmistress, was paying a visit to the school. After questioning the children on various subjects, he said, with a patronizing smile:

"Now, boys and girls, is there any question you would like to ask me before I go away?"

Instantly one little girl held up her hand.

"Please, sir," she said, in response to an encouraging nod, "mother says teacher can turn you round her little finger, and we would like very much to see her doing it."

On a bitter winter night Patrick O'Hara who had been tramping all day long, flung himself down to rest beneath a cart.

A benighted wayfarer passed by, and hearing an unusual sound like snoring, he approached the sleeper and prodded him in the ribs with a stout stick.

"What are you doing under that cart there, my poor fellow?" he inquired.

"Just sleepin'!" came the drowsy, cross reply. "At last, Oi was!"

"But," said the wayfarer, "do you not feel cold?"

The snow began to fall with gentle persistency as Pat turned dreamily over on his side.

"Shure, an' I do," he answered sleepily; "so just throw on another cart, will ye?"

The Busy Man's Magazine

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DR. G. R. PARKIN, C.M.G.

Director of the Rhodes Scholarships, who lately visited Canada. Dr. Parkin has just completed writing the life of Sir John A. MacDonald in the series of biographies, "Makers of Canada."

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XV

MARCH 1908

No 5



From Cadet to Rear Admiral

Some stirring incidents in the career of a Toronto gentleman who joined the Royal Navy forty-two years ago.

THE first Torontonians to fly his flag as a Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy is John Denison. This is, indeed, a great honor, and one of which Canadians generally should feel proud.

Many residents of the Queen City, more particularly those living here in the fifties and sixties, will remember John Denison, as a bright, merry lad. The boy of those days has now developed into a commanding figure in the Navy of His Majesty. He entered as a cadet on the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, in 1866. Just forty years later he had risen to the rank of Rear Admiral.

In company with his wife and two daughters, Admiral Denison paid a visit to Canada last summer. He is one of the most courtly and considerate of men. Of engaging manner, and possessing a quiet, jovial nature, he at once finds a warm place in the hearts of all who come in contact with him, either in a social way or in the discharge of his official duties. In

disposition he is extremely modest. He has a keen sense of humor and can relate a good story in capital style.

His naval career is full of interest and incident. He has traveled in all parts of the world, and sailed many seas.

Rear Admiral John Denison is a son of the late Col. George T. Denison, of "Rusholme," Toronto, and a brother of Col. George T. Denison, Police Magistrate of Toronto. The late Lieut.-Col. Fred. C. Denison, Lieut.-Col. Septimus Denison, and Lieut.-Col. Clarence Denison are also brothers.

Rear Admiral Denison was born at "Rusholme," Toronto, on May 25, 1853, and entered the Royal Navy as cadet on the *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, at the age of thirteen. For some time he saw service among the South Sea Islands, and was there at the time Commodore Goodenough was killed in 1875. For some years he was in the fleet in Chinese waters, commanding H.M.S. *Firebrand*, which winter-

ed several winters at Tientsin, near Peking. He was Commander on the H.M.S. Anson, when H.M.S. Howe was raised at Ferrol, in Spain, the Anson being a ship engaged principally in the saving of the Howe. He was in the fleet of which H.M.S. Captain was one, when the Captain capsized and sank with nearly all on board. Captain Denison was Commander of the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert during the years 1893, 1894 and 1895. While holding this position, he went with the Duke of Connaught, who was representing the Queen, to St. Petersburg to attend the coronation of the Czar, and the Duke took the Captain with him to Moscow, where the festivities and function were witnessed. On the return voyage, Captain Denison accompanied the Duke to Stockholm, where they were entertained by the late King of Sweden.

For two years Captain Denison commanded H.M.S. Melpomene in the Persian Gulf. Afterwards he commanded H.M.S. Niobe, and with the Diadem they formed the escort of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his visit to Australia as far as Gibraltar. When the Prince was coming to Canada on his return, the Niobe and the Diadem met him at Cape Verde Islands and escorted the Ophir to Quebec and from Halifax back to England.

In 1903-4 he commanded the battleship Montagu, in the Mediterranean Fleet, and in 1905-6 held the position of Superintendent at the Royal Dockyard at Pembroke, until his appointment as Rear Admiral on September 18th, 1906.

In 1878, Rear Admiral Denison was married to Miss Florence Ledgard, of Ellar Close, Roundhay, Yorkshire, and has a family of two sons and two daughters. His sons are John L. Denison, barrister, of London, England, and Bertram N. Denison, Lieutenant in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, now temporarily at-

tached to the Permanent Infantry Corps at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

On December 3rd, last, Rear Admiral Denison hoisted his flag on his old ship the Niobe, as Commander of the Devonport Division of the Home Fleet, in which there are about twenty ships. He has also been appointed President of the Devonport War College. He is the first Torontonian to fly his flag as Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy.

The great grandfather of Rear Admiral Denison, when he came to Canada from Yorkshire, settled at Kingston. When about to return to Yorkshire he proceeded to the capital, then Niagara-on-the-Lake, to say goodbye to Governor Simcoe. The latter, was disappointed at the thought of Captain Denison, going back to the Old Country, and told him that he intended to establish a new capital across the lake. He asked him to come there and not to leave the country. Captain Denison remarked: "What are you going to call the new capital?" to which the governor replied: "We intend to call it Dublin."

"If you call it York I will stay," observed the Captain. His Excellency agreed to this proposition and so the name of the new capital was changed to York. In an old official document Toronto was called "Dublin."

The town was named York in honor, it was said of the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief. Whether as a joke or to be consistent the township was called York, the county York, the two rivers after the two Yorkshire rivers, the Humber and the Don, while four townships near were called Whitby, Scarborough, Pickering, Whitechurch, all Yorkshire names.

For several generations the Denison family were the largest land owners in Toronto, and to-day are among the largest real estate holders in the city.



REAR ADMIRAL JOHN DENISON

A Canadian who entered the Royal Navy as cadet on the *Britannia* at Dartmouth in 1866.

Titled Women Who Are in Business

Their success in various enterprises forms subject of engrossing interest—Countess of Warwick was first lady of rank to go regularly into trade—How royalty extends its generous patronage.

THE success which English-women of title have achieved in business enterprises forms a subject of engrossing interest, and a recent issue of *Vogue*, New York, devotes considerable space to the work of ladies of title in England who, turning to the marts have been singularly successful.

Formerly the one resort for an impoverished Englishwoman of good birth was to become a governess. To-day, owing to the abominable manner in which the world over, the instructor of children is treated, this field is being carefully avoided by those who otherwise would prove most desirable to place in charge of a brood of rampant youngsters.

Once started in the business world, the enterprise shown by some titled women is amazing. At the present time London enjoys the sensation of placarding a ladyship as billiard marker in an establishment enjoying the patronage of Mayfair and Belgravia, and from many similar indications it would appear that the scope of the coronet behind the counter in England is far more extended than that of her path-finding sisters.

When the American woman of acknowledged social standing first went into trade, she ventured through seas of family opposition. Not so the Englishwoman who stands smilingly under her signboard with Queen Alexandra as sponsor and patron. The Queen, as the legitimate head of fashion throughout the vast British domain, appears to-day before the world in the role of a woman of astonishingly progressive ideas and independent ideas and independent attitude, since this is in direct opposi-

tion to the attitude of Queen Victoria.

The astounding financial conditions in the peerage revealed at the coronation in 1901, explains the present large number of titled women to whom has become imperative this necessity for adding to their income in order to properly maintain their standing at Court. The discovery by King Edward that few of the coronetted contingent could afford new coronation robes or the resetting of their family jewels for the magnificent ceremonial at Westminster Abbey, resulted in his order for greater simplicity than has ever before been recorded for such an event. With the exception of her corsets, Queen Alexandra confines her purchases to English firms. And it is her custom when passing any of the London shops kept by women of position, to lean from the carriage with smiling inclination of the head. For years a Paris corsetiere has annually enjoyed a three days stay at Buckingham Palace. During such times she is busy with measurements, fittings and refittings, followed by a careful supervision of the entire royal wardrobe. While the fact that royalty purchases any of its wearing apparel or makes the slightest purchase from a firm, gives in England a prestige resulting in golden guineas from the public, there are curious restrictions attaching thereto. Not until the firm has been established for four years and thus proved its right to be quoted among survivors of the fittest, may it use for advertising purposes the all-important fact that it enjoys the royal patronage.

And there are even more uncomfortable conditions attaching to this

TITLED WOMEN WHO ARE IN BUSINESS.

royal favor. Under no circumstances may a bill be rendered a second time to royalty. This is irrespective of the amount purchased, or the time elapsing between such purchase and



MISS SYBIL HILLIARD

Proprietor of the Little Green Shop in Albemarle Street, who counts Queen Alexandra among her customers.

eventual settlement. It is but just, however, to explain that delays in payment should not be laid at the door of the Crown. All bills are received and audited by persons of the royal exchequer. Their whims and caprices decide whether a cheque is sent in immediate payment or the firm compelled to an indefinite wait. In a number of instances this prolonged and cruel delay in adjustment of bills has resulted in disastrous failure to the business firms.

Bruton and Grafton Streets are unique in London, for scarce a shop upon their course but is owned by a woman of title. In the majority of cases the name is carefully omitted from the chic signs and bill heads. A notable example to be cited is that of the late Honorable Mrs. Packington, whose hat shop in Grafton Street was known by the firm name of Lilli.

The Countess of Warwick was the first titled woman to go regularly into trade. In her famous Bond Street lingerie shop she not only attended personally to her customers, but kept

the books with an accuracy that would have done credit to an expert. The royal consent was necessary before this shop could be opened, and as the late Queen Victoria was an exceedingly conservative woman, it proved no easy task to gain the permission without which no man or woman of high degree in England may at any time enter into trade.

After some years success in her lingerie shop there came the Queen's mandate that it must at once be closed or sold. The Honorable Margery Greville was to be presented at Court, and forthwith all connection with trade by the ancient house of Warwick must cease, since the royal ruling was that no daughter of trade was eligible for presentation at the Victorian Court. There was the further worldly consideration that by the mother remaining in trade, the daughter's opportunities for a suitable matrimonial alliance would narrow to the vanishing point.

Passing from Piccadilly into Al-



THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK

Who is well known for her efforts in putting on sale the work of Irish Peasants.

bemarle Street will be noted at 242, a modest sign, Miss Hilliard, parfumerie. Londoners of the Court set and those ardently desirous of breathing the same air with the living element

of Burke and de Brett, bestow a liberal patronage upon The Little Green Shop in Albemarle Street, for it is known that the Queen stands foremost as a customer. This distinguished list includes the Bishop of London, the Dowager Empress of

prietor, a highly connected gentlewoman, was left suddenly penniless. Realizing that any of the ordinary occupations open to Englishwomen of rank gave at best a meagre living and were accompanied by countless humiliations, Miss Hilliard turned her



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
The Pioneer of Titled Tradeswomen.

Russia, the Grand Duke George of Russia, the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess of Greece, the Empress of Sparta, the Duchess of Sparta, the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia and the Duchess of Portland.

A half-dozen years ago the pro-

attention to manicuring. For three years she went the rounds from house to house of her old friends. Then having secured such a clientele of regular customers as made success a foregone conclusion, she leased the Little Green shop in Albemarle Street and put up the sign, Parfum-

TITLED WOMEN WHO ARE IN BUSINESS.

erie, under which her customers secure skilled attention in manicure, face massage, hair dressing and a supply of the latest luxuries of toilet adjuncts. A charming feature of this shop is that the assistants, like their energetic owner, are well born girls, each of whom is in turn sent for the winter in charge of a branch establishment at Cannes.

The Honorable Mrs. Knox is the proprietor of a parfumerie and manicure establishment, enjoying distinguished patronage of the peerage, and Miss McArthur practically shares with her this list of purchasers in one of the daintiest shops which London can boast. Lady Alexander Kennedy, in her prosperous dressmaking shop in Hanover Square, is to all in-



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY

Wife of the former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Countess was before her marriage the beautiful Miss Rachael Gurney.

Mrs. Bartlett, dressmaker, on Grafton Street, is another of the English women of quality who is heaping up riches in the world of trade which she has courageously invaded. The Countess Fabricotti has attracted to her hat shop in South Moulton Street customers of whom any one might be pardonably proud.

tents and purposes one of the Court dressmakers.

The Countess of Limerick, as well known in London society as in Ireland, because of her practical work in uplifting the condition of poor women of her native land, has established a number of agencies for the sale of Irish lace, made by her peas-

ant proteges. In addition to this she is now at the head of what has grown to be an immense enterprise in the annual sale of shamrocks. The first consignment sent several years ago to London on St. Patrick's Day, was purchased by every officer and soldier stationed within sound of Bow Bells, and this pretty fancy has now developed into an annual custom of immense dimensions.

Lady Brassey for a time ran a model farm upon one of the family estates in England, and Lady Dudley, the lovely young wife of the ex-Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is accredited the silent partner in a flourishing business in Piccadilly. One of the historic paintings owned by the Earl of Dudley, the death of St. Cicelia, by Murillo, was sold by him some years ago during a depression in his coal mining operations at his estate in Worcestershire, and now hangs in the Dresden Gallery.

A clever Englishwoman has within three years past achieved in an entirely novel line an income sufficient to send her son and daughter through college, and as well maintain herself. This is in the patenting of fortune-telling cups and saucers, which sell at two and three shillings, marked off in sections similar to a zodiacal map. The key to the fortune-telling process accompanies each cup in a printed chart. At the start, in order to get out her patent, the inventor was compelled to borrow the money.

In addition to the enormous business transacted openly by leading Englishwomen, there is a surprisingly extended sub rosa aria, wherein women with pedigrees extending back to William the Conqueror, besiege the American Consulate in London to solicit at a guinea a head the custom of newly-arrived Americans of wealth. In shopping for or with the otherwise too heavily tariffed newcomers, these Englishwomen save many pounds, shillings and pence to their customers. The guinea a day charge is exclusive of cab hire, luncheon, teas and tips, by the way. All such addenda must be on a scale commensurate with the standing and antiquity of the title figuring in the case.

A plan now under way is, when next season's big liners discharge their lists of millionaire passengers, for these to be met by personal representatives of coronets behind the counter. Every American woman selected for such meeting will then be presented with an exquisite toilet bag, filled out with dainty samples of the attractive goods to be found at each of the fashionable shops taking part in this enterprise.

And that there may be no annoying mistakes each article will be carefully labelled with the firm name and address.

Note.—The cuts illustrating this article are used through the courtesy of Vogue, New York.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business; but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—
Robert West.

Charles Dana Gibson

Creator of American Social Types

By Perriton Maxwell in Pearson's

TO build up a great brilliant career and that by twenty years of stoop-shouldered, brain-lashing industry; to achieve at eight-and-thirty an actual, solid fame and an annual income embracing five fat figures; to have one's handiwork appreciated equally in Paris, Kentucky and Paris, France; to satirize society and still be beloved of it; to be reckoned by cool, impartial critics as the greatest of living masters in one of the most exacting of all artistic mediums: and then, almost in a day, to sweep aside these sweets of destiny as if they were an incubus; to tear down blithely what had been reared with so much pain and patience; to topple over with placid deliberation this pretty pile of blocks and cast upon the ash-heap that for which most men would barter life itself—in short, to abandon utterly what was, without doubt, the most extraordinary and substantial personal success in the whole history of illustrating is precisely what Charles Dana Gibson did, two years ago, when he threw away his drawing pens and sailed for Europe to study painting, to begin at the beginning of a new and difficult enterprise and learn to look on nature from a fresh angle of vision, to see things hereafter prismatically.

In renouncing illustration Gibson has practically renounced himself, for Gibson the painter, no matter how great his attainments on canvas, will never again be quite the Gibson we have learned to love and marvel at in the pages of the periodicals. And yet, in sheer justice to him, we must recognize the fact that

Gibson at forty, in his present-day fullness of physical and mental vigor free to do that which he has all his life desired to do, can scarcely go down-hill; he has merely arrived at a parting of the road. "I've simply come to a point where I feel I can do better work in a broader field," is the way he explains and justifies his action. There is another important fact to bear in mind—Gibson's success has been a financial as well as an artistic one. He is practically a man "retired," sitting comfortably on his money bags. No other worker in monochrome has enjoyed the monetary success he has had. His reputed income of \$65,000 a year is well within the fact, that Gibson has a fine head for a business deal. In the happy description of one of his friends, "He was illustrating the troubles of young men and women in love, while buying real estate in New York out of the proceeds of these heart-throb drawings."

On that November day two years ago when it was published broadcast that Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the "Gibson Girl" and master cartoonist of American social life, would no more draw for reproduction but would seek a brand-new reputation as a painter of portraits, there was a fine and genuine hullabaloo in the art world—and out of it. The news came as a distinct shock. Gibson was an established institution, and only earthquakes or a board-meeting can disrupt established institutions. But here was the confronting fact—an earthquake and board-meeting rolled into one

—Gibson had "chucked" illustration. It was as if the death of a friend had been megaphoned from the roof-trees. The bomb was well hurled and well timed. On the heels of the explosion came the announcement of the publication of Gibson's tenth annual book of collected drawings—and his last. Then followed a widely-advertised exhibition of the artist's best work, and in the midst of it all three alien pictures—portraits in oil, good ones, too—Gibson's first publicly displayed work in the medium he was henceforth to make his own, the medium he was to conquer and enslave and bend to the bidding of his hand and eye.

There was a vast amount of noise and dust and beating of brass in all this, and Gibson was least happy of those interested. But he went out in a blaze of glory; no American artist has ever been sent away from his own land with so much vociferate acclaim, with so many bouquets flung after him. He might almost have been a Bowery politician embarked on an up-state vacation. It is clear enough to those who know him that Gibson was mighty glad when the fireworks were over and the spot-light was turned the other way round.

Gibson is painfully modest; he simply won't talk about himself. Touch him upon his work, his methods, his future hopes, and he is as mute as the tomb of Moses. But start him on baseball, football, the latest affair of the prize-ring, or the work of some promising new-comer in the field of art and he is almost eloquent. He is diffident by nature; it is part and parcel of his personality, not a pose. He is six feet shy; a schoolboy with a bald head, a wonderful jaw and an infectious laugh. To make him tell his own story one must employ the arts of the diplomat, play him up and down stream like a trout, feed him a query here and there as the interlocutor does his end-men in the minstrels. Finally, after many injections of

foreign matter and an aftermath of careful elimination there is left a fair residuum of pure Gibson. And it is well worth while, this verbal alchemy, for, like all men that do things notable and big, Gibson, once launched on the sea of talk, has his own estimate of life, his own viewpoint, his own way of pressing what he knows and what he feels.

"An artist," says Gibson, tugging between the white wings of his huge collar as if to give his throat greater freedom for speech, "an artist is less interesting personally than the least of his works. Doubtless most public characters enjoy the glare of the limelight and have a thrill when they are pointed out in the streets, but for the rest of us that sort of thing is an ordeal we gladly forego, a terror from which we flee in a panic. I think that artists, more perhaps than any other class of men, should avoid personal exploitation. A painter, an illustrator, should put all of himself in his pictures, and these should stand or fall by their artistic merits. How can it affect my professional status or change my technique to have it published that I am fond of green peas and boating, that I prefer black to red cravats and that, all things being equal, I take my matutinal eggs done on one side only, am fond of Chopin and think Theodore Roosevelt the real thing in Presidents? Who really wants my opinion on any subject? Can prattling do anything but harm to the prattler—the prattler in print? A vast amount of rubbish is published in the name of art. A man should let his work talk for him. An artist determined to succeed must cut loose from afternoon teas and the cheap flatteries of newspaper lady-interviewers. I've managed to side-step the hurry-up heart-to-hearter for a great many years, I've avoided talking for publication until I've grown positively superstitious over it. Perhaps even now I am doing myself a great and lasting injury?"

It was made evident by the twinkle

in his eye and by the up-curling of his mouth- corners that Gibson did not look upon his present indiscretion quite as seriously as his words would seem to imply. He has wit, dry crackling wit, this man, and humor, penetrating, cleverly, garbed, warm humor, genial and rosy as a grate-fire on a December evening. But why state the obvious? One can see the real Gibson in any of his splendid story-telling drawings. He has always lived up bravely enough to his own dictum, "Put yourself in your work"; the man and his mind are reflected in every stroke of his pen. A narrow-minded person never could have evolved the Gibson breadth of handling; a weakling in spirit or physique never could have executed the large, human ideas he has given us in such abundance and with such apparent ease. One must meet this man face to face to understand his greatness. There is something in his quiet poise of head, in his strong, clean-cut countenance, in the frank, level look of his eye, in the larger planes of his face, as sculptors say, which conveys the impression of an antique mask—a mask of early Greece. Gibson would make a joke of this; and that would be a surface indication of his innate modesty, a signal of distress advertising his fear of posturing. Perhaps, after all, it isn't quite fair to call a man of forty an antique, and yet the simile holds. After two years of wandering and out-door study in lower France, in Spain and Italy, Gibson's countenance, sun-tanned, is now more mask-like than ever—a mask of bronze.

Can you imagine anything more indiscreet, nay, anything more dangerous and devilish, than to touch upon the subject of the "Gibson Girl" in discussing serious art problems and the serious future with Gibson, the now serious painter? Think of the half-million times that world-worn phrase the "Gibson Girl" has been flung at him; fancy the countless ways in which the

words have insinuated themselves into his every-day life! Is it a matter for marvel that the artist has become bored with the "Gibson Girl," after so many invariable years? Can you hold him blameless if he feels himself a Frankenstein and flees from that which he himself has created? Hear him on the subject:

"The 'Gibson Girl' is dead—she died several years ago, five perhaps—but her poor disembodied spirit goes marching on, a kind of ghostly feminine Wandering Jew in a dinner-frock; they won't let her stay in her grave where I decently laid her, moons and moons since. I tried to give her a rest by marrying her off and presenting her with a family of children. Poor girl, she simply had to wed in self-defense. It was no good—she still remained the 'Gibson Girl.' I made her a widow, and a sweet young thing in her teens. I even took her out of her social environment; I made her a hoyden, a shop-girl, a rollicking bohemian, but the popular name clung to her through every transformation. It is strange how tenacious the public is in this matter of labels. And here is the truth of it all: I never consciously set out to create a special or particular type of American girl. I think, in justice to myself, my efforts have had a wider reach than that; I couldn't be content with just one character or a single set of characters all cast in the same mold. I suppose I must continue to live down my youthful flirtations with the sex, and let the imaginary special type wear out her welcome."

When he is interested and talking, Gibson has a way of folding himself up, bringing his knees to the level of his chin, his feet on a chair-round or a table-ledge and his large, strong, well-formed fingers locked over his shinbones. This seems to help him concentrate his thought; it is a boyish trick and you like him for it.

"I am not saying the girl type I

drew at the outset was an artistic indiscretion," pursued the artist; "I was trying to realize on paper the real American young woman—pretty, well-gowned, high-bred, distinctive. I never supposed she would develop such powers of cohesion with popular approval. She was never more frequent, never more dominant than other figures in the group; never more studiously drawn. She happened to please the fancy more than the rest—that's all. It is a bad thing for an artist to strike a popular vein early in his career. He becomes associated in the minds of people with one line of work, with a single character, with a fixed and set achievement. This makes his other work fall into secondary place and importance, brings about very often a false appreciation for what has been tagged as a dominant note, and really better efforts are in this way overlooked, neglected."

And this, then, is the genesis of the "Gibson Girl." She came upon the scene unheralded, she came often in a crowd, she did not project herself to the fore, she made no frantic struggle for recognition, she did not announce herself as a type pre-eminent, and yet she was barely on the boards before she was acclaimed as the ideal of a girl-adoring public, the sign and symbol of the eternal feminine at its zenith of charm and beauty. I suspect that Gibson himself has not quite cast her away from him, lovely bugaboo though she be, and that he will return to her, with more or less consciousness, again and again, presenting her in new, and more wonderful incarnations, and in the more material yet subtler capabilities of pigments and canvas and enhaled with the greater glory of harmonious color.

Dana Gibson—he was never Charles or Charlie to family or friends—came into being at Roxbury, Massachusetts, September 14th, 1867. New England influences have touched him very slightly. He is a hardened New Yorker, if he

bears any civic trademark. That he was to be among the first of popular picture-makers in America could be neither foreseen nor very earnestly desired by the elder Gibsons. There was a certain strain of artistry running through the family, and if any definite wish for the boy's future was formulated it must have taken the shape of a prayer that he might be spared the drab uncertainty and erraticism of the art life.

You cannot keep a duck long away from the water where duck and water are in the same neighborhood. Boston is responsible for Gibson's art and present-hour fame. Boston was near enough to Roxbury to mold a boy's thoughts with its picture galleries and print shops, if a boy had that kind of inclination. Gibson was not a precocious kiddv, but one or two of his childish scrawls, preserved in some miraculous way, indicate a rather better understanding of shapes and proportions than the usual crudities of the pencil-wielding period. All children are artists at one stage in their development. You can smile indulgently when you find some one writing that a great artist began to draw while he was yet in the nursery; the drawing habit at that period is coeval with the mumps and whooping cough. Gibson proved no exception; he was just a bit more methodical and accurate.

Shortly after his people brought him on to Flushing, Long Island, he got seriously to work in his craft and for one full year he plugged away in the Art Students' League. That was back in 1884-85. It was not until 1886 that his first drawing appeared in print. According to Gibson it was "a measly, half-baked thing of a dog barking at the moon, very badly done, very foolish and pointless." And yet it was the real beginning of a brilliant career. The picture appeared in *Life*. It was without signature and Mr. Mitchell, the editor, had no means of knowing who the artist was; it had been

brought in, hurriedly left, and bore no address. It was thought good enough to reproduce, and its appearance made a very bold man of the Flushing youth, for he soon brought in other things and these were signed—signed with that long, attenuated scrawl that has since cost publishers a pretty penny to possess.

Probably no young artist had such discouragement at the beginning as did Gibson. He had tried the magazine editors until he was footsore; he was rebuffed like a beggar. I dare say he could present some beautiful, grim statistics as to the exact number of steps leading up to the editorial sanctuaries of familiar New York publishing houses. He did not suffer for lack of the commoner comforts, for there was always his home across the East River. He did suffer mentally; he was sure he was a failure. Often he considered whether he should seek a clerkship; only the thought that he might prove a worse clerk than artist held him to his original resolve. He owes all that he is today to *Life*, whose far-sighted editor picked him out for a winner, as he has many another struggler to the front.

Gibson had fallen squarely on his feet in 1888, though he had not yet found his metier. His work at this period was chiefly political cartooning. In the Cleveland-Harrison campaign he put out of hand a number of clever, convincing drawings—drawings in which there were force and humor and the sting of satire. Then of a sudden he entered on a new field, with society for his target. Here he "found himself." His humor became subtler, his satire still keen but more nicely balanced. He made excellent use of his friends, especially Richard Harding Davis, who posed for him at all times. Davis himself was just coming into his own in those rear days, and in Gibson's pictures he played many parts—a lover, a cabman, a pugilist, a soldier, a waiter, all the stock char-

acters of the modern society drama on paper.

And speaking of Richard Harding Davis, it may not be amiss at this juncture to quote his encomium on Gibson. Few men know the artist better than the author of "*Soldiers of Fortune*" and a dozen other popular novels. Said he: "I find Dana's pictures wherever I go, and editors send me all over the world. In Yokohama I found his books of drawings used to fill double window displays. In Germany I met some people who, on being presented to the Kaiser, were asked if they knew Dana Gibson, whose work, the 'war lord' said, he admired greatly. The King and Queen of England when they were the Prince and Princess of Wales purchased his pictures in the Strand. I have seen them decorating the palm-leaf shacks of Central America, and in Durban, South Africa, I have seen them stuck on the walls of houses. I do not believe people in America know, and I am sure Dana doesn't know, how widely popular his pictures are, because until now he has not traveled much. The aid he has given me in selling my books by means of his illustrations has been incalculable. And this is no idle compliment but purely a business act. Where a book of mine without illustrations would sell ten copies; if Dana put a few pictures of long-legged men in it, it would sell twenty." That is a fine, square, manly thing for an author to say about an artist collaborator.

Gibson is anything but a recluse, he has always been fond of contact with his fellows. He is what we call in Americanese "a good mixer." Despite his inherent shyness he is not of the artistic ilk that mopes in the twilight, or works away from the crowd. I think he has but little patience with ultraesthetes who employ the slogan "Art for art's sake." "Good work seldom goes long unappreciated," says he. "In the beginning one's audience is apt to be a small one and appreciation feeble,

but conscientious effort and sound results are far too scarce to remain unrecognized. One of the great defects in the make-up of most artists is their mental narrowness. This usually comes from enforced or perhaps a voluntary isolation. To spend all of one's time within the four walls of a studio is to get out of touch with the human side of life. The theory that an artist must of necessity be impractical is all wrong. There is no reason in the world why a painter or an illustrator should confine his success to art alone or limit his efforts to the studio. If an artist has interests of a legitimate nature which bring him into other spheres of activity, into contact with men and women of dissimilar inclinations and pursuits, his range of vision must necessarily widen, his sympathies deepen, and his understanding of human nature become more comprehensive and himself broadened. Of course no one can succeed if his efforts are scattered. Any one who rises above the level of the commonplace is an artist. The one thing to be dreaded when success arrives is the 'big head'; but the 'big head' is a disease nearly always peculiar to very small men."

In the evolution of Charles Dana Gibson's style as a draughtsman there have been six successive steps: In his earliest work he resorted to fine lines and much ineffectual "cross-hatching." In his first drawings of social types we find him blending fine lines to a tone, with less cross-hatching, but dark shadows and always a careful outline. Later he got into a way of drawing in parallel lines, avoiding solid blacks and now and then dispensing wholly with an outline. Then came a period when his effects were achieved with lines finely crossed in the background, but kept to a grey and even tone, and the faces of his men and women shadowed darkly and of wooden texture. Finally, out of these experimental methods, came the bold,

shading lines sweeping down across his faces. His drawings seemed simpler, but it was the simplicity of mastership. His outlines in this last stage are sure, brilliant, daring, and his use of blacks as bold as Satan.

In his work put forth just prior to his abandonment of pen and ink Gibson reached the pinnacle of his powers. His drawings lost their coldness of paralleling lines, his mannerisms no longer flaunted themselves over the composition, for the handling of each new subject determined its exact technical treatment. His feeling for color is very pronounced in each of his final drawings, and maintaining color-values with bare lines and splotches of black is no easy thing to do, as any artist will tell you. The formation of his style has been in keeping with Gibson's whole career; he has progressed step by step from small achievements to greater ones.

I once asked Gibson how long it took him to complete a certain "he and she" composition upon which he was then at work. "I began this one fifteen years ago," he replied. To my look of bewilderment he responded: "That is not egotism. You know what I mean. It takes a man a lifetime to acquire the 'know how.' The lawyer who receives a fee of thousands for a few hours' work is being paid for the years of toil it took him to reach the point where his advice is cheap at any price. Just so with the artist. I receive a thousand dollars apiece for my pen-and-inks because there lie back of them twenty years of experience, of hard work, of conscientious study and intense application of eye and hand. In the actual mechanical production I may turn a finished drawing in a day; I destroy ten unsatisfactory things to every one that is reproduced."

It was this ability to view the work of his own hand with an impartial scrutiny, to estimate his own creations as if they were those of an utter stranger, which has enabled

Gibson to climb up where he stands to-day. As a painter he will doubtless achieve a newer and greater fame upon the same uncompromising terms. To Gibson the world never seemed to owe him a living; the world was his oyster and he bolted it whole and asked no questions. When a man cherishes the conviction that the world owes him a living the time is ripe for him to wade right in and collect the debt; this Gibson did almost in his teens.

Although he has gone abroad to study some of the old and the new masters of art Gibson has no intention of alienating himself from his native soil as did Whistler—who began his career as a monochromatist and ended it the same way—as did Sargent, Abbey, Boughton, and a score of others. Gibson is all American in thought and in spirit. "American artists," he declares, "are doing the best work in the world to-day. Our people are not yet alive to the fact, but the fact remains. I am living abroad merely to study what has been done in the past and to let every influence play upon me in the countries I visit. I worked for the money at first, and now that I have accumulated some I shall work for better things. The dollar should not always be the chief consideration in one's art; but as conditions exist to-day it is necessary first to acquire a competence, and then search out one's ideals."

Once a year, Mr. Gibson declares, he will return to America "just to keep in touch with things." Last June he made a vacation trip to this country, going to Islesboro, Maine, for a few months and returning to Paris early in November. In a talk about his future plans he affirmed he had no definite line of action. "I am just working along and destroying most of what I produce. I am not studying under any particular master, though I have established an atelier in Paris. I get criticism, plenty of it, and good, wholesome criticism, too. I know a number of the best men in the

French capital—painters of high repute, and they come around and tell me candidly what they think of my work. I have learned a great deal in the past two years; much of my present knowledge would have helped me enormously in my old line of work. I study faces and figures and grapple with the technique of painting. I think I am making a little progress. My chief concern is for simplicity of treatment and directness of handling. Strong work must be simple. The color is not as important as the correctness of values. The problems in oil painting are pretty much what they are in black-and-white drawing. I enjoy my new work tremendously, and I just go ahead doing things and destroying them. When I can satisfy myself that I have mastered my new tools I will stop burning up my canvases and let the public see what I have done. I am not trying for any particular technique—that will come. I believe, of itself. You cannot be a painter in a day, nor a year, nor two years. I have been fighting with my new medium for nearly that length of time and I am just beginning to get a grip on it. I can make no promises—not even to myself. I can only continue to paint and destroy, paint and destroy, and again paint and destroy."

Gibson has the splendid faith of a Christian martyr. He could not be boastful if he tried. He is probably already a sound technician with the brush; he was that, indeed, before he set sail for Paris. But he has yet to achieve results that will not merely pass muster; they must satisfy him, they must be unique. He has faith in himself, faith in the ultimate triumph of his will over the tools of his new trade. You cannot abash nor discourage a spirit and a determination such as his.

"I recommend pen-and-ink for beginners," was his advice when asked to explain his preference for the medium through which he won his renown. "and the reason is simple:

by using line their shortcomings are easily seen and located. In other mediums the tyro is apt to be non-committal and deal in broad, pale smudges, somewhere inside of which he hopes the right drawings may be. It is far better for him to do this drawing in a definite way, for the louder it calls out for correction the better off he is. To draw correctly should be a beginner's first concern. Time is needed, and if none of it is wasted style will be acquired quite unconsciously." And yet does any one believe that the mere flight of time, time well spent to be sure, has produced the Gibson style? Genius is neither an inheritance nor a cultivated plant; it is a rare, inexorable bacillus and it fastens on mighty few moderns.

It has been suggested that a permanent gallery of drawings in black-and-white representing the choicest products of American illustrators be established in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The idea seems a capital one and worthy of the country's greatest art institution. Should the idea fructify and such a gallery become an established fact, Charles Dana Gibson must needs occupy considerable wall space therein, since no synthetic or historical array of American pictures can ever

be complete without a full contribution from his portfolios. Such is the indelible stamp of the man on his own time.

What Gibson may accomplish in colorful canvases during the days to come, what he has set himself to do in the way of high achievement is, after all, an unwritten page. Let us wish him God-speed in his ambitious task; but do not let us for a moment forget that he has given us a set of characters as individual as those of Dickens, as true to the life as any camera product, but glorified by the genius of his style. He has made us happier on many an occasion by the sheer force of his wit, his satire, his marvelous understanding of the human creature. It is not the "Gibson Girl" that will keep a memory of him alive in the hearts of men and women in all stations of life; it is something far more profound than the creation of a single type. It is his intuitive and unerring instinct for the essentials of character, his swift interpretation of what lies under the skin and clothes of his pen-and-ink people which has given him a place apart among the world's great illustrators, a place he will hold secure despite all his future failures, all his future success.

We can have the highest happiness only by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves. The great thing is to love—not to be loved. Love is for both worlds. Perfect happiness is for the other only.

His Trial Balance

By Thomas Jackson in Collier's Weekly

OF COURSE, they were fashionable, at least Mrs. Chadwick was, and that was sufficient. Mr. Chadwick was satisfied to resign all such things to his wife, and when he left his luxurious home of a morning to go to his business office, he left all thoughts of trying to be fashionable far behind him, and only concerned himself about making the wherewithal to keep things going.

It was a very different sort of place from his home, that dingy building, where Mr. Chadwick spent so much of his life. On the first floor were rows and piles of red and blue barrels full of oils that smelled, and great tin cans full of varnish that smelled, and the floor was black with dried oil and varnish that helped each other to smell. In fact, the whole place was pregnant with oil and varnish, and it was quite proper that it should be, for it was an oil and varnish business that was carried on there.

It was to this place that Mr. Chadwick came, as he had come every morning, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, with perhaps a few vacation days in summer, for the past thirty years. On this particular day his mood, evidently, was not a bright one, and as he read his morning's mail he looked gloomier still. When he had passed to the book-keeper such communications as belonged to that clerk's department, Mr. Chadwick fell to thinking. brooding, it might better be called. Presently he took up a scrap of paper and commenced figuring upon it; for an hour or more he went through elaborate calculations which could not have turned out to his

liking, for, at length, he threw down the pencil and leaned back in his chair with a sigh, clasped his hands over his head, and stared blankly at the ceiling. He was interrupted by a clerk who put his head in at the door and said that Mrs. Chadwick was downstairs and would like to see her husband.

"Well, ask her to come up," was the reply.

"She's waiting in a carriage," the clerk added.

"Can't she get out of the carriage?" Mr. Chadwick questioned. "Tell her I'm very busy and show her up."

The clerk vanished. Soon after the sound of mingled voices on the stairs announced the approach of more than one visitor, and, the office door opening, two ladies entered.

"My Dear George," said the first, as she sank gasping upon a chair and loosened the sealskin wrap which enveloped her from neck to heels: "My dear George, those stairs are terrible; it's like climbing a ladder. Why don't you have an elevator, and why do you stay in such a dirty place? The smell here is something frightful—it's stifling Mrs. Harris, too."

Mr. Chadwick was engaged in greeting the other lady, and did not reply to his wife's remarks. She, therefore, proceeded to deodorize her nostrils from the smell of varnish with the fumes from an exquisite vinaigrette which would have been a prize for a museum. As she smelled, first on one side of her nose, and then on the other, she listened to her husband while he talked to Mrs. Harris, with an expression as of

watching for a chance. In a pause in the conversation, Mrs. Harris sighed, upon which her friend exclaimed with concern:

"Why, you are just tired out, Annie; George, you must be fined heavily for making two ladies come to such a place as this."

"I didn't make you come, pardon me," her husband answered.

"You sent for us to come upstairs, when you could have gone down to the door without any trouble," Mrs. Chadwick replied.

"I did not know there was any one with you," Mr. Chadwick began, "or—"

"Why, I'm surprised at you, Mr. Chadwick," Mrs. Harris exclaimed, tapping the gentleman on the arm with a pocket book which was capable of holding bank bills without folding them.

"Well, I apologize," he said with a rueful laugh. "I was busy when you came, and told the clerk to show you up, without thinking."

"Then pay your fine and we'll forgive you," his wife declared playfully, but she held out her hand with a decided look.

"Am I not to be pardoned?" he asked, appealing to Mrs. Harris.

She shook her head, laughing.

"Evidently not till the fine is settled."

"Well, fix the sum," he said, grimly as he drew out his wallet.

"Five hundred," his wife answered promptly. Mr. Chadwick started. Looking at his wife, he saw that she was quite in earnest; the talk of a fine was to hide a deeper meaning.

Laying down his wallet, he simply said: "Oh! at that rate you'll have to take my I.O.U."

"No, indeed, sir, a fine must be paid on the spot. Besides, George, I really want some money. Jessica's birthday fete comes off on Monday, and there are lots of things to be got."

"Why not draw a check to yourself on your own bank?" Mr. Chad-

wick asked dryly. The play was beginning to tire him.

"Oh my bank has suspended, I'm bankrupt, my dear, till my stipend comes in. Now, do hurry up, that's a good man. Mrs. Harris has an engagement this afternoon, and she is to help me select the decorations for Monday night."

The merchant rose wearily from his seat and left the office. From the hall he called with sudden recollection: "Oh, Bertha!"

Mrs. Chadwick responded in person and stood half within, half without the door, while her husband asked in a loud voice, that could be heard in the office: "How do you want the money—all large bills?" This he accompanied with gestures, in obedience to which Mrs. Chadwick went quite into the hall and permitted the spring door of the office to close behind her.

"Bertha," Mr. Chadwick said then in a low voice, "you must not spend anything like this money. I can't afford it. I haven't got it to give you."

His earnest manner and stern voice startled her a little, but she had been through so many similar scenes that she quickly rallied from the momentary fear that what he said was true.

"Nonsense, George; the idea! a man with your credit and standing."

"Credit and standing are all I have to go on now, and I shall not have them long." He looked gloomily at the floor.

"But what can I do? I wouldn't make a failure Monday for the world. It would break Jessica's heart, and besides it would ruin her to make a poor appearance upon her debut."

"Then it's a choice between ruining her and ruining me; that's all."

"Do you mean to say that five hundred dollars will ruin you?" Mrs. Chadwick exclaimed with fine scorn.

"Not that alone, but all coming together. I heard from your dress-maker this morning."

Mrs. Chadwick quailed a little.

"Well," she sighed, "never mind then. I'll tell Mrs. Harris that we are ruined, and I'll recall the invitations for Monday. Poor Jessica; the child will cry her eyes out."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Bertha, by blabbing all you know and bringing the house down on us. Go back in there; I'll see what I can do."

She left him, and he went into an adjoining office, where his book-keeper was at work.

"Mr. Reid," he said, "have you got five hundred dollars on hand?"

"No," the clerk answered; "shall I send for it, sir?"

"Well, I want to make a note at the bank this afternoon," Mr. Chadwick replied nervously. "I shall go up to see them myself about it. I don't want to draw anything out before then, and—by the way, have you got that much yourself that you could let me have till this afternoon?"

Now the book-keeper had to his own credit in bank just five hundred and five dollars which he did not wish to draw upon, but a request from his wealthy employer for a loan was such an honor that he hastened, with gratified pride, to draw a check, which he sent to the bank to be cashed.

A very good reason, besides the one Mr. Chadwick assigned for his not wishing to draw his own check for the amount might have been found on the stub of his check book. The balance shown there to his credit was in precisely two figures.

The messenger despatched by the book-keeper returned from the bank bringing Mr. Reid's whole fortune in ten crisp new bank notes that made up the sum total of the "fine" which the ladies' visit cost Mr. Chadwick, and as he saw them stowed away in his wife's pocket book he felt in his heart somewhat as one may feel when watching the blood drip from a stanchless wound.

He accompanied the ladies to the carriage and they drove away with

smiles and nods. Then he returned to his dingy office, to his piles of heavy ledgers, to his black, time-worn desk, where he sat idly fingering the stubs of his check-book, thinking, thinking, thinking. By and by he roused himself from his meditations, and went again to the little office where the book-keeper was poring over long columns of accounts.

"Mr. Reid," he said, "make out a memorandum of what paper will be due on the first, and let me have it before you go to lunch; or, perhaps, you had better give me a statement of bills receivable and payable. I shall have to make a note until that Gresham & Coots matter comes in, and I want to see how we stand."

The memorandum which his clerk handed to Mr. Chadwick a little later was not a reassuring document. The merchant twisted his under lip with his fingers as he sat poring over it, and his forehead wrinkled with an anxious frown. He laid down the paper and sat gazing at a cobweb in the corner of the ceiling.

"Grind, grind, grind," he muttered. "Thirty years with my nose on the grindstone, and turning the crank myself."

Again he looked over the memorandum, and again he fell to thinking, his eyes on the cobweb. The spider up in the corner crawled to the edge of its web, lost its balance, and tumbled to the floor. But it had left a silken clew behind, and immediately commenced to follow the thread. It reached the ceiling, and again it fell, and still again, when it lay in a little ball on the floor, as if completely discouraged. Mr. Chadwick watched the insect until it unrolled itself and commenced to climb once more. "Fool," he muttered, "what do you try for? You will tumble out again. Stay on the floor till some one steps on you, and you yill have done with that everlasting spinning and climbing."

He rose impulsively, and, striking the spider to the floor, crushed it with his foot.

"There," he cried, "I'll be merciful to you."

He moved excitedly about the room as though the tension of his thoughts required physical exercise. All at once he dropped into his chair, and took some strips of paper from a pigeonhole in his desk. They were printed on one side, with a blank at the top for the date, after the words "New York"; then followed a space on the next line, and the words "After date I promise to pay to the order of ——— dollars for value received at ——" with a dollar sign in the lower left-hand corner. One of these he filled in with the words "Thirty days," "Myself," "Ten thousand," and "Tenth National Bank." Then he signed it at the bottom and endorsed it on the other side.

This done, he went to a big safe in the room, from which he took a bundle of papers. He selected one from among the others and unfolded it. At the top of the paper was a figure of Time with a scythe and hour-glass, and beneath it the motto: "In the midst of Life we are in Death."

It was a policy of insurance upon the life of George Chadwick in favor of Bertha Chadwick, his wife, for twenty thousand dollars. For some minutes Mr. Chadwick carefully studied the conditions of the policy, set forth in many clauses and fine print in the body of the instrument. Refolding the paper, he placed it in his breast pocket, and putting on his hat and overcoat, went down into the street.

It was January. A piercing wind was blowing, and men and horses bowed their heads to the gale and breathed white clouds from their mouths and nostrils. Mr. Chadwick shivered as he buttoned up his coat and started on a rapid walk in the direction of Wall Street. He was going to find some one to endorse his note. He would see Bent-

ley, he thought, and get his signature, and attend to the other business afterward.

But Bentley was not at his office. "Down with pneumonia," a clerk told him, and after a few words of inquiry Mr. Chadwick turned his steps toward the office of another business acquaintance. This time he was more fortunate. Mr. Simpkins was in, and quickly obliged his friend with the desired endorsement.

"By the way," said Mr. Chadwick, as he rose to go, "I hear that Bentley is down with pneumonia."

"Yes," returned the other, "he's very bad. I'm afraid he will make a die of it."

"Sorry to hear that," Mr. Chadwick replied, "Bentley is a good fellow."

"There's a great deal of pneumonia about," said Simpkins. "My doctor tells me he never knew such a year for it. My little boy is just getting over an attack; I thought we were going to lose him."

"Indeed!" said Chadwick. "I never had a case of it in my family—don't know much about it."

"Well, take care of yourself. This is just the weather to catch it—high, cold winds, overheated rooms, exposure to drafts, sudden chills—all most sure to bring on an attack."

The friends parted, and soon after Mr. Chadwick, having negotiated his note at the bank, had at his disposal some ten thousand dollars. He dropped into a dairy after leaving the bank, and over a bowl of crackers and milk fell to thinking hard again, while his wife at about the same hour was eating deviled lobster, with Mrs. Harris, at Sherry's.

That afternoon Mr. Chadwick visited in succession several insurance offices, at each of which he filled out an application and submitted to a medical examination. When his ordeal was over he was in a rather hilarious humor. He met several acquaintances on the street, and talked with them so gaily and

appeared altogether so happy that each remarked to himself as he turned away: "Chadwick is in great spirits; must have done a good stroke of business—lucky dog."

At half-past five Mr. Chadwick started uptown on the elevated road. By this time his gay mood had changed to one of gloom. He looked at every man of his own age in the car; wondered to himself how much each was worth; wondered where was his home, what his family, even speculated on the amount of cash each had about him. As he glanced to the end of the car, its number drew his attention—260—two hundred and sixty dollars, he remembered, was what he had received the first year he was in business. If he had twice two hundred and sixty dollars a week now it would be insufficient. A sign hanging near the door caught his eye: "Six hundred thousand passengers ride daily on the cars of the elevated roads." Six hundred thousand! If each passenger would give him one cent that would be six thousand dollars, more than half the amount of his last note, and no one would feel it. Other combinations occurred to him; each chance group of figures that caught his eye suggested a calculation of what so much money in such a time would amount to.

When he left the cars and proceeded along the street he was still pursued by figures. He fell to counting the flagstones, mentally converting them into cash, wondering if one of them were solid gold how much it would be worth. He made an elaborate mental calculation upon the probable weight of the stone, how many gold dollars would an ounce make, how many a pound, and how many the stone would balance. Then his eyes fell upon the gilt numbers on the houses and he added them together as he went along until they amounted to twenty-two thousand, when he found himself in front of his own home.

Jessica met him in the hall, put

her arms around his neck, and kissed him, helped him to take off his overcoat, and led him gaily to the fire in the library.

"Aren't you nearly frozen, papa?" she said, as she wheeled forward a big chair, into which the tired man sank, while his daughter perched on the cushioned arm.

"Not so very, my dear," he answered, caressing her soft cheeks. "Is your mother at home?"

"She has just come in and is dressing now," Jessica answered. "She and Mrs. Harris have been out all day, and I just know she has been getting something for me, but she won't tell me what. I suppose I'll know all about it on Monday."

"Do you expect to be very happy on Monday, Jessica?" her father asked, looking at her with a curious smile.

"Why, of course, papa; it's my birthday, and I'm going to have the loveliest dress."

"And that you think will make you very happy?"

"N—no; not that particularly, but everything, and—are you going to give me something pretty, papa? I always like what you give me best of all."

"I'm afraid, my little girl, that you will be disappointed this time," the man answered. "My dear Jessica," he went on, "you ought to know that I am not as rich as I was. Things have not gone well with me lately. But whatever I give you, will you prize it and know that I love you just as well as if it were something great?"

"Yes, of course," she answered; but she looked at him with a puzzled expression on her face, as if she were in doubt of his meaning. Mr. Chadwick silently regarded her for some minutes.

"Jessica," he said at length, "what would you do if you had to make your own clothes and had fewer of them? If you had to walk where you now ride, and if you couldn't

travel and visit or be visited so often, would you be unhappy?"

"Why, papa!" the girl answered, "what is the matter with you to-night? Of course, I shouldn't like that."

"But there are a great many girls who have much less than you, Jessica, and who are happy, and make the men they marry happy on a very little. No one can tell, child, what he may have to go through before he gets to the end of life. Suppose you should become poor, and marry a poor man, don't you think if you loved him you could be happy with what he was able to give you?"

"Ye-es; perhaps," she answered. "But I shouldn't like to marry any one that was dreadfully poor."

"I hope, my dear," said the father, "that whoever wins your heart may be not only worthy of your love, but may always be able to surround you with comfort and plenty, if not with luxury. But I want you to remember what I tell you now, Jessica, remember it long after I am here to repeat it to you—some time, you know, I shall have to leave you alone. Whomever you marry, whether a rich or a poor man, try to sympathize with him, try to understand what he tells you about his affairs, try to help him to keep a respected name; and, oh! my child, try to appreciate a little the anxiety and toil and distraction which every man in business, however successful he is, has to bear. Be a companion to your husband as well as a wife, a helpmate, Jessica, helping him forward, not dragging him back."

Mr. Chadwick dropped his face in his hands, pressing his temples tightly. Jessica, who had never before heard him speak so gravely to her, gazed at him in astonishment.

"Why, papa," she said, "you talk so strangely; you must be ill. Does your head ache? I suppose you do get awfully tired, but I thought men always liked going to business

every day. Mamma says they do. She says you love business better than you do her. Come, now, cheer up; that's a good papa, I want to tell you something. Minnie—you remember her, Minnie?—she's coming to spend a week with me, and I want to give her a splendid time; but oh! papa, I've been awfully extravagant this month—I don't know how it happened—I'm going to be real economical after Minnie goes, but—can't I have a hundred, papa, just to give Minnie a good time?"

Mr. Chadwick sat up, studied his daughter's face a moment, and then, without comment, took out his pocket book and gave her the money. Perhaps he asked himself what was the use to remonstrate with her; perhaps he realized that he might have trained her to a better sense of values, moral and material; perhaps, in the midst of all that hung over him, it seemed idle for him to try to think any more about life's struggles, about work or debt or economy; perhaps he felt as one about to start on a long voyage, when, leaving an old home forever behind him, he throws into the heap of rubbish, to be disposed of to the junk man, things which he has long cherished, but which he can no longer care for or cumber himself with.

"Now, papa," said Jessica, springing up, when she had obtained what she wanted, "I must go and dress, and so must you—it's late."

Mrs. Chadwick had apprehended that she would receive another lecture from her husband that evening on the subject of money matters. She had braced herself for the ordeal and felt able to win the day, as she always had done. But, contrary to her expectation, Mr. Chadwick said nothing whatever on the subject of finances until late in the evening. Then he laid aside the book he had been reading, and, contemplating the fire, said without looking at her:

"Bertha, you have often seemed to imagine when I have told you

about my difficulties that I exaggerated them, and that there is no real trouble ahead for us. I do not wish to reproach you. It has been my fault partly for not being firmer. But we need not talk of what has been done now. All I want to say is, that in the event of your being left alone, remember my urgent wish that our children should learn habits of economy and usefulness. Let them understand the true value of money, and that life is not all a holiday, to be spent like their money in frivolity."

"Why, George," cried Mrs. Chadwick, "you distress me dreadfully. It can't be that things are so bad. I'm sure you can't be well. You look tired. It's enough to make any one sick to stay all day in that horribly smelling place. I wish you had given up business, as I urged you to do long ago. Don't sit up any later. Go to bed and get a good night's rest and you will be all right in the morning."

The morrow found Mr. Chadwick at his desk as usual examining the morning's mail. There were some letters and drafts which he turned over to the book-keeper, the rest were bills for all sorts of things, merchandise, livery, flowers, plumbing work, upholstery, cooperage, painting, millinery, stationery, laces, jewelry, coal. A few days before he would have examined each of these bills carefully, with fretful exclamations and objections to sundry items. Now he looked at them carelessly, with a slight smile, and laid them aside, as matters that did not concern him. The last envelope he opened was from the authorities of his son's college. He read this with more interest, and his brow darkened as he learned from it that the youth had been expelled for repeated infractions of rules, and for conduct tending to subvert the authority of the college with his fellow students. It was only one more blow he thought, and he recalled with a grim smile the saying of the Irishman that "single misfortunes never come alone."

All that day and the next Mr. Chadwick went about his business in a mechanical way, leaving nearly everything to his book-keeper, and often sitting alone in his office unoccupied, save with his own thoughts. Those everlasting figures still haunted him. Numbers, numbers, numbers, ringing in his ears perpetually. The clock struck and he counted off the strokes, squared them and cubed them and made all sorts of combinations with them. So much a minute would be so much an hour, a day, a year, and the interest would be so much. He heard an organ grinding in the street, and tried to count the times that the crank was turned, and then the different notes, till the music of "Sweet Violets" ran off into numbers, and he began to count the blossoms that he could see in a great bed of violets down near the brook which ran through his father's farm when he was a boy.

On Monday he received from time to time during the day several big documents sealed with great red seals. They were life insurance policies which he had taken out, and upon which the first premiums were paid with the money he borrowed from his friend Simpkins. One of them was in favor of that gentleman for the amount of the loan. One was in his wife's name, a third in his daughter's and the fourth, for a small sum, was written in the name of his son. The premiums on these policies still left him with a balance from the ten thousand. He had repaid the money loaned to him by Mr. Reid, and upon the remainder drew checks for sundry bills which he selected from the pile on his desk. He gave a check to the book-keeper, telling him to cash it and pay the salaries of the employes, and keep the balance on hand for the next week's expenses.

Then he sat down and carefully read over the conditions of each of the policies. He had been informed by each company that its policy was incontestable after three years.

In reply to this he had said jocularly: "What if I should kill myself?" The answer was: "Oh, under our policy you can kill yourself after one year from its date, and your heirs will get the money all the same. But you musn't do it before that, or the policy will be void." Then he had laughed, and the clerk had laughed. Mr. Chadwick smiled as he read over the conditions, smiled over that clause about self-murder, smiled at the mention of the limit within which, if he sought death, the policy would be forfeited.

It was late when he put on his coat and hat to go home. Mr. Reid came in to ask about something, and as he was leaving the office Mr. Chadwick said: "By the way, I may not be down to-morrow; I feel rather miserable to-day; so if there is anything needed of me you can 'phone."

"Very well, sir," Mr. Reid answered. "I hope you are not going to be ill."

"Oh, no, but I thought I might not feel like coming down to-morrow."

"All right, sir," said the clerk. "Good night."

"Good night," Mr. Chadwick returned, and when the book-keeper had nearly quitted the office he added hurriedly: "Oh, and Mr. Reid."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, returning.

"I just wanted to say that I appreciate the way you have performed your duties while you have been here, and especially lately. You deserve to do well, and I hope you will. You are old enough to need no advice from me but—you are married, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered, somewhat bewildered by his employer's sudden praise and cordiality.

"Well," Mr. Chadwick went on, "don't let anything ever turn you from what you yourself know is best for your own family. I hope you will do well. Now I must be get-

ting uptown. Good-by," and he held out his hand.

The clerk took it, pressing it somewhat timidly, for he had never held his employer's hand, and when Mr. Chadwick left him he watched the merchant descend the stairs, wondering at his strange freak.

The business of the day was over downtown, the streets were wonderfully quiet, and it seemed to Mr. Chadwick as if trade had stopped in sympathy for him. He looked at the long rows of buildings so busily peopled during the day, and thought as he walked along how many thousands within them since he had been in that part of the city had toiled and thought and worried as he had done, year in and year out, to keep above the great commercial sea that seemed to be ever striving to overwhelm the swimmers. And it seemed to him he saw all this anxiety and pain and labor rolled together into one great ball of twisting, writhing worms. At the thought he shuddered and quickened his pace but withal he felt a kind of heart lightness as if he were bidding good-by to such scenes of strife, as if he were stepping on board a train to be carried off to the quiet country, and looking back pityingly at the poor miseries who have no country to go to.

He passed a flower-stand on the street where a girl, huddled in a corner to escape the bitter wind, watched for chance customers. She held a bunch of violets out to him, with an invitation to buy. He shook his head, passed on a few steps, then turning back, bought the proffered nosegay.

When Mr. Chadwick reached his house he found that the necromancers had been there at work. An awning led from the curbstone to the door, a carpet covered the steps and the sidewalk in front; passers-by stopped to gaze, children lingered, while a policeman lounged at the entrance and swung his club pompously, as if to signify that all this was under his management. Within

the house was a veritable bower, fit for Flora, or any other flower-loving damsel who could afford to pay for such wealth of bloom.

Mr. Chadwick met Jessica in the hall and handed her the bunch of violets.

"Here is a birthday token for you, my dear," he said, "and though it is very little it means a great deal of love."

She took the flowers, smiled incredulously into his kind eyes and faltered: "Thank you, papa," then she ran away and hid in her room to cry.

Later the gorgeous apartments were a wonderful and beautiful sight to those who had not to pay for it, and the guests and the society journals said the affair was a great success. Mr. Chadwick himself helped to make it so. He was gay, he was cordial, and with courtly playfulness he kissed the hand of a young dame who placed a flower in his buttonhole. "How very well he looks," everybody said.

Late in the evening, when Mr. Chadwick found himself somewhat free from his duties as host, he retired from the throng behind the curtains of a deep window. There he stood, looking out upon the scene, upon his laughing daughter, as she whirled past him in the dance, upon his complacent wife, the centre of a group of persons of consequence; he thought of all this would cost, smiled grimly at the thought, and then slipped out and went softly upstairs.

He passed through his wife's apartment and entered his dressing room. There was little luxury in the few necessary articles of furniture, and the only ornaments in the room where two paintings upon the wall. They were not works of art, they were not handsomely framed, they were yellow with age; one showed a round, woman's face, with plenty of red cheek, plenty of black hair, and ample motherly bosom under her shiny silk gown. The other was a man's face, smooth-

shaven, set in high white stock and black neckcloth, with eyes gazing defiantly out under the brow, shaded with hair of harsh abundance. Mr. Chadwick wheeled a chair in front of the pictures and sat down. With elbows resting on the chair arms, and hands clasped propping up his chin, he gazed long and thoughtfully at these works of some old-time traveling artist. No answering beam of recollection shone upon him from those painted eyes; no glance of sympathy came from those stiff unlikenesses; but they carried the gazer back to the old farm home, to the days when work meant labor in the field, and when a holiday was a perfect abandonment of all care, all responsibility. He thought of his father's stern but kindly ways, of his own poverty of pence and abundance of comforts, of his mother's sympathy and love. And as he thought the man's soul cried dumbly: "Oh, father, mother, come back, let me lean on you once more as I used to do; just for one day let me feel the comfort, the unutterable rest of having some one to think and to act for me."

Then suddenly he sprang up and left the room. He went up to the next floor and entered his son's chamber, a strange look upon his face and a fierce excitement in his movements. He threw off his evening coat, and, going to a closet, searched among its contents until he brought out an old corduroy shooting jacket. This he put on, buttoning it up to the chin. Again he searched in another closet until he drew out an old overcoat; this he put on over the shooting jacket, after locking the door and passing through to the back room, where he locked the outer door there also. Then he returned to the other apartment, to a corner where there was a complicated arrangement of pulleys, and weights and short poles. It was a rowing machine used by his son, when he was at home to develop his muscles.

Mr. Chadwick seated himself on

the narrow leather-covered seat of the machine, and smiled grimly to think what a figure he must cut. Seizing the handles, he began to row. At first he pulled slowly, for he knew that if he worked violently his muscles, being unaccustomed to the exercise, would give out before his object was accomplished. Gradually he increased the stroke, only stopping to adjust the weights to heavier pulling. He worked as if he were manning a lifeboat. Presently the numbers came in his head again, and he commenced to count the strokes. One, two, three; one, two, three dollars. Four, five, six dollars. This work would pay if he could get a dollar a stroke for it. The perspiration began to form in beads on his forehead, and the heavy coats he wore hampered his movements. Three hundred and ninety-eight, three ninety-eight—four hundred! His muscles were beginning to ache. His heart was beating fiercely, his body was bathed in perspiration: his face seemed to be on fire. He felt as if his head would presently burst. Five hundred!

Mr. Chadwick dropped the oars and raised himself with difficulty to his feet. Then he tore off his overcoat, tore off his shooting jacket, his vest, and finally his shirt, and stood with only his undershirt upon his upper body. For once, he thought, with a ghastly smile, he would have that delight of a sudden cooling from excessive heat, which doctors and wise mothers prohibit, to the torture of children. He went quickly to the window and opened it wide; then he went into the other room and opened a window there. A freezing January wind was blowing and it swept through the rooms in a biting draft. Mr. Chadwick leaned on the window sill and drank deeply of the night air, while the venomous breeze played about him, caressed him with its icy touch and whistled back and forth between the windows. In a few moments he was chilled through; still he

stood there, teeth chattering, gazing at the midnight sky.

How bright the stars were! Millions of them were up there. Now if they were dollars and he could have them! His undershirt had frozen stiff where it had been wet with perspiration. Mr. Chadwick drew in his head and closed the window. Then he resumed his ordinary garments, hung the overcoat and shooting jacket in their places, and went downstairs to bed. He was asleep when his wife retired, and she thought his heavy breathing was caused by deep slumber.

Mr. Chadwick did not go downtown the next day, nor the next. The doctor called three times every day, and two professional nurses came to attend him. Many called to inquire about him, and Mrs. Chadwick listened to accounts of cases of pneumonia that had occurred in her friends' families for the last ten years. The doctor came and went, and the nurses watched their charge and kept a record of his pulse and temperature, and the sick man, seldom unconscious, watched their faces and speculated on the future. What mortal stabs pierced his breast with each inhalation only he knew. What awful immolation he had offered of himself for his family they, happily, could never learn.

And still the numbers sounded in his head, sounded in the striking of the clock which was ticking his life away, ticking away time for him into eternity. What was eternity? At that thought he held his breath. What lay beyond? What darkness or what light? What reward or punishment, what judgment and what beings would he meet? Long ago he had been taught and had fully believed, the dreadful stories of a material hell, a place of torment and punishment. But in these later years his belief of early days had waned. Suppose, after all, those old doctrines were true? What had he to hope for? But no, it could not be; he had courage to face this ordeal of a lingering death, and he

would not fear that other life. It could not be worse than this, and, after a while his own fate, the present, past and future, seemed to be the fate of some one else.

At last one day he overheard the doctor say to his wife: "I really think you may begin to hope, Mrs. Chadwick. I think I see a marked improvement in him. The crisis is past, and unless he should suffer a relapse we will pull him through yet."

They thought him asleep, but he had heard their low voices, and now it seemed to him that the doctor had some malign motive in trying to bring him back to health. "After all this pain and suffering," he thought, "must I fail, fail, and take up the old weary burden, bring my wife and children to poverty?"

And the sick man looked with impotent rage at the two who would save him.

Mrs. Chadwick, who had been on duty at the sick bed while the day nurse was absent, accompanied the doctor downstairs, and lingered to impart the good news to visitors.

When he was left alone, the sick man raised himself slowly and painfully on one elbow and looked cautiously around him. Hearing no one about, he threw back the covers, and with great labor put his feet on the floor and sat on the side of the bed. He rose and tried to stand, but he was too weak for the effort and fell back, struggling to recover himself; again he rose to a sitting posture and essayed to stand, and again his limbs refused their office. This time he sank down upon the floor and knelt there, swaying with one hand clutching the bedclothes. At length he bent down, and placing his hands on the floor, slowly crawled along to the window. It seemed to be many minutes before he reached it, and when he took hold of the sash and tried to raise it he found it latched. By means of a chair he managed at last to raise

himself, and unfastening the window, with a desperate effort for his feeble strength, threw it open. The cold breeze, burdened with misty rain, blew in upon him, played around his chest and chilled him to the heart. Hearing some one coming, he closed the window softly, and crept painfully back to bed.

A few hours later, when the doctor was summoned hastily, he found Mr. Chadwick dying. His family weeping round his bed, thought he was unconscious; but can tell what vast numbers were cast up in the tired brain as death slowly closed the ledger of the merchant's life? Who can tell how the trial balance stood when late at night the man closed his account forever and handed it in?

"I hear," said one man to another, downtown a few weeks later, "that Chadwick left nothing but his life insurance."

"Yes," said the other, "his business was all to pieces; if he had lived a little longer he would have had to make an assignment."

"So the world goes," said the first speaker, "you never can tell what a man's worth till you come to cut him up."

"First rate fellow, though, Chadwick."

"Oh yes, but he loved money too well."

"Have any of his paper?"

"No."

"Nor I; we are lucky. Well, good-by; I must hurry back."

And he hurried back. So did the other man. So do thousands of others hurry back to business, hurry on to weary brains, and sleepless nights, to anxious calculations, to borrowed money, to urgent expedients, to tormenting apprehensions, until the everlasting rest comes of its own accord to them, as it came at the call of their weary and despairing brother, unless—the balance is on the other side.

Some of Electricity's Recent Triumphs

By George Iles in American Review of Reviews

WHEN man in the making first kindled fire, he took a long stride toward becoming man as he is. Fire gave him warmth in winter: it opened to him gates of the north otherwise forever shut. After sundown it bestowed light, so that he could then work or travel, hunt or fish, instead of idling in caves or huts as when destitute of glowing ember or flaring torch. When a blaze died out the earth below its ashes was found baked to hardness; here lay the promise of bricks and pottery, so that at last the walls of Nineveh were reared, the vases of Etruria took form. When a flame fiercer than common melted sand to glass, there was prophecy of a telescope for Galileo, a camera for Daguerre, a microscope whereby Pasteur should detect the deadliest, because the minutest, foes of man. All the streams of lead and iron, copper and zinc, ever smelted from ores; all the acids, oils and alcohols that ever dropped from alembic or still, took their rise in that tiny blaze as it flickered under its creators' hands. Unknowningly there, too, were laid foundations for the mighty engines of Watt and Stephenson, Parsons and De Laval. Thence, also, sprang the tides of iron and steel which to-day gridiron the continents, wall every steamship to resist the ocean surge, and build machines to exalt a hundred-fold the weaving, digging, hammering thrust of the human arm.

Could mankind harness an agent still mightier than flame? Yes, and we are now in the midst of that subduing, for never more than at this hour were the masters of electricity triumphant. We have but to glance at a few of their recent conquests to

see that electricity can do all that flame does, do it better, and accomplish tasks infinitely beyond the reach of fire, however ingeniously applied.

ELECTRIC HEAT BETTER THAN FLAME HEAT.

Flame, as a direct source of heat, is at best a faulty servant. In consuming oxygen it produces carbon dioxide and other harmful gases; it wastefully warms huge volumes of inert nitrogen, with the result that temperatures are much reduced. If the fuel contains sulphur or phosphorus these much impair the quality of molten iron or seething steel. In dwellings, in mines, on shipboard, the necessary consumption of air is a dire evil; more serious still is the outpouring of deadly gases. Flame labors under other disadvantages. It is on the outside of a crucible or retort that it beats; the shell to be penetrated, if the steel plate of a big boiler, may be an inch thick; much thicker, and non-conducting as well, is the brick wall of a bake-oven. Flame produces much heat of little worth because of low temperature. The whole Atlantic Ocean might be lukewarm and still leave a potato unboiled. It is the margin by which a temperature overtops the degree needed for boiling, melting or welding that decides its value. Yet more: flame at most has a play of only a few inches. Even when it raises steam, the best of all heat-carriers, that steam may be borne no further than a mile without excessive loss. All these faults and wastes disappear when, instead of flame, we employ electric heat, notwithstanding the cost of its round-about production by a furnace, a heat-engine and a dynamo. In many cases the engineer can hap-

pily dispense with fuel altogether, and draw upon a waterfall, as notably at Niagara. Electricity, in whatever mode produced, may be easily and fully insulated, taken, if we please, 100 miles, and there, through non-conducting mica or asbestos, enter the very heart of a kettle, or still, to exert itself as heat, without an iota of subtraction. It has no partner, gaseous or other, to work injury or levy a tax. Electricity, too, by a transformer, may be readily lifted from low to high voltage, or pressure, immensely widening its effective play in soldering, welding, smelting. At any temperature desired, there, with perfect constancy, electric heat may be maintained, with no need that a branding or smoothing iron return periodically to a fire, with risk of scorching.

ELECTRIC WELDING.

A capital example of the convenience and economy of electric heat is displayed in the art of electric welding, due to Elihu Thomson. Two steel bars to form parts of a crank are clamped together, and a current is sent through their junction. At every point where contact is imperfect, resistance to the current is greatest, and the highest temperature appears. Electric heat thus goes just where it does most work. At the instant of welding the two pieces of steel are forcibly drawn together; when cool they sever under stress anywhere but at their weld. In like manner the tires for bicycles and automobiles are united, the rails for railroads, the links of chains, the tubes for boilers, the containers for compressed gases, and so on through a long list. The chemist, with as much gain as the metal-worker, adopts electric heat.

CARBON YIELDS LIGHT, RIVALS THE DIAMOND, AND MINIMIZES FRICTION.

Carbon, perhaps the chief chemical element, has forms as diverse as coal, graphite, and diamonds. Both as an element and in its compounds, it has for years engaged the skill of Edward Goodrich Acheson, at Niagara Falls. There, with electric heat of utmost intensity, he converts anthracite into

graphitized carbon rods, almost pure. Their conductivity is four-fold that of the best natural graphite. These rods serve as current-carriers in an electric manufacture of alkalis, impossible without their agency. Mr. Acheson makes graphite serviceable as a pigment, and also in a form useful as a lubricant. As little of his flaky graphite as 1 part to 300 of oil greatly heightens the value of the oil in lubrication. He has discovered that by adding a little gallotannic acid to this flaky graphite it remains suspended in either oil or water. As an indispensible liquid the mixture may be pumped throughout a huge machine shop, and drop from its nozzles as if pure oil. Mr. Acheson makes also carborundum, a compound of carbon and silicon, an abrasive second only to the diamond.

IRON-SMELTING AND STEEL-MAKING

The extreme heat of the electric furnace, with its exclusion of all undesired substances whatever, make it an ideal means of smelting iron or producing steel. In reviewing a remarkable series of experiments, Mr. F. W. Harbord, the eminent English metallurgist, says: "Pig iron can be produced on a commercial scale where electric energy is \$10 per kilowatt for a year, as against \$7 per ton for coke. Steel, equal to the best Sheffield crucible steel, is obtainable electrically at less than the present cost of producing high-class crucible steel." The Keller electrical process for pig iron has required in a first run 475 horsepower year per ton; in a second run, 226. In steel making the Kjellin method has consumed 116 horsepower year per ton, the Heroult method, 153, the Keller method, 112. Only very few waterfalls in the world can furnish electricity at Mr. Harbord's limit of \$10 per year for a kilowatt, or 1 1-3 horse-power. For other purposes than the production of heat, as for motive power or lighting, the current would, as a rule, have much more value. In New York retail customers pay the Edison Company 10 cents per kilowatt hour, or \$876 per annum. Clearly a much lower rate must pro-

cede any rivalry betwixt the electric crucible and the blast furnace.

LIGHT ALMOST TREBLED.

Two methods by which electricity may afford heat are illustrated in ordinary electric lighting. An Edison lamp has a filament of carbon which so resists a current as to rise to a vivid glow. A second mode is shown in an arc-lamp, whose two carbon pencils first touch, then withdraw, leaving between them an arc of dazzling radiance. An incandescent lamp, so far from requiring air, demands a vacuum. To-day the best lamp of this kind has a thread of tungsten, of an efficiency two and one-half times greater than that of a carbon filament. Tungsten may safely reach 1,850 degrees Centigrade; carbon may not surpass 1,660 degrees. Only within two years have the difficulties of treating tungsten for lamps been overcome. In one process the metal is crushed to powder, united with a binding material to form a paste which is squirted through a die as a thread; the binder is then removed, leaving the tungsten by itself. It is much more fragile than carbon, and must be carefully handled; its filaments may be disposed downward only. Its rays are so bright that they are usually dimmed by a semi-opaque globe, with, of course, considerable loss of light.

The Westinghouse tungsten lamp has twenty candle power, for a current of 1.25 watts per candle; it lasts 1,000 hours with hardly any lessening of brilliancy; it costs 90 cents. Side by side is a carbon-filament lamp, of sixteen candle power, for a current of 3.1 watts per candle; with a useful life of 450 hours; it costs 18 cents. With current at 10 cents per kilowatt hour, light from tungsten is about half as expensive as from carbon threads, inclusive of lamps in both cases.

A Cooper-Hewitt tube in economy excels a tungsten lamp as much as that lamp distances an Edison bulb. It is of clear glass, about 21 inches long, with a small cup at each end inside. When in circuit a little mercury running from end to end starts

the light, which, coming as it does, from an extensive surface, is so moderate in brightness as not to need a shade, with its destruction of light. In the automatic design here illustrated a switch closes the circuit, at once a magnet tilts the lamp for its start; this device assures relighting should there be an accidental interruption of current. In this type, "H," a candle power requires .64 watt; with a tube twice as long, type "K," the outlay sinks to .55 watt per candle, or 1,356 candles per horse-power. The light is green and unsuitable for houses, stores, or wherever else colors are to remain normal to the eye. Apart from this restriction the Hewitt tubes have wide applicability to factories, mills, foundries, composing rooms, freight sheds, docks, streets and public squares. They are used in the New York post office. In photography, their beams are particularly rapid and effective.

How in cost does light from electricity compare with light from flame? In its best form, with rays directed downward, a Welsbach mantle gives 25 candles for each cubic foot of gas burned an hour. With gas at \$1.25 per 1,000 cubic feet, and tungsten lamps consuming current at 4 cents per kilowatt hour, the cost is the same, leaving out of account the expense of either mantles or candles.

ELECTRICITY AT HOME.

Carbon-filament lamps are much cheaper to-day than at first; a like fall in price may soon give popularity to lamps of much higher economy. On equal terms electric light is preferred to any other; it is the safest of all, sends out no fumes and but little heat, while it leaves the air unconsumed. In many another service electricity stands ready to lift the burdens of housekeeping, to create new comforts at home.

Last October the Brooklyn Edison Company exhibited in New York the best array of electric appliances for the household ever brought together. A suite of rooms, to form a home, were equipped with every electrical aid. The kitchen had a coffee percola-

tor, a frying kettle, a waffle iron, all heated at small cost. In the laundry was a smoothing iron always at the right temperature, needing no renewals of heat at a stove. A variety of motors operated a clothes-washer, a wringer, a sewing machine, a dish-washer, a buffer to polish silver, and a vacuum cleaner for rugs and carpets. A Brunswick refrigerator of one horse-power made a pound of ice every hour. Fan motors here and there were blowing a grateful breeze; in winter they might hasten the warming of rooms by driving air over their steam coils.

These household motors are an unmatched gift of electricity. On a minor scale, for domestic labor, heat engines are out of the question. Steam motors are economical only when large. Gas engines of as little as five horse-power are built, but they are unwelcome tenants in a house. All heat engines exhale gases or vapors, need qualified attendants, introduce a risk of fire or scalding. Whether small enough for a cottage, or big enough to drive a steel rolling mill, an electric motor is equally efficient and desirable. On request it takes a walk, as in the traveling crane of a ship yard or quarry. In any use a flexible wire conveys all its energy, dismissing chains and belts, cranks or pulleys. And when idle it asks no pay.

PUTTING POWER IN BANKS.

Suppose we have a windmill, water-wheels, or other prime mover, now swift, then slow, and after that absolutely still. How can we store its power at times of surplusage for hours of dearth? If we compress air, or lift water to lofty tanks, our outlay will be large, our losses by friction very considerable. But let us harness a storage battery and we shall be well and cheaply served. Every foot-pound of spare energy may be instantly and safely banked there, and withdrawn at need with small deduction. Not only in households, office buildings and factories has this battery high utility but also as a means of travel, as in the runabout. The gasoline automobile has a field of its

own, as a high-power machine which may go indefinitely far. It may develop forty horse-power from a Herreshoff motor weighing but 415 pounds, and furnish a horse-power for an hour for each pint of gasoline consumed, picking up from the air, as it goes along, the oxygen for combustion. The electromobile carries much less effective fuel in its lead or iron, and besides must bear such acids and alkalis as its combinations demand. Last October Mr. Edison showed me his new nickel-iron cells, from which for every fifty-three pounds, he expects a horse-power for an hour. Despite its weight the electric vehicle is popular on many accounts; it starts at a touch, asks no expert driver, is simple and safe, odorless and cool; and, above all, its habit is to stay in order. In their best designs electromobiles run fast and far. A Babcock machine travels twenty-six miles an hour on a level road. A Detroit machine has gone from Detroit to Toledo, seventy-two miles, in 220 minutes, with charge enough left for thirty miles more. A lady as she pays a round of calls or goes shopping, a physician visiting his patients, a family taking the air, all find the runabout preferable to the automobile, whose power and swiftness are excessive, with mechanism difficult to control, costly to keep in repair.

MOTORS ON THE RAIL.

Incomparably more important than the runabout is the electric locomotive, which, in its first estate, as the trolley-motor, has vastly expanded the suburbs of our cities, and created thousands of healthful homes. Passing from city streets and country roads to the tracks of steam lines, this motor is working a quiet revolution, by virtue of inherent superiority at every point. To begin with, an electric locomotive has left its fuel and furnace, its boiler, water-tank and engine at home. Unburdened by their weight it is also free from their hazard of fire or scalding in case of mishap. With no tender to drag, this locomotive bears on its drivers so large a part of its total weight that it

gets up speed in about half the time needed by its steam rival. Last July the New Haven Railroad began running its electric trains to New Rochelle from New York, sixteen miles since extending this service to Stamford, seventeen miles further. An alternating current, at 11,000 volts, enters a car from an overhead wire through a pantagraph which permits much more play than does the common trolley-wheel. These Westinghouse locomotives, hauling 200-ton trains, which stop on an average every 2.2 miles, must net 26 miles an hour. On long runs they must go sixty-five or seventy miles an hour, or take 250-ton trains at sixty miles an hour. At such paces a steam locomotive would have low efficiency; its cylinders would be too quickly emptied to be kept fully supplied with steam. At all speeds electric locomotives have their economy unimpaired. Nor is this all; a heavy train, on a steep grade, may call for two or more steam locomotives. It is hardly possible to keep them in step so that they exert an even, uniform pull. A train might be a mile long, and with electric motors distributed throughout its length, all would advance as a single machine when controlled by the Sprague multiple-unit system. And again: a steam locomotive is impelled by the to and fro action of its pistons, which, at high speeds, sometimes deliver blows so violent as to lift the wheels from the track. An electric motor turns round and round, so that it never works this injury.

TAKING POWER AFAR.

Whether for railroad service, factory toil, city lighting, or aught else, it is an inestimable boon that electricity may be borne for scores of miles at comparatively small cost for conductors, with inconsiderable leakage by the way. The Pacific Gas & Electric Company, of California, has stations at their farthest 318 miles apart, supplying, all told, about 80,000 horse-power. Its chief currents have the enormous pressure of 60,000 volts. Each insulator, of stout porcelain, is

made up of three separate, conical hoods.

WIRELESS WORDS.

Thus far we have glanced at services long performed by fire, and now better executed by electricity. Let us now view feats of electricity that fire cannot attempt at all. In communicating messages, flame began to play a notable part long ago, first, as flaring beacons; then, in lamps such as those still swinging along railroad tracks. But all such means are narrowly limited in scope, and utterly fail when fogs descend or storms arise. Because an electric wire may be insulated for hundreds of miles it has created the telegraph, perhaps the chief gift bestowed by the electrician upon mankind. Electric waves are not only transmissible by a wire, they may be committed to the ether of free space, as by Marconi, so that with no metallic or other medium, save the aforesaid ether, he enables Ireland and Nova Scotia to signal to each other as if on opposite banks of the Hudson, instead of being divided by the tempest swept Atlantic. The four Marconi towers at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, each 215 feet tall, are surmounted by poles of fifty feet more, making a total height of 265 feet. Some fifty aerial wires run from these poles horizontally for several hundred feet as a directive system. Thus far seventy kilowatts, about ninety-three horse-power, has sufficed in transmission. The plant includes a steam engine of 500 horse-power, and an alternator of 350 kilowatts at 2,000 volts.

And speech as well as signals may be carried by the ether. Among the methods of wireless telephony may be mentioned that of Prof. R. A. Fessenden. For several months he has been transmitting speech from Brant Rock, Mass., to Brooklyn, N.Y., almost 200 miles, nearly three-fourths of the distance being overland. His alternator runs at 81,700 cycles per second, employing either a single armature machine of 1-3 horse-power, or a machine of double this capacity.

SOME OF ELECTRICITY'S RECENT TRIUMPHS.

WHY NO TRANSCONTINENTAL 'PHONE?

No telephone line, of the Bell type, joins New York and San Francisco; its double circuit of heavy copper wire would cost too much.

A telegram takes its way along a succession of lines, each joined to the next by a self-acting repeater. No such contrivance is yet available in telephony, whose currents, furthermore, are so very slight as to be seriously impeded in passing through switchboards or other mechanism, no matter how well designed.

MUSIC PURELY ELECTRIC.

Through a telephone we may listen to a distant orchestra or choir, but the effect is not pleasant enough to give it popularity. To-day, the telephone adds to its old task of reproducing operas or symphonies as executed, the rendition of music wholly electric. In his telharmonium, Mr. Theodore Cahill proceeds upon the fact that when a current is reversed, or alternated, hundreds or thousands of times a second, it utters in a telephone a distinct musical note. When the alternations are few, the notes are grave; when the alternations increase in their frequency, the notes rise in pitch. A performer at a keyboard touches off pulses from scores of diverse alternators, each voicing a simple note. Such notes duly blended recall the complex overtones of the flute, the oboe, or other instrument. Effects beyond these, wholly new and delightful, are created, so that Mr. Cahill has conferred a fresh resource upon composers and executants. His central station in New York resembles a powerhouse, with its engine, its groups of alternators and switchboards, its wire festoons. The music is sent forth on ordinary telephone lines anywhere within 100 miles, and so powerfully that at any desired place an audience of 500 may together hear its weird and sympathetic strains.

ELECTRICITY FOR UNIVERSAL SERVICE.

Our survey thus far, scant though it is, may suffice to show that the in-

ventor and the manufacturer have fulfilled their duty with respect to electrical art. They have designed and built excellent motors and dynamos, heaters and lamps, chemical dividers of all sorts, batteries of many types, all at moderate prices. Where electricity is cheap, as at Niagara Falls, these devices are in general use, both in factories and homes. Where the current is comparatively dear, we find its public acceptance much less wide. A good deal, too, depends upon the business manager of a central station. When he is bold and enterprising he repeats such a success as that of the telephone. To take a striking case: the Pueblo & Suburban Traction & Lighting Company recently wired gratis several hundred houses in Pueblo, Colo., at an average cost of \$7.64 each for the first batch of 384 houses of seven lamps apiece. It is now earning from these dwellings enough to pay for the wiring twice over. Wholesale installations in this fashion reduce cost to the lowest notch; they give a launching jolt to the inertia of heavy-heeled citizens. A like policy, extended to sewing machine motors, fans, smoothing irons, chafing dishes and the like, would undoubtedly inure to the profit of central stations, while at the same time greatly lightening the tasks of housekeeping.

A central station earns most when its machinery is fully and constantly at work. Hence the importance of introducing heaters and motors usually busy at other than the "rush" hours of the day. Between midnight and dawn, when demands for current are slack, is the time to restore exhausted batteries for electric vehicles so that, by virtue of buying their energy at low prices, they may more strongly than ever compete with gasoline motors. In ice-making, electro-plating, and many other industries, a market may be found for current that to-day has no sale. And the more the field for electricity is widened, the cheaper it will become, with the effect, familiar in the gas business, of still further broadening the demand.

Only when electricity thus becomes our universal servant will its mastery

mean as much for mankind to-day as, long ago, did the first kindling of fire, with slowly won arts of furnace and lamp, oven and smelter, crucible and still. A point to be kept steadily in view is that it was this old resource, flame, that in flowering gave birth to electric art. When Volta, as recently as 1800, built his battery, to create the first electric stream, he did so because rich in golden gifts of fire. His glass and porcelain, his plates of zinc and silver, his acids, were all bestowed upon him by flame. And it is by devising economical heat motors, whether using steam, gas or oil, that the modern engineer enables the electrician to generate currents readily and cheaply.

This flowering of old resources into new, of transcendent sweep, of subtler probe, is plain in every decisive advance of humankind. Let us ask, How came fire to be kindled at first? In all likelihood by a surpassing feat of manipulation, directed by the sagacity which only dexterity could awaken and inform. Probably in clashing flints together to shape rude arrows, or chisels, a savage flashed out a spark upon a tuft of dried fibre which at once leaped into a blaze. Or, it may be that in drilling a stick an armorer was rewarded for uncommon persistence and stress by a tiny flame, with its hint for repetition. The superiority of such a man to the kinsman next below him in skill and brains may have been slight enough; no wider, indeed, than the "variation"

which is Darwin's unit of advance. But in the passing from mere warmth to fire a new world was entered, abounding in powers and insights impossible to beings who, though human, had not risen above the ability, shared by other creatures, merely to change the forms of leaves, bark and wood, of clay or stone. With fire to work his will man was able to alter properties as well as shapes, to gain copper and iron from ores, glass from sand, pottery from clay.

The argument here briefly indicated I presented in detail in "Flame, Electricity and the Camera," published in 1900. To the proofs then adduced, many more might now be added, especially with regard to the researches of Crookes, Thomson and Rutherford. These investigators, armed with a glass bulb nearly vacuum, employ electricity to break down atoms into electrons about one-thousandth part in size of the hydrogen atom. These electrons are all alike whatever their source may be, whether lead, copper, gold, or aught else. As fire made man master of the molecule, electricity now enables him partly to resolve the atom itself into units which may be the foundation stones of nature. The fireless savage dealt only with the surfaces of things; when he created fire at will he passed below surfaces to the molecules which build up masses; to-day the electrician disrupts the atom itself to reach nature's very heart.

Exclude not the Spirit which gives life,
nor beauty which has vast bearings on life.

\$25,000 Jobs That Go Begging

By Baron Von Dewitz in Smith's Magazine

THE mining-camps in the Nome District were somewhat flabbergasted—so far as this is possible among gents who pay a dollar for a shave—when Conrad, the Alaskan mining king, posted his famous offer for a smelting superintendent at \$25,000 a year.

There were actually people around Nome who thought their presence could be spared long enough from local barrooms to admit of looking into this, with the result that all the noble citizens of the district, who had nothing better to do, waylaid Conrad for the big job. Some threatened, some argued, some buttonholed him, but nobody had the right kind of surplus experience. All the good men were busy working somebody else's smelters.

In order to save himself from the mob, Conrad made it a condition that all applicants were to show proof of having earned at least \$15,000 salary. That thinned the field down from a round thousand to just three men, who were all immediately raised on five-year contracts as against Conrad's one-year term! The difference between his princely offer and the renewed salaries held by these men was still large, but not important enough for them to take the jump. That \$25,000 job actually went begging for months until the mining king secured the right man from a distance of some two thousand miles. Because he bids against talent the same as a man will bid at auction against another for possession of a certain object, Conrad has done more to jump salaries in Alaska than any other man.

"I can get ten thousand men who are capable of earning every cent of a \$1,500 a year salary, and I can get

them without the least trouble," said one of the leading men of finance with whom I was discussing the subject. "But it seems to be impossible to locate five men who are actually worth from \$15,000 to \$25,000 to assist me in conducting my business."

The core of the matter seems to be that as soon as a man can write his annual earnings in five figures he is laid siege to by capital. The climb up to this point, which must be reached before capital will notice, is usually a heart-breaking one. It transforms a man from a capability into a capacity. He was just as good before, only now we know just how good he is. This is the kind of certainty employers are glad to pay big money for, nowadays more than ever, and goes a long way to explain the enormous salary premiums paid for demonstrated efficiency.

Guesswork is being rapidly eliminated from business these days. The employer cannot afford to gamble, and in a perfectly organized business he will not be called upon to take any chances. It has been found expensive to put a \$5,000 man where only a \$10,000 talent could produce results, and men are cheap at \$50,000 in some positions. When a man does rise above the \$10,000 limit he is a prospective claimant for almost any of the great portfolios of this workaday age, and the men in control begin to bid for his brains. And so it happens that several kings of finance may be bidding for the same man, and some big jobs will go begging.

There is a newspaper proprietor in New York who came out some time ago during a business meeting of his stockholders with a standing offer to pay the salary of the President of the United States to any man who could

write for his paper "just three scoops a week." He figured that any large paper could well afford to pay, and did pay, an average of one thousand dollars for a first-class "scoop," or special of vital importance appearing exclusively. At that rate, provided he succeeds in finding a man able to write three good "scoops" a week, his paper would be getting the benefit of a \$156,000 service for a paltry \$50,000 annual salary—a very economical arrangement.

The president of a large manufacturing company in Chicago has been scouring the country for the last two years in a vain search for the proper sort of an assistant to himself, a sort of under-study. He is willing to pay almost any salary to any man whom he thinks good enough to merit a trial, but prefers to leave the salary and choice of work entirely to the applicant, as that is in itself a pretty good test. He wants a man who can assume the executive responsibility in his absence, a man able to grasp the prodigious detail of a large manufacturing business and able to handle the men entrusted with the detail.

As soon as it became known that he was in the market for an understudy his friends and associates began to deluge him with "good word" letters for hopeful applicants, never stopping to think, apparently, how particular this employer must be, since in his own vast enterprise, employing several thousand men, he found no one good enough to suit the part of his second-self.

In every case, whenever he accorded an applicant an interview, he would put this inquiry:

"Suppose I should start you in here, and leave things pretty much to your own judgment, what kind of work would you expect to do?"

It seldom failed but what the applicant thought himself entirely able to take hold where the president would leave off, to do his work, without trying to earn his experience.

"I haven't had the right answer given me as yet," explained this employer to a friend of mine, from whom I have these facts; "and yet

the right answer is so simple that a fool or a genius would think of it. This job of mine is worth at least half of what I am worth in salary alone to the corporation, and I shall think myself lucky if I can secure a man for \$30,000 who will be my own successful second-self."

What this man wants is just a private secretary able to master the whole business from the bottom up, and when you consider the salary he has in mind to pay his offer is certainly unique.

The great scarcity of executives who can actually "make good"—men with a talent for extracting maximum efficiency from every employe—is the real cause for the tremendous rise in salaries for managerial posts.

There is a national bank in a large Western city that has found it necessary to change its president thrice and its staff of officers four times in a decade, searching for men who can put the bank to the front and keep it there. During that time the official salaries were increased by thirty per cent., and the last president got \$18,000 as against the first one's \$10,000.

This raise of pay brought no rise in business. It seemed well-nigh impossible to properly officer that bank. A board of governors was appointed from the chief stockholders, and whereas all the former officers had been local men, fresh blood from other cities was now brought into the vacant places. A jocular young man, who had made a record for himself as president of a microscopic Mississippi bank, was elected "president pro tem," at \$5,000, with the understanding that if he could fill the difficult position he should be elected "full president," with maximum salary. That young chap literally mowed down competition right and left, put the bank on a firm basis, and trebled its business in little more than a year's time. He was voted the full \$18,000, and a premium of \$2,000 for his first year's reorganization work, but instead of accepting this gratuity he had it turned over to those of his staff who had supported him most efficiently.

During the board meeting he was

asked by a director to what quality his instant success had been due.

"Three things," laughed the youthful president. "You hang up a big purse before my nose. I was a stranger here, and nobody had any claim on me, nor was I under anybody's obligations. I went to work regardless of consequences, horns down and tails up, and the rest of the office had to follow the pace I set."

Most of the big salary earners nowadays are men who either have risen from the bottom to the top in a certain business, or men who have suddenly been "discovered" and as suddenly promoted by their explorers.

The president of the match trust is a believer in taking in outside talent for leading positions. He is continually hunting for men to fit into some big job without "rattling." He is tickled beside himself when he spots the right man—especially if the man has been hard to stalk—but does not evince all the enthusiasm he is capable of when the right man just happens to develop in his own office. He must have his game clearing fences in front of him, must this man-hunting magnate, who hangs up purses of five figures as carelessly as millionaires serve hunt-breakfasts!

"I once had a company on my hands that cost me over one hundred thousand dollars a year to keep going, and I didn't dare to drop it," he declared. "I skinned all the salaries down to the bare bone, and came out in meeting and said that any man who could relieve me of that \$100,000 tax on my treasury could have one-third of it in salary."

Here was a possum well worth the climbing of trees and risking of breeches to capture. All hands turned to scheming out new ways and means, and the president's waste-basket did its noblest to keep up with the waste brains!

Then, one fine day, the office was treated to the spectacle of its chief lugging in a new "bag of game"—a young chemist whom he had fished out of a technical school in Boston. The bean-eater was given a careful training in the various departments,

and turned out a clean-cut success. The boss turned over the factory to him. He started with annual sales of \$240,000, a pay-roll of 120 men, and a deficit of about \$100,000. In less than a year's time he had entirely wiped out the deficit. He was promptly given a salary, as agreed, of \$33,300. In eight years he increased his force to 2,700 men and his sales to \$12,000,000. By the end of that time he had saved nearly \$200,000 in salary, and owned stock in this concern worth close to \$100,000, besides being on the board of directors of several other companies controlled by the trust.

What attracted the president to this young man, in the first place, was that he had made his way through college on his own resources and after the manner of a born organizer. His first venture was to amalgamate all the laundries catering to the college men into one unit capitalized at \$30,000. He cleaned up a round one thousand dollars by this deal, whereby he obtained for his classmates lower charges and for the laundries in the combine a monopoly.

When Lyman J. Gage was secretary of the treasury he was not infrequently asked by prominent bankers to suggest men for positions worth \$25,000 and more. The bankers themselves could not find the right men. In many instances these princely positions were never filled. In one instance the ex-secretary is said to have supplied a \$25,000 man whom he had never even seen, and who turned out to be worth every cent of it.

One winter when call money fetched as high as 30 per cent. for several weeks, a large financial institution sent one of its officers to some of the big bond houses offering to advance the required funds if any of their banks should actually call their loans. Of course, the bond houses, in appreciation of this courtesy, in cases where their loans fell due, paid a somewhat higher rate of interest and were glad to pay it.

Mr. Gage saw at a glance that a master stroke had been made, and in-

quired the name of the man who did it.

"That's the man you need," he wrote to a Western banker anxious to have somebody take a \$20,000 salary. "I do not know the man, but I know him by his works."

The banker immediately wired the young genius, who turned out to be an assistant auditor earning \$8,000, and who as promptly wired his polite refusal. In the short space of a few days his value to the interest of the "Street" had risen so highly that he was in a position to choose between better offers.

When two \$18,000 jobs have to stand out in the cold, in the same city, on the same day, even a busy little village like Chicago will take notice, especially when the jobs are refused, as they actually were, by more than a dozen men who were approached. The fact that two competing roads were willing to pay \$18,000 for a good freight manager happened, of course, to attract everybody's attention except the men whom the road thought should be interested—and they were doing as well, or better.

Besides President Corey, of the U. S. Steel Corporation, there is one other officer of the company who also draws \$100,000 salary, namely, Judge Gary, who aired the opinion recently that the president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, granting that he is the best available man for the place, would be a rather underpaid employe at \$150,000 a year! This free-spoken judge ought to know something about salaries with four officials under him earning \$30,000 each, and twelve managers getting \$25,000.

In the forty-odd different corporations controlled by the big trust there are continually vacancies worth fortunes occurring that are difficult, and sometimes impossible, to fill, because the big-salaried men must be promoted constantly or they will be snapped up by outside concerns.

"We are not seeking for men who will accept low pay," said the judge recently, "but we are ever on the lookout for men who are worth high salaries."

The policy formed by this trust for high pay for high-pressure effort obtains in every progressive establishment in the country. It amounts to a national truism that failure or success may be expected according to whether the men selected are wrong or right. Consequently, the question of salaries is secondary compared to the question of right men for right places.

There are close to seventy positions within the great trust yielding \$10,000 salaries, and Judge Gary has all he can do to get the proper brains for these jobs, where vacancies often go begging with temporary substitutes on part pay. The trust would like to recruit all its \$25,000 men, and officers higher up, from the \$10,000 aggregation, but is frequently forced to go outside and peddle these lordly jobs from door to door until a fit taker is found.

Even among the professions the high-salaried vacant post is not uncommon. In New York City there are just three physicians who make \$100,000 and over a year; five who range from \$50,000 to \$60,000; fifty who average about \$30,000; 150 who average \$12,000, and 300 who make about \$5,000. One of the fifty who made less than \$25,000 a year gave up his fashionable place on Central Park South to become house doctor to several members of the smart set. He is making almost double his former average now, but the doctor who took his former place on Central Park South is unable to fill it, and makes little more than his rent. Here is a chance for a fashionable saw-bones with the social instinct!

The rather eccentric magnate of the Tobacco Trust has been in the brains market for years to find a man who can relieve him of his active duties as managing head. He has tried several. He has paid as high as \$5,000 a month to some while trying them out. If he ever discovers the right man it is safe to say that that man can practically dictate his own salary.

Since 1901 there has been a \$75,000 vacancy with the New York Life Insurance Company. After George W. Perkins resigned his post as second

vice-president no one has been found able to fill it, though Mr. Perkins still retains a \$25,000 salary from the company in an advisory capacity. Not a few agency directors of this company earn \$15,000 or more, and though there are thousands of applicants every time a vacancy occurs, the company often hesitates a long while before a final choice is made.

A post in an Eastern city was recently filled by a new, outside man, not in "line for promotion," who made such a splendid record for himself that the company, rather than lose him to a rival firm, shook this plum into his lap, worth easily \$20,000 with salary and commission.

The mild-mannered and courteous president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was once hired to the \$40,000 presidency of the Northern Pacific without even a mention as to salary. The president, then identified as manager of one of the J.

Pierpont Morgan roads, sat in his office when an offer came over the long-distance phone for him to go at once to St. Paul as president of the Northern Pacific.

"Who's in control?" was the only question asked by the future president.

"J. P. Morgan & Co." was the reply.

"I accept," said the New Haven man, who saw only a great work before him—a work of converting "two grease streaks across the prairie," into a dividend-earning road—and who left the salary to take care of itself.

"No first-class road in this country," says this man, "can truthfully say that it has no need for extra help in the \$25,000 class. I know where I could make good use of a half dozen of them right away, if I could only lay my hands on them."

Make a Bluff

If there isn't any pleasure
Waits for you beside the way.
If there's not a thing to grin at
In your journey day by day,
If you've got excuse for kicking
And for stirring up a row,
Don't you do it! Don't you do it!
Just be happy, anyhow.

Just be happy, just be happy;
Take the fiddle and the bow,
Snuggle it against your shoulder,
Limber up and let her go.
Till the world is full of music
And there's joy in every string.
Till you get all outdoors laughing
And you make the echoes sing.

It's a duty you are owing
To the world to shake your feet,
And to lift your voice in singin'
Till the music fills the street;
If the world is dark and gloomy
And you haven't got a friend,
It's your duty to dissemble,
It's your duty to pretend.

If you meet the world a-grinnin',
Then the world will grin at you—
You can laugh the clouds to flinders
Till the blue sky glimmers
through;
If you just pretend you're happy,
With your whole heart in the
bluff,
When almost before you know it,
You'll be happy, sure enough!

Industrial Canada as England Sees It

By Dr. Arthur Shadwell in London Times

COMPARATIVELY little attention has hitherto been paid on this side of the Atlantic to the development of manufacturing industries in Canada; but it is a subject of great interest from several points of view. It has interest for the capitalist, the workman, the statesman and the student of economics. A mighty process is going on in the Dominion, which is rapidly becoming a manufacturing country of the first class, with unlimited possibilities of development. The reason why that side of Canadian enterprise has not attracted more attention is that it has been overshadowed by the great agricultural expansion, which has riveted all eyes. That is the case in Canada itself; everywhere the talk is of the West, of the land to be taken up and brought under cultivation, of the number of new settlers, of the output of wheat and other agricultural produce, past, present and to come. Everywhere the visitor arriving from the Atlantic is asked the same question: Are you going West? Have you been West? And generally he goes West if he can spare the time, and is duly impressed by the vast scale of everything, the endless railway tracks, the prodigious wheat fields, the great granaries, called in the American tongue elevators, and the new towns springing up in the wilderness, all growing, growing, growing. The West calls the young men and women from the Eastern Provinces and the immigrants, too; they have helped and are helping to make it. Some are shed on the way in large towns, some come back to them; but the West is the great goal. In Europe naturally enough more is heard of that than of anything else. The re-

turning traveler talks and writes about it, the intending emigrant thinks of it. Canada is a thirsty land crying for human beings to make it fruitful. There a man is welcome; he can get for nothing a stretch of fertile land and by the bounty of God and his strong right arm he can with great certainty grow a profitable crop on it. He can begin with nothing, and if he be the right sort, can within two or three years stand firmly on his feet, an independent and substantial man. Some of those who begin with least succeed best. So vast is the expanse available that in spite of the rapid increase of settlement and the large scale to which it has attained, only a small fraction of the fertile and workable land has yet been touched.

These things seize the imagination; they have made Canada a great name in Europe, a greater name than Canadians, who still fancy their country neglected or undervalued, fully understand. It is already known to the young and enterprising as the land of promise beyond all others, and it is becoming more widely known every day. Their ideas are vague, but they look to the West; everybody looks to the West. That is quite right. Canada's first and greatest asset is the soil, and her first business is to get it tilled and made productive. And it is the interest of the over-populated Old World, and of England in particular, to help that process, for what the soil produces is food; it only needs development to feed multitudes. But Canada is not merely a large wheat field or cattle plain; farming is only the greatest of its economic interests. All the others which follow—transport, manufactures, and mines—are being developed with equal energy

and have already developed large dimensions; how large and how rapidly growing few people realize. The fact that there are railroads, mines and factories in Canada is doubtless recognized in a way; the world has heard at least of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Klondike. But the all-round character of the economic development, its scope and pace are certainly not understood.

Whatever of artificiality there may have been, or may still be, in the process of building up Canadian industries, the movement as a whole is natural and inevitable. Canada is bound to become a great manufacturing centre by reason of its endowments, the endowments of the land and of the people, who have it in them. The land is handicapped in certain respects, which will be mentioned later on, but in others it is richly endowed. Of the three material factors requisite for industrial production—raw material, power and transport—Canada is much stronger in the last two than in the first, though she has great abundance of material in food stuffs, wood and minerals. The possession of raw materials, however, tends to diminish in importance with the development of transport, and in that respect Canada is singularly favored by her magnificent system of inland waterways. She shares the chain of great lakes with the United States, to which they are of incalculable value, but she enjoys the additional and enormous advantage of the ocean outlet by the St. Lawrence. Some day, too, the great inland sea formed by the Hudson's Bay, which cuts the whole country in two, will be brought into play and will provide a new oceanic route to the interior; the project is already in shape, and seriously contemplated. Another natural advantage, which greatly facilitates the problem of land transport, is the general evenness of surface prevailing over very large areas. Yet this is combined with sufficient changes of level in the water courses to produce an industrial asset of the highest value—namely, cheap water power on an enormous scale and widely distributed. The subject

is so large and important that it requires separate and detailed treatment. Here it is only mentioned as one of the dominant factors in the evolution of the country. Canada is the land of waters, of lake and river and sea, beyond all others; Our Lady of Waters would be a better title than Our Lady of the Snows; and this character, which lends so much charm to the scenery, has an economic value already great, but destined to be much greater.

The combination of water transport on a unique scale is so favorable to industrial development that it could fail to take effect only if the people were wholly devoid of capacity or bent in that direction. But they are the very reverse. I shall give evidence hereafter to show that the Canadian people possess in a high degree all the qualities that have made Great Britain and the United States the foremost of manufacturing countries. They possess industry, enterprise, initiative, organizing power and inventiveness; and they have the bent for manufacturing. I believe that nothing could keep them from it. Men are constantly starting manufactures in Canada without previous knowledge or experience from some sheer innate driving force; and, if they make mistakes, as they must, they stick to it, learn, improve, and succeed. It is quite remarkable. Manufacturing is not every man's business; the mere pursuit for money does not account for it; there are easier ways of making money, and to fail is easier than to succeed. An essential factor for success is competent direction. Capital and labor are merely instruments; they may be multiplied indefinitely and produce nothing but failure unless they are rightly applied, and that is the function of direction. Modern economists recognize its importance, and some maintain that profits entirely depend on it. What is not generally recognized is that the faculty of direction is a gift which cannot be commanded at will. It is the faculty of generalship, of mastering men and means and applying them to the end in view which in this case is produc-

tion. The expression, "captains of industry," is not only picturesque, it is profoundly appropriate. The faculty is inborn; it may be cultivated and improved, like others, but it cannot be altogether acquired—wherein lies the reason why state or public concerns are so often failures. A private concern must have competent direction or drop out; a public one badly directed does not drop out, it goes on badly.

Now the Canadians appear to me to possess the faculty of industrial direction in an exceptional large degree; and I find the evidence for that not only in individual cases, but in the fact that concerns started in Canada by American and British enterprise have a general tendency to pass into Canadian hands. Three influences can be detected as contributing to their character. The first is hereditary disposition; the second is the modifying influence of the climate or the natural environment and the third is the stimulus of American example. The two first produce a distinctive and particularly effective blend. The qualities of the British and especially the Scottish strain, which is very strong in Eastern Canada, display themselves in steady, cautious effort which makes for stability. The influence of the climate, which resembles that of the contiguous American States, but is less marked, is seen in a tendency to greater daring and a fondness for novelty and large designs. Doubtless, the size of the country and the large scale of nature, ever present to the Canadian as to the American consciousness, have something to do with this tendency. Within limits it is good, when over-estimated by American example it becomes a weakness. Fortunately it is kept in check by the steadier British element, already mentioned, and to a much slighter extent by the French, which is not prominent industrially except in the supply of manual labor, but is a valuable factor so far as it goes. As Canada grows I think the American influence much more likely to wane than to wax with the development of the distinctive Canadian type, which lies between the

British and the American, and combines many of the best qualities of both.

With such endowments, human and material, a great industrial development is, I submit, absolutely certain. It is already in progress. The number of persons returned by the census of 1901 as employed in manufactures was 344,035, which is just one-twelfth of the whole population over ten years of age. The census does not contain data which would enable one to make a statistical comparison of this group with others, but it evidently represents a numerically important section of the population. In the United States, with its enormous manufacturing activity, the proportion is only between one-eighth and one-ninth; in other words, the industrial interest in relation to population is not half as great again as in Canada. In England itself, which lives mainly by manufactures, it is not much more than double, so far as an estimate can be made. These facts prove that Canada is already no infant among manufacturing countries, but more than half grown up. The amount of capital invested in manufactures was, in 1901, about £90,000,000, and the value of products £96,000,000. And growth is going on at a very rapid rate. Between 1881 and 1901 the amount of capital increased from £33,000,000 to £90,000,000; and the expansion took place mainly in the larger concerns, having a production value of over £10,000 per annum; the increase of capital in them was from £17,000,000 to £67,000,000. During the five following 1901 the number of persons employed in manufactures has increased at the rate of nearly 10,000 a year, and the amount of wages paid by upwards of £2,000,000 a year. Statistics are impressive if there are not too many of them, and, perhaps, I had better leave the few I have given to tell the story of industrial expansion in their own way. They sufficiently corroborate what has been said in the foregoing, and prove, so far as figures can, that manufactures are no small and exotic affair in the Dominion, but a great and rapidly-

growing interest. At present the process is going on very actively. The home market is expanding with the growth of population, and the increasing Canada rather acutely; but that is the means for developing mechanical production. The tide of westward settlement, which has been, and is flowing so strongly, sends back a reflex wave to the industrial centres,

to be presently described, in the Eastern Provinces. The one is the complement of the other, and the pace seems much more likely to be accelerated than diminished in the near future. At the present moment the general financial stress is, perhaps, affecting wealth won from the soil furnish- is a temporary condition which does not obscure the wider prospects.

Science of Selling Goods

A New University Course

Herald Magazine

INSTRUCTION in business dramatics and the psychology of salesmanship, the science of how to get a job or to sell goods, is the latest addition to the curriculum of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance of New York University. The professors who teach these subjects are men who are themselves successful in the outside business world and are employers of men or heads of great selling forces.

It has been found in actual practice, that the methods which sell goods effectively are the best methods to use in procuring a good position or an advance. The students, therefore, are trained to know and make their telling points about their own abilities just as they are coached in framing and presenting an argument which will sell bonds or office fixtures or obtain a contract for equipment or construction.

The salesman of to-day is a very different sort of person from the drummer of yesterday, the professors say. In the first place, he must meet a far keener competition in quality and prices of goods and must make large sales to offset small profits. The points of difference in goods are often so minute that it

takes an expert to make them weigh in his favor with the buyer. Often goods and prices are identical and then the sale is probably determined entirely by business dramatics—the salesman who carries himself best, understands the buyer's temperament best and acts to please him carries off the contract.

Many sales are lost, many competent men fail to obtain positions, according to Joseph French Johnson, dean of the School of Commerce, because of little matters of personality. This is regarded as so important by some of the large houses that they even regulate certain details of their salesmen's clothes. The heads of one of the largest and most effective corps of salesmen in this country prescribe that its men shall wear black derby hats.

It had been found, in actual experience, that a light colored hat held in the salesman's hand during an interview might take the buyer's attention from the selling argument.

Little eccentricities in dress are also frequently a bar to success, and of course, lack of neatness in any detail of a man's make-up is costly. A peculiar or unpleasant way of speaking, or lack of logical emphasis

may prejudice a hearer against the best of arguments in a personal interview, just as a poorly composed or badly written letter would do at longer range. The University, therefore, pays particular heed to personality, and the instructors impress upon the classes the importance of business dramatics—looking and acting the part of the man who will get the job or land the contract.

Salesmanship to-day, however, does not begin, by any means, with the interview between salesman and buyer, according to Dean Johnson and Channing Rudd, professor of salesmanship. Before the salesman approaches the customer there is elaborate work to be done. It is supposed, of course, that the seller knows his own goods, has all his arguments at his tongue's end. Next, he must know his individual customer, or, as the course in the school describes, prepare his "pre-approach." He must learn all that he can about the buyer—his mental attitude, his peculiarities, the scope and nature of his business, and all the possible applications and special advantages the seller's goods have for that business. The legitimate methods of preparing this "pre-approach" are important elements of the instruction.

Next comes the approach—the actual entry into the man's office. With men as busy as they are to-day, it is often not easy to gain a hearing. Immediately the question of whether or not to send in a business card by the office boy arises. Often sending in a business card ends the matter. If a card is advisable the question of what should be engraved on that card is important.

One of the principles taught is that if you print too much about business on that card you let the office boy not yourself present your argument. If a card is used it must, by its form and matter, interest the buyer or arouse his curiosity.

The professors of salesmanship

then teach the student the business dramatics of entering the sanctum sanctorum. The student is advised as to the general type of clothes which are best. Even the color of a necktie counts in the first impression to the buyer. The carriage of the seller is important. He must stand erect and show by his bearing that he believes in himself.

After the opening sentence the demonstration begins. For this voice, action, fluency of speech and choice of language are very important in personality. The salesman also must give an impression of health, enthusiasm and belief in his goods without need of a single word. His selling argument must interest his hearer from the start, and the arguments must be so presented as not to waste Mr. Busyman's time or allow his attention to wander. If the goods are in competition with others the salesman must know his rival's products, be able to meet their objections to his goods, to show wherein his are superior, without seeming to make a prejudiced attack on his competitors.

But psychology plays a most important part. No set speech prepared in advance will be entirely suitable. The salesman, therefore, must be able to read character, judge accurately of the psychological effect he is producing, and so modify his argument that it will fit the buyer's mind as a tailor-made suit fits his body. This is why the course in salesmanship lays special emphasis on character reading and knowledge of human nature.

And knowledge of human nature no longer means the idea that everybody likes a funny story and that the salesman must be a sort of walking joke paper. Buyers to-day prefer to get their humor after business hours, and would rather a seller did not try to turn their offices into a sort of clubroom.

Finally, the salesman must know how to close with the buyer, for often in closing some mistake is made; the seller shows too great

eagerness to clinch matters, and the bird takes a flight out of the net. When it comes to actually making a contract, oral or written, the salesman must know something of the law of contracts, agency, sales and shipping. Particularly if he is selling his own labor he must know how to frame a contract which will cover his interests and not leave him in a hole in a crisis.

Selling labor—that is, getting a job—is like selling anything else. But the salesman here has to be trained against over enthusiasm in stating his own estimate of his abilities. A thorough enthusiasm and belief in one's good openly expressed may give a sense of egotism, if applied to one's own self. In selling himself for the highest price in the market the salesman has to be careful to make his points effectively, but not braggingly. On the other hand, excessive meekness is not desirable, for it may give the employer a feeling that the man lacks self-confidence or is deficient in energy and health. And energy and health are two essential qualities demanded in every purchase of labor.

The vast mail order business which has grown in this country—a strange method of selling—in which seller and buyer never meet, and in which the seller has no store in which to show his goods, is responsible for an entirely different form of selling—selling by the written word entirely. This written word may be in advertising catalogues or letters.

The writer, instead of knowing in advance all about his individual buyer, must master the important interests and characteristics of a large number of persons. An advertisement to farmers must appeal to interests of the farm. An advertisement to mothers must talk about babies in an intelligent way. An advertisement to country grocers differs from one to city grocers. So that it is necessary in interesting persons by mail to write to them.

Then there is the follow-up series of letters, acutely designed to get a reader's interest from the start and lead him to read successive letters until he is convinced that he should buy. These letters may be only ten words long or two or three pages in length. But they must be always interesting reading and in form as carefully prepared as if the paper they were written on were costly advertising space in a newspaper. Even individual letters in business to-day are as carefully composed as if they were to be published.

In fact, business letter writing has become a sort of specialty and there are clever writers who charge and get as much as \$25 each for writing important letters for business houses. In other words, they are letter authors.

For the sales manager, however, and the sales executive, the selling generals who head vast forces of lieutenants and privates who work all over the country and the world, for that matter, still another line of expert knowledge is essential. The head of a great selling force from his office in New York must keep, probably, a thousand men working harmoniously and effectively. He must keep them happy and loyal to the house and see that every one gets the benefit of any valuable discoveries made by another. If the salesman in Maine discovers a new and effective argument or application for selling goods the salesman in California or Texas must be instructed in this method. To do this involves vast letter writing and circulation of printed matter.

Many houses publish secret newspapers which the salesman is under heavy bond not to show to any one else. These publications are confidential reports on the successes and failures of the firm in getting new business. Moreover the sales manager must handle his men as a chief train despatcher handles his trains. Two men must not come into collision in a territory, men must arrive at points of interest at just

the right time and must come in ahead of their rivals. The arranging of such schedules for a thousand men all over the earth requires scientific generalship, and this work has become a feature of university instruction at the School of Commerce.

It is not enough, however, for the modern salesman who is to do big things to know merely the art of salesmanship and the qualities of his own goods. He must have a vast knowledge of general business to help him in his dealings. The man who sells a \$1,000 life insurance policy deals generally with buyers who have not made a study of insurance. But the agent who can sell a \$50,000 policy to a big capitalist must deal with a man

who can ask very technical questions about the agent's company. Such a man, therefore, must know life insurance inside and out—know the plans of investment of his company, its organization and its smallest details.

As a result of this specialism, with its call for vast knowledge on one special branch, many of the salesmanship students also get certificates in other university night courses in railroading, finance, life and fire insurance, organization, actuarial science, advertising, law, investments, foreign languages, simply to fit themselves to talk to prospective buyers on their own specialties and in their own language—to be at home in the business world where the customer lives.

The Pessimist

Charles Edwin Ellis

Throughout the land there stalks abroad a man
With ear attuned but to retail of woes;
His feet seek pace with Failure's caravan,
His lips naught save forebodings dark disclose.
Seen through his eyes the sunset's golden glow
But stamps the landscape with a sombre stain;
Life's common ills into grave crises grow,
Incentives base all charities explain.
Art's enemy is he, invention's foe;
A bar to enterprise, achievement's bane;
They who on him their fellowship bestow
Strive fruitlessly, and hope and dream in vain.

Mr. Hicks Branches Out

By Carrington A. Phelps in Appleton's

FOR three days and two nights Mr. Patrick Hicks had foreseen the time when appetite should drive him to do something shocking to his professional pride. Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that he was newly landed in an alien city. For Mr. Hicks' career had hitherto budded and blown in the far West, where "plants," in the vernacular, otherwise neat little country banks, were plenty and easy for the plucking. Mr. Hicks had flourished and fared high, until, his expressive countenance becoming too familiarly known to the provincial constabulary, he had embarked upon a little Eastern jaunt. He had heard they were easy in the East. So he "operated" upon a likely bank up in New England. Just as he had his "soup," otherwise nitroglycerin, neatly placed and primed, he was assaulted from behind by two indignant sheriffs. He had, with some difficulty, escaped and, in no wise daunted, at once essayed attack upon another rural treasure house. For nine hours he toiled of a peaceful Sabbath afternoon and evening, and for his irreverent labors reaped an atonement of four dollars and fifty-three cents in silver, three counterfeit half-dollars, thirty-one cents in stamps, and a half-pound of red sealing wax. He saw by the paper next morning that he had been preceded by the bank cashier by about four hours. So Patrick Hicks came to New York, and in a laudable endeavor to place the imprint of his personality upon the town, lost his financial reserve, his watch, a diamond stud, and a tooth.

Now, a gentleman who loots safes, and he must be a gentleman to be

the favorite of so dictatorial and fickle an art, is helpless without money. That gentle felony, burglary, requires no capital, nor indeed does highway robbery or shoplifting. But of these crafts Mr. Hicks knew nothing, embarking as he had in his career without apprenticeship in those lesser strata which leave so decided a stigma upon their graduates. It will thus be seen that Mr. Patrick Hicks without cash was in a bad way. He knew how to handle dynamite and, to this end, applied at the several construction jobs in the city for work, but they had all the "Pete" men they wanted already. He could not ply his profession, he knew no other way of making money, and he would not beg. So amiably and with gusto he economized, sleeping in the moonlight upon a park bench and following the marvels of the water front by day.

Upon the evening of the third day Mr. Hicks had made up his mind. He would be a burglar. He surveyed the proposition with whimsical enjoyment, deciding upon a black mask and a jimmy as the necessary adjuncts to success. He rather regretted that he should be forced to the step, involving as it did so decided a backsliding. He had always anticipated retiring from the profession, retiring grandly and with dignity. In fact, he had just such an idea vaguely in mind when he came on to the East. But he had not anticipated retiring crab fashion down the rungs of the ladder he had thus far so airily ascended. He was game though, was Patrick Hicks, for he made a mask of a black tie, looted a junk heap of a piece of steel

for his jimmy, and strode forth, a full-fledged, hungry burglar.

It was a large, brownstone, and corpulent house that Mr. Hicks selected as his victim. It stood on a prominent corner of a refined street facing Mr. Hicks' park, and the display of vases and draperies at its windows gave much promise to its famine-threatened observer. Having marked down the quarry and its handy rear alley, Mr. Hicks bestowed himself on his bench and waited patiently until the tower clock struck two. Then he sauntered down the street, turned leisurely up the alley, where he vaulted lightly a six-foot fence, and dropped into the confines of a little Italian garden. He paused a moment to admire the fountain and its statuette, then, approaching the house, he inserted his improvised jimmy beneath a window edge, and heaved. Persuasively and patiently he heaved until there came a slight crack as the catch broke and the frame slid smoothly upward. Mr. Hicks mounted the ledge and lowered himself to the floor. A clock obtruded its metallic voice on the stillness and from somewhere in the darkness came the contented purring of a cat. Mr. Hicks drew forth an electric pocket lamp, sole tool of his trade left from more prosperous days, and its glittering eye flashed bulletlike through the gloom. He rejoiced to find himself in the kitchen. He was further delighted when he discovered two bottles of ale, a cold fowl, and a pastry reposing negligently on an upper shelf in the big refrigerator. He consumed everything except the left drumstick of the fowl, which he regretfully relinquished to the cat who at the smell of food came clamoring dolefully from the darkness. He had more difficulty with the ale, principally because the corks were never intended to be drawn with a fork. He felt better after eating, so much so that he was almost tempted to forego the untried mysteries of burglary. But the memory of to-morrow's hunger

urged him forward, past the inviting realms of a great tobacco-haunted, leather-and-oak library, between the cluttered beauties of a splendid drawing-room, into a paneled hall, and up the cavellike vista of a huge stairway.

He turned into a yawning room at the head of the stairs, and then something ticked twice and his little lamp went out. He pressed the button, shook the thing, all in vain; something had befallen its insides and its light had flown forever. He went through his pockets three painstaking and unavailing times. At last he discovered in a forgotten cranny a splinter with a little nub at its end that once had been a match. He kneeled, and carefully drew the nub across the sole of his shoe. It broke off promptly, and he set his teeth. He turned to retrace his steps and collided with a wall, at which he rejoiced; for by merely following it he would assuredly come upon a door. He moved forward very slowly and quietly because there was deathlike stillness in the house and because the darkness was almost physical in its intensity. Suddenly he was struck a staggering blow exactly upon the bridge of the nose. His head began to sing like a locust and something warm trickled down his upper lip. Groping, he found he had collided with the edge of a heavy marble mantelpiece. Dazedly he followed down the length of it and then began probing the air in search of the continuing wall. There was no wall. His head began to throb and he turned to find the mantel again. His left shin struck agonizingly upon something that toppled forward in the darkness, leaving him breathless, awaiting the crash. There was a slight movement and the thing returned, only this time upon the other shin. Mr. Hicks groaned, and dropped crippled to his knees. His trembling hands fell upon the malicious cause of his suffering, a huge mission rocking chair. He climbed painfully into it and leaned

back soothing his tortured limbs. The pain lessened after a little and then there came a clanging crash, apparently at the base of his skull, and a big hall clock boomed thrice. Mr. Hicks drew a big breath. Starvation had its charms after all. Weakly he got to his feet, and, with arms extended and utter reckless in his heart, took three steps forward. Then, coldly, ominously, leisurely a voice said in his ear:

"What?"

Mr. Hicks became for a moment tense as a piece of wire; after which he shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows at the darkness, and waited, clay in the hands of destiny. Five minutes he waited before he took another step forward. Again the voice, this time in the other ear:

"What?"

Mr. Hicks sighed audibly.

"Go it," he said, "only get it over."

There came a satisfied chuckle and the voice said, soothingly, ingratiating, amorously:

"Pretty Polly?"

Mr. Hicks set his upper teeth in his lower lip, and his breath came hard. Oh! for the perils of a cracksmen's life once more, with the sheriffs and jails, guns and nitroglycerin. And, oh! for a barrel of water and a firm grip of this thing's tail feathers. He turned squarely in his tracks and, unmindful of Delilah's whispers, strode forward, head up, chin forward, as might a martyr who treads the brink of a pit. He found a piano—with his knee. He turned from it in high-minded indifference and as he turned, calamity came upon him, for he brushed against a stand of some wobbly description, and as he felt it reel he swung about, clutched it madly, caught his foot, and, still clinging to the thing, sat down helplessly in the arms of a giant cactus.

Then broke the patience of Patrick Hicks, iron of will, deadly of determination, icy of soul, coolest of safe wreckers, and there arose a tide, lurid, iridescent, sparkling, that flowed softly, vitriolically, lavalike

out upon the peace and serenity of the sleeping night. A tide eminently fruitful, too; for as Patrick Hicks, exhausted of vocabulary and parched of soul, turned his hungry eye hither and thither, it became suddenly glad and hopeful again. Through the Stygian Inferno it had discovered a star, a ray of light, a crumb of manna. It was a practical star because it was a keyhole. Patrick Hicks moved his head by the fraction of an inch and the star disappeared. It glowed again when he resumed his position. Cautiously and on hands and knees he approached, for here was a door, and a door meant possible liberty. Inch by inch, groping, fending, poking, and praying he advanced until he clutched joviously and with dumb tenacity a door-knob and arose to his feet. It turned under his hand and a great perpendicular ray of light leaped at him as the door with a click slid away. He heard an exclamation and then steps approaching. He was in for it. Behind him there were horrors. Before him there was only a human being. He threw back the door, and stepped into the room. A woman stopped in her tracks not three feet from him and threw her hand across her lips as though to stifle a scream. Mr. Hicks was not pretty, for he was badly mussed, and he still wore his mask. Also his nose had been bleeding. The woman was clad in some sort of clinging stuff and she was extremely fascinating in her pathetic, brave terror. Her face was gray and her shaking hand was spilling something from a glass upon the carpet. Mr. Hicks' eye flashed beyond her to a dresser, a case blazing with jewels, a crib, and in it a little child. It lay with one arm thrown above the pillow, and Mr. Hicks saw that it was pitifully emaciated. The mouth drooped wearily at its tender corners and around the eyes were cruel shadows. The breathing was that of the fever-ridden, short, gasping, harried. Mr. Hicks looked at the wom-

an again. Suddenly she held out an imploring hand.

"She sick?" queried Mr. Hicks, in a hoarse undertone.

The woman nodded and opened her lips. Then she caught them again with her hand. Mr. Hicks understood that she was wrestling mightily with fear and that it was decidedly a question which would get the mastery.

"Is she very bad—liable to die?" asked Mr. Hicks.

The woman nodded emphatically and then, with a strange gasping whisper: "Take—jewels—kill her—to wake," pointed at the case on the dresser.

Mr. Hicks smiled, first at the jewels, then at the child, and, finally, at the woman. She was on the verge of a breakdown. He knew the symptoms. Mr. Hicks shook his head, placed his finger at his lips, and tiptoed out through the door. But he left it open, for he craved light. Fascinated, the woman followed him through the hall, heard him softly descend the stairs, heard the slight rattle of the front door as it opened and closed. Then she sank to the floor, stifling her sobs lest at the crisis she should awaken the sleeping child.

And Patrick Hicks, empty of pocket and forgetful of his newly adopted profession, walked blithely down the steps, whistling because of the approaching policeman.

"I'm the cook," said Mr. Hicks, when pressed for an explanation. "It was too hot to sleep and I came out for a walk."

"Cook is ut," said the interrogator, shortly, "wid a clouted face an' a mask on ut? Then walk wid me, me bould bhoy, walk wid me."

In the Market Court that morning Mr. Patrick Hicks cast discretion aside and spoke the truth, calculating that he might as well be hanged for a thief as a tippler. For the judge was a tartar and Mr. Hicks had been told by several of his fellow prisoners that he need

expect no mercy. So he discovered an alien joy in informing the stern-faced man behind the desk that he was Patrick Hicks, the most expert safe blower in the West and the most disgusted burglar in the East.

"Right you are," he said. "I was caught with the goods on. I was starving and I had to do something. If I'd had the money I would never have tackled your precious town, but I hadn't eaten for three days, and I thought I'd try this trick, though I never did it before. It's not in my line, and never will be again. Serves me right. I had intended to square it, but I hit the town hard and it hit back so much harder it broke me. It's too late now. Give me the limit, for it will mean quiet for my rural friends just so much longer."

"Why didn't you steal anything?" asked the judge.

"I did—me an' the cat—chicken and ale."

"I mean jewels or something like that?"

"There was a kid—pretty sick—and her mother was badly scared, and I was afraid she might cry—I can't stand women doing that."

"Well?"

"Well, I don't know—the kid was sick—and the woman said she might die if she was waked up. I don't know."

"Why did you want to reform?"

"Nothing in it, your Honor. Don't pay in long run. Then I was sick of it, but I lost my roll, and a tooth, and starved. I was going to be a foreman of a drilling gang. That's where I learned how to handle nitro."

The judge looked at Patrick Hicks and his eye was very cold. Mr. Hicks looked back at the judge and something said down in his heart: "Ten years."

"Too bad you have decided not to reform when you get out."

"What's the use—by ten years—I mean by then——"

The judge gazed stonily at Mr. Hicks, who braced himself. It was coming.

"I believe," said the judge deliberately, "that you have been tell-

ing the truth. I know where they want a foreman. I am going to put you on probation. I am the man whose house you broke into last night."

How Business Men Can Maintain Prosperity

By James W. Van Cleave in System

JUST at this time the problem of how the business man should use and maintain prosperity is rendered particularly timely by the recent developments in Wall Street, which have frightened many otherwise level-headed persons into the belief that prosperity has been more than merely temporarily checked. Such is not the case.

At the present moment the ebb of prosperity is not so high as it has been during the twelve months past, nor as it will be during the twelve months coming. The tightness of the financial situation in the immediate future to a large extent will be dependent upon the practices of our financiers and on the relations of employers to employes.

Before discussing how the business man may use prosperity, let us first consider briefly the foundation on which this prosperity rests, and the causes which during the past few months have tended to shake it.

It would be easy to mention by name a score of magnates in the American financial world who have struck harder blows at the American business fabric in the past two or three years than have been dealt by Gompers and all the other labor union chiefs in the United States combined, in the past quarter of a century. These leaders of finance and so-called captains of industry are those who took the leading part in causing the recent flurries in Wall Street, which, for the moment, af-

fected American credit all over the globe.

The officers of insurance companies, of banks and of trust companies who squander in their own private speculations the money of their policy-holders or their depositors, and the heads of great railways who sacrifice the interests of their stockholders in furthering their own individual deals, have proved themselves a far more formidable menace to the country's prosperity than are any or all of the leaders who are responsible for the objectionable policies and practices of the labor unions. Socially, they stand higher than any of the labor unions chieftains. They have a better education and a larger grasp of affairs. In theory, at least, they are men of higher character than are any of the heads of the labor organizations. Better things are ordinarily expected of them than are looked for from the other class of mischief makers. In view of these facts honorable business men should use their influence in overthrowing these freebooters in their own ranks, not only for their own gain, but for the more altruistic purpose of establishing general business credit. Those who tend to arouse popular distrust in employers of labor and against men of high industrial or financial station, must necessarily disturb public confidence. The moment public confidence is disturbed, public credit goes and the business structure must necessarily collapse.

The recent removal from high office of many of the financial leaders has done and will do much to restore this confidence that has been weakened by a long series of their speculations. Immediately upon their removal the recent panic in Wall Street subsided. It is obviously to the interest of business men to insure the maintenance of business credit not only by keeping such men from office of responsibility but in removing from office of those of similar type.

The evidence that we are now starting upon another era of prosperity is greater than the evidence of decline during the past year. The beginning of the popular distrust began a few months ago when the country heard loud complaints from the heads of the great railway systems that no money was available for improvements, except at ruinously high rates. This fact registered the commencement of the attack against the destructive practices which a few of the high financiers had inaugurated and by which it was believed they had personally profited at the expense of the stockholders of the roads. This distress gradually extended and money for all industrial and other enterprises became correspondingly scarce and high. The innocent suffered with the guilty and this suffering was unequal to the extent that the one exceeded the other in numbers. The business man felt the effects of this distress in two ways.

First: His trade shrank.

Second: The collateral for his loans was scanned more closely by the banks and a higher rate of interest was charged for the loans which the banks made.

The manufacturer particularly felt this temporary check in trade expansion by his infallible barometer—his record of orders—and also by his increase of interest on the money which he borrowed for the development of his business.

The fact, however, that there has been a recession of trade and that

this recession was immediately followed by a reaction upon the removal of those who were responsible for the original decline, emphasize the necessity for all business men to co-operate for the promotion of civic honor and financial sanity, which alone can make business prosperity permanent.

The methods by which the American business man may assure the maintenance of this prosperity may be summarized as follows:

(1) He should establish and maintain cordial relations with his workers.

Prosperity usually offers a better chance than adversity for the tactful employer to establish fraternal feeling with his workers. This sort of feeling helps both sides: contentment makes the worker do more and better work. Thus the employer may serve his own and the worker's interest and may aid in postponing business adversity or in mitigating it when it comes.

Employers have a particularly strong reason for establishing this kind of feeling if their workers are members of labor unions. Every unbiased person who has given any intelligent thought to the subject believes that, to a considerable degree, the labor unions are responsible for much of the recent reaction in business. Most of the members of the unions are honest persons and good citizens, but many of their leaders are ignorant and corrupt. Some of them are both ignorant and corrupt. The influence of these leaders is large, and necessarily it is bad. The country has seen the effects of this evil leadership in many cases in the past twelve months.

The unions' exorbitant demands for advances in wages and shortening of hours are accompanied by a policy on the part of many of them of doing less work each hour, and by a defiant repudiation of pledges by some of them. Such union labor is becoming less efficient, and less

reliable. As a consequence, many employers have become frightened. Some of them are unwilling to make a contract ahead lest some labor union hold-up may prevent its execution. To this extent business confidence has been disturbed. In this way union labor has been a factor in causing the recent industrial setback.

The business man who employs his influence to induce workers to refrain from this short-sighted conduct, will be making a decided good use of his time and his position in this era of prosperity.

(2) He should oppose and denounce all violations of business law and business honesty on the part of business men generally, whether heads of financial institutions, captains of industry or controlling spirits in the great transportation systems.

What these violations of business law are has been covered in the first page of this article. How they may be opposed is amply illustrated by the work of the business men's associations and citizens' organizations that are actively increasing in numbers throughout the country. It is the purpose of these organizations to bring the business interests into harmony with each other; they aim to instruct employers and workers in the principle of good citizenship—to show each the duty which it owes to the other and to the community—to diminish the number and the destructiveness of labor contests and to promote industrial peace.

Many of these business men's associations hold public meetings at regular intervals at which specialists on economics, industrial and other subjects deliver popular lectures. Special inducements are made to bring workers into the community and to attract capital. The results of these meetings are often printed in circular form and issued broadcast. A movement is now on foot to start an educational propaganda on a much larger scale than has been

done heretofore through the agency of a federation of associations of citizens, merchants, and employers of labor of all sorts, national and state.

(3) He should aid in electing honest and capable men to office, regardless of party.

In these three methods I have given special attention only to the observations which seem of the greatest importance. There are many smaller ways in which the individual business men may use prosperity to build up his strength.

(4) He should find that happy means of buying and selling where business is at its highest efficiency.

To buy material in larger quantities, to discount bills, to manufacture goods in off seasons so as to have them ready for delivery—all these are legitimate and desirable factors in strengthening the manufacturer's reserved force. But it is so easy to overstep the mark. To do these things in a moderate fashion and upon the actually earned products of the industry, is good business. To go to extremes—to pile up obligation, to buy material and manufacture goods far ahead, to make option sales, to prepare for anticipated business: all founded upon the future expectations of the business—is bad. For invariably bad times come over night, and not only is the market for finished articles reduced, but raw materials drop in price, collections hold off, money tightens, and obligations are called for settlement.

The business man should, therefore, rather use times of prosperity to fortify his business, to strengthen it by adding to its cash resources and its assets, rather than extend it too fast and add to its obligations and its liabilities. In hard times it will be all he can do to run even. The strengthening and building up must be done during times of prosperity.

(5) He should strengthen the personnel of his organization.

There is no direction in which the

business man can strengthen the capacity of his business as much or safeguard his reserve force as well as by careful selection of good men for his organization. The business man can help maintain his own prosperity by taking every opportunity of adding good men to his force—morning, noon and night, in season and out of season. Like Diogenes of old, he should go around with a lantern looking for them. Laying off employes allows the lopping off of the dead boughs, but it should never stand in the way but rather serve as a help to graft on new and more vigorous branches. Many a business man makes the great mistake of hunting for men for responsible positions all over the world instead of in his own establishment. I know cases where shops have been disorganized by such methods. Select the right men in the beginning, and then give your own men a chance at the higher places. See to it that energy and ability are rewarded in your own establishment by pushing the intelligent and striving and hard-working employes forward to more and more responsible positions. That is the co-operation that brings strength.

(6) He should especially use times of prosperity to cut down his bills payable and his financial obligations.

Thus the business man will at the same time be aiding in the continuance of prosperity since he puts himself and his section of the business world on a sounder and more conservative foundation. Nothing hampers the success of a concern more than worrying about bills payable and other financial obligations. The temptation is strong in times of prosperity to increase rather than decrease these, for then it is not difficult to raise money; but in times of financial stringency many a splendid concern has had to be sacrificed and thrown in the hands of receivers because loans

could not be extended nor other loans made.

Cut down your expenses to the lowest possible point; meet your bills before they become due; you can invariably get a good discount and nothing could make your business more desirable to your supply dealers than discounted bills. It will give you a big advantage over most of your competitors.

(7) He should watch his collections to see that he receives payment at maturity.

The business man should never force collections, but he should push them with all his might. "Do unto others as you would be done by" is a good principle to follow here. Remember that you are depending upon the good will of your customers as well as upon their cash. In making collections, each case should stand upon its own merits. Get your cash at the earliest possible date, but do not jeopardize your future business by forcing payments.

Many a lesser business man cannot follow my financial suggestions. He must do the best he can. But let him remember that personal reputation is the highest endorsement that the beginner, the young manufacturer or merchant, can have. Honesty, integrity, a personal promise that is as good as a bond—these are qualities that are carefully watched by the banker and financier. These qualities, with moderate ability, will bring success, where without them all the ability in the world fails.

The industrial nation which establishes the greatest possible harmony between its employers and workers, which eliminates the dishonest, the extravagant and lawless and vicious leaders from its industrial and financial army, other conditions being equal, is certain to retain prosperity longer and less interruptedly. We must and we will learn in this country to become the world's leaders in these matters as we are in so many others.

The Education of Mr. Lloyd George

The Saturday Review (English)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is bent on proving to us how far we have traveled from the paths of the old Cobdenism and how certain is the final overthrow of doctrines which are the negation of imperialism. Cobden welcomed "the indirect process of Free Trade" as the most effectual means of "gradually and imperceptibly loosening the bonds which unite our colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest," and the two latest Blue-books to reach us from Mr. Lloyd George's department prove how unquestionably right Cobden was. Free Trade is cosmopolitan not imperial—the world is its unit not the Empire; its natural outcome is the gradual separation of all the colonies from England under the influence of world-wide economic forces. Like other civilized nations, the colonies refuse to take their economics from us, and instead of girding at them in the lofty tone of a philosopher as was the manner of Mr. Asquith at the Imperial Conference, Mr. Lloyd George has the good sense to accept facts and make the best of them. Realizing with colonial statesmen the natural disintegrating effects of Cobdenism, he abandons the British attitude of laissez-faire and sets himself to co-operate with them in doing what no bona fide Cobdenite ought to do—namely, stimulate British trade with the colonies rather than with foreign countries, believing, as no Cobdenite ought to believe, that "the Empire will be a great gainer thereby." He sends Mr. Jeffray as Special Trade Commissioner to New Zealand and Mr. Richard Grigg to Canada, and out of the mouths of both these official

witnesses we now get a justification of the warnings with which Mr. Chamberlain startled the world four years ago, and a justification also of the policy of inter-imperial co-operation by which the Empire may be knit more closely together.

The progressive nature of the disintegration under Free Trade is clearly indicated in these Board of Trade reports and in the searching and not less impartial investigations of the Tariff Commission by which they seem to have been largely inspired, and without which no clear understanding of the empire trade problem is possible. We are shown how as the colonies make progress in national and industrial status, their foreign trade associations tend to increase at the expense of the United Kingdom. Industrially Canada may be regarded as the oldest colony and the disintegrating influences are most marked in the Canadian market. In the lifetime of many living men Canada relied upon the United Kingdom for one-half of her imported manufactures; Mr. Grigg records again and again with almost painful reiteration how this British share has diminished year after year before United States and in a lesser degree German and other foreign attack, and the Tariff Commission brings out the tendency still more clearly by showing that while the British share of the Canadian import market has in twenty years fallen from 40 to 24 per cent. of the whole, the foreign share has increased from 57 to 71 per cent. But more significant even than what Mr. Grigg or the Tariff Commission say is the admirable addendum made to the Board of Trade report by

Mr. John Bain, formerly Deputy Commissioner of Canadian Customs. Mr. Bain has long been the man at the helm in Canada; he speaks of what he knows by daily contact, and he speaks of the decline in British trade before foreign competition as "really very serious, much more so than Englishmen realized." He adds: "I venture to assert in the strongest way that if such preference had not been granted, British trade with Canada would be on a very small basis to-day." He analyses what he calls the competitive Canadian imports, that is to say, those in which we compete with the United States, and shows that between 1888 and 1897 the British decline of ten and a half million dollars compared with a United States increase of only three and a quarter million dollars; while since Preference, that is to say between 1898 and 1906, a British increase of thirty-one and a half million dollars compares with a United States increase of forty-six and a quarter million dollars. For a detailed survey of the trade position in Australia we are dependent upon the recently published investigations of the Tariff Commission, and these show how steadily the British share of the Australian import market has diminished. In the three years ending 1896 it was 70 per cent. of the whole; in the three years ending 1906 the 70 per cent. fell to 60 per cent. Simultaneously the United States and German share rose from 16 to 26 per cent. of the whole. In New Zealand we still hold what Mr. Jeffray in his report to the Board of Trade calls "an overwhelming pre-eminence." Yet comparing the four years ending 1894 with the four years ending 1906 we see how substantially Germany, Japan, Belgium and the United States increased their shares. Their imports have quadrupled while ours have doubled; and from Mr. Lloyd George's emissary comes the admission that we have chiefly to thank the New Zealand preference for the fact that

British iron bars can now be landed in New Zealand at less cost than Belgian, and that other British metal goods and British boots and shoes now take the place of United States and other foreign imports. The South African position has been much complicated by the trade disturbance occasioned by the war, but a Tariff Commission is now investigating industrial conditions, and we shall doubtless find that the disintegrating forces at work are not less marked there than in Canada and Australasia.

All this must be painful reading for Mr. Asquith. He assured colonial Ministers in 1907 that tariffs could not exclude British goods from colonial markets where these goods were wanted. No power on earth, he grandiloquently declared, could do such a thing. The emissaries of his Cabinet colleague, Mr. Lloyd George, show him how it has been done in an ever-increasing degree. Despite Mr. Asquith's aphorisms the colonies did look less and less to British, and more and more to foreign, sources of supply. The value of colonial imports from foreign countries rose in the last ten years from 81 to 126 millions sterling. Equally disconcerting to Mr. Asquith must it be to find these commissioners of his own Government proclaiming that the very colonial preferences which he exhausted his ingenuity in belittling have proved invaluable in stemming the tide of British decline. Mr. Grigg, perhaps out of consideration for his principals in the British Government, tries to cover up his convictions by a plenitude of words and qualifying phrases that sound well while meaning little. He repeats the familiar jargon about British "slowness," and want of adaptability, and it may be a good thing that he should himself be established in Canada at the head of a dozen or so "commercial correspondents" paid by the British taxpayer. But he cannot escape the conclusion that the preference has been of "undoubt-

ed value to British imports," and that it has "to a considerable degree checked the previous decline in the hold of the British manufacturer upon the Canadian market." Mr. Commissioner Bain, having no British party susceptibilities to bother about, asserts frankly and "in the strongest way" that the preference has saved British trade in Canada from the practical extinction by which it was threatened by the geographical and other advantages of the United States and the economic advantages of Germany and other foreign countries. "The preference," he says "undoubtedly accomplished the purpose for which it was intended, and it not only arrested the decline in British trade, but gave it a very healthy impetus." Mr. Jeffray is hardly less emphatic. His inquiries in New Zealand, as well as in this country, convince him that "the effect of the preferential arrangements (in New Zealand) has been to divert to the United Kingdom and the British possessions a portion of the trade formerly held by foreign countries in commodities affected by the preference."

But Mr. Lloyd George's commissioners do not stop there. Mr. Grigg echoes the warning so frequently uttered of the danger to which our colonial trade is exposed in the absence of imperial reciprocity. "Helpful" as the Canadian preference has proved, it is, he says, "insufficient by itself to do more than check the decline in the United Kingdom's share of Canadian trade." Following the lines of the investigations of the Tariff Commission, though he fails to acknowledge his indebtedness, Mr. Grigg indicates how large a part of the Canadian import trade is affected by the inadequacy of the preference. He sets out the "goods in regard to which British manufacturers have to encounter from foreign countries an energetic competition which has already or is fast obtaining a preponderance," and again another group of "goods in regard to which British trade has either

been entirely defeated by foreign competition or retains only a small and relatively insignificant share of the market." These are the goods on which Canada desires to enlarge her preference in return for concessions in the British tariff. The exhaustive survey of the Tariff Commission shows that in Australia and New Zealand there are hardly less important concessions which we can have for the asking. As Sir Joseph Ward reminded the Imperial Conference, our trade with continental countries has probably reached its limit, but there awaits us, if we will only seize the opportunity, enormous possibilities of expansion in these growing self-governing States of the Empire. "Our trade relations are material to us all," said the New Zealand Prime Minister, "our attachment and destiny are on mutual lines, and we should try and shape a policy which we believe to be safe and beneficial for ourselves." The door will not always remain open. Mr. Grigg warns us, and this week's debate in the Canadian Parliament on the Franco-Canadian treaty gives new point to his warning, that we are driving the colonies to look elsewhere for intimate trade associations. The Canadian Intermediate duties are now being granted to France and to the twenty most-favored nations, including Japan, with whom we and France compete in the Canadian market. The margin of preference is thereby reduced on some goods from twelve and a half to 2 and a half per cent., and as Mr. Grigg says, the extension of these conventional rates to goods in which Germany competes must "be fraught with undoubtedly serious consequences to British trade." We may stand still, if we like, and declare proudly that "not a single penny-worth of preference shall be granted on a single peppercorn," but meanwhile great economic forces are at work, and, as Dr. Jameson said at the Conference, "when once you begin to make

treaties outside (the Empire) there is no saying how far they may go. When you once get commercial treaties and commercial sympathy, you generally find political sym-

pathy follows." If we do not want this, we cannot to soon fling wide the door which our Ministers so boastfully "slammed" six months ago.

The Honor of the Family

By Hopkins Moorhouse in Munsey's

LORINDA PODMORE'S wedding day had come. The guests were assembled. Old man Podmore proudly presided over "Lorindy's presents," spread out to public admiration in the sitting-room. The Rev. Ormsby Molland arrived, and the bridal party came out of the spare bedroom into the focus of the lime light.

The ceremony began in the most solemn and impressive manner. Lorinda's mother was crying softly out of pure sentiment. Lorinda's father was grinning and pulling at his thin whiskers, out of pure satisfaction. Billy Babbit, the bridegroom, was turning red and white, hot and cold, out of pure misery.

"William Henry, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, so long as ye both shall live?"

There was a prolonged silence. Every eye was fixed on Billy Babbit, and every eye saw the red flush that crept up the back of his neck, burned his ears, suffused his face. Lorinda surreptitiously pinched his hand. The clergyman whispered encouragement.

"I will," he prompted good-naturedly.

"No!" thundered Billy, "I won't!"

For one brief instant everything went stock-still in breathless amazement. Lorinda Podmore uttered a weak gasp, and fainted. Her mother let out a shriek, and followed suit. Her father plowed his way to the front rank.

"What?" he yelled.

"I've changed my mind," quoth Billy.

Saying this, he turned, was out through the open window before anybody could stop him, and fled for the woods. Old Josh had to go to the shed for the muzzle-loader, so that he was a full three hundred yards in the rear.

Poor Lorinda Podmore! She was not as young as she had been, and the passing of the years had brought with them a great and ever-growing respect for the holy state of matrimony. She was a good girl, and, if her face was homely, her heart was none the less kind; but Greendale was too small a place for her ever to live down this calamity.

Old man Podmore went about like a raging lion. He had failed to overtake the scoundrel who had brought disgrace upon the whole household; for when Babbit had once gained the friendly shelter of the woods, he had eluded pursuit and mysteriously vanished. His house was watched to no purpose; he did not go home, and his hired man knew nothing of his whereabouts, or at least said he didn't. So Joshua Podmore went roaring about the countryside, threatening what he would do to the "skunk" when he caught him.

At the end of three weeks Billy Babbit unexpectedly came back, and went about his business in the regular way. He had just been over to the city for a spell, he said, and

he had gone there on business—not because he was afraid of old Josh Podmore, to prove which assertion he brought back with him a leather cartridge belt and a big pistol, and wore them wherever he went.

The news reached old man Podmore the morning after Billy got back. He didn't poke his nose outside the house all that day; but at night, after it got dark, he slipped out by the back way and circled around through the fields to Billy Babbit's domicile, quite forgetting to take the muzzle-loader with him.

Billy was home. He and his hired man were toasting their boots on the damper of the kitchen stove when Josh Podmore opened the door and walked in.

"Wanter see ye alone, Babbit," Podmore snapped peremptorily.

"Cert'nly. Well, Tom!" he glared at the hired man. "Didn't you hear what the gentleman said? Git out!"

"Er—want yer gun, Mr. Babbit?"

"Git!" cried Billy angrily. He turned mildly toward his visitor. "Won't you set down, Joshua?"

Joshua sat down. For a full minute he pulled his whiskers before he spoke. Then he spat quickly into the stove.

"I reckon ye know wot I'm here fer, Babbit," he began abruptly. "What ye goin' ter do 'bout it?"

"Don't know as I b'en thinkin' o' doin' anythin' in perticklar," mused Billy. "Why should I? Man's got a right to change his mind, ain't he?"

"What?" snorted old Podmore. He shook his head angrily. "Bet-cher life y'ain't—not when things hez got's fur ez a weddin'! Babbit, I ain't a goin' ter hev ye triffin' like this with the tender feelin's o' my on'y darter. She's got grounds fer a libel suit, consarn ye! She kin hev ye up fer alimony, an' breach o' promise, an' divorce, an' a hull lot more things like that! An' what's more t' the p'int, she's a goin' t' do it, 'less ye make repairin's mighty quick!"

Billy's face blanched suddenly.

"I ain't got nothin' agin Lorindy," he said soothingly. "Y'see, Joshua, when me'n Lorindy agreed t' git tied up, it was with the distinct understandin' thet I was goin' to be boss; an' she went an' kicked over the traces first go off. I ain't goin' t' marry any wumman as wants the hull county lookin' on an' critterizin'. Marryin's a sacred insti-tooshun, an' consarns the contractin' parties on'y. Thet's allus been my theery. I ain't goin' t' marry her ef—"

"Who's askin' ye t' marry her?" broke out old Podmore. "I wouldn't let ye marry her, arter what's happened, not ef ye was the Prince o' Diddlededum! But ye've gotter make repairin's, Babbit, fer all the wounded feelin's an' the disgrace my darter suffered three weeks ago Friday. I hev an idee which I come here to perpose t'ye, an' ef ye don't agree—"

"What's the idee?" said Billy.

"This is it. Seein's ye publicly said ye wouldn't hev Lorindy, ye oughter give her a chance to publicly say she won't hev you. We'll hev another weddin', with the same folks there as was there three weeks back. Then, when the preacher says to Lorindy, 'Wil ye hev him?' she kin hev the chance t' say back, 'No, I won't,' jest like ye done, an' I reckon thet'd sorter square matters, an' recover her dignity an' sech fer her. The honor o' the family hez been shattered, an' demands repairin', Babbit; an' me, the head o' the family, demands it. What d'ye say to it?"

"It's a good idee," agreed Billy thoughtfully. "As you say, Joshua, I guess mebbe it was ruther hard on Lorindy, with all them tongue-waggers present. I don't mind obligin' you—fer the honor o' the family. But as fer marryin' Lorindy—"

"Ain't I said I wouldn't let ye marry her now ef ye was a millyunaire?" cried old Podmore irascibly. "I ain't a wantin' ye fer no son-in-law, Billy Babbit. All I'm askin'

is fer ye t' aet square an' give Lorindy a ehance t' git even with ye in the eyes o' the neighborhood; an' ei ye're half a man, ye'll make it a go."

"It's a go," said Billy.

And that is how another wedding party came to assemble in the Podmore parlor one month after the fatal Friday. The same guests were invited, and, needless to say, not one of them was missing. Old man Podmore again presided over the presents in the sitting-room—the same presents. The Rev. Ormsby Molland, who knew nothing of the secret compact, again arrived, and again the bridal party came out of the spare bed-room into the focus of the lime-light. Once more the ceremony began in a solemn and impressive manner. Once more Lorinda's mother wept softly, Lorinda's father grinned with satisfaction, and Billy Babbit felt mighty uncom-

fortable. And once more the minister said:

"William Henry, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, so long as ye both shall live?"

"Yes, I will," said Billy calmly.

An audible sigh passed through the room. The ceremony went smoothly forward to the other question:

"Lorinda Ann, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will!" said Lorinda clearly.

Billy Babbit turned as white as the bride's veil, and tremblingly nudged the stays of Lorinda's corset.

"Lorindy," he whispered frantically, "you was to say 'I won't.'"

"I lush!" admonished that lady, sotto voce. "I've changed my mind!"

"Let us pray," said the Rev. Ormsby Molland.

A Doubter

By Eugene C. Dolson

With firmer faith, and even less
Of talent, he might win success;
But ah! for what is talent good,
If souls are lax in fortitude?

Canada — All Hail

In Western Architect and Builder, Cincinnati

SOME of us who can recall how we Americans of the United States (we were the only ones then) estimated Canada and Canadians some twenty-five years ago, to-day feel rather "cheap" whenever our thoughts cross the border. We are ashamed now of our patronizing conceit then. Our only excuse is our ignorance at that time of Canada's abounding resources in all material things. We knew nothing of the marvellous possibilities of her soil, we never dreamed of her yellow golden grain covering her central plains on and on to the foothills of the Rockies, or the hidden mineral wealth merely waiting its resurrection, or her mighty inland rivers, teeming with fish, or the endless acres of unbroken timber crowning the hillsides on every hand to the far-off north, and strangest blindness of all, we wholly failed to comprehend the character of her people and their fullness of power in building an empire. Nowhere in the wide, wide world, though tried in every clime, has the Anglo-Saxon capacity of doing wondrous things been so grandly manifested as in Canada. And how shallow our judgment proved when we pictured Canadians as stunted specimens of humanity stupidly standing with their hands plunged in their trousers pockets, wistfully gazing across the border, waiting to be annexed. Surely we owe an apology, but the memory of our stupidity is sufficient. To-day we appreciate her marvellous present, and we see through the rising mists and parting clouds her still more wondrous future. We feel that she is the coming land of plen-

ty and of promise, that the half has not been told of what she is, and still less of what she will be. We remember with feelings near akin to shame how in the distant past we talked of annexation, believing that Canada only waited a seasonable time to be a part of this country, still we made no hearty effort to hasten it, for we regarded it as a matter of manifest destiny that it must be so. Our statesmen (?) talked languidly of the advantages of reciprocity, for in a few years she would be partaker of our greatness. We at that time truly believed that her people desired annexation, but now a Canadian, with his outlook on her future, thinks foul scorn of such a proposition and those who mention it except to condemn it. Twenty-five years ago, we in no way considered either the number or the quality of her immigrants, but to-day, while many more enter our ports, we in our hearts envy Canada the quality of hers.

They are manly men, and womanly women, of the kind that are home builders and those that lay deep and strongly the foundations of empire, and thus it is that she is rising in swift advances to her commanding place of power among the nations. In all material matters, all things are hers, and she is surely rising in her strength and dignity to possess the land which the Lord her God has given her.

To-day is hers; the twentieth century will see her full fruition. She feels it. We recognize it, and we rejoice with her and confess that we know more to-day than we did twenty-five years ago.

The Busy Life of England's Premier

The London Magazine

I HAD known for some months that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was in a poor state of health, but I was not prepared to find him so badly run down as I did when I visited him at Belmont Castle during the autumn.

The fact is that he never got over the death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached. He has been brooding over his loss; and, being a man of far greater imagination than is popularly supposed, the depression of his spirits has affected his general health.

During a friendship extending over many years I have had ample opportunity of observing him; and, while I should never have set him down as a man of particularly robust health, he seemed to be fairly wiry, and to escape the ordinary trivial ailments which assail even quite vigorous persons.

I should not say that he was ever really fitted for a great stress of work; and as he is exceptionally conscientious in discharging all his duties and giving personal supervision to details, the strain of the Premiership bears more heavily upon him than it would upon most statesmen.

I wonder how many people have any idea how severe that strain is? Of course, Mr. Balfour, with his golf and his easy manners and his frequent appearances in society, gave one the impression that it was possible to be Prime Minister and yet enjoy the good things of life. But he is an exceptional man, with an exceptional capacity for doing real hard work, and then throwing off the cares of State as though he forgot all about them.

Sir Henry does not possess that

capacity. In spite of his genial smile and pawky jokes, he worries over business out of office-hours, and really never seems to have a single moment to himself.

I remember an anecdote which was told me by Mr. Winston Churchill. He was talking one day with Mr. Chamberlain about the advantages of being in office.

"It is all very well for you," he said, "but I have to do practically everything for myself. You have your armies of secretaries and officials who prepare your speech for you; and by the time you come to the Treasury Bench you have it all cut and dried, and there only remains for you to deliver it."

"Yes," Mr. Chamberlain replied, with a merry laugh; "I have no doubt it is very easy when you get to the Treasury Bench, but you must remember you have to get there first."

All the same, there are a great many things which secretaries and clerks cannot do for a Minister. I have often been with Sir Henry while he has been preparing a great party speech. The amount of personal care and trouble which he has devoted to it has amazed me. What is called the "gift of the gab" does not come naturally to him, and he has to take far greater pains over a speech than the ordinary politician.

I was once told by Lord Randolph Churchill how, when he first embarked upon a political career, he used to write out his speeches word for word, commit them to memory, recite them to himself at various intervals, walking up and down the room, and then finally deliver them almost without a note.

But when he was in office he frank-

ly admitted that the most he could do was to jot down a few notes, a peroration, or a few striking phrases, and then trust more or less to chance.

John Bright, too, it will be remembered, always wrote out his speeches at full length for great occasions. He rarely used a single note, but he felt confident if he had his speech in his pocket ready to fall back upon at an emergency.

One day he rose in the House of Commons and regretted that the debate had been sprung upon him unawares, so that he was unable to make any preparation for it. He proceeded quite glibly for a certain time, then suddenly lost the thread of his discourse, and broke down. Forgetting his affectation of not being prepared, he calmly put his hand in his pocket, drew out the speech, found his place, and went on. But the Irish members, who were then vehemently hostile to him, noted the action, and burst into derisive laughter, which he never forgave.

Sir William Harcourt also used to have the greater part of his speech written out, but he was so skilful in the manipulation of his notes that scarcely anyone noticed that he was using them.

I should say that Sir Henry reads a larger proportion of his speeches than any Minister of the front rank has ever done before. But one of his many charms is an engaging frankness; and he never makes the faintest attempt to conceal what he is doing. On a despatch-box in front of him you may see a great pile of papers, which he turns over one by one as he has finished reading from them.

Oddly enough, this practice detracts very little from the effect of his speeches. But though he is fairly successful with an audience, he takes no pleasure whatever in addressing it. He does not care about crowds and excitement, but what he chiefly dreads is the labor of preparation.

To convey an idea of this labor, I must take you into his study in the morning after breakfast. He is seated in an armchair at a long table, cov-

ered with despatch-boxes and books. A secretary comes in with a paper containing a variety of suggestions for topics and their treatment. Another brings a digest of the points in the speech of some adversary, with useful annotations.

Sir Henry peruses these somewhat wearily, occasionally cocking his eye in that delightful roguish way of his, or allowing a faint smile to play upon his lips. Every now and then he asks a shrewd question, but does not seem to take any very great interest in the answer. All the while he is at work with a long pencil, striking out passages and making notes in a queer sort of shorthand of his own, which no one else could understand. From time to time he asks for facts or figures, and someone has to go off and procure documentary evidence.

What most impressed me as I watched him was his infinite patience, his love of detail, and his great pains to ensure accuracy. When at last the groundwork of his speech is complete, he prefers to remain alone while he is drawing up his notes. As he is not a quick worker, this process usually takes a very long time. Once his notes are complete, he proceeds to dictate from them to a shorthand writer. Typewritten copies are brought to him, and further corrections are made. When at last the final notes are ready, quite an elaborate process of manufacture has been gone through, almost as elaborate as that of transforming rubber from its liquid state on the banks of the Congo to the finished pneumatic tyre.

For a slow worker like Sir Henry, the work of preparing and delivering speeches during an autumn campaign would really be sufficient to occupy all this time. But as it is only one out of about a hundred of his occupations, it is a standing marvel that he manages to pull through. As I observed him during an arduous week, I could not fail to be struck by the pathetic sight of this benevolent old gentleman, intended by Nature to fill the role of a country squire with dignity, caught up in the whirl of machinery and hurried forward at breath-

less speed. All day long his attention must never relax; even meal-times scarcely afford an instant's respite; and far into the night, when his temples are throbbing, his weary eyes blinking, he must still struggle with his endless labors far beyond the limits of his physical strength.

Talk of the white slaves in the sweaters' dens, talk of the man on the treadmill relentlessly driven on by implacable machinery, talk about gangs of convicts in the salt mines of Siberia! Even their cruel lot is scarcely less endurable than that of the aged Premier, whose only task-master is a conscientious determination to do his duty. Yet he never complains, his temper is ever unruffled, he is always kind and considerate and courteous.

I think it is the recognition of these qualities, of that quiet and even mind which turns a prison into a hermitage, that has caused the recent popular revulsion in his favor. It is not so very many months ago that the mere mention of his name excited universal derision. Wherever two or three were gathered together, he was denounced as a Little Englander, the friend of every country but his own, the weak and helpless leader of a discredited party. But after his break in health even his opponents were actuated by friendliness and almost admiration towards him, there being not a man in the country who was not sincerely sorry to hear that his health was impaired, and that he was obliged to give up the struggle for an enforced rest.

And what a struggle it has been!

In my humble sphere I always find interruptions the greatest curse of life. At a public meeting an interruption is all right, because it bucks you up and inspires you to some splendid repartee. But when you are struggling to condense your thoughts over an article or a speech, when you are doing your utmost to get into an entirely placid frame of mind, it seems a monstrous outrage when someone rings the bell, or counts out the washing near your study door, or hums a refrain in the kitchen. But I never realized the full torture of interrup-

tion until I sat for half an hour with Sir Henry when he was engaged upon affairs of State. He had said to me airily after lunch:

"Come in here, if you don't mind my attending to business, and I will talk to you from time to time. At any rate, you can smoke a cigar, and turn over the newspapers or look at some of these books."

The job he had anticipated turned out difficult. I saw him frowning and fidgeting and seeking the advice of secretaries, but always, just as he seemed to see light; just as the difficulties began to vanish away, there would be an intrusion. A servant would come in with a telegram or a visiting-card, or a tremendous bundle of correspondence, and the train of thoughts would be dispelled. The interruption was usually unnecessary, but it was no less distracting. Sometimes, again, it might be a matter of urgent importance, and that was more perplexing still. A messenger had come from his Majesty, or a restive colleague wanted to be satisfied on some utterly unimportant matter; or, worst of all, the housekeeper threatened to give notice. A hundred and one interruptions, one perhaps worth five minutes' attention, the other hundred certainly worth no attention at all, would force themselves upon the Premier, and waste many more hours than they actually occupied. When one intruder was dismissed, and when, very wearily and very laboriously, the patient worker had got back to his previous question and was beginning to flatter himself that he might now go straight ahead, another unwelcome messenger would appear, and the whole trouble would have to be gone through again. For a man who almost requires the conditions of a rest-cure this was intolerable. He never showed any annoyance on the arrival of a persecutor, but I have seen him wring his hands piteously when they left the room and he turned back to his task.

It is all very well to suggest that a little better organization might have avoided him these annoyances, but in the case of a Prime Minister there are

a very great number of annoyances which cannot be avoided at all.

One of the chief curses of the age is the multiplicity of correspondence. We are always boasting about the great advance in the conveniences of this age. But one of the great inconveniences of the age, from the point of view of the statesman, is the increased facility of communications. When Pitt and Fox led parties, anybody who wanted to write to them had to pay several shillings and wait several days while post-horses careered across country. The arrival of a letter was an event for most people. Nowadays, nearly all of us who are either literary men or politicians, or even grocers, are inundated with reams of rubbish by almost every post.

It used to be considered a mark of bad manners to ignore a letter or even to delay answering it. But surely we must establish an entirely different code of manners now that correspondence has become so utterly bewildering.

At any rate, there ought to be a close season for Prime Ministers in the matter of letter-writing. I almost believe that after a few more conversations I may induce Sir Henry to bring in a bill on the subject.

When I was a boy there used to be a brown leather letter-bag which arrived in the morning, and which was solemnly unlocked by the head of the family, who distributed the contents after prayers. Nowadays it would be difficult to find a letter-bag big enough to hold the ordinary correspondence of the ordinary family. What, then, must be the correspondence of the ordinary Prime Minister? It arrives in huge sackfuls, which would defy the ingenuity and patience of even the most accomplished limerick judges to unravel. Of course, he has an army of clerks and secretaries, who go through the mass, and separate the wheat from the chaff.

But even in the case of a lazy Prime Minister there would still be very many letters which he would feel obliged to answer himself. In the case of his own family, for instance,

and still more his wife's family, Sir Henry always answers every letter laboriously with his own hand. What cruel wretches relations are very often! Here is a man whose every instant is precious beyond untold gold, whose autograph will probably find many bidders at auctions during the next generation.

Some admiring little niece expects an acknowledgment for a pair of slippers for his birthday, or a sister-in-law wants advice about the investment of her jointure. Just the ordinary little trivial demands which encroach upon the good nature of most of us. If we are not busy people, we do not feel any grievance about spending a few minutes over the distribution of small compliments and thanks and loans. But successful people—and Prime Ministers are presumably successful people—enjoy the doubtful benefit of too many relatives; and to keep in touch with them and satisfy them would require the patience of Job and the imagination of Ananias.

Everything which is expected of the ordinary country gentleman is expected of the Prime Minister a hundred-fold. Supposing as asks you to dinner, you will expect him to say something which you may remember and treasure up for posterity. A Prime Minister seems to live under a magnifying glass. There used to be talk about the fierce light that beats upon a throne, but that is nothing compared with the scorching element which tortures a statesman. And yet we may congratulate the good-natured, weary, benevolent old man who has our destinies in his hands upon the fact that the closest inspection only enhances his attractions.

Perhaps the task which Sir Henry finds most trying of all is that of maintaining harmony among his colleagues. When he was called upon to form a Government, there were probably about ten times more claimants than offices. Old men, who had toiled for the party during long years in the wilderness, regarded all the best places as their due; brilliant youths, who had done all the hard work, naturally expected their reward; Whigs

and Socialists, and representatives of the Nonconformist conscience, every section and fad and interest, clamored for excessive recognition. It was only by a miracle of tact and common sense that Sir Henry was able to form his Government without making a single serious enemy. But it must be a still greater miracle to continue to keep it well in hand.

If the public only knew the incessant vigilance, the infinite pains, the extravagant flatteries, the trying humiliations which have been necessary, their pity for Sir Henry would only be surpassed by their admiration. And, apart from his work as a peace-maker, he has always had the labor of giving practical supervision to every department.

No doubt he has confidence in the colleagues he has chosen, but it is impossible for him to forget that a blunder by any subordinate will always be laid at his door.

I should say that he was more successful as a diplomatist than as a politician. This is particularly noticeable when he is entertaining foreign guests; and a considerable share in the improved relations with foreign countries is due to him as well as to the King.

Unlike most English statesmen, he speaks excellent French, and he knows exactly how to set foreigners at their ease. On the occasion of a recent visit of French deputies, he delivered an excellent little French speech, which was obviously spontaneous. He certainly possesses a short cut to the hearts of Frenchmen, and every one of them whom I have met at his house has been loud in the praises of the *bonhomie* of "Sir Banermain."

THE PREMIER'S BUSY WEEK.

A short diary of the Prime Minister's week may serve to illustrate the nature and extent of his labors:

Monday (7.30).—Drank tea and perused papers in bed; 8.15, bath; 9, breakfast; 9.30 to 1.30, correspondence (frequently interrupted); 1.30,

lunch and discussion of political matters with Ministerial colleague; 2.30, consultation with gardener; 3 to 7.30, preparation of a speech (much interrupted); 7.30, dressed for dinner, arrival of a messenger from the King; 8, dinner, 9, reply to King's letter, perusal of marked passages in London papers, wrote fifteen private letters with his own hand, and dictated answers to about fifty more, made hasty notes for speech.

Tuesday (12.30 a.m.)—Went to bed and perused various papers for nearly an hour. Called at 7. Breakfast at 8. Started at 10.30 in motor for Dundee. Took 11.35 train. Dictated twenty-seven letters, revised notes for speech, and lunched in the train. On reaching destination, received seven deputations, opened a new Liberal Club, and paid six visits; 7, dinner; 8, public meeting, spoke for forty-five minutes; 10.30, light supper and long political consultation with colleague far into the night.

Wednesday.—Rose early and returned home, transacting business in the train. Devoted afternoon to preparing draft of proposals to lay before Cabinet Councils. After dinner, read arrears of newspapers, and dealt with a large mass of correspondence. Preparations for a speech announced for next week.

Thursday.—Devoted the morning to perusing and annotating draft of new Licensing Bill. At lunch entertained three influential supporters, and pointed out at great length how impossible it was to create any fresh peers at present. After lunch, received an Italian journalist, discussed the affairs of Macedonia with an ardent Turcophobe M.P., and read over the draft of an article which he was expected to sign in a well-known Liberal paper. Long correspondence, including two difficult letters to colleagues who had come very near to a quarrel. To bed just before midnight.

Friday and Saturday.—Very similar to Monday, but a great rush of callers from all parts of the country.

Cutting Down Electric Light Bills

By George R. Metcalfe in Technical World

THE incandescent electric lamp is, at first sight, one of the most commonly known and simplest household devices with which we have to deal. The lamp in general use is labeled sixteen candle-power, and the average user of these lamps is generally contented with the mere knowledge of how to turn his light on and off, and does not trouble himself much as to the economical use of his lamps further than to turn them off when they are not needed. He will undoubtedly grumble at times at the amount of his monthly bill for lighting, and will often be inconvenienced by the dimness of some of his lamps. It would probably never occur to him that it would be an actual economy in dollars and cents to throw away his old lamps and provide new ones at his own expense; and yet such is the case.

Take the sixteen candle power lamp as a standard, the lamp in most general use; it consumes about fifty watts of current; that is, a 100-volt lamp will require one-half an ampere of current to bring it up to candle power when new. As the lamp grows older the carbon of the filament disintegrates to some extent, due to its high temperature, and is deposited on the interior surface of the lamp bulb, causing the familiar blackening of the lamp. This blackening reduces the amount of light given off by the lamp, and the reduction in the size of the filament still further reduces the light, so that after a time the lamp which gave originally sixteen candle-power will not give over ten or twelve

candle-power; and if it continues to burn long enough before breaking, its light may fall considerably below half of what it was when new.

While the light is thus rapidly diminishing during the life of the lamp, the current required to operate it diminishes also, but in a very much less degree. During the time the lamp loses three or four candle-power the diminution in the amount of current it requires is very slight, so that in effect it costs about the same to obtain twelve or thirteen candle power after the lamp has burned for some time, as it does to obtain sixteen candle-power when lamp is new. After the lamps have lost fifty per cent. of their initial candle-power it will be necessary to use two lamps to fill the place of one new one, and the cost of light to the consumer, per candle power, will be nearly doubled.

Probably the extreme useful life of any lamp is not over 600 hours and in most cases 300 to 400 hours would be a more economical life, but as keeping a record of the number of hours most lamps are burned would be impossible, the most convenient and economical method is to renew any lamp that is noticeably dim. There are any quantity of lamps which have been in service from one thousand to several thousand hours which are erroneously believed to be very economical, as they have saved the cost of several renewals, but for the amount of light obtained from them the user probably paid from two to three times the price for current that a new lamp of the same candle-power would require.

The Fate of the Cullinan Gem

By C.C. in Pall Mall

THE fate of the Cullinan gem is still in the balance, and debate has been fierce whether the King's great gem is to be cut and polished or left in its present condition. When the Koh-i-Noor was cut it dwindled from 186 to 106 carats, and this loss of 80 carats still creates a doubt among experts whether the result justified the loss, for weight in a diamond is a paramount consideration. The Orientals, true lovers of gems, trim a stone according to its native shape, and sometimes leave it altogether in the rough. Why not, one asks, leave the Cullinan diamond as it is?

Another consideration is that the work of cutting and polishing can hardly be done in this country, because we have not the necessary appliances, nor even the skilled operators necessary for the task. In London very few diamonds are cut, the cutting being practically confined to colored stones. Where a Hatton Garden cutter employs twelve men the Amsterdam people employ five hundred operators. They are specialists in this delicate work, and have the best and latest instruments used by the lapidary in his art. It will probably take these experts two years to accomplish the task, in dealing with such a gem as the Cullinan; but goodness only knows how long it would take in London. In the first place, a special factory would have to be built, special machines bought, and, at the end, skilled cutters from Amsterdam would have to be employed. This being so, it seems worth while to pay a visit to Amsterdam and see the industry at its height, chat with its devotees, and see all the operations in full swing.

How often the history of human invention has been enriched by unexpected accidents! The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was first introduced in the fifteenth century. The honor of having invented the rival systems, which are to a great extent identical, is claimed by some authorities for Herman, of Paris, and by others for L. de Bergin, of Bruges. The discovery is supposed to have been the result of an accidental rubbing together of two stones, which upon subsequent examination revealed the fact that both had been slightly abraded.

The earliest type of cutting is known as the "table," the gems being manipulated so as to present large flat surfaces or "tables." This gave place to what is known as the "rose," an old-fashioned style which is still in evidence at the present day, though this method of treating the stones has been also discontinued. The principal feature of "rose" cutting is that the facets are so formed as to make the stone oval on the top instead of presenting the flat surface with which every one nowadays is familiar. No matter how good the quality of the stone, a "rose"-cut diamond never presents the same amount of fire and sparkle as a stone of similar quality "brilliant" cut. This favorite or brilliant form, so called from the increased life and fire which it gives to a stone, was invented during the reign of Louis XIII. of France, Cardinal Mazarin being the first man credited with the possession of a stone so cut. So much for the history of the invention; now for the practical facts, and incidentally the history of every diamond that goes through the mill.

On their arrival in a rough state

from the various mines, diamonds are very carefully sorted for size and quality, unless this operation has already been performed on the premises of the mining company. Parcels of stones are then distributed among the various brokers, the majority of whom have special customers for certain classes of diamonds. Hatton Garden, as is well known, is practically the world's diamond market, and hither come buyers from Amsterdam and Paris, the only centres in which diamonds are cut in any quantity.

Amsterdam, the centre of the industry, is now the headquarters of the Diamond Workers' Union. This union, which is the wealthiest trades union in the world, controls and regulates the wages of practically every diamond-cutter in existence, for two years ago it brought the great diamond workers' strike to a successful conclusion. The great majority of workers are Jews; and in order to become a member of the union, and so be eligible for employment, the would-be diamond-cutter is called upon to find three sureties, each of whom must be a substantial and trusted member. So strong is the organization, that any member who gives cause for complaint, and is expelled, is absolutely debarred from obtaining employment in his profession elsewhere. As is the case with cashiers and bank clerks, the workers are so accustomed to handling property of enormous value that the idea of appropriating any of the diamonds does not seem to occur to them.

On visiting a diamond-cutting establishment, one of the principal features with which the visitor is impressed is, in fact, the apparent lack of precaution taken against dishonesty on the part of the workers. When the men enter a diamond-working establishment in the morning, each receives from the proprietor or manager a stone or parcel of small stones as the case may be, that is first carefully weighed, and instructions are given as to how many carats the man or woman must return when the work they are entrusted with has been accomplished. Every process in con-

nection with diamond-working necessitates a loss in weight, so the operator must carefully study each crystal before commencing operations, in order that he may avoid exceeding the loss in weight limit imposed. By this system of making every worker responsible individually, it can easily be ascertained, by comparison of the quality of the work and the percentage of weight lost, whether a particular workman is treating the material to the best advantage.

SPLITTING THE ROUGH CRYSTALS

An old-fashioned test for a suspected stone was to place it on an anvil and strike it with a hammer, under the idea that the true diamond would either embed itself in the anvil or fracture the hammer. This test, however, is a fallacy, and many extremely valuable gems have been ruined in this way, as a stone can be readily split in a direction parallel to the eight-sided figure in which it crystallizes. A peculiarity observable in raw diamonds, but found in no other gem, is that the sides of the regular eight-sided faces and edges are often curved instead of being perfectly flat, a fact which materially assists experts when called upon to pass an opinion upon rough crystals submitted. That it was possible to engrave upon gems with diamond points was known to the ancients, and it is by this means that the present splitter is enabled to divide a diamond.

When undertaking the splitting of a stone, it is first submitted to the most careful examination, in order that the process of splitting may be so arranged as to eliminate, if possible, any flaws that may occur in the interior, as any crack or mark in a finished stone detracts very considerably from its market value. When the splitter has determined his lines of cleavage, he proceeds to make a small nick in the diamond with the aid of his diamond-point, the stone to be split having previously been inserted at the required angle into some special cement. Having made the preliminary cut, the splitter then inserts into it the edge of a steel knife, and placing the

stump containing the diamond, still embedded in the cement, upon some solid surface, he gives the knife a blow with a steel instrument. The effect is to split the stone along the line of cleavage.

DIAMONDS TURNING PALE THROUGH "FRIGHT."

A curious feature of this part of the process of diamond-working is that a stone which is impure in color, or shows traces of yellowness, sometimes has a "fright," as the result of the blow and fracture, and upon examination one half is found to have turned pure white. Such a piece of luck from the owner's point of view, however, is of rare occurrence, and is presumably due to the accidental splitting off of a discolored portion of the stone, which by the reflection of the light caused the entire stone to appear of a darker color.

Another curious fact, and incidentally a proof of the minuteness of the work at times undertaken by a diamond-splitter, is the fact that he is sometimes called upon to divide diamonds into such tiny portions that twenty-five will scale only a single carat, a carat weighing only four grains. Here it may be said that the splitter is paid by the carat. The smaller the stones to be split, the higher the comparative remuneration. The rate of pay for splitting stones so that eight go to the carat is one pound a carat; the scale of prices for working stones of various sizes is determined by the union, a competent splitter being capable of earning about six pounds per week.

DIAMOND-SAWING.

When a diamond is to be sawn—and this process is only available in the case of large stones—instead of split, it is fixed in a hinged holder, and adjusted in position so as to rest on the top edge of a circular toothless saw which revolves at the rate of five thousand revolutions per minute. At the commencement of a cut a steel-bladed saw is used to make a slight incision, the severing of the stone being afterwards accomplished

by means of a saw of special metal, similar in appearance to brass. A thinner blade can be constructed of this metal than it is possible to make from steel, consequently the diamond loses less in weight than it would if cut through with a steel blade. Moreover, the other metal is more pliant. When sawing a stone by machinery, no pressure is applied beyond the weight of the stone, and that of its hinged metal support; and at the end of the two days occupied in severing a two-carat stone the loss in weight averages two and a half per cent.

WEIGHT A CHIEF CONSIDERATION.

In all operations connected with cutting or polishing diamonds, the loss in weight is one of the first considerations, as a stone decreases in value tremendously in proportion to its actual weight. Indeed, the old Indian cutters, when working a large stone, made the facets in such a manner as to study the weight, and weight alone, the eventual shape and brilliancy of the stone being totally ignored.

The best-known example of this ancient Indian type of cutting was the Koh-i-noor in its original form as presented to the late Queen by the East India Company. So heedless had the cutters been of any other consideration that the famous stone, around which so many tragic events had centred, was in actual appearance little more attractive than a lump of glass.

The Koh-i-noor was re-cut by Coster, of Amsterdam, who came over to London specially to carry out the work in 1852. The re-cutting, as we have said, decreased the weight from 186 carats to its present weight of 106 carats. Many, however, consider that it was not re-cut to the best advantage.

It is upon the property possessed by the crystal of refracting and dispersing rays of light that the diamond relies for its beauty. To enhance this peculiarity, the facets must be so devised as to reflect any light falling upon them from one to another as much as possible. The present round-brilliant form of cutting answers this requirement better than any other

known method, and has therefore been universally adopted by the "trade."

STONES OF CURIOUS SHAPE.

Pear-shaped and marquise-shaped diamonds are not frequently seen, as they are only cut from crystals originally of eccentric shape, and are never as effective as a true brilliant.

Curious as it may seem, the discovery that a diamond would cut a diamond was first not used to improve, but merely to create stones of fanciful shapes, like the heart-shaped diamond possessed by the late Duke of Burgundy.

The actual work of cutting is comparatively a crude process, the cutter confining his attention to smoothing away unduly sharp edges or corners left by the splitter. This is done either by hand or machinery.

In order to realize the skill and accuracy with which the setter must arrange the diamond each time, it is necessary to examine a very small, well-cut brilliant under a powerful glass, and remember that the stone has been tilted in material about the consistency of putty at exactly the correct angle to form each individual facet.

The recent rise in the price of diamonds is due, to some extent, to the increase in the wages of the workers; in fact, considering the labor and expense of production, it cannot be wondered at that very small diamonds hardly repay the cost of working.

* "FREAK" STONES.

When the cutting and polishing has been completed, the gems again visit Hatton Garden, where they are disposed of through the brokers to manufacturing jewellers. Quite recently an exhibition of freak and curiously cut diamonds was to have been seen at a gallery in Bond Street. Such stones have no fixed value, as is the case with normal productions; in fact, they seldom come in the market at all.

One of the most exquisite examples of fantastic cutting is a tiny model of a street lamp, executed by the late Mr. J. Dreese, who achieved a great reputation for the designing and creating

of such curiosities. In the centre of the diamond-paned lamp a diamond splinter has been set, which is so cut as to catch the light falling upon it and give the impression that the burner is actually alight day and night. This little novelty is now the property of His Majesty the King.

A DIAMOND-CUTTER'S SHOP.

The cutters work in large, exceptionally well lighted rooms, and, when daylight is not available, have a large spherical gas globe filled with water placed between their work and an incandescent burner, so as to intensify the illumination. As the diamond is deeply embedded in cement, it requires adjusting at a different angle for each cut; and having smoothed away one face sufficiently, the worker softens the cement by holding it in the flame of the Bunsen burner. This can be done without fear of injury to the stone, as a diamond is only combustible at a very high temperature, and is totally unaffected by such comparatively small heat as that given out by an ordinary fire or gas burner.

A little incident which emphasizes the truth of the old adage about familiarity breeding contempt, and also illustrating the confidence reposed in the workers, occurred during the writer's first visit. While one of the cutters was exhibiting two fair-sized diamonds for inspection a bell rang; the operator promptly pocketed the diamonds, put on his coat, and went out to lunch. Each of the diamonds was worth about one hundred pounds.

HOW THE OPERATOR WORKS.

A remarkable feature about a diamond factory is that there is not seem to be any diamonds about. Upon entering a polishing floor there is nothing in the appearance of the simple machinery or the long rows of white-smocked workmen to suggest the stupendous aggregate value of the material under treatment, the character of the work-rooms being as prosaic as it is possible to imagine.

Cut stones are weighed out every morning to each individual polisher. These men work at long benches with

their backs to the range of windows. Each has in front of him a horizontally rotating wheel, the surface of which is kept supplied with a mixture of diamond dust and oil. The dust is obtained by crushing bort, or the still less valuable partially formed crystals known as carbonadoes.

Polishers are paid by the carat according to the size and class of material to be worked, their average earnings being five or six pounds per week. The polishers in turn employ the setters; one man can set for from three to six polishers simultaneously. The duty of the setter is to readjust the diamonds as the polishing of each facet is completed.

First of all the rough-cut stone is placed in a "dop"—a metal cup containing a quantity of special solder and fitted with a stem. The solder in

the "dop" is heated until workable, by means of a lamp; it is then withdrawn and placed in a wooden holder, stem downwards, so that the diamond may be pressed into position. The adjusting of the stone at exactly the right angle is a matter that requires great skill. When this has been accomplished, the setter smooths and moulds the hot solder with his bare finger, before cooling the "dop" and handing it back to the polisher to cut a fresh facet upon the wheel.

And the result, worth anything up to a hundred thousand pounds, may grace the brow of a queen. It may engender a feud of rivalry between high society dames, and enter on a long career of romance and envy. It may go to color history for centuries to come or it may disappear between the cracks of a floor and never come to light for generations.

If you are uncharitable, intolerant, if you lack generosity, cordiality, if you are unsympathetic, small, you cannot expect that generous, large-hearted, noble characters will flock around you. If you expect to make friends with large-souled, noble characters you must cultivate large-heartedness, generosity, charity and tolerance.



HETTY GREEN

The Richest Woman in the World

Of what use is it to be wealthy and find no enjoyment in riches?

Such is the lot of Hetty Green, a character sketch of whom appeared in *The Busy Man's Magazine* of last month. Hetty Green was once beautiful in face and figure; to-day she is decidedly unattractive, cold and even repulsive in manner. She leads a most unhappy life, finding her keenest pleasure—if pleasure it can be called—in seeking to save a few cents or making additional dollars to crowd on top of her immense pile.

She has declared "there are many kinds of people in this world," and adds with rare naivette, "I am a kind all to myself." No one doubts the truth of this unique confession. Her dress, her bargaining, her nomadic disposition, her home life, the upbringing of her children, and many other well known tendencies proclaim the fact.

Those who minister to her in the most menial way are recognized as possessing more of the true sunshine and real spirit of existence than Hetty Green, who excites interest alone by reason of her eccentric methods and her desire to make even greater her already vast fortune.

Hetty Green's oddities are known all over the Continent. She wears the same garment for years but dines at the most fashionable restaurants in New York. She will likely go on living as she has, utterly regardless of what people say or think. It is said most of us are influenced by neighbors or customs—not Hetty Green, the mistress of finance yet bankrupt of the world so far as it holds anything good in store beyond stocks, bonds and mortgages.

Christian Science and the Healing Art

By Dr. W. F. W. Wilding, in March Busy Man's Magazine

THE purpose of this article is not to criticize the methods of the medical profession, nor to deprecate the work of the doctors of any School. It is rather to show that the age in which we live demands a more intellectual and spiritual medicine and that Christian Science is meeting this demand. Christianity, when understood, as Jesus practised it, heals the sick and casts out evil; and Christian Science, the Science of Christianity, is attended with these "signs following."

It is generally supposed by those who do not understand Christian Science, that because Luke was a material physician and joined Paul in the healing work he went on practising the drugging system, but Christian Science proves the mistake of such a conclusion. There is nothing in the Bible, nor out of it, to indicate that Paul and Luke worked from opposite standpoints. In order to become a true follower of the Saviour, Luke must have practised metaphysics—the standard his Master set before him.

It should be publicly known that the practice of medicine sprang from idolatry, according to the "History of Four Thousand Years of Medicine," and although its practice has evolved much that is useful in certain directions, it still bases its healing power upon matter.

The only instance in which matter is in any way mentioned in connection with Jesus' healing is in the case of the blind man at the pool of Siloam, and surely no one to-day really believes that the healing power resided in the clay. Is not the explanation given by Mrs. Eddy a more likely one,

viz., that Jesus' act exemplified His contempt for matter as a healing agent? Christian Science has no quarrel with prevailing systems of material healing. Righteousness, right thinking, will aid the advocates of empirical systems, but if they are ever to be scientific they must be based upon one fixed Principle.

Christian Science as taught by Mrs. Eddy, its discoverer and founder, declares that God—Spirit, Mind, is the correct healing power as the Bible teaches, and that Spirit acts independently of matter. It reverently affirms that this is the correct power, and that it can do all and more than faith in any other belief of power.

After I was convinced of the truth of Christian Science I gave up the practice of medicine. I had spent nineteen years in its study, and thirteen years in its practice. Such a step taken by one who loved his work and profession could only be justified by very powerful motives. My reason for accepting Christian Science is best explained by some of my experiences during the last six years.

I first heard of Christian Science early in 1900, when I was well established as a general medical practitioner in a populous colliery district in Lancashire, England. My father had been suffering for many years, from an internal trouble, culminating in a serious attack of hemorrhage, and while contemplating an operation, he was persuaded to try Christian Science first, with the result that the operation was never required. He was completely healed in a few days' treatment. The report of this healing raised such a bitter feeling of resentment in me that I think I should



WALTER FREDERICK WILLIAM WILDING, M.D.

Dr. Walter Frederick William Wilding, of Manchester, England, whose interesting article on Christian Science is herewith presented to our readers, is a well-known physician of the north of England. He is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England; and Licentiate Royal College of Physicians, London, England; is a Member of the "British Medical Association" and "The Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health." He was Medical Officer of Health for Hindley, Lancashire, and also Surgeon for the Wigan Junction Collieries.

have been more pleased if the cure had failed, for I then deemed Christian Science to be quackery.

However, some months later came my extremity, when medicine failed to check my daughter's headlong passage to her grave. When her condition was hopeless and helpless, from the material standpoint, I was advised to try Christian Science for her. That "Man's extremity is God's opportunity" again proved itself a true proverb. I had no faith in Christian Science and had seen none of its literature, nor even met a Christian Scientist, in fact, it was practically unknown in the north of England. The disease my daughter was suffering from was tuberculosis, in both hip joints, and also consumption of the lungs. For the diseased joints she had been kept rigidly bandaged down to an iron frame reaching from the shoulders to the ankles, holding the body firmly fixed in the prone position. This was the usual surgical appliance for double hip joint disease. Life in the open air and residence in a pure atmosphere and all other means to combat the scourge were tried, and yet at the age of nearly eight years she had wasted down to less than 30 lbs., i.e., to the weight of an average child of two years; in fact, to less than her own weight at two years of age.

I can never be sufficiently grateful for what Christian Science effected in this case. It completely unlocked the bonds of disease and destroyed the very nearness of death, transforming the whole outlook for my daughter. The material shackles were at once discarded and the child began to walk without suffering pain.

From that day, six and a half years ago, she has gone on improving without any setback, without spending an hour in bed through sickness. The joints became free, the stiffened limbs supple, and the wasted tissues were steadily and regularly rebuilt until she is now one of the most healthy girls of her school, never ailing, never absent, always able to take her part with other girls, both in school and out of school. She has not one symptom of disease about her.

This healing was the beginning of the Christian Science work in Manchester.

Lady Victoria Murray, daughter of the late Earl of Dunmore, who came at my request, and healed my daughter, through the ministrations of Christian Science, was immediately joined by a friend, and together they literally went out into the "bye-ways" following the Master's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "Heal the sick."

In my practice were several patients suffering from organic incurable disease; some of them in their helpless condition decided to try Christian Science. One young man had suffered for about two years from traumatic disease of the knee joint. This joint was very much enlarged and the various component parts were little else than a mass of pulpy swelling. The surgeons in the infirmary he was attending, told him that the only cure was excision of the whole joint, bringing the healthy upper and lower parts of the limb together and letting them unite, leaving him with a leg shortened by several inches and stiff. We, surgeons, considered this course as a practical success, but the patient felt he would like to keep his "*whole*" limb, and therefore turned to those who held out hope to him. He consulted a Christian Science practitioner and was absolutely healed there and then. I myself personally examined this joint the day before and the day after his healing, and can testify to the condition and to the complete healing resulting from one Christian Science treatment.

A patient had been under my care, more or less, for over six years, suffering from organic disease of the valves of the heart, steadily growing worse most of the time. The last attack had nearly proved fatal. This was another case of rapid healing when Christian Science was tried. One day she was going about in a bath chair, the next working hard from early morning in her own cottage home. This patient entered my household as housemaid a few weeks after

her healing, and has remained with us all the six years working as hard as any woman could do, rejoicing each day in the unfolding of the Truth which has set her free.

I could go on enumerating case after case of similar physical and organic disease, being healed by Christian Science prayer and also cases of abject slavery to sinful habits and cravings. I have also been able to keep myself well through Christian Science, and now I always take the medicine I recommend to others—the medicine of Mind. While Christian Science was doing such good work among my medical patients, I began to study its text book and soon found that my thought was changing; that the diseases I was called in to treat could be healed more quickly by Christian Science, with the inevitable result that it was impossible to serve two masters; one had to go, and believing Christian Science to be Truth, and seeing it time after time healing where medicine failed, my lot was thrown in with those who practised the principles of Christian Science, a step which helped me to gain some small understanding of what Deity is.

The following details of a case which happened some year and a half after ceasing to practise medicine, and every step of which passed under my personal observation, are a wonderful testimony of the power of Truth to heal.

The patient suffered for twenty years from a form of paralysis and most of the time losing more and more control over her limbs, the latter eight years being completely paralyzed in the lower limbs and partially in the arms, and she was so helpless that others had to carry her down stairs to her couch or bath chair in the morning, and upstairs to bed at night, when she was even well enough to leave her bed at all.

The attending medical man at this period, when asked his opinion of the future progress of the disease, replied plainly in effect, that there was no hope of any cure, but a very grave fear that she would steadily grow worse and that a fatal termination in

the near future was not at all improbable—and then he followed this up with a strong recommendation to her *to try Christian Science*, because he had known of a case in his own practice of partial spinal paralysis being healed by this treatment.

The patient, after consulting with her relatives and also with the one healed by Christian Science, to whom her doctor had referred, applied for Christian Science treatment.

During the first treatment given, the Christian Scientist had the joy of witnessing the active return of movement in the paralyzed limbs, at first in an involuntary and uncontrollable swinging of the legs under the bed clothes. There had been no movement of these limbs for nearly eight years. In the early morning after the Scientist's visit, which had been paid in the evening, the patient made her sister get up, light the gas and help her out of bed, saying she "felt sure she could walk." She arose and walked around her bed. Their great joy may be imagined.

The healing was so rapid that in two or three days she was able to go out, walking about the town.

It has been said to me: "You gave up a great deal for Christian Science?" Mrs. Eddy gives the correct answer to this. She says: "There are various methods of healing diseases which are not included in the commonly accepted systems, but there is only one which should be presented to the whole world and that is the Christian Science which Jesus preached and practised and left to us as His rich legacy." ("Science and Health," p. 344.) To me the giving up has been all gain, it has been receiving, not giving up at all; it has brought newness of life. Christian Science is bringing more love and joy into my home and into my work. It is uncovering in my own consciousness the nature of self-love, laying bare the "old man with his deeds" and so enabling me to reach out for the "new man" and to realize something of the beauty of holiness and the practicability of its attainment.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Who Recently Paid a Flying Visit to Canada

Recently, Canadians have had a splendid opportunity of studying at close range, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who in all human probability, will be the Democratic nominee for the Presidential chair.

Mr. Bryan is an orator, writer, traveler, statesman and national leader. He looms large in the political horizon of Uncle Sam. Twice has he been a candidate for the Presidency, and since his last contest nearly eight years ago, has made tours of almost every land, including Canada. He is not the same Bryan to-day as in the closing years of the last century. He is broader, more generous, and more tolerant, measuring more fully up to the popular conception of a leader.

Mr. Bryan is a versatile and entertaining writer, a clever, clear and convincing speaker, a man who stands for high ideals in domestic and public life, in citizenship and in church affiliations. His tongue and pen are always on the side of that which makes for the highest and best in the state and the nation. He is, beyond doubt, the most picturesque and illuminative figure in the Democratic party since the days of Grover Cleveland.

In private life his Nebraskan neighbors speak of Mr. Bryan as a quiet, home-loving resident. His tastes are modest, his habits simple and he finds much quiet pleasure and solid comfort in his country retreat. Bryan is a man who comes very close to the hearts of the people; everywhere he is cordially welcomed, and on his late visit to the Dominion he addressed immense gatherings. A striking sentiment of his, when speaking on "Christ, the Prince of Peace," was "We must not reject religion because it has mysteries. Human life is a mystery, and despite our efforts to know life, and our study of humanity for 6,000 years, life is still as mysterious as when history first began. It is only in the Church that we refuse to accept mysteries. The greatest mystery in life is the change of heart and ideals in a man when he turns to Christ."

Mr. Bryan won the affection and esteem of all whom he met when on his brief sojourn here. Unaffected in disposition and modest in demeanor, he has a warm spot in his heart for Canada and the Canadians, and declares that an important plank in the Democratic platform will be "closer trade relations with the Dominion."



SIR PERCY GIROUARD

A Brilliant Canadian who is Now on Furlough from Nigeria

A distinguished Canadian is Sir Percy Girouard. Whatever he touches his hand to is made to go. There is an abundance of "go" in the man himself. After serving as High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria, he has been granted nine months' leave of absence by the Imperial Government.

Sir Percy has done a vast amount of good work in Northern Nigeria, but that is not an unusual experience. He does good work everywhere, whether in Egypt, the Soudan, the Transvaal, Cape Colony or Nigeria.

A Canadian is he whom promotion has not spoiled. Success has not turned his head. He has proved himself a man who can do things. To every lad his career is full of lessons. He is a genial and sociable fellow, of frank, cordial manners, and spare, sinewy build. He possesses pluck, determination, force and has executive and initiative ability to a remarkable degree. His record has been an aggressive one and his work as Commissioner for Northern Nigeria has added to the lustre of his achievements.

Sir Percy is a son of Mr. Justice Girouard of the Supreme Court of Canada, and a graduate of the Royal Military College of Kingston, who has brought fame to that institution as well as to his native country. Every gesture, every move of the man tells of energy and decision of character. He has made his personality felt in any task that he has undertaken. His Canadian friends and admirers are numerous, for they have long viewed with pride the work of this brilliant young Canadian who has climbed so high the steeps of human endeavor.



WORK WANTED

By Walter James Willson in *Profitable Advertising*

I want no heaven far away,
Where I must loll around
And keep the neighborhood awake
Filling the air with sound.

That sort of thing is mighty fine
For those who like to rest;
But good, hard, work, and helping folks,
I think would suit me best.

I never learned to play a harp;
I had too much to do
To pay my bills and meet my notes,
And see my troubles through.

And so I guess I'll stay right here,
To serve my fellow men,
Until the angels get a job;
I'd like to go there then.

The Life Story of a Buffalo

By Sarath Kumar Ghosh in Royal Magazine

THE elephants had drunk at the midnight pool, disported themselves, and departed. But meanwhile there was a silent movement along the bank higher up the stream. A dull, black, massive form comes to the water's edge, then another on its right, and another on its left. The three form the head of a phalanx of wild buffaloes; the rest of the herd come up from behind and range themselves on either side of the leaders. Sniffing the air, they stand with levelled horns and in serried rank, all bulls. Behind them stand the cows and calves; a line of bulls brings up the rear. While the first line drinks the others keep watch; then the first line files past the side, comes to the rear, forms line again, face outwards—while the second advances to the water.

Under the lee of the buffaloes, and seeking their protection, a timid nil-ghai (blue deer) creeps to the bank. She glances with timorous eyes to the right and left. For she knows that afar off a pair of black panthers are waiting for her—aye, from the tall, treacherous grass a pair of yellow, flaming eyes are watching her with the lust of hunger, knowing that she is the daintiest morsel in the jungle. So she creeps with a panting heart to the side of the buffaloes, and drinks beneath the horn of the nearest one.

Suddenly there is a shrill cry, and with a single bound she has regained the high ground and vanished. The next instant, with fiery nostrils and levelled horns, the wild buffaloes have charged full pelt into the jungle. Upon the deserted bank a tiger and the pair of panthers recover from their foiled leap, eye one another askance, accuse

one another of spoiling the sport—and slink off sulkily to their lairs.

That, Heaven-born, is a true scene by the midnight pool. I mention it because of the unwritten law of the jungle. The elephants, the lords among the denizens of the jungle, drink first, and then all other animals—but at a point above the elephants, not below; otherwise the water would be muddy. Could the law of human society be more just? Verily among men the inferior must eat and drink both below and after the lords—and of their leavings. But all human civilization was anticipated in the jungle centuries before the advent of man on this planet. Behold the unionism of the buffaloes, and their co-operation against the common foe. But of that more in due course.

In that herd, among the cows, there was a young calf—the subject of my present narrative. In after years he was named Buldeo; so we shall call him by that name from the beginning.

Buldeo was born in the summer, in the manner of most buffalo calves; and also, as is usual, he had no brother or sister at birth; for twins are somewhat rare. His home was on the lowland portion of the wide tract watered by the Godavery. The buffalo is one of those animals which are found only in localities fulfilling certain definite conditions.

Each animal has its own special requirements; those of the buffalo seem to be an unlimited supply of water, combined with a plentiful pasturage; and, as the latter is really dependent on the former, the essential feature of the buffalo's haunts is water.

All animals need water, but the buffalo needs it most. If it could, it would wade neck deep into a pool and

stay there all day. Hence its most usual haunts are the jungles intersected by the tributaries of such mighty rivers as the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the Godavery. Lowlands it prefers to highlands; for, though drinking water may be supplied by mountain streams, the luxury of a daily bath or wallow would be wanting.

Wild buffaloes are always found in herds. Buldeo's herd numbered about fifty; a dozen calves of all ages, the rest bulls and cows. At the time of his birth his mother separated from the herd for four days, when he was strong enough to move with the other buffaloes. His mother then rejoined the herd, which had meanwhile kept to the neighborhood. In that respect a buffalo herd behaves unlike an elephant herd; for the latter stays by the mother throughout, till the young one is able to go with the rest.

A buffalo calf, in the first few months of its life, behaves exactly like the calf of the domestic cattle, so we can dismiss Buldeo's early youth with a brief reference. Invariably in the morning and evening he would drink his mother's milk, and once or twice in the day at odd intervals, if he felt hungry. His mother would be grazing quietly, when he would rush to her, have a mouthful of milk, start a frantic race of ten yards all by himself, stop dead, turn back, have a little more milk, then a mad gallop—and again some more milk. In fact, his early days were spent in doing two things—standing quite still for a few minutes, then suddenly galloping madly for ten yards—through sheer joy of living.

No kitten or puppy dog has quite that same idea of enjoyment. The kitten or the puppy will be tumbling head over heels, or chasing its own tail, or in some sort of perpetual motion all day. But the buffalo calf thinks that there is no joy like sudden joy. One never can tell when it will break out into a gallop and when stand still. The contrast between the immobility and the violent motion seems to be the essence of its pleasure.

This constant exercise seems to

have been designed by Nature to enable the calf to move with the herd over a considerable distance if necessary. As a rule the herd tries to keep to the same locality, but as the combined appetite of fifty buffaloes will lay bare all the vegetation in a dozen square miles in a week, an occasional long march might be necessary. Besides, every kind of land would not suit, it must have a few swamps or marshes to complete their joy. In that respect the Indian buffalo differs totally from its first cousin, the Indian bison—with which it is often confused. For the bison prefers forests of trees to jungles of thickets and bushes; and comparatively dry tablelands to swampy lowlands.

The bison is brownish in color, the buffalo almost black. In size, the bison is bigger—in fact, the Indian bison is the largest animal of the bovine tribe—though the buffalo is big enough to command respect. Buldeo at full maturity had the following dimensions:

Height at the shoulder, 6½ feet—considerably higher than a horse. Length over body 10½ feet. Tail, 3 feet.

Horns, each 6 feet in length, slightly curved outwards at the point.

For the bison the length and height of body would be a few inches more, but the horns would be shorter.

Regarding comparative strength, the evidence points to an equality between the bison and the buffalo. Many an elephant carrying a hunter has been upset by the sudden charge of a wounded bison or buffalo alike. Hence the interesting question arises: Which is the strongest animal in the world? Probably the bull elephant. Next, the rhinoceros or bison or buffalo; about equal. Next, the tiger; but for the bigger bulk of the others, the tiger would be easily first. The African lion? Simply not in the running. For the strength of the finest specimens of the African lion is found by actual and repeated experiments to be only about six-tenths that of the Bengal tiger.

Indian Rajahs have often had tigers participating in State processions. It

THE LIFE STORY OF A BUFFALO.

is done very simply. A captive tiger is drugged by means of opium mixed with its food. Then three steel collars or bands are fixed around it; one at the neck, one at the waist, and the third about the middle—held in position by being attached to the other two with chains above and below. Now, two, three, or four iron rods, each seven or eight feet long and an inch thick, are fixed to each of the bands by rings. If the tiger is large, it needs at least ten strong men to hold the rods when the tiger awakes, and the men will have to be very much on the alert when dragging or thrusting it along in the procession.

Rods are used in preference to chains, as with the latter it is only possible to pull—whereas with rods to thrust as well; hence the strength of all ten men is available simultaneously. But trying the experiment with even a powerful lion, it is found that six men can hold it in the above manner—which gives the numerical value of the tiger's strength, not only in relation to the lion, but also approximately in regard to men.

This reference to the tiger's strength has an important bearing on the character of the buffalo. The tiger and the buffalo are intimately connected, not merely as the eater and the eaten, the hunter and the hunted, but also, by a sort of reciprocity of destiny, as the hunter-become-hunted and the hunted-turned-hunter. For the buffalo is the one quadruped which shares with man the privilege of regularly and systematically hunting the tiger. As that is the most interesting feature in the buffalo's life, I shall reserve it to the last.

The one thing Buldeo had to learn was the principal law of the herd, namely, co-operation. Bees and ants have a complete system of government; but they not only retain class distinctions, but also allot different species of work to different classes of members. In a buffalo herd, however, there is perfect equality—except for the mere fact of having a leader, who may possibly have the first choice of a wife, but has no other privilege whatever. He is not a king in a little

kingdom, nor a president in a republic, but merely the first worker or defender among others; the first among equals. Herds of other wild animals feed and live together. A buffalo herd does more—it thinks together, acts together.

Why this absolute unity? Because of the common peril—the tiger. Somewhere along the banks of the Ganges or the Brahmaputra, perhaps cycles of centuries before the advent of man, the buffalo roamed in individual freedom—and was eaten by the tiger. Had the tiger dared to attack it in front, the buffalo would have soon gored it to death, or even have trampled the life out of it. But the buffalo had to feed long to satisfy its hunger, and with its head to the grass, so the tiger always took it from the rear. At last, decimated, exasperated, out of their sorrow was begotten wisdom.

The buffaloes realized that if they could always present a united front to the tiger they would be safe. That is, if they grazed together, moved together, drank together, horn to horn in a phalanx or circle or square. The British square that spells victory in battle? The wild buffaloes of India discovered the same principle a few thousand centuries earlier; out of their bitterness, their sorrows, their losses. Thenceforth they lived in herds, and founded the laws of co-operation.

The wild buffaloes of Africa or America might have adopted the principle of united action to the same extent had their peril been as great. But the lion or the jaguar was not powerful enough, for an African buffalo is more than a match for a pair of African lions. Wisdom is begotten of sorrow among men and women; then why not among buffaloes? The working men of Europe learnt the power of co-operation only after centuries of oppression from their taskmasters: in like manner also the buffaloes of India.

Is the government among them quite perfect? No. What social system is perfect among men and women? There, I have said it! Men and women . . . Yes, among

buffaloes also the females are at the bottom of all the trouble. The whole herd lives all the year round in peace and brotherhood, thinking of nothing but their food and drink—which they share in common. But in the autumn, when their thoughts turn to love, and a huge general nuptial is about to take place, the bulls fight like demons—or men—for the first pick of the females. In marriage alone there is no common property.

I have said that there was a leader in Buldeo's herd—a fiery old bull, who had vanquished all his rivals at the annual pre-nuptial joust for the possession of the queen of beauty. For five years, since Buldeo's birth, he held the leadership; then, alas! he met his inevitable doom. Three jealous young bulls were all in love with the most favored young cow in the herd. Individually, they realized, they had no chance against the old bull, who had already marked out the object of their united affection for his new wife for that year. So the three combined, held a council of war, went simultaneously for the old bull, and gave him a most fearful thrashing.

Now a defeated leader never stays with the herd. So he walked out into the jungle and became a lone wanderer. Later on he found a smaller herd, fought and vanquished its leader, and took his place—till again ousted by a younger bull. Then he took to solitude and developed a most savage temper.

He was shot by an English sportsman, for whom I acted as shikari. The bull received an inch thick solid ball on his flank at a hundred yards as he was grazing, turned swiftly, sniffed the air, pawed the ground, got another ball full on the chest, sighted us, charged in mad fury—we leapt nimbly aside, fired again at ten yards simultaneously, one on either shoulder—and the bull with bent head crashed into a small tree, uprooted it, and died.

And the three young bulls, his conquerors? Alas, their history was almost human! They fell to fighting among themselves for the possession of the cow that had caused the trouble, and the strongest defeated his

rivals and reigned supreme for a year. For meanwhile Buldeo had grown up, and at the next pre-nuptial joust such a battle took place as has seldom been witnessed in the jungle before. For the best young cow of the year was a beauty—in buffalo estimation.

The combatants faced each other at about ten yards, looked at each other with narrowed eyelids, pawed the ground, bent their heads, and charged. They met with a shock that rang through the jungle like the snapping of a tall deodar. The skull of almost any other animal would have been fractured by such a shock; but a buffalo skull is very thick.

They recoiled from the shock, and charged again. Now they did not recoil, but laid head to head and, butted, pushed, separated, closed. Then gradually, step by step, Buldeo forced back his opponent—suddenly paused, took a step back, and charged. The other staggered under the unexpected blow, fell on his haunches, reared himself up fiercely, paused a moment to take breath.

Meanwhile, Buldeo fell back a few steps, and awaited the returning shock. As he saw it coming he turned suddenly a little to the left, and presented his right horn to his opponent's shoulder, pierced it, then fell back quickly, lest the horn should be broken by the enormous pressure. The wounded buffalo bellowed with rage, and casting discretion to the winds, came on recklessly in mad fury.

Now they discarded the head attack, and leapt and circled round each other, each trying to gore his opponent on the flank. The rest of the herd looked on with blinking eyes, but never interfered. The grass was beaten down over a dozen yards at the middle of the arena, sprinkled with patches of blood at every step. For the fighters were now mad with fury, and gored each other to kill or be killed. But vaguely Buldeo seemed to realize that he must preserve his horns intact, if ever he were to reign over the herd. It was better to abstain from inflicting the deepest wound possible, if thereby a horn were to be broken. Being younger and more nimble, he

trusted rather to the number of wounds he could inflict than to the intensity of each. He was forced back by the reckless onslaught of his foe, or retired judiciously, then leapt round sideways and gored him on the flank.

At last the older bull began to tire visibly from the loss of blood. He made one last frantic charge. They met in the centre of the arena, obscured for the moment by the cloud of dust around them. They seemed locked together, horn to horn—a sound like the crack of timber, a wild bellow of rage and pain, a fierce scuffle, a frantic thrust—and the older bull went down on his knees. Buldeo took a step back, pawed the ground, snorted with fiery nostrils. But the enemy came no more to the attack, for he had realized that he had met his doom. He looked piteously at the broken horn lying at his feet, lurched up heavily, panted for breath, turned slowly towards the jungle.

He staggered onwards, onwards, onwards, never pausing to look back on the herd that had cast off his supremacy. Like a rudderless ship he rolled onwards, reeling, lurching, then laboring onwards. Through bushes and thickets, past streams and brooklets, over the fields, then on to the high road that led over an eminence to the asylum of a new jungle. Once over the hillock, in the middle of the lonely road, he paused for breath, silhouetted against the setting sun, his black flanks red with blood oozing from a dozen wounds, his mouth and nostrils dripping with mingled foam and blood, his right horn broken off at the middle. He blinked at the sun, then staggered on and passed out of sight, perchance to seek the refuge and solace of a wallow in some deserted swamp. And all for the sake of one small cow!

His conqueror, panting for breath and covered with blood and sweat, yet defiant and conscious of his might, turned and faced the rest of the herd. He looked at the other bulls and waited for a challenge. But they saw the broken horn on the ground, and probably thought that one cow was as good

as another; so they lowered their mouths to the grass and commenced to feed. But to Buldeo it was his first love, and he wanted one particular being and no other. Thus he won her and the leadership of the herd by the same battle.

He ruled wisely; or, to be more accurate, led wisely. Buffaloes act simultaneously from mere habit or instinct. Occasionally a short council of war is necessary, and then the leader moves, and forthwith all the others move with him. I shall give an example presently. Meanwhile, let us consider the three essential occupations of a herd; feeding, drinking or wallowing, and sighting danger.

First, feeding. Wild buffaloes always feed at night. Their instinct or observation has informed them that the greatest peril from the tiger is at night; so they spend the night wide-awake and in constant motion. They feed mainly on grass, anything from a few inches to a few feet high. As they nibble the grass they move onwards step by step. They start originally in a line or crescent, so that as they feed the whole line or crescent advances by about an equal amount.

It is a curious fact that if there be an intervening obstacle, such as a large tree or mound, the two parts of the line re-form instinctively on the other side, not by an apparently studied effort, but in the mere act of feeding. The more forward portion just lingers a little over each mouthful, to give the rear line time to come up, this again being merely due to their constant habit of acting in unison. The cows are not necessarily in the centre, as they, too, have powerful horns, and could join effectively with the bulls in repelling a frontal attack. But if there be very young calves, the mothers instinctively take the centre.

Failing a sufficiency of grass, vegetation of any kind will serve, such as the fresh leaves of small trees or shrubs. But the greatest delicacy is growing crops; and if a buffalo herd ever passes within a few miles of a village, the people generally find next morning half their crops eaten up or trampled down. Buldeo raided sev-

eral such places with his comrades, which subsequently led to the after part of his history, as we shall see forthwith.

Buffaloes drink several times. At the midnight pool, if they can find one. Failing that, in the morning. Then, as the sun gets hot, they seek their daily bath or wallow. Here we have the true capacity of a leader. It is one of the conceits of man that he appropriates all power of reasoning to himself; anything he does not understand in animals he attributes vaguely to "instinct."

Instinct, forsooth! A buffalo herd has usually to feed all night to satisfy its hunger, and then must finish up in the morning somewhere in the neighborhood of water. Supposing at the start in the evening Buldeo turned his head at each mouthful a little to the right instead of the left, or vice versa; then the next buffalo would have to do likewise to get a mouthful at all, and so on all along the line. Result: by the morning Buldeo would have carried his herd a few miles away from the nearest pool.

Remember that food is not continuous in location, and that several barren patches may have to be traversed. And supposing he managed accurately at first, when grass was plentiful and any direction correct, then how about a fortnight later when all the vegetation was eaten off the face of the earth for miles around, and the herd compelled to resort to a less favored pasture in the outlying regions? If that is mere instinct, then the finest strategists act by mere instinct. Which, after all, may be true!

Assuming, then, that the calculation was correct, Buldeo would lead his herd into the pool and drink and then bathe. He would walk right in, so that a hidden shikari on a tree would see only his eyes and nostrils out of the water. And the whole herd likewise. More; in that attitude they would remain for hours, protected by the water from the heat of the sun and from the plague of mosquitoes and flies.

But Buldeo was the happiest when he struck a neighboring mire; for a

mire is the paradise of buffaloes. In it he would go, followed by the rest, neck deep if possible, and literally wallow in it, occasionally rolling on the sides to get the mud right over. And in it also he would remain for several hours; in fact, all day, if possible, to lie down and sleep. If not, he would emerge with the herd and seek the nearest patch of long grass. In it the herd would lie down to sleep, amply protected from the sun and the mosquitoes by the inch of mud on their backs.

Have they sentinels during the hours of sleep? One would expect that. But, strange as it may seem, they have none; probably because sentinels are unnecessary. The whole herd lies down fairly close together, so that an enemy could not reach the neck of any or inflict anything more than a scratch or two, without running the risk of being forthwith gored or trampled to death.

The real danger is during the hours of feeding, if the line gets unduly extended and a straggler not only lags behind but is also hidden from view for the moment by tall grass. To guard against that peril the buffalo is endowed with certain faculties. First, an acute power of smell. An approaching tiger would be smelt by the entire herd a couple of hundred yards from leeward, and half-a-mile from windward.

Sometimes a hidden shikari on a tree is informed of the approach of a tiger by the demeanor of a herd of buffaloes. One moment the whole herd will be browsing peacefully; then one or two will look up, sniff the air, paw the ground, and utter a short, sharp snort. The next instant the whole herd will spontaneously form a circle, or phalanx, or square, according to the nature of the ground, and stand perfectly still, sniffing the air. Thus they will remain for any length of time; and when at last they lower their heads to resume feeding, the shikari knows that the danger is past.

Second, the power of inter-communication. A buffalo utters three distinct kinds of sound. A prolonged,

sonorous bellow, to call stragglers. A herd may have unconsciously broken up into two or three groups, each hidden from view by the night or otherwise; then this cry will restore communication even at a mile; nay, if the night be very still and clear, as it often is in India, and if some of the buffaloes are feeding low, with their heads close to the ground, they will hear the sound at three miles. Perhaps the Heaven-born knows that among shikaris the recognized standard of distance is called the "buffalo league," which is approximately three miles. For the expert shikari, by putting his ear to the ground, can also hear the buffalo call at that distance; hence his adoption of that standard.

The second class of cry I have already alluded to; the sharp snort of rage or even a roar like that of a common bull, generally in a fight. The third sound is the most interesting. It is a kind of "moo"; low in pitch, but intense and concentrated. It is a cry of apprehension, intended to warn the others of some imminent peril either to the utterer or to the hearers. I shall give an example.

After Buldeo had raided several cornfields near the village where my family dwelt, the villagers begged me to capture the herd—not only to stop their ravages, but also to use the captured herd afterwards for a very necessary purpose. But to take a whole herd alive, or even a part of it, is a serious undertaking. So I went with a comrade to reconnoitre. We came up with them about an hour before sunset, when the herd was just waking from sleep. The grass was quite four feet high, and we came to within a hundred yards, when suddenly we heard a "moo," then another, and another. There was a commotion, as if the buffaloes were moving as rapidly as possible. We looked up and saw the cause; the herd was forming a circle to repel an attack. They had mistaken us for tigers! And they actually remained in that attitude for an hour, till we had withdrawn to a distance.

That night we followed them, and completed our arrangements for their

capture. I shall not trouble the Heaven-born with details. There are two methods—pits covered with twigs, and an arrangement of nets near some favorite wallow. In three attempts we took a dozen of them, including Buldeo, on whom indeed all our efforts were centred; the rest escaped.

Now, the taming of wild buffaloes is extremely simple, if aided by domesticated ones—who themselves have been wild originally. After all, a buffalo, like any other animal, only wants its daily food; then why should it grumble if it has the food without the trouble of seeking for it? So the captives were herded with the tame buffaloes in a large stockade in which there was a suitable pool and an adjoining mire; besides, a superabundance of cut grass was thrown in daily. What more could they want? In fact, in a few weeks they were as tame as the rest.

The most astonishing feature about the character of the buffalo is its strong affection for man. It is a remarkable fact that the deep attachment for man possessed by such intelligent animals as the elephant, the dog, the horse, is far surpassed by that poor, dull, stupid creature—the buffalo. But the man must be no stranger; in fact, must be someone the buffalo sees daily, hears the voice of, feels the touch of—the herdsman.

Now, in a village there is always a sort of head herdsman; but the actual work of taking out the buffaloes to graze, to wallow, and then fetching them back at night, is done by little boys—little boys, because they are useless for any other work, and can play about all day beside their charge. There is a close affinity between buffaloes and little boys—they both revel in mud.

Need I add then that the naked little boy who tumbles in the mud with the herd is loved by them with a passionate love? But woe to the stranger that unexpectedly approaches the herd, or the man of unwonted appearance. So let the Heaven-born's English friends beware of coming too near if they pass by a village and see a naked little toddler twisting a bull

buffalo's tail. The buffalo loves that, but will hurl his body—ten feet long and six feet high—in sudden rage at the strangers at sight.

Thus let me introduce to the Heaven-born the joy and pride of my heart—my little son Gulab. He was six years old, knew no clothing, and revelled in mud. After the captives had become quite tame they were taken to the fields with the other buffaloes, and for the first two months Gulab went with the old herdsman. Then he took sole charge. It was a sight to witness when he clambered up Buldeo's huge back by the tail. Sometimes Buldeo would lower his head to enable the boy to scramble up by the horns. Gulab would sit well forward on the neck, his legs wide apart, a foot on each horn. Thus he would take the herd to graze.

The whole object of the villagers in keeping a herd of buffaloes was to protect their other live stock, such as ploughing cattle, from the depredations of tigers. When the ploughing cattle go to graze, or are at work, the buffaloes are always kept on the far side.

If a tiger comes to attack the former he is soon sighted by the latter; then if the tiger be wise, he retires—quickly. For in broad daylight, seeing their foe before them, the hearts of the buffaloes are turned to rage. Perhaps it is the dim memory of the centuries of suffering from the tiger—before they united—and the old scores yet to be paid, the vengeance yet due. Be that as it may, the united herd with levelled horns will charge the tiger. Which the tiger knows—and clears out.

In a wild state the buffaloes act as the natural protectors of the feeble denizens of the jungle; we have seen the timid nilghai drinking at the midnight pool under the protection of their horns. But in the service of man the buffaloes have the opportunity of satisfying their hearts' desire, and of liquidating the ancient debt and heritage of vengeance by systematically hunting the wounded tiger—the wounded tiger, not because it is the easiest kind of hunting, but the most

difficult and the most dangerous, and utterly beyond the power of man.

It is a marvellous ordination of Nature that to every animal in the jungle deadly to others there should be one special creature deadly, and sworn to eternal enmity with it. For the cobra there is the mongoose; so for the tiger the buffalo.

It happened that a party of six English sportsmen had bagged a few tigers in the jungles of the neighborhood. But the largest and the most ferocious tiger of the lot had escaped with a severe wound, and had taken refuge in a thicket, as traced by his blood. Now, to oust a wounded tiger from its lair is certain death to any man that attempts it, and if a number of men, to at least one of them.

Even if the tiger be shot simultaneously by a dozen explosive bullets, each in a vital part—nay, each through the heart, so that the heart be smashed to a pulp—the tiger will still make its dying leap and kill its nearest killer. Elephants are useless, unless brought right up to the lair, when the tiger could leap up to the howdah; besides, there are few elephants that could be induced to go so near. A battery of field guns could be brought up, and the tiger shelled at long range. The only practical alternative is a herd of bull buffaloes.

So I advised the sahibs, for whom I was acting as shikari, to requisition the village herd. My little son wept in bitterness when I refused to take him, for the lair of a wounded tiger is no place for any but the most seasoned hunters. I placed the sahibs in a semi-circle on the far side of the lair, each on a tree—three at fifty yards, and three at a hundred. Then the old herdsman brought up the bull buffaloes on the near side. About a hundred yards in front of the thicket they formed in line. Already they had sniffed the tiger, and with arched backs and levelled horns were pawing the ground impatiently. I gave the word, and with a sharp snort of battle they thundered into the thicket, trampling it, cutting it into lanes.

A snarl, a roar—and the tiger leapt out on the far side, snarled again in

rage—then a sharp volley from the three hunters above ripped open its sides. In blind fury the tiger turned and leapt towards the trees with a terrific roar, went past them, gathered itself up for its dying leap—and again another volley rang out, this time from the last line of hunters, and the explosive bullets tore up the tiger's body at that close range even as it was in the act of leaping. And the dead tiger still leapt, turned a somersault in the air, came down with a thud, rolled over and over with its own impetus, then lay still.

The buffaloes had done their work in driving the wounded tiger out of its lair—the explosive bullets did the rest. But if the tiger had dared to stand its ground, the buffaloes would also have done the work of killing. The tiger knows that, and would face anything rather than them.

But it may happen that the tiger is an old brute, unable to catch the antelope, and maddened by hunger, sneaks round villages to cut off stray cattle as its sole chance of livelihood. One evening the village was startled by the ploughing cattle, which had been grazing about a mile away, rushing in in a wild stampede. There was no time to count carefully, but someone cried out that his favorite cow was missing.

I thought only of my little son. With my heart in my mouth I rushed out with my gun, followed by a crowd of villagers. I counted the minutes; the fleeing cattle could not have come the mile in fewer than five minutes; it would take us ten more to get there. What might not happen meanwhile?

And already the whole drama had been enacted and ended; for if the villain of the piece is a tiger, the scene can last ten seconds, not ten minutes. It was an old tiger maddened by hunger. Gulab had come out of the mud and was calling the ploughing cattle, when he heard a commotion and saw the cow struck down—the rest of the cattle fleeing in terror. The tiger, knowing that the buffaloes were nigh, tried to drag away its prey: then suddenly it saw the child. It seemed to

realize instinctively that to seize the child and run away with him beyond pursuit would be far quicker than to drag the cow away or even to make a hasty meal of it.

Gulab stood still fascinated. This was his first tiger, and the heart of many a grown man would have turned to water. The tiger stared at him across the body of the cow, not twenty yards away, then leapt over it, and with a slouching gait made for the child. Little Gulab never moved, but looked with round eyes at the crouching form. For the moment he might have lost all conception of his peril—his coming death, for he was but a child and knew not the meaning of death. He seemed to be in a dream.

Then vaguely he seemed to realize that something was happening. The tiger suddenly stopped and snarled in rage. In his dream Gulab heard a strange sound behind, a snort, a bellow, another, and another. He turned as if in sleep, and saw Buldeo thirty yards behind, and six others with him. The rest of the herd, farther behind and somewhat to the outer side, were charging full pelt in a sweeping circle.

The tiger stood its ground—it had left the dead cow for an easier victim, and now even that was slipping out of its grasp. The average tiger would have fled, but this one was famished and desperate. It crouched for a last spring.

The forward buffaloes parted, swept past the child on either side; then the tiger sprang straight out at the gap, clearing the horns on either side. But at the sight of his friends Gulab had awakened from his dream. As Buldeo went past he grabbed at the tail—missed it, but ran with the buffaloes. Thus he escaped the tiger's leap.

The discomfited beast turned—but too late. The second line of buffaloes was close upon it, and meanwhile the advanced line had stopped. Gulab clutched Buldeo's tail and ran up his back like a squirrel.

"Charge, brothers, charge!" he yelled frantically.

And Buldeo turned and charged. The tiger, caught between two lines,

gave a despairing leap towards the side—but too late. The next instant it was a shapeless mass beneath Buldeo's hoofs.

And the rest, Heaven-born, we saw with our own eyes. All this had happened when we had scarcely started. Then from afar off we heard the thunder of hoofs and saw a cloud of dust. It came nearer and nearer. The whole herd was returning. I saw from afar my little Gulab seated astride upon Buldeo, waving his arms frantically. But why was Buldeo lagging a little behind? And why was his head persistently turned a little to the left?

A moment more and the whole herd thundered down upon us—and I realized. For a stout rope was tied to Buldeo's left horn, near the root, and the rest of the rope was trailing behind, dragging the carcase of the tiger by the neck.

I lifted up my little boy and kissed him—then, to hide my tears, rebuked him.

"Are, my son, thou has spoilt the skin!"

"Are, my father, the skin is mangy."

"Still, it would have fetched ten rupees."

"Is my father so feeble that he cannot kill fifty good tigers worth fifty good rupees apiece?"

Then it was I that was rebuked. "My son is a man," I said proudly, "and wiser than his father."

For I realized that the dragging of the dead tiger would embolden the herd, and also put heart into the timid villagers. They came in numbers to gloat over the body of their dead foe, pulled it about, heaped upon it opprobrious names, cut it up in parts, and carried off the whiskers, the liver, and heart, to make charms and love-philtres.

That night the villagers garlanded my son with flowers, and feasted him with many sweets—so that he was very sick and happy. And as for Buldeo, in reward for this act and many others before, they decreed to grant him a life pension in old age. That is, when many years after he must resign the leadership of the herd, he would be allowed to graze wherever he pleased around the village, and enjoy a wallow in anybody's ditch, rut, or mire.

Misfortune sometimes brings the best out of a man. There is no set of circumstance out of which a strong man, relying upon his strength, may not disentangle himself.—G. H. Bainbridge.

Industrial Life and Technical School

The Herald Magazine

MR. CARNEGIE'S letter to Richard P. Crane of Chicago in defence of technical schooling contained a striking declaration. "The apprenticeship system," said Mr. Carnegie, "is a thing of the past." The industrial world is face to face with that fact, and with the problem which it suggests in Mr. Carnegie's mind: What is proposed as a substitute? The higher grades of skilled labor are at a premium in every trade. Employers of labor in every line are seeking men who actually know their business. In the competition of business, economy requires the maximum of results from the minimum of efforts. Thorough knowledge of business alone can produce these results. The man who knows can command huge compensation for his knowledge. He is an essential to the business. But industry, in its present organization, is doing little or nothing to produce such men.

"The apprenticeship system is a thing of the past." It is sometimes said that the trade union system and its regulation of labor is responsible for the abandonment of the apprenticeship system. In some trades it is true that trade union rules have lessened the number of apprentices and have discouraged would-be learners. There has been a trade union idea—happily disappearing—that by artificial curtailment of the production of laborers the value of labor could be advanced. The theory of a labor monopoly has been a misleading inspiration for trade union activity. But this has been only an incident in the extinction of the apprentice. Industrial organization, as directed by em-

ployers, has been a more direct and important cause. Trade union regulations aside, the average industrial establishment offers no place for the apprentice who desires to master his trade. In the present organization of shop and factory the boy who enters a cotton mill, under ordinary circumstances, has no opportunity to master the science of cotton manufacture. He may learn the art of operating some machine, but the scope of his training and advancement is bounded by narrow limits. So with the boy who enters the shoe shop, the machine shop or any other of the industrial lines. Even in the departments of trades, quantity has often been substituted for quality as the desired achievement. Machinery has been introduced to take the place of men because of cheapness and speed of production. Boys are trained to be rapid operators. They must know how to run their machine. They need not even know their machine. Trained mechanics are employed for that. As for mastering the trade and its science there is no opportunity. Here and there a boy, by force of individual determination, makes his opportunity over many obstacles, but he is the exception. The old-time apprentice is unknown. Still he is needed in the trade. The master of the trade, into which he developed, is more valuable to-day than ever. What substitute is there for the training of the shop?

Mr. Carnegie believes that the technical schools must supply the masters of industry. Mr. Carnegie knows his business. He has given testimony that the success of the steel industry would not have been

achieved without the aid of the product of the technical schools. Other industries bear the same testimony to the essential value of technical training. Many industries maintain schools of their own to provide this training. There is a growing sentiment on the part of employers in the development of a state system of technical instruction. It is recognized that if America is to compete successfully with other nations, the science, as well as the art, of industry must be mastered.

So much for the employers' side of the question. The boy has a right to be heard and considered, as well.

He is entitled to a chance to learn a trade. His chance must not be narrowed to the limits of an operative at a machine. His ambition to climb to the top must not be curbed. The tendency of the American boy to fail to catch the inspiration of work may not be innate. Industrial organization may have stripped his work of all inspiration. The industrial system cannot be reorganized to afford these desired opportunities. It is undoubtedly well that the present system has developed. But the development is one-sided and incomplete—for the boy and for the industry—unless the technical school is created and maintained to do its part.

What Germany Can Teach Us

By Robert Haven Schauffler in *World's Work*

WHY are American cities worse governed than German cities?

Why are they in many ways so much less modern and comfortable and beautiful? It is not because we lack the progressive spirit or the wealth, the love of comfort or the sense of beauty. The cause may usually be traced to a disrespect for law, to a laxity of discipline, to an insufficient public control of public utilities and beauties. The Germans have too many laws, and they respect them. We too few and do not respect them. There is something of the slave about them; something of the anarchist about us.

The first thing that strikes one in a German city is its varied, unmonotonous uniformity. All buildings are planned and built under a skilled, municipal supervision that has an eternal eye for the utility, the safety, and the beauty of the whole rather than of any of its parts—a supervision that protects the architecture of other centuries and tries to keep the

new from clashing with the old. Munich is an admirable example of how fully the architecture of a city may express the spirit of its time and yet be composed, under efficient supervision, into an artistic whole, the separate structures forming, but the single stones in the master-builder's huge mosaic. Here the latest thing in Art Nouveau is not often allowed within fighting distance of the Renaissance. The Marienplatz, for instance, is a fine example of how later architecture may be made to harmonize with earlier.

Teutonic thoroughfares are models of cleanliness, and Cologne is the only German city of my acquaintance whose slum streets are not as well kept as the best pavements of our cleanest cities. This condition is the result of a day and night cleaning force with an hereditary hostility to filth. (It seems to many of us that America shows more humor than good faith in entrusting its streets to the sons of one of the dirtiest nations

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on earth.) The German uses much water on his pavements, and is beginning to install effective motor sprinklers, which, with the new motor fire engines, have passed beyond the stage of experimentation.

The German is earnestly trying to eliminate the ugly from his land. The electric accessories of his streets no longer offend the eye, and, in cities like Hamburg, Munich and Berlin, the avenues of candelabra-like trolley posts crowned with arc lights are charming additions to municipal beauty. Instead of those American boxes for waste-paper, which resemble garbage cans gone wrong, the German has a pleasant, vase-like affair with good lines, made of iron strips, and fastened to a trolley or lamp-post or telegraph-pole.

The average news-stand is an eyesore in America, but over there they realize what an important factor it is in the street-scape. And many of these booths are as attractive in their own lyric way as the buildings of Alfred Messel, in their epic way.

Street advertising is almost entirely confined to pillars at street corners, and offensive "ads" are classed with offensive smells. There are no bill-boards to mask the litter of vacant lots, to harbor criminals and refuse, to communicate fire, to cheapen and disfigure a beautiful thoroughfare with the atmosphere of Pale Pills for Pink Livers, or to replace the loveliness of meadow and forest and winding stream by a stage-setting lurid with the glories of Father O'Sweeney's Dime Consumption Cure. Even lights are regulated. Among all the German cities, Hamburg is the only one whose evening beauty I have seen actually marred by the luminous sign.

In Berlin, the stations of the elevated railway have actually been designed with an eye to the beauty and character of the street. The less sightly parts are hidden by rows of trees; the posts and girders are gracefully designed.

The German system of public convenience stations compromises between the publicity of the French and

Italian and the rarity of the American stations. Most of them are accessible, private, hygienic, inexpensive and neat. Our shortcomings in this respect have greatly stimulated the saloon business, but reform is already being agitated in some of our larger cities. In this matter we have much to learn from Germany.

Garbage and ashes are removed from the houses in closed cans and, by an ingenious mechanism, dumped into specially constructed wagons without exposing their contents to the air, thus doing entirely away with dust and odors. Although this method, if we adopted it, would bear heavily on the wretched army of scarecrows who prowl hungrily through our streets at dawn, burrowing into the garbage for a morsel, it might stimulate us to grapple more efficiently with this distressing question. The mendicancy problem is one which the German has solved. I have never seen a beggar in any German city except Cologne—a western city, touched by French influence—and every street in the Prussian capital is as safe as Unter den Linden.

The German is not willing that his ear should suffer any more than his eye or his nostrils. He is absolutely intolerant of unnecessary noise, for he wants to keep his nervous system normal. The discordant cry of the newsboy, the sempiternal steam whistle of the peanut-vendor, the over-exuberant solo on the street-car gong, the whine of the beggar, the bell and bugle of the scissors-grinder—all these are conspicuously absent. In point of fact, the law even forbids you to warble Schubert or whistle Brahms on the public ways. This is going radical lengths in such a musical land, but the tyranny has its justifications.

What most humiliates my American soul in the Fatherland is the street-car, for there is no German village large enough to own an electric line whose cars are not more comfortable and more smoothly and efficiently run than the cars of any American city that I know. There the tram does not stop at every cross-street but only at the designated stopping places.

which are 219 yards apart. These places are marked by posts, often bearing enameled shields giving the number and route of every car that passes that point. This system of stops annoys an American at first, but he soon realizes that it enables him to travel with far more speed and comfort and with less nervous waste than in the trolleys of New York, where he hangs from a strap in a struggling crowd, is jolted twice at every other cross-street, and is exhorted roughly by a grimy conductor who is often in rags.

In German cars no one is allowed to stand in the aisles and only a definite number are accommodated on the platforms. The cars are gradually stopped and started without jerks and the apparatus enables the motorman to run very slowly and smoothly without the alternation of stop and jolt and lurch which marks the wake of the obstinate American ice-wagon.

I have often inquired the cause of this trying phenomenon and the men always tell me that the apparatus will not run the car slowly. One failing of our motormen, though, is not due to the machinery. Any German motorman who should start his car abruptly would be at once denounced by a carful of indignant passengers, and would lose his place within 24 hours. I once sent such a denunciation to the Interborough Company of New York and received a most courteous reply from some high official, who was as grieved and surprised as any official could be, saying that it was bad for the machinery, was strictly against orders, that the motorman would be called to account, and that he believed the painful circumstance would never occur again. I have since learned that this official has a reputation for humor.

In Germany the nervous ringing up of fares is replaced by a system of receipts, which are occasionally checked by an inspector. The conductor and motorman are clean, neatly uniformed, and, as a rule, courteous. At least, they make a point of assisting women with parcels and children, not merely punching them in the back. In a num-

ber of cities like Brunswick, Dresden, and Hildesheim, each car is provided with a clock, and the daily newspaper hangs on a hook for the use of the honored "traveling-guests." Passes which save money and trouble are available on all lines, and the public safety is so highly regarded that the law against boarding a moving car is enforced in several cities. I remember jumping upon a passing tram in Cologne. The conductor remonstrated with melancholy dignity. I smiled and considered the incident closed, but at the next stopping-place he ordered me off the car, according to law. In consequence of such rigor there are scarcely any trolley accidents in Cologne.

Tickets for subway, elevated and suburban trains—as well as Bahnsteig tickets admitting one to train platforms are sold by slot-machines—a device that would save much crowding and delay in our country. Change is even made by machinery, and I should not wonder if the slot-machine would eventually displace the ticket-seller and reduce the expense of subway and elevated lines both to operator and to passenger.

The punctuality and safety of German transportation is due to a progressive spirit in the matter of safety devices and to governmental investigation of accidents, as well as to the quality of the employees—who have all been educated in the army and brought to a high level of discipline. No man without a good army record can win a position on tram or railroad; and, once he is dishonorably discharged his outlook is dark indeed. Such a school for employees is impossible in our country, but better conditions would immediately follow the growth of a strong public sentiment in favor of clean, neat, courteous, careful, thoughtful, and skillful motormen and conductors. In short, we ought to revolt against being carried by a set of amateurs.

Opinions differ widely about the merits of the European compartment car. For my part, I prefer its opportunities for privacy, its better ventila-

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tion, and its easy access to the platform.

Germany's contribution to educational science is too well known for the mention of any but a few of the latest refinements. A city like Mayence is typical of the recent advances in school hygiene. There are shower-baths in the basement of each building for boys and for girls. Each child is expected to bathe at least once a week. He is furnished with a cake of soap, a towel, and trunks; and there is room for fifty to bathe at once. Besides this, there are free swimming lessons in the Rhine for all that wish them. The floors of the schoolrooms are covered with lattice-work, which allows little shoes to dry more quickly on rainy days. The pupils' books and implements are furnished free on the demand of the parent, as well as a light daily luncheon, and it is said that most of the pupils do not know whether their parents pay for them or not. The belief that prevention is better than cure is thoroughly entrenched in the philosophy of the German, and in his practice as well. There is a considerable corps of school physicians in Mayence, and, every two weeks they measure, weigh, and examine each pupil. The sick and degenerate are sent to a large and completely equipped orthopaedic institution and there treated free. Children who stammer or pronounce imperfectly receive individual training.

It is good to know that we are preparing to imitate one of the best features of German university life and to encourage the migration of students—especially of graduates—from one university to another. It is to be hoped that the tragic fate of our foremost composer, Professor Edward MacDowell, may stir public opinion to relieve the creative men in our faculties of their undue burdens of classroom and committee work, and give them the large, fertile freedom of the German "dozent."

The Fatherland has taught us even more about music than about teaching, and still sends us the bulk of our orchestral musicians and virtuosi. But we have yet to learn from its devout

audiences how to listen to music, how to create that rapport between performer and hearer without which the greatest music is impossible; and how to keep the concert atmosphere untainted by the profanity of whispering and foot-tapping and flippancy. In Berlin you may hear the Philharmonic Orchestra perform a symphony programme for ten cents, while eating your supper among a crowd quieter than a Kneisel Quartette audience in New York. We Americans have two orchestras, two operas, and a string quartette which are among the finest, if they are not the finest, in the world. But there are few cities in Germany too small to have their orchestra, their opera, their quartettes and singing societies. Good music is a necessity to them, a luxury to us.

Germany's most important contribution to the art of building in recent years is in its commercial architecture. Alfred Messel started the movement by building Wertheim's beautiful department store in the Leipziger Strasse, in Berlin—an achievement followed there by such notable structures as the Store of the West, the Rheingold restaurant and the offices of the Allgemeine Zeitung in Munich. These buildings clearly show their structure and their character, dispensing with opaque walls in the Gothic spirit. They are made of such rich materials as shell limestone, and what they have of ornament is of superb quality. Everything about Wertheim's is in admirable taste; shopping is made less sordid by a lovely statue here, and a garden there, where one may rest among trees and flowers, attending to nothing but the plash of an exquisitely sculptured fountain. The artistic influence of such a store set in one of our "strictly business" streets would be a fine educational influence for that passionate shopper, the American woman.

The arts and crafts movement has taken deep root in German soil, and the Germans are determined to make everything about them as beautiful as they can. The numerous exhibitions of painting, sculpture, architecture and handicrafts are thronged by all

classes of people and are of inestimable value in cultivating the public taste. During last summer I saw such exhibitions in Munich, Berlin, Mannheim and Dusseldorf. The first two of these outranked the average Parisian salon, while the others surpassed any in America except the international exhibition in Pittsburg.

The museum habit is widespread, and a German town no larger than Lakewood, N.J., would feel disgraced not to possess a gallery of painting, sculpture, antiquities, and casts as representative as that now in any American city ten times its size. The idiotic tariff on ancient art which has prevented the growth of our museums is to the Germans an indication that we are not quite "all there." When we mention it they grow embarrassed and change the subject. But among themselves they look knowing, tap their foreheads, and flutter their fingers.

In theoretical medicine the German leads the world, though the American is more brilliant in the practical application of German discoveries. The Virchow Hospital, in Berlin, incomparably surpasses the Mount Sinai in New York, our finest American hospital. It is built on the new pavilion system and consists of thirty buildings set in charming grounds and connected with a large private park. One building is reserved for the department of pathology, whose chief is far greater than the pathologist of any American hospital, where this important department is usually restricted to one small room. The same international ratio holds in regard to hospital bathing facilities.

Germany's state subsidizing of laboratories in its largest chemical industries is another indication of regard for the value of creative work.

There is a comprehensive system of workmen's insurance and pensions. Practically all German workmen are insured against accident and sickness, and are pensioned by their employers when no longer able to work.

Baths and even recreations are furnished them. At the Krupp Cannon Works, for example, not only are

tennis courts provided for employes, but also (for the different grades of Krupp society) a gymnasium, a golf course, a polo field, canoes, fencing rooms, riding horses, and a circulating library of 52,000 volumes.

Huret says that the administration of the German postal, telegraph, and telephone systems is the first in the world for order, regularity and the multitude of services which it renders to the public. For \$5 a year anyone may establish his own letter-box and fix the hours of collection. He may register a letter in his own office. He may send and receive packages up to ten pounds in weight c.o.l. at a trifling expense. There are many little conveniences in German post offices, such as a letter scale which anyone may use, slot machines for the sale of stamps and for making change, notices over letter boxes: "Do not forget stamp and address," and polished brass trays at the door with numbered grooves where you may leave your half-finished cigars before entering the warm, well-ventilated, smokeless interior. Berlin's Rohr-post should commend itself to the hustling spirit of America. One may write a six-cent post card full and have it delivered within the hour by pneumatic tube and mounted messenger anywhere within the city limits.

Postal money orders are surprisingly cheap and the cash is brought to you by a messenger; or you may order it placed to the account of a creditor. The postal banks are very popular and not only do an immense banking business, but also carry on an active accident, sickness, and age insurance business among the lower classes. The people have implicit confidence in these banks and they do much to encourage thrift. If a workman, in a virtuous moment, decides to put by a little money regularly, he simply notifies the bank and every week, on a certain day and hour, the collector comes to give him a receipt for his dime.

What is more, these banks are actually made to pay dividends, and, on the revolutionary principle that what the money of the poor earns should

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return to the poor, these profits are divided between unemployed girls, needy women, fresh air funds, public baths, halls where workingmen may meet on winter evenings, and so on.

The state operates the telephone service and it is unexcelled for speed and accuracy. In certain cities one has the right to complain if he is kept waiting more than thirty seconds for a connection. For twenty-five cents a month you may establish a direct, permanent connection with the doctor, the fire department, or the police and call them immediately without the services of "central." They are now trying a device by which messages are received and automatically written at the other end of the line at those trying moments when "party doesn't answer." The telegraph is also a Government monopoly and the usual message sent from any post office or railroad station costs twelve cents to any part of Germany or Austria. It is possible to prepay a reply.

Though the Germans are not athletes in the Anglo-Saxon sense, they know how to live a sane, healthy, de-

lightful life, out of doors. As a rule, the whole family goes into the country for the week-end—an adventure which would be both expensive and uncomfortable for most dwellers in American cities. But the German has seen to that. Suburban travel by trolley and train is incredibly cheap, and his out-of-doors is completely furnished with restaurants and milk-houses and homely, comfortable inns. One may shoulder a ruck-sack and tramp through the barrenest part of the Fatherland with a certainty of better bodily entertainment than in a walk up the Hudson. Germans are famous walkers and the ruck-sack habit has so taken hold of them that a large part of the population flocks in vacation time to the Hartz, to the Thuringian, or the Black Forest, to the Bavarian Highlands, or Saxon Switzerland for a few previous days of "mountain scratching," as they love to call it. Their leather-strapped bags of canvas are not eyed askance by even the most bureaucratic of hotel porters. But I shudder when I imagine the fate of a ruck-sack in the St. Regis.

We can have the highest happiness only by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves. The great thing is to love—not to be loved. Love is for both worlds. Perfect happiness is for the other only.

Circulation of British Journals

How they resort to the Limerick craze and other devices to keep up sales—Some anomalies of the post office system—English and American publications and their contents compared.

By James H. Collins in Printers' Ink

ABOUT twice a year the American newspapers find it necessary to reprove the British penny weekly for its unseemly methods of getting circulation. To-day it is the limerick craze, and yesterday it was buried treasure, and before that it was something else.

Our newspapers find these circulation schemes undignified and lowering, and no proper way to get circulation. They find them so editorially, at least, and editorially reprove John Bull. Then if the scheme really has some possibilities, they import and apply it to their own circulation ends.

Rather strange that, with all this reproof, one hears little of the real reason why John Bull goes after circulation in such fashion.

The British Post Office—that is the reason.

Who hasn't heard the American postal reformer dilate on the beauties of the British Post Office, with its telegraphs, its parcels post, its bank and life insurance features, etc.? Who hasn't wished that our own effete Post Office were something like John Bull's?

Now, the British Post Office is, veritably, an efficient institution. It handles letters with speed often astonishing to a Yankee, and likewise neatness and accuracy. Its telegrams at six cents for twelve words are certainly cheap—if you don't have to use twelve words for the address and your signature. The British parcels post is fine if you want to send something weighing about ten pounds for twenty cents, and the reverse if you have a lot of three-ounce samples to mail. In this country Uncle Sam would take

them for three cents apiece. But John Bull counts each a pound, and charges six cents.

It is largely a shortcoming of the British Post Office that breeds the buried treasure and limerick circulation scheme in England.

John Bull makes a profit exceeding \$25,000,000 a year on his postal business, and it is an important source of imperial revenue. Therefore, he is extremely reluctant to give a newspaper mail service like that given by Uncle Sam under our second-class matter regulation. He says he can't afford it.

You can mail strawberries, fresh fish and eggs in England. A woman mailed a live baby to a charity home some time ago, and thus got rid of it as effectually as though she had left it on a door-step, for the sender could not be traced. And while the Postmaster-General complained against such mailings, and declared that they were irregular, very, you know; and it is to be hoped the public will not do it again; nevertheless the baby, when delivered by the Post Office, was peacefully sleeping in its box.

Try to mail a publication so as to make a profit on it, however, and the British Post Office is a most unserviceable institution.

It will carry a newspaper, properly registered as such, for one cent, and it may weigh anywhere up to five pounds, and have as many supplements as you please—the charge will be the same. But if the newspaper weighs only one ounce, like a penny weekly, a publisher must pay sixteen cents to mail a pound of them to sixteen subscribers, where Uncle Sam

would weigh them in bulk and carry them all for a cent, and take them six times as far as the British inland service can possibly go.

The British Post Office, too, makes no newspaper rate on anything published less frequently than every seven days. That eliminates all the monthly and semi-monthly magazines, which have to go letter post, so that the English edition of Scribner's—which is the American edition with but a few pages of advertising—costs six cents to mail. Uncle Sam would charge only two cents to carry three copies of such a magazine—weight ten and a half ounces.

John Bull knows nothing of weighing newspapers in bulk for mail purposes, and so there is in England hardly any such thing as subscription circulation, and thus all periodicals are sold on news-stands, and when one subscribes by mail they cost twice as much; and out of these conditions grow the limerick craze, and buried treasure craze, and similar expressions of the inner longings of the British circulation manager.

On the news-stand a monthly like the London Magazine—somewhat similar to McClure's—will cost you a dollar for twelve issues. Subscribe to it by mail, and the publisher has to charge you two dollars. A penny weekly like Tay Pay's cost \$1.04 a year on the news-stands, and by mail \$2.08, the subscription rate by mail in England being as high as that abroad. A daily business paper like the London Financial Times, costs \$6.24 a year on news-stands, and \$9.36 by inland mail.

Consequently, all circulation in Great Britain is news-stand circulation, except for a freakish low percentage sent by mail, and where our circulation manager has the benefit of stability in at least forty to sixty per cent. of his clientele, and knows that he has to persuade, convince and induce that many readers to subscribe but once in twelve months, the British circulation man is continually building his house on sand, and has to fight for his readers week by week.

Little wonder he beats a gong or runs a lottery to get them.

The number of letters received per capita in Great Britain last year was 64, post cards 19, half-penny packets (advertisements, tax notices, etc.) 21. But the per capita of newspapers mailed was only four copies!

The result of this discrimination against periodicals by the British postal system has been to build up a magnificent news-stand and news company organization all over the Kingdom. Publishers favor the news companies, and the latter are so powerful that they can make or unmake a periodical—some years ago, for instance, they refused to carry a flashy "society" sheet, and it straightway died. Publishers even uphold the news companies and oppose reform in the Post Office newspaper mailing regulations, fearing that competition by the Post Office might injure them with the news companies. As distributive machinery the latter are as efficient and as cheap as any postal service could well be. But no consistent subscription building is possible where readers have to be led to buy the publication issue by issue. So all of the sensational methods in circulation getting are due to the lack of yearly subscribers, as well as much of the trashiness in the publications themselves.

The average Englishman has nothing but contemptuous words to express his opinion of American journalism as exemplified in our daily papers, and points to his own dignified newspapers in contrast—with perhaps an apology for his ha'penny press.

If American daily papers were as low as he fancies them to be, however, they would still stand far above the institution known as the British penny weekly.

The latter is fairly represented by periodicals like Answers, Tit-Bits, What's On, John Bull, Penny Pictorial, etc. They are crudely printed on the flimsiest paper. Their illustrations are shockingly bad in quality. Their articles have neither timeliness nor continuity, being the cheapest rehash of encyclopedia information and

the most artless revamping of old jokes, and their whole menu is put together on a scheme that leads one to infer that their editors believe no reader can hold his or her mind on the same topic for more than thirty seconds. Some of the reformers who fought hardest for free education in England have expressed regret that the public was taught to read at all, if this is what it feeds on. Yet these snippet sheets pervade the whole Kingdom, and some are said to have in excess of one million circulation.

They are immensely profitable, beyond doubt.

We have nothing in the periodical line that will turn such a clear profit as the thirty-two pages of trash in the penny weekly. Take the New York Times literary supplement, pay two or three hacks to scissor out matter, print it on paper half as good. The Times supplement is given away with a one-cent newspaper, and makes a profit. The British penny weekly, though, is sold by itself for two cents. The profit can be imagined when one remembers that labor over there is cheaper, and that the British book publisher turns a comfortable profit on shilling books that could hardly be sold at three times the price in this country.

Taken as a potentiality, the British penny weekly is a thing in the publishing line full of possibilities even in this country. For here the logical price would be five cents. With a public educated to pick up such periodicals week after week, and our superior resources for making them attractive and readable, an American publisher ought to find them well worth studying.

All the great English publishing fortunes of late years have been founded on the penny weekly, and are rooted in it as well. Lord Northcliffe (Mr. Harmsworth) began with Answers, and has thirty of these periodicals to-day. Mr. Pearson started with Pearson's Weekly. Sir George Newnes has taken many thousands of guineas out of Tit-Bits, his first periodical, and the first of them all. Many smaller successes have been based on

this form of publishing property, for in its beginnings evidently but little capital was needed to launch a penny weekly, and dozens of Fleet Street men took a gamble, and a fair percentage of them won.

The difficulty of getting a subscription following for these publications was probably responsible for sensational advertising that had, originally, no more wicked purpose than attracting readers and selling the paper on the news-stands week after week. But to-day these English penny weeklies are mere blinds for lottery enterprises—nothing more. Take away their prize competitions and force them to appeal to the public purely as reading matter, and they would probably be unprofitable properties, unless greatly improved in contents.

The limerick craze now at its height in England is fairly representative of all the similar crazes that have gone before. It started less than a year ago, and has rapidly developed into a gigantic gambling institution. Its mechanism is extremely simple. A penny weekly publishes, in each issue, a limerick lacking the final line, and cash prizes are offered for the "best" ending. The only condition imposed on competitors is that they send in a coupon from the paper and sixpenny postal order with each ending submitted. Nothing is given for this twelve cents, except a chance in a lottery thinly disguised as a competition in literary skill.

A few months after this pleasing pastime was invented there were at least twenty weekly and daily journals running limerick features. The average normal issue of sixpenny postal orders in Great Britain is about 100,000 a month. By July, last year, the issue had grown to 1,700,000 a month, and the daily average ran to nearly double the normal monthly issue. More than \$60,000 a week was pouring in to the publishers who ran these competitions—three million dollars a year! The demand for sixpenny orders swamped the Post Office, and blanks ran out.

Insofar as profit is concerned, the publishers seem to look for it on cir-

CIRCULATION OF BRITISH JOURNALS

culation, charging a percentage for the work of handling the replies received. They make no very great profit on the lottery itself. One weekly, for instance, received in a recent week 100,000 sixpenny orders, \$12,000, and paid out ten prizes of \$950 each. Prizes aggregating \$125,000 are said to have been paid out in a few months by another publisher. Great ingenuity was developed in offering rewards, some publishers giving an annuity for life to winners, and others a freehold house, with a weekly income for life.

Amusing incidents developed. They impose a tax in Great Britain on every person whose income exceeds \$750 a year. One of the prize-winners in a limerick contest got word of his luck from the revenue authorities several hours before the result was announced to him by the publishers, for the revenue people saw his name listed for a large prize before he did, and promptly assessed him the usual five per cent. He had never paid income tax before.

Where bad faith is charged in these contests is in the method of determining whose limerick endings are "best." Publishers maintain that decisions are made by competent literary judges, and wholly on merit. But it has been asserted with a good deal of logic that a true consideration of merit is impossible, that the number of replies received gives work to a large staff of clerks merely taking the sixpenny orders out of the letters, and that winners are picked haphazard.

The Attorney-General has decided that these competitions are "contests of skill," and, therefore, legal. So the craze has grown and grown, extending beyond publishing and into trade. Many of the retail shops in London conduct limerick competitions, but with a straightforward merchandise sale as the basis. Thus, a brand of cigarettes is advertised by a contest in which \$15 a week for life is the prize, but each contestant sends about sixty-five cents for a trial package of 100 cigarettes. Sir Thomas Lipton's stores offer cash prizes, but require only that a wrapper from Lipton's tea

be sent. Limericks in such cases are written around the goods advertised.

The original idea has been amplified in dozens of ways. Some publications, instead of limericks, base their contests on estimates of the number of births that will be shown in a given city in a given week by the official returns. Another penny weekly has a plan whereby each copy is numbered, and every week ten numbers are drawn, the readers holding those copies being paid a sum of money to do "circulation work" for the publication. This work may be merely chatting about the paper with friends, or distributing copies, or telling the editor how difficult it was to buy the paper last week in a certain village.

Many of the papers circulated by such schemes appeal to boys and girls, others to women. The "trust" idea is widely employed in getting new readers, boys and girls being given free copies and paid commissions for promises to buy the paper weekly. Large advertising is done in daily papers on behalf of these schemes.

Lately there is a pronounced demand in England for better reading, reflected in the success of publications like *T. P.'s Weekly*, which has real personality and solidity, and has grown without resort to schemes. But the British magazine as a whole strikes an American as being shallow, and without character, and one very much like another. The Englishman doesn't seem to develop the art of manufacturing magazines as we know it in this country, and cannot begin to lay down periodicals as well printed and illustrated as our representative monthlies. Nor has he grasped the better principles of American magazine writing and editing. Where the American periodical is concerned with what is going to happen to-morrow, and has a strong element of timeliness, the British magazine deals extensively with the past. There must be plenty of present-day activity to record in England's industries. But the magazines don't record it.

In circulation work the lack of a

channel through which the publisher can deliver his periodical regularly to the reader, selling it to him by the year instead of by the issue, is a grave handicap. It eliminates most of the circulation methods, clubbing offers, book premiums and other aids known in this country. One of the American managers who went to London lately is working on a plan whereby six magazines can be delivered monthly through a newsdealer, and thinks that it can be made successful with high-grade publications selling at a shilling. The penny and the shilling are standard magazine prices—two cents and twenty-five cents. Sixpenny weeklies are chiefly of a heavy kind, like the *Spectator* and *Saturday Review*. *Punch*, *The Academy*, and some others are sold for threepence. Above the shilling magazines come weighty reviews at two shillings and half-a-crown, but of these it has been said, with a good deal of plausibility, that through them a few academic writers talk merely to the members of their own clubs.

Some of the American magazines are not circulated in England at all, except through direct subscription. The *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *McClure's*, the *Street & Smith* magazines, etc., are unobtainable. Indeed, efforts are made to keep them out of the country owing to arrangements with literary agents, whereby stories and articles published in their pages are sold for publication separately in English magazines. It is said, though, that the *Saturday Evening Post* has 5,000 subscribers in England, chiefly English readers who are interested in business and have found the magazine and are bound to have it. In view of this clientele of unsought subscribers, it would seem that the magazine might be profitably put on the news-stands over there. Mr. Philip S. Collins, circulation manager for the *Curtis Publishing Co.*, says an English circulation has been considered a number of times. Subscriptions there, however, are now

taken at a slight loss, owing to foreign postage, so that English circulation would be desirable only as it affected results to those using the magazine's advertising space. As advertisers are practically all Americans, and would not get returns from England, it appears wiser to build circulation in the United States.

One thing is certain when it comes to nationality in magazines, and that is that few periodicals written, edited and manufactured for the American market can ever appeal to a wide audience in England, or vice versa. That vague something which makes an English magazine slightly heavy to readers in the United States is just as evident in England when an American magazine is taken up, and gives it a superficial flavor. The brightest Yankee periodical, glanced at in staid London, even by an American, is apt to give the impression that its editor is bothering with a lot of super-heated problems that will be forgotten tomorrow, just as the English review, read in New York, seems like a discussion of issues that ought to be buried and forgotten. Canada's Postmaster-General, in his wisdom, tried to give English magazines a preference by raising the rate on American periodicals and establishing a special classification for those from the home country. But if Canadians got London magazines for nothing they would probably still prefer those from the United States. The thing isn't difference of price at all, but of a few thousand miles of ocean, and vastly different living conditions, and occupations, and aims. It's nationality, and forms as definite a line of demarcation in reading matter as though the two countries spoke different languages. For this reason, circulation of an American magazine or newspaper in England, or circulation of English periodicals here, is always in the nature of a freak, and the most conspicuous success means only a small part of the public. The real public is never touched at all.

The Delightful Pastime of Tobogganing

One of the most exhilarating Canadian sports and truly democratic in its tone—How toboggans are made—Some are costly and splendidly fitted up—The sensation when going down a sharp slope.

By F. J. Arrowsmith

OF the many exhilarating sports which enable the long Canadian winter to be passed so pleasantly, and at the same time so healthily, tobogganing must certainly be considered among the foremost in rank.

Truly the sensation enjoyed is most delightful, whether it be on an elabor-

the bottom after the torrential rush, combine to give a kaleidoscopic enjoyment that is lacking in other pastimes. Cynics are wont to dilate upon what they call the reverse side of the picture—the laborious trudge back to the summit, and quote with glee the Chinaman's definition of the Park Slide: "Swish! Swish! Walkee



A Typical Canadian Toboggan Slide

ate, artificially prepared ice track, such as the noted Park Slide in Montreal, or on a natural slope that has sufficient gradient and enough snow. The thrill of excitement experienced as the toboggan gathers momentum, the invigorating swish through the keen air, the breathless negotiation of the various jumps—presuming there are any—and the peaceful easing up at

back a milee." But these cynics are mostly of that class of "energetic" individuals, who from the seat of a street car are always prone to criticize too much exertion. The despised walking back process, however, gives the exercise that is one of the merits of tobogganing. It produces the warm glow to the body, the rapid circulation of the blood, which en-

ables the sport to be enjoyed to the full in zero weather.

Tobogganing is democratic in its tone. From the small boy on his home-made article, who makes up for whatever he may lack in dignity of appearance by his stentorian shouts of "Track, track," to the fortunate possessor of an elaborate and highly finished \$28 toboggan as seen on the big slides, the sport is accessible to all.

Montreal is a city par excellence for tobogganing. The slopes of Mount Royal—the beautiful mountain that lifts the city above the commonplace—affords exceptional opportunity for free sliding, and here, on the northwest side, is located the famous Park Slide. Standing foremost among the winter attractions of Montreal, rivalling in renown the historical ice palaces in Dominion Square, no visitor should fail to journey to the slide. With six ice shutes stretching away for nearly half a mile, lighted by electricity, and thronged with speeding toboggans, the sight is a striking one. Especially so on the annual Fete de Nuit, when the slide is illuminated with festoons of Chinese lanterns, torches and bonfires, while displays of fireworks and colored lights illuminate the beautiful surroundings in variegated tints. On this occasion thousands of pedestrians wend their way to the mountain, snowshoers turn out in full force, and the loaded sleighs make one continuous procession. It is a gala night for Montreal.

The vast concourse of people, the stream of tobogganists in blanket suits wending their way back in a long stream after the wild rush down, the various hugh calls, the crash of fireworks, the rumble of the speeding toboggans, the jingle of sleighs in the distance, make the scene a magnificent and memorable one.

On the Park Slide tobogganing is seen in its most modern aspects. With a carefully prepared ice track, and a high gradient helped by artificial means, a speed is obtained on the toboggan of to-day, with its "lignum vitae," or bone runner that has to be experienced to be understood. It is nothing less than a breathless one.

When official timing has shown the first 800 feet to be traveled in 7 2-5 seconds, and 2,250 feet in 45 to 50 seconds, and it is known that faster time than this can be accomplished, some idea of the speed can be gained. No wonder that Mark Twain is reported to have said, after analyzing his sensations in the peace and safety of the clubhouse, that he would not have missed the trip for \$100, but he would not repeat the experience for \$1,000. The popularity of the slide is evidenced from the fact that though the club has a membership limit of 1,000, over 300 names are on the waiting list.

Tobogganing indulged in on ice tracks is naturally attended with some risk, but who would have a sport that was not spiced in this way. As the well-known lines go:

No game was ever yet worth a rap,
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Can possibly find its way.

Considering that from 15,000 to 20,000 trips are taken every week on the Park Slide, and that the season on an average is about 10 weeks, the freedom from accident is astonishing. Of course, the careful way in which the starting of the toboggans is regulated minimizes danger.

There is as much difference between the light, comfortably cushioned, bone runner toboggan of to-day, and the primitive contrivance of the Indians with its pieces held together by gut, as there is between a dugout and the finely built racing craft. Toboggans are made from various kinds of wood, birch, maple, hickory, elm and quartered oak, but it is of the last named that the best and highest priced toboggans are made. The wood is obtained from the lumber yard, in an unseasoned state, and is split up into lengths 3-8 inches in thickness. This depth is not universally followed, as in some instances thinner wood is used, but the best result is obtained in the former case. The higher priced toboggans are made of two pieces, each 9 inches wide and 8 feet in length, while the less expensive ones

THE DELIGHTFUL PASTIME OF TOBOGGANING

are made up in narrow strips. The wood having been cut to the necessary dimensions, planed and sand-papered, one end is bent into the hood shape by means of a steam box and a wood form. The pieces are then thoroughly dried. The important task of constructing the runners follows. On a natural snow slide with its soft surface, a flat bottom toboggan is necessary, but on an ice track the conditions are reversed. Two kinds of runners are now used—one made of *lignum vitae*, and the other of horse bone. The former, owing to its hardness and heaviness, makes the best wood runners to be obtained. It is imported in log form from South America. Three narrow rounded strips are glued and screwed on to stays running lengthwise along the under part of the body of the toboggan. By this means a minimum amount of friction is produced, and the hard wood running freely on the track enables the greatest speed to be obtained.

The bone runner is faster and more durable than *lignum vitae*—and, like-

wise more expensive. The substance is obtained from New York, and being in small pieces, has to be dovetailed and glued into strips of wood, which, in the same way as the *lignum vitae* runner, are affixed to the toboggan. Cross bars at regular distances are placed to hold the body of the toboggan together, the hood is varnished, and the remaining part oiled with hot oil so as to give it the best possible surface. The hood is held in place by strong gut or chain, leather handles are put on stays which run down each edge, cushions roped in position, and the toboggan is complete. The better class toboggans run anywhere between \$18 to \$28, and generally take three days to build, although they can be turned out in one day, if necessary. The number of toboggans that are made by the various makers indicate the hold that this fascinating sport has upon the athletic community. Long may the hold remain to add to the many other winter amusements which make Canadians an object of envy to those in other climes who are denied similar pleasures.

“With what soothing emotions, what eager delight, do we follow the traveler, who leads us from the cares, the sorrows, the joys of ordinary life, to wander in another hemisphere; to mark unknown forms of luxuriant beauty and unknown objects of majestic greatness—to view a new earth, new skies.”—Alexander Humboldt.

How Money Carries Poison

By Richard Benton in Technical World

The reckless carelessness of all laws of health and cleanliness often noticeable in the handling of money is so serious a menace to the general welfare that the facts contained in this article should be carefully read and remembered. Is it fairly horrifying to contemplate the possibilities involved in some customs commonly practiced.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strong popular prejudice against tainted money, it is noticed that most persons accept it when it is offered, rather than seem rude. It is the same way with greenbacks and coin which are objectionable by reason of unpleasantness—why not say frankly, dirt?—acquired through long service. Cash in such a condition, whether paper or metal, may be obviously filthy, and even disagreeable to the sense of smell, but it is never refused.

Once I heard a man say, "I will take all the microbes that come with a dollar bill, no matter how many." This is undoubtedly the way most folks feel about the matter. But undeniably the microbes in question are frequently legion. And, obviously, the older a banknote or treasury certificate happens to be, the greater the number of germs it carries.

Neither paper nor any kind of metal is food for microbes. Thus it may be considered that a note fresh from the treasury or a coin new from the mint, is practically sterile—that is to say, germ-free. But, as soon as money of either kind begins to pass from hand to hand, it acquires dirt and thus becomes a breeding ground for a great variety of germs, some of which are liable to be those of disease.

The butcher or the butter man has more or less grease on his fingers. He transfers some of it to the dollar bill you give him, and later on he pays out the bill to somebody else. It finds its way, perhaps, into

the leather wallet of a car conductor whose hands are not overclean, and thereafter, as it passes along from hand to hand, it becomes steadily more begrimed and smeary, harboring a progressively increasing population of bacteria.

Did you ever notice what an agreeable odor is that of a new piece of paper money? It is a particularly clean smell. But make the same experiment with the same bill after it has been in service for a few months, and its "bouquet" will be found to be most unpleasant. The perfume of soiled notes, indeed, is something quite unlike that of anything else in the world. To call it a "bouquet" is not inapt, inasmuch as it is a whole nosegay of minor stinks indescribably blended.

If it were merely a matter of smell, nobody need care very much, but it signifies unhealthfulness as well. In the handling of dirty bills some of the microbes are pretty sure to be transferred to the fingers, and the latter are constantly being brought into contact with the tongue and lips. Thus germs of typhoid may easily find their way into the system. To avoid just such accidents, bank clerks, who are constantly engaged in counting money, are careful to moisten their fingertips only with a wet sponge, kept on the counter for the purpose.

An exact study of this subject has been made recently by the Director of the Research Laboratory of New York, who, summing up his conclusions in a report, states that, as shown by microscopic examination,

an average piece of paper money, moderately clean, carries 22,500 bacteria. On an average dirty bill there will be about 73,000 bacteria. Most bacteria, it should be understood, are harmless, but many species are the germs of dangerous diseases.

Women, particularly those of the lower classes, frequently make a habit of keeping their money in their stockings, next to the skin. It is a method likely to promote contagion, if the bills happen to contain germs of any skin disease; and, incidentally, the paper, becoming saturated with perspiration, is rendered thereby a better "culture medium" for microbes. This is not a pleasant idea; but still less agreeable is knowledge of the fact that immigrants, who have not washed for many years perhaps, often hide money on their persons for long periods, eventually, of course, putting it into circulation.

In such ways scarlet fever or tuberculosis may easily be conveyed. Perhaps some of the money passes into the hands of the butcher and grocer with whom you yourself deal. By these tradesmen it is handled with fingers which are transferred directly to the meat or other food bought for your table. Diphtheria, a few days later, attacks the children. Its origin is a mystery. But you would not be one bit consoled if you could know the fact that the mischief-making germ came from a dollar bill which had been in the possession of a slum dweller who spent it to buy medicine for a child since dead of the disease.

In an effort to keep the paper money of the country fairly clean, the United States Government redeems every year about \$600,000,000 worth of it, replacing the old bills with new ones. But even thus the average dollar bill is obliged to do duty about twenty months, while \$5 notes remain in circulation for nearly three years, and those of higher denominations considerably longer. It is urged that the stream

of new money ought to be made to flow out of the treasury more rapidly.

The paper money is kept too long in circulation. There is a perpetual shortage of notes of small denomination, and the banks are reluctant to send them in for redemption, because they need them in their business. Hence it is obvious that there should be more small bills. As for coins, they ought to be thoroughly cleaned and sterilized after reaching the treasury, before being thrown out again into the arteries of commerce.

When little Willie gets a penny, the first thing he does with it usually is to put it into his mouth. A result, perhaps, is erysipelas, attributable to a tramp who spent the coin for beer a few days earlier. It is surprising how much grease and other kinds of dirt, with incidental microbes, will collect on the surface of pieces of metal money. The director of the Research Laboratory, above mentioned, found by microscopic examination that an average dirty copper cent affords a home to many living bacteria.

Of the smaller silver coins alone the treasury redeems about \$40,000,000 worth every year. These pieces of metal money, as well as all other kinds of coins, are mostly sent in by the banks, and, in the process of counting them over, all counterfeits and pieces badly worn are rejected—to be later consigned to the melting pot and minted again. But the rest go back into circulation. Nobody seems to have thought that it might be a good idea to clean them first, though this might be accomplished, with incidental washing in a sterilizing bath, at small expense.

Once in a while a large business firm advertises that it will pay out to its customers, in change, nothing but brand new money. This always proves a drawing card. People like new money, and highly appreciate it, when they are able to get it. Not long ago a concern in Boston adopt-

ed for a while the practice of putting all coins that passed through its hands into a sterilizing bath, polishing them afterwards on a buffing machine. The process attracted not a little attention, and people who came to the store stood around in crowds to watch it.

Elevated railroads, surface roads, ferries, and business concerns in certain lines of trade, such as the five and ten-cent stores, take in immense quantities of small coin. It would not be much trouble to put each day's accumulation of such metal money through a sterilizing bath, afterwards polishing the pieces by placing them for a few minutes in revolving cylinders filled with basswood sawdust. If this were done, when a patron of the transportation company, or a shopping customer, handed out a bill, he would get his change in bright coins,

looking and feeling as if they were just from the mint.

Children at school ought to be carefully taught never to put coins into their mouths. And it has been suggested that Clean Money Clubs ought to be established in every town, whose members would be pledged to wash in some germicidal solution every piece of metal money that came into their hands, before spending it. A weak solution of carbolic acid, or of peroxide, would serve the purpose. This seems like taking a good deal of pains, but it would surely be worth while, considering it merely as a precaution against the distribution of diseases. A sanitary currency, both of paper and metal, is badly needed, and the people at large, as well as the government, should be willing to help in securing it.

An age which understands and honors creative artists must have a certain breadth of view and energy of spirit; an age which fails to recognize their significance fails to recognize the range and splendor of life, and has, therefore, a certain inferiority.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Contents of the March Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. Where the newsdealers cannot supply the required copies orders will be filled from this office.

ARMY AND NAVY.

The First Stop of the Fleet. F. Palmer.....Collier's (Jan. 18.)
 The Fleet at Sea. F. PalmerCollier's (Jan. 25.)
 Naval ProspectsSaturday Rev. (Jan. 11.)
 County GuardsSpectator (Feb. 1.)
 New England Secretaries of the Navy. C. A. Paulin....New England
 Business of Paying Uncle Sam's Veterans. Col.
 C. BentAm. Business Man
 American Soldiers in the Making. R. Hughes.....Broadway

ARCHITECTURE AND THE ARTS.

Old Masters at Burlington HouseSaturday Rev. (Jan. 11.)
 Problems in English Music. Arthur Symons..Saturday Rev. (Jan. 11.)
 Art and Legend. L. BenyonSaturday Rev. Jan. 18.)
 The Composers' Fight for Their Rights. V. Herbert.....Cirele
 PortraitsStrand
 Have We a Musical Atmosphere? R. Hughes.....Smith's
 Bronze Sculpture in America. G. EgertonCraftsman
 Music of Our Forefathers. A. F. FitzNew England
 Schools to Advance Appreciation of Art. Prof. H. L.
 WarrenNew England
 Modern English ArtEnglish Illustrated
 Recalling a Vanishing Art. F. W. Sandberg.....World To-day
 Music of the World To-day. Wm. Armstrong..Women's Home Comp.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

Indian Trade in the Far NorthCanada (Jan. 11.)
 The Fate of the Culinan Gem. C. C.....Pall Mall
 The Wealth of Canada's FisheriesCanada (Jan. 18.)
 Why We Need More Foreign Markets. J. W. Van Cleave.....Cirele
 A Buyer of Brains. H. J. HapgoodCirele
 The Great Tobacco War. W. L. BeachSat. Eve. Post (Jan. 18.)
 Producer Gas Installations in CanadaCanadian Machinery
 Motor Application to Machine ToolsCanadian Machinery
 The Apathy of British Publishers Towards Canada....
Bookseller and Stationer

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.

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What Men of Note are Saying

MARRYING FOR TITLES.

By Representative Charles McGavin of Chicago.

REFERRING to a bill recently introduced by Representative Sabbath, of Chicago, taxing dowries in international marriages, Mr. Charles McGavin said:

"I am not here to advocate the passage of that bill or to oppose it; but my curiosity was aroused to know to what committee it might have been referred, there being several committees with very appropriate names. The Committee on Foreign Relations might do, or the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce might also be appropriate, but on further thought and examination I found it had been very properly referred to the Ways and Means Committee, inasmuch as it sought to levy a tax, and then I was more curious to know whether the present tariff schedules included dukes, earls, lords and counts, and finding that these things were nowhere mentioned I thought that it might be proper for the customs officer to classify them like frog's legs or as poultry, for it is the general opinion among Americans that they are a species of geese.

"We upon this side of the House have in recent years referred triumphantly to the fact that as between this and other nations the balance of trade was in our favor, but nowhere in the summary can be found a reference to such trades as these, where soiled and frayed nobility is exchanged for a few million American dollars wrung from the lambs of Wall Street, with a woman thrown in 'to boot.'

"Every day seems to be bargain day in the great City of New York, whether it be for a yard of ribbon or

a pound of flesh; whether it be upon the retail counter of Broadway or the auction blocks of Fifth Avenue.

"There was a time when wealthy Americans traveling in Europe were contented with buying costly fabrics and paintings by old masters of whom they knew nothing, but now they want something even more costly, but less valuable; so when the wealthy girls traveling with their parents abroad see some remnant of royalty they enthusiastically exclaim, 'Oh, mamma, buy me that!' An interpreter is obtained, the bargain is made and the money is produced and the girl is gone, soon to return a sadder but a wiser one.

"I want to say one word in tribute to those true American women who spurned the wiles of earls, lords and counts for the love of His Majesty an American citizen."



HOW TO GIVE WISELY.

By Andrew Carnegie, who has given away \$170,000,000.

THOSE who would administer wisely must, indeed, be wise, for one of the serious obstacles to the improvement of our race is indiscriminate charity. It were better for mankind that the millions of money were thrown into the sea than so spent as to encourage the slothful, the drunken, the unworthy.

Of every \$1,000 spent in so-called charity to-day it is probable that \$950 is unwisely spent—so spent, indeed, as to produce the evils which it hopes to mitigate or cure.

A well known writer of philosophic books admitted the other day that he had given a quarter of a dollar to a

man who approached him as he was coming to visit the house of his friend. He knew nothing of the habits of this beggar, he knew not the use that would be made of this money, although he had every reason to suspect that it would be spent improperly. This man professed to be a disciple of Herbert Spencer, yet the quarter dollar given that night will probably work more injury than all the money will do good which its thoughtless donor will ever be able to give in true charity. He only gratified his own feelings, saved himself from annoyance, and this was probably one of the most selfish and worst actions of his life, for in all respects he is most worthy.

In bestowing charity the main consideration should be to help those who will help themselves, to provide part of the means by which those who desire to improve may do so, to give those who desire to use the aids by which they may rise, to assist, but rarely or never to do all. Neither the individual nor the race is improved by almsgiving. Those worthy of assistance, except in rare cases, seldom require assistance. The really valuable men of the race never do, except in cases of accident or sudden change. Every one has, of course, cases of individuals brought to his own knowledge where temporary assistance can do genuine good, and these he will not overlook. But the amount which can be wisely given by the individual for individuals is necessarily limited by his lack of knowledge of the circumstances connected with each. He is the only true reformer who is as careful and as anxious not to aid the unworthy as he is to aid the worthy, and, perhaps, even more so, for in almsgiving more injury is probably done by rewarding vice than by relieving virtue.

The rich man is thus almost restricted to following the examples of Peter Cooper, Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore; Mr. Pratt, of Brooklyn; Senator Stanford, and others, who know that the best means of benefiting the community is to place within its reach the ladders upon which the aspiring

can rise—free libraries, parks, and means of recreation, by which men are helped in body and mind, works of art, certain to give pleasure and improve the public taste, and public institutions of various kinds, which will improve the general condition of the people. In this manner returning their surplus wealth to the mass of their fellows in the forms best calculated to do them lasting good.

Thus is the problem of rich and poor to be solved. The laws of accumulation will be left free, the laws of distribution free. Individualism will continue, but the millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor, intrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself. The best minds will thus have reached a stage in the development of the race in which it is clearly seen that there is no mode of disposing of surplus wealth creditable to thoughtful and earnest men into whose hands it flows, save by using it year by year for the general good. This day already dawns. Men may die without incurring the pity of their fellows, still share in great business enterprises, and which is left chiefly at death for public uses, yet the day is not far distant when the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth which was free for him to administer during life, will pass away "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," no matter to what uses he leaves the dross which he cannot take with him.

Such, in my opinion, is the true gospel concerning wealth, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the rich and poor and to bring "peace on earth, among men good will."



POST OFFICE ABSURDITIES.

By Henniker Heaton, the great Imperial Postal Reformer.

SOME of the ways of our post office are really extremely absurd. For example, if anyone posts a letter in this country it be-

comes at once the property of the Postmaster-General and remains in his possession until delivered to the person to whom it is addressed. Once posted, it is gone beyond recall out of the hands of the person who posted it. Now this rule may obviously cause, and has in point of fact frequently caused, a great deal of inconvenience to a large number of people.

A person may often write and post a letter in haste which, after a little consideration, he may wish very much should not be delivered, but he cannot possibly get it back. I knew of a case where a young lady replied by post to a letter from a tailor, accepting his offer of marriage. She also wrote at the same time to a friend, informing her that she had accepted "the little snip." Now the young lady in question put the letter intended for the tailor into the envelope addressed to her friend, and the letter for her friend into the envelope addressed to the tailor. She called to mind these unhappy mistakes directly after posting her letters, but she was unable to get them back, and the result was that the engagement was subsequently terminated by the tailor.

Many of the regulations governing the delivery of letters in remote country districts are absurdly antiquated. The mails are sent by the most circuitous routes and by the slowest conveyances which it is possible to obtain.

A letter posted in London takes longer to reach some parts of England than Paris or even Berlin.

It has always seemed to me absurd

that the Postmaster-General should be protected, as he is, by Act of Parliament against any claim being made against him by the public when gross wrongs are committed against them by his department.

No other department or State in this country or in any other civilized community in the world is so protected. I do not wish to say anything which might shake the confidence of the public in the post office, but there is no denying that thefts on the part of the post office officials are by no means unknown. For such thefts the public can claim no compensation.

Some little while ago I put a question in the House of Commons, which elicited the information that on an average about three postmen a week are dismissed in the United Kingdom from the postal service for theft, and in one year about a thousand persons were dismissed for various acts of misconduct; but the public who suffered by these acts had to do so in patience, and could not claim any form of compensation for their losses.

All these absurdities and defects in our postal laws could be removed by legislation, and I have no doubt will be in course of time. A reform of a decidedly promising character is the cheapening of the telephone rates between London and the provinces. Personally, I believe a rate of 1d. per message could be established throughout the country. The present charges are beyond doubt absurdly high, and have had the effect of keeping the wires in many places almost idle.

It would pay most of us to be cranks on thoroughness for a few weeks, not toward others, but toward ourselves. There is hope for the man who stands off and looks at his own work and asks himself, "Isn't there a better way? Surely I have not exhausted the possibilities of this thing. How can it be improved?"

Improvements in Office Devices

CATALOGUE FILING.

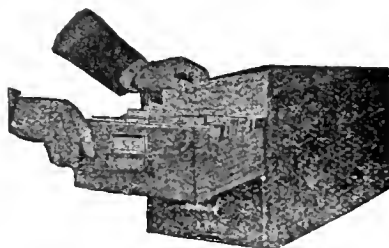
ONE of the most perplexing problems that confront the purchasing man of large houses is that of the proper disposition of catalogues and price lists to which he is constantly required to refer. Needless to say, it is of the utmost importance that these catalogues be arranged in such a manner that reference to any particular commodity he desires to purchase may be made without undue loss of time and without going through all the catalogues to find the one he wants. What seems to be the most practical and economical plan yet devised is the combination of card index and vertical file handled by the Adams Furniture Co., Toronto, agents for the Macey filing devices. The name of each of the various commodities being entered on a 3x5 card and filed alphabetically. On this card also is entered the names of the houses who supply this particular article and opposite each name the file number of the catalogue desired. For instance, a catalogue indexed as B-17 would be found in drawer B, and the 17th catalogue from the front of the drawer. Labels posted on the upper corner of each catalogue bear these file numbers, while a guide card at intervals of 10 make quick reference possible.

FILING OF CHEQUES.

IF cashiers only realized the time and worry they would save by having a proper System for Filing Cheques, instead of tying them up in Bundles or keeping them in Big Envelopes, they wouldn't hesitate a minute in asking the House for the neces-

sary Cheque File Cabinet and Supplies.

The Cheque File System, placed on the market by the Office Specialty Co., is so arranged that the Cheques are filed in order of date behind Alphabetical Guides; for instance, those to Barnum Bros. would be placed behind the "B" Guide, each cheque in the order issued. When reference is required to a Cheque that has been returned, no matter at what time it has been issued, it takes but a



Two-Drawer Cheque File Cabinet, with Capacity for 1,500 Cheques.

moment to draw out the File Drawer and abstract the desired Cheque.

Another way to File Cheques is in Numerical Order. By filing them this way you can always tell just what Cheques are outstanding without referring to your other records.

THE McMILLAN BOOKS.

THE McMillan loose leaf books give evidence on the most cursory inspection of the very highest workmanship and materials. They possess in addition several exclusive features.

The McMillan Record Book is intended for use in government departments, county and municipal offices, for all kinds of official records, the

Bell Telephone Co., the different railways, and hundreds of corporations, banks and insurance companies, are using this record book.

These books have the appearance of an ordinary bound volume, but the sheets may be taken out to be typewritten, and returned. They are much stronger than the ordinary sewed book; it is possible to lift the heaviest book by a single sheet. They are suitable for use with any typewriter, and the typewritten record gives a condensation, over hand written records, of nearly two-thirds, not to speak of the increase in legibility.

The books are safeguarded against

any substitution of sheets by a peculiar combination of signatures which are never duplicated in another book. Sheets with duplicated signatures are not supplied. When the book is filled a unique contrivance enables it to be instantly altered so that the sheets are irremovable.

A similar style of binder is used for the McMillan salesbooks for condensed billing, the bill in charge being made at one writing, the charges being condensed on long sheets to be put compactly in book form.

They are handled only by the United Typewriter Co., which has exclusive rights for Canada.

REST AND WORK

Two might units form our lives,
 Called Rest and Work;
 That man wins Rest who daily strives
 And scorns to shirk.

Two heav'n-sent gifts we need each day,
 Called Strength and Will:
 By rightly using these we may
 Our tasks fulfill.

But some o'erlook such gifts, and leave
 Their lives to Fate,
 Have they, then, any right to grieve
 When told to wait?

Others work well that have small strength,
 And whoso faints,
 They cheer—these win great place at length,
 For they are Saints.

Hard work makes men—stout hearts should
 thrill,
 At such a test—
 Come! Let us use both Strength and Will,
 And *earn* our Rest.

D. G. B.

Science and Invention

FALSE TEETH 7,000 YEARS AGO.

FALSE teeth are by no means a modern invention. Professor Galli describes in an article published in Italy, how on carefully examining a skull dug up in the necropolis of an Etruscan city, he found marks of old dental work in the shape of four golden capsules or crowns; two of these covered natural teeth, and had the other two as a bridge between them. Galli is convinced that his discovery shows the work of ancient Etruscan dentists. They also filled decaying teeth very well, and their crown and bridge work had stood the test of ages. Long before the dawn of Greek civilization, however, dentistry seems to have reached a high degree of perfection. Dr. Deneffe states that in the museum of the University of Ghent there is a set of artificial teeth found in a tomb at Orvieto with jewels and Etruscan vases. He gives their date as from 5,000 to 6,000 years before Christ.

ELECTRICALLY HEATED INCUBATOR.

ELECTRICITY has at last been made to take the place of a hen and the "Electrehen," a unique and artistic oval glass electric incubator has been invented. The heat is furnished by an electric incandescent lamp controlled by a sensitive thermostat, which holds the temperature at 103 degrees Fahrenheit, with not more than a fraction of a degree variation.

The Electrehen has a metal base with nickel-plated oxidized copper or gun-metal finish, forming the brooder for the newly hatched chicks. A drawer is provided in the base, and

when this is withdrawn the chicks run about in the fenced enclosure about three or four feet square, making a most interesting exhibit for nature study in schools and kindergartens.

This device is easily connected to any electric lighting circuit, either alternating or direct current, of 110 volts, by the usual flexible cord and plug. It is only necessary to turn the button and sufficient heat is provided for hatching and brooding the chicks, while there is nothing in the way of odors or escaping gases to prevent its introduction into the handsomely furnished parlor or library of the electrically equipped home or the office of the most fastidious professional or business man.

MAIL DELIVERY BY ELECTRICITY.

A NEW feature of apartment houses, and which has been successfully installed in New York, is an electric device for the automatic and immediate delivery of mail. These apartments have their telephones and other conveniences and it remained for the establishment of a mail delivery to complete their equipment. This has now been done. The device consists of a perpendicular well, about eighteen inches square, running the height of the house and containing an elevating and lowering apparatus which takes up and down a steel tray with metal boxes. No delay is now entailed in the delivery of mail as the apparatus works automatically and perpetually and makes no mistakes.

When the postman enters the vestibule he leaves the mail in an automatic carrier of which he has the key. There is a box for each apart-

ment and as the mail is put in the proper box, he closes the door, thus starting the electrical machinery. This carries the various boxes with their contents up the well to their destination. By a simple contrivance the boxes are dropped off from the carrier at the departments where they belong and at the same time are overturned, so that the mail drops into a locked receptacle in the apartment for which the mail is addressed. The automatic carrier ascends to the top, when it then returns, picking up the boxes as it comes down. The power required is not greater than that required to operate an ordinary electric air fan.



ELECTRIC ENERGY CAN BE GENERATED WITHIN THE HUMAN BODY.

ACCORDING to Dr. J. E. Siebel, a Chicago physician, electrical energy can be generated within the human body, stored for future use and released and put to work. This work is the prolongation of life through the additional vitality supplied to the human body working as its own electrical generator.

Dr. Siebel announced nearly one year ago that nutritive elements, such as alcohol, sugar, fats, etc., during their consumption by the human or animal body act as generators of electricity in the miniature, but numerous, batteries that comprise the muscular structure of the human frame. There was only one link missing to make the theory perfect. The oxygen carrier of the blood, oxyhemoglobin, would not yield to the electric force generated in the miniature batteries of the body. During the last year Dr. Siebel has busied himself with experiments along this line, and declares he has succeeded in the construction of batteries on a working scale in which the nutritive combustibles necessary to form the connection between the batteries and the system have been created.

A consideration which makes the Siebel discovery the more pertinent

to everyday life is the fact that the oxidizing mediums are common and inexpensive and within the grasp of that vast body of workers who need added energy, most of the combustibles necessary to impart this energy to be generated within the body itself. Denaturized alcohol is one of the most common, while sugars and fats also play an important part in this solution of the secret of life. Alkaline carbonates, especially bicarbonates, that exist in solution in the blood act not only as transferrers of the oxygen necessary to include energy taking the oxygen from the oxyhemoglobin of the blood corpuscles and conveying it to the combustible or nutrient material, but at the same time and by the same action convert to oxygen so transferred into an active or ozonized condition.

Dr. Siebel says that the conversion of energy producing and life giving qualities in an inexpensive, harmless manner, must be of vast industrial and humanitarian value, particularly in large centres of population, where life giving oxygen is so difficult to obtain.



WORLD'S LARGEST DIAMOND.

WHEN King Edward the Seventh opened with much ceremonial, in London, an exhibition devoted to the products of the five British colonies in South Africa the fine display of fruit and agricultural produce attracted considerable attention; and the exhibits in the Transvaal and Natal sections were especially admired. The chief feature of the former was an imposing pile of gold blocks representing the output from the Transvaal gold mines—5,800,000 ounces—for a single year, each single block representing 100,000 ounces. Another attractive feature of the Transvaal section was the model of the famous Cullinan diamond, the largest in the world, the discovery of which a couple of years ago caused such a sensation. An effort was made to secure the original diamond, but the difficulties in the

way proved insuperable. In the Natal section, next to the fine fruit display in point of attractiveness, was a unique collection of specimens of native carvings, many of them of quaint design and very curious.



NEW NAVAL BINOCULAR.

A NEW and improved prismatic binocular will shortly be adopted by the navy department for the use of officers in the navy.

These glasses are ten-power, are of extra strong construction, and are somewhat longer and heavier than the ordinary prismatic binoculars. They are fitted with rubber eye-guards, which make it possible to hold them firmly against the forehead. The object glasses and the exit pupils are of the proper sizes to make the glasses excellent for night work. The prisms are mounted in housings, and do not require to be dismounted to be cleaned. As the adjustments may be clamped it is unnecessary to focus or adjust the glasses every time they are used.



TAXAMETERS FOR NEW YORK CABS.

IT is proposed to put Taxameters on all cabs in New York this year, and the New York Transportation Co., which operates the Taxameter vehicles had announced that they will aid the proposition to have this device installed on all cabs. This taxameter has been in use in London, England, for some time. It registers the number of miles, and passengers are charged according to mileage. It works on the principle of a bicycle cyclometer, and a passenger can tell at a glance what his fare will be.

METAL TIES.

A SERIOUS problem with which the managements of the numerous railroads is confronted, is the procuring of satisfactory wood cross-ties. This is due to the constantly growing scarcity of suitable timber from which a good tie can be cut. In fact, with the rapidly increasing mileage a dearth in tie material is bound to occur.

To meet the inevitable condition a number of plans are in course of development. There is now being tried both a cast metal and a steel tie. A first objection to either of these ties is the primary cost, but those who advocate them contend that in the end they will be cheaper than the wooden tie, for the reason that they will be practically everlasting.

A large steel and iron manufacturing company after experimenting for several years is now in the market to supply a tie which it believes will be satisfactory. This tie is a modified "I" beam with a depth of 5 1-2 inches, a width on the lower flange of 46 inches, on the upper flange of 8 inches, and a weight to the foot of about 20 pounds. The broad lower flange with its flat surface is to give uniform bearing on the roadbed and can be tamped with as good results as the wooden tie. It is contended that by reason of the uniformity of spacing it will permit of uniform deflection in the rail, which condition makes a perfect riding track and with but little wear on the rail or the rolling stock. If the company has achieved what it believes it has one of the many pressing timber problems will have been solved.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

THOMAS ALVA EDISON — SIXTY YEARS OF AN INVENTOR'S LIFE. By Francis Arthur Jones. \$2.00 net. Published by Thomas Crowell & Co., New York. This work will probably take rank as the most important biography of the present year. Indeed, few books of the last decade have dealt with personages more historic than the inventor of so many latter-day marvels. The name of Edison is known the world around, and he is regarded abroad as one of the greatest men America has thus far produced.

His life story as here given reads like the romance which it has been. Yet the man himself—long unknown—is intensely human, with failings like the rest of us, and humor like the best of us. All this the biographer shows. He has made the most of a wonderfully attractive subject, giving a book replete with anecdotes, descriptions of inventions, and illustrations.

THE CANADIAN LAWYER, published by Arthur Poole & Company, is a handy book of reference, and contains a mass of legal information for business men, farmers, mechanics. It includes a compendium of the most important provisions of the laws of all the provinces of Can-

ada in which the general principles of English law prevail. It is printed as a ready reference guide, and while it does not pretend to make its readers lawyers, or to enable them to dispense entirely with the advice of the legal profession when matters of real difficulty arise, it does pretend to furnish, upon the subjects of which it treats, information which will enable an ordinary business man to solve for himself a large proportion of the legal questions which are met with in his business, without the necessity of his applying to a lawyer.

SIXTY YEARS IN UPPER CANADA. WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By Charles Clarke, late clerk of Legislature of Ontario. Toronto: 1908; William Briggs.

In the village of Elora, about thirteen miles north of Guelph, and in the county of Wellington, resides an old man, now in the eighties, who played a somewhat prominent part in the history of this Province for over thirty years. Fortunately this old man has been prevailed upon to put in book form his recollections of those times, and the insight he gives of the struggles and trials of the people of those days, and of the questions that claimed public attention as well as of the men

who took part in guiding the destinies of the Dominion and of this Province is well worthy some attention from the people of Ontario. It may not be generally known that in Mr. Clarke, Elora can claim that it was a resident of that quiet country village that gave Ontario the boon of vote by ballot. In 1873, while member for the county of Wellington, he introduced into the Legislature a ballot bill which was later adopted by the Government and the House, and then became law.



BOOK OF TRAVELS—an interesting book entitled "My Travels, Visits to Lands Far and Near," by Robert Shields, author of "Better Relations Between Great Britain and America," has been issued. Mr. Shields has traveled much in America, Europe and Canada, and while, from the nature of them, his sketches are fragmentary in character, they give evidence of close observation. From Windsor Castle to Chicago; from the Scottish Highlands to the Pacific coast, we accompany Mr. Shields with pleasure and interest on his personally conducted tour. Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon) has the following appreciation of the book: "Mr. Shields has produced a remarkable book. It is unique in style, and is full of interesting material. He has been fortunate in meeting many of the great men of the day, and his travels have brought him to many of the world's most interesting and beautiful spots. His book shows, too, that he has carried with him on his travels an observant eye."



The variorum edition of Shakespeare has been Dr. Furness' life-work. Up to the present he has labored on it alone, but of late his sister and son have helped him. Unquestionably it is the most notable edition of Shakespeare ever made, and it leaves nothing for future Shakespeareans to do or say. It is as yet incomplete, but the work is going bravely on. Within a few weeks there will be a new volume.

Dr. Furness was born in Philadelphia on Nov. 2nd, 1833. He was educated at Harvard, and was admitted to the Bar, in 1859. He resides at Wallingford, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. His Son, Horace Howard Furness, jr., has assisted Dr. Furness,



DR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS
Whose Variorum Shakespeare has made him famous.

who has also been materially aided, as already stated, by his sister, Mrs. Webster, in the preparation of the variorum edition of Shakespeare.



One is often surprised in picking up English publications to find how much information can be condensed into a small space. The "Active Service Pocket Book," by Lieut. Bertrand Stewart (London: William Clowes & Sons), for example, contains 932 pages and 186 plates, and yet the volume is only one inch thick. The type is clear, the margins are sufficient for practical purposes and the plates distinct and illuminating. The work is intended to provide a handy guide dealing with almost all the possible incidental duties required of a soldier during war service. It contains valu-

able gleanings from the experiences of recent wars. It is so thoroughly indexed that its contents are available in the briefest space of time. It deserves to be a part of the field kit of every officer and non-commissioned officer who desires to have a strictly practical and handy guide.



Mr. A. W. Pinero has submitted his ideas of "The Fleshly School of Fiction" to the London Bookman, in which he says: "I don't read much fiction nowadays, but I have made it my business to glance at some novels belonging to the fleshly school. One of these, written by a lady and put forward boldly as the work of the greatest living English novelist, would in respect of its composition reflect small credit upon a kitchen maid. As to certain details of the story, few kitchen maids, I trust, could be so depraved as to conceive them. Such productions are in my opinion most pernicious. They owe their vogue, which is unquestionable, to publishers without conscience and reviewers without honesty or without brains."

New York downtown is still reading "Three Weeks" as its favorite fiction. New York uptown is interested in "The Shuttle." Boston isn't reading "Three Weeks" at all, or isn't ordering it, and finds, like New York, in "The Shuttle" its favorite diversion. In Cincinnati "Three Weeks" heads the list of "best sellers"; in Pittsburg it stands fourth on the list. They are reading it in San Francisco and Washington, but in Spokane and Springfield they will have nothing to do with it. The little "Lady of the Decoration" still holds her own in many cities and stands still in the Bookman's final list of the six works most in demand during the holidays. Written in the order of their preference, these are "The Weavers," "The Shuttle," "The Fruit of the Tree," "Satan Sanderson," "The Daughter of Anderson Crow" and "The Lady of the Decoration," which, published in the spring of 1906, has had the unusual distinction of appearing among the winners for seven consecutive months.

We're made so that we love
First, when we see them painted,
Things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

—Robert Browning

Humor in the Magazines

A man and his wife were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening when a good samaritan intervened.

"See here, my man," he protested, "this sort of thing won't do."

"What business is it of yours, I'd like to know," snarled the man, turning from his wife.



Mamma—"Just think, Jimmy, this nice silk dress came from a poor, insignificant little worm."

Jimmy—"Gee! guess I know. You mean papa."—Judge.

"It's only my business in so far as I can be of help in settling this dispute," answered the Samaritan mildly.

"This ain't no dispute," growled the man.

"No dispute! But, my dear friend

"I tell you it ain't no dispute," insisted the man. "She"—jerking his thumb toward the woman—"thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know darn well she ain't. Where's the dispute in that?"

One morning this winter, while it was still dark, Gimpson crept downstairs and set to work to clear the snow from the front of his residence. He worked like a nigger for an hour and a half, and when he trotted off to business he chuckled at the thought of the pleasant surprise which was awaiting his wife.

When he returned to lunch he expected the subject would be mentioned, and he was not disappointed.

"That man did his work remarkably well," said the wife. "There wasn't a bit of snow left when he'd finished."

"What man?" gasped Gimpson.

"That man you engaged to clear away the snow," was the reply. "He was just finishing when I came down. I gave him a shilling. Was that right, dear?"

Gimpson didn't speak for some minutes, and when he did his wife got up from the table and left him—as she put it—to "have it out with himself."

A peasant insured his house against fire. When he got the policy he asked the clerk:

"What should I get if my house were burnt down to-morrow?"

"Three or four years' imprisonment," was the prompt answer.



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To the Busy Man

You like your literature carefully selected and placed before you in such a way that you lose no time in finding the very best of the product of the world's writers.

We do the same for you in the provision line. For your Breakfast we select the product of choice pea fed Canadian Hogs, carefully prepare it for you under government inspection and can recommend it to you as the most appetizing and nourishing Bacon that you can buy.

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Much is said in these days about the importance of training the young to habits of observation. It is well to keep one's eyes open, but as there are two sides to every shield, so there are times when it is not a man's first duty to see everything that is going on.

A farmer hired a man, the story goes, and put him into his field to work. After a while the farmer came along and accosted the new hand:

"Did you see a carriage go down the road a while ago?"

"Yes, I did. One of the hosses was

nineteen of them. They lit in that old cornfield down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on I'll send for you."



Amy—"Mamma, I was awfully afraid papa would forbid me to marry Sam when he found out that he played cards for money."

Mamma—"Well, your papa made many inquiries about Sam, and found that he nearly always wins."



On one occasion in the American Congress an orator was inveighing against an opponent most vehemently. Pointing to the offending man, he said, in withering scorn:

"There he sits, mute, silent, and dumb."

"Yes," remarked a neighbor, amidst the silence which followed this crushing arraignment, "and he ain't saying a word."

This brought down the House.



A doctor was called in haste to an old lady who was suddenly taken very ill. When he arrived he asked her several questions as to how she felt before he ordered her medicine of any kind. Among other things, he asked her how she felt when seized with her complaint.

"I had a terrible shivering," said the lady.

"Did your teeth all clatter when the chill came on you?"

"I do not know, I'm sure, doctor," she replied; "they were lying on the table at the time, and I didn't notice!"



"It took you an awfully long time to pull that fellow's tooth," said the assistant.

"Yes," answered the dentist, grimly. "He married the girl I loved."



CONTEMPLATION.

Tramp—"What abominable people! No matter where I go, they only want to give me work. I suppose none wants to work himself!" Meggendorfer Blatter.

a grey hoss and the other a roan, and lame in his hoff leg."

"I thought I heard some men shooting over there on the edge of the woods?"

"Yes, one of them was Colonel Cotton; he was the tall one. The second one was Major Peters, and the third one was Tom McNiffer. Colonel Cotton had one of them new-fangled breech-loadin' guns what breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now?"

"See 'em? Rather. There was



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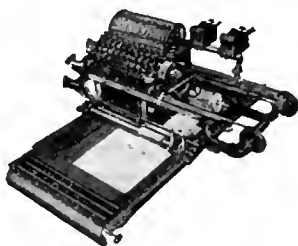
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A prolonged and acrimonious discussion was going on in the winter quarters of the circus; it was as learned as it was long, and resembled a medical lecture by a college professor, except that the dilators in debate all spoke at one time, providing a babel of confusion and a superfluity of superlatives and slang. As all assumed an authority and each knew it all, the debate upon the most famous curiosities of the side-show was prolix and stormy. The war of words waged warmly until a blessed exhaustion set in that permitted a dropper in to "add a few remarks," as he put it. Hangerson said:

"If I hadn't of known the lay of the land I should have believed that you fellows were holding a ward cau-



A COMMONER COMPLAINT.

Dr. Quack—"Two drops of this business-man's nerve-tonic if, as you say, you feel all run down."

Patient—"But I wasn't run down by business, but by auto!"—Judge.

cus. From your noisy wrangling I caught on to a portion of your talk and learn that you are wide apart as to what kind of a freak draws the best. Now, I am not disputing anything that you have said in favor of the tall or the short, the fat or the skeleton, the wild man, the Circassians or any of the tribes of humanity exhibited for a dime; they all have their uses and their admirers and pull the people, and there is no sense in fighting over their attractiveness."

The visitor was an accepted oracle, else the disputants would have recovered their second wind and renewed the controversy. Encouraged by the

silence the accredited authority continued:

"The greatest curiosity that I ever knew of in my personal experience was an acquaintance. This strange subject of nature, or, perhaps, I should say the unnatural subject, was known as the Ossified Man, and during the period that he was being exhibited all over the country was gradually turning to stone. Just imagine a man gradually and surely turning to stone! Talk about dying by inches, that is not to be mentioned the same day! Every second the process of ossification proceeded, and although the money came in a perfect stream, the poor fellow knew that the day was not far off when his heart would stop beating and he would be completely turned to stone."

The relator had a graphic command of language and gesture, and impressed his listeners with the doom of the Ossified Man. After a painful pause the remark was made:

"He must have weighed a lot when they buried him?"

"Never buried him," replied the Hangerson; "being of solid stone they stood him up on the grave, mounted on a pedestal, and it served for a statue of the departed."



Herr Spitzendorfer, who spent last summer in the capital of the Shamrock Isle, purchased a season-ticket for the exhibition.

Mein freend," he said to the steward, on his first visit to the exhibition grounds, "I am a voreigner by birth, and would desire you to eggspain the meaning of these words."

"Shure an' I will, sorr!" said the steward. "Which be the worrds ye're mainin'?"

The German pointed to his ticket, on which, in bold black type, was inscribed the legend, "Not transferable."

For a moment the Hibernian steward thought. Then he explained:

"Begorra, sorr," he told the puzzled visitor, "it manes that if ye don't come here yerself, whoi, then, ye can't get in at all, at all!"

Blue Blood *and* Blue Noses



In March are not a sign of noble birth. They are the white flags of a poorly nourished body.

Natural warmth and bodily vigor come from a food that contains the proper amount of nutritive elements in a digestible form. Such a food is

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

—a food that supplies in well-balanced proportion all the material needed for making healthy tissue, good brain and sound bones.

One or two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in oven) for breakfast, with hot milk or cream and a little fruit, will supply all the energy needed for a half-day's work. Contains more real flesh-building, strength-giving material than meat or eggs and costs much less.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest white wheat that grows, is cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest and cleanest food factory in the world. If you like the BISCUIT for breakfast you will like toasted TRISCUIT (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) for luncheon or other meals. It is used in place of white flour bread and is delicious with butter, cheese or marmalades.

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THE CANADIAN SHREDDED
WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.

NIAGARA FALLS,

ONT.

Commercial travelers are noted wags, and here is a nice little "sell" which one of them played the other day on a shopkeeper in Liverpool. While discussing affairs over the counter with the shopkeeper and some others present, the traveler said:

"Do you know this? I hear for a fact that the old half-sovereigns of 1864, '65 and '66 are selling in Birmingham at 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d."

The shopkeeper uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said:

"Well, if that is a fact, I wish they would send a quantity of them to Liverpool."

"What?" exclaimed the traveler, "do you not believe what I have said?"

"Certainly not," replied the shopkeeper.

"Will you take a bet on the affair?"

"With all my heart," was the reply.

A bet of a sovereign was there and then registered when the traveler, turning to the assembled gentlemen, said:

"How much, gentlemen, does 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. amount to?"

"Ten shillings," was the unanimous cry, when the whole company saw that they had been done.

"Mark my words," declared Mrs. Ferme, laying down the law to her long-suffering husband, "by the end of the century woman will have the rights she is fighting for."

"I shan't care if she has," replied Ferme.

"Do you mean it?" cried his wife. "Have I at last brought you round to my way of thinking? Won't you really care?"

"Not a bit, my dear," returned her husband, resignedly. "I'll be dead then."

The wise old doctor was impressing upon his little patient the essentiality of mastication.

"My lad," he advised, "no matter what you eat, always chew each mouthful thirty times."

But Jimmy shook his head significantly.

"That wouldn't do at our house, doctor."

"And why not, my son?"

"Because I'd always be hungry. The rest of the kids would clear the table off before I got through with that one mouthful."

A Paris shopkeeper wrote to one of his customers as follows:

"I am able to offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at nine francs the metre. In case I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only eight francs. In order to lose no time, I accept the last-mentioned price."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has probably to thank his maternal grandfather, the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, for the vein of wit which helps to make his novels so popular.

As a young man, Mr. Macdonald wooed and won the daughter of a very strict Methodist. The latter had very strong opinions on the question of propriety, and one evening he came into the room where his daughter and Mr. Macdonald were sitting without giving judicious warning of his approach.

The result was that he found the young people occupying one chair! Deeply shocked at this, he solemnly said:

"Mr. Macdonald, when I courted my wife she always sat on one side of the room, and I sat on the other."

"Well," replied young Macdonald, "that's what I should have done if I had courted your wife!"

"You say the victim was shot in the head?" queried the coroner.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Previous to the shooting, had there been any trouble or threats that would have led the victim to expect the shot?"

"No, sir; I don't think such a thing ever entered his head before."

The Busy Man's Magazine

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THE RECENT VISIT OF MR. AND MRS. BRYCE
(A Montreal View)

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XV

APRIL 1908

NO 6



The Right Honorable James Bryce

Who pays frequent visits to Canada—Three-quarters of his work at Washington occupied with the affairs of the Dominion—Canada should have an attache to the British Embassy.

A PERIODICAL sojourner to Canada is the Right Honorable James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington. Recently he paid a flying visit to several Canadian cities. Why these trips of the Ambassador, some one may ask? Is it not the natural and inevitable development of Canadian nationality—the growing world-wide importance of this great commonwealth.

Before the Canadian Club in Montreal recently, the distinguished representative of Great Britain said:

"Fully three-quarters of my work has been occupied with the affairs of Canada. Every day I feel that I am even more the Ambassador of Canada at Washington than of Great Britain. Therefore, I have felt it one of my first duties whenever Canadian affairs became important and there was a sufficient number of them to make it desirable, and when I could be spared from Washington, to go to Canada and confer personally with your Governor-General and his Ministers, as well as to make an acquaintance with the people themselves."

Such being the situation of affairs, many Canadians look hopefully forward to the time when the work of the Embassy at Washington will un-

dergo such a change that the Canadian Government may have there a thoroughly qualified representative permanently stationed, who will act in co-operation and conjunction with the British Ambassador. If three-quarters of the business of the Embassy now relates to this country, surely the contention in favor of such an appointment is well founded, and there is no reason to believe that an arrangement of this character would be objectionable to Mr. Bryce or the Mother Country. It would result in a better mutual understanding of many perplexing problems, as well as foster greater cordiality of sentiment between Canada and her neighbors to the south.

Before the Pilgrims' Society of the United States, Mr. Bryce a few weeks ago, declared:

"International amity is not like conjugal affection, which, if it is to produce happiness, must needs imply the special devotion of each to the other. It is like the friendship of men among themselves, which can take in many at the same time. And, indeed, the more international friendship rises to a sense of human brotherhood the more it feels how much better peace is than strife and love is than hatred,

the wider will it extend the range of its beneficent influence."

Not long since a well-known Canadian writer asserted:

"It is about time Canada had permanent personal representation at Washington, where there is always some international matter afoot. We wish Mr. Bryce well, but it is time to change the system under which he has to pack his bag for Ottawa."

At a recent gathering of the Canadian Club in Montreal one of the speakers, after dwelling upon the unsurpassed resources and glorious heritage of Canada, most pointedly emphasized the attitude of this country against the practice of handing over any part of our national interests in order to foster friendly relations with Uncle Sam. "While we have a splendid heritage, we have nothing to give away," were the significant words used.

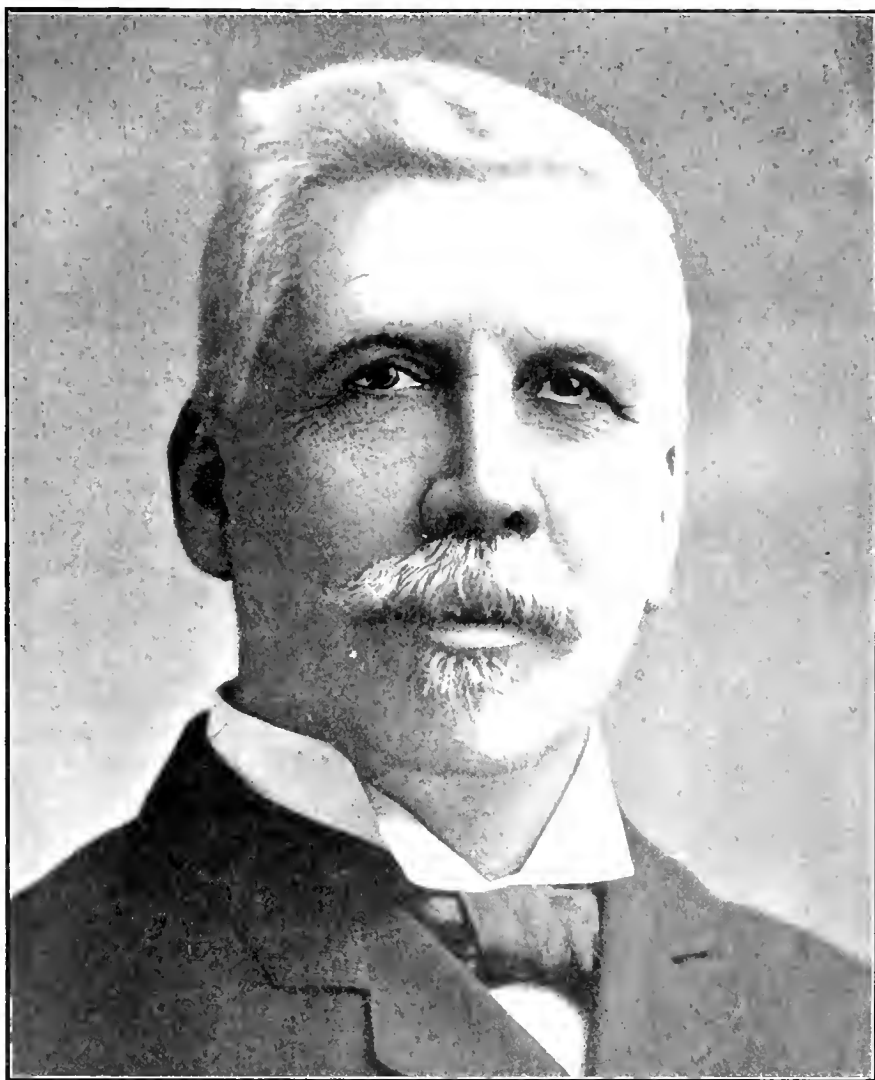
Mr. Bryce's utterances always attract and command the widest attention. Of all economic questions and systems of government, he is a most serious and persistent student. He is a scholar, a traveler, an author, an educationist, a philosopher, a statesman and a diplomat—in fact, a many-sided man. When speaking every movement is characteristic of power, animation and reserve force. In stature he is short and walks with a slight stoop, and is rather inclined to be somewhat fussy when compelled to look after personal details. It is only when engaged in serious conversation with the veteran parliamentarian that those who come in the closest relationship with him, realize his true greatness, the breadth of his views, the depth of his knowledge and his strong intellectual grasp of the affairs of State and national development.

Mr. Bryce, not only in Canada, but across the border, is a frequent speaker at public functions. He has, however, a decided aversion to being interviewed.

A Scotchman by birth, he has long

been one of England's foremost men in point of scholarship and statesmanship. Shortly before his retirement as Chief Secretary of Ireland, to become the representative of Great Britain at Washington, Mr. Justin McCarthy wrote: "James Bryce is universally recognized as one of the intellectual forces in the British House of Commons. When he rises to make a speech, every one listens with the deepest interest, feeling sure that some ideas and some instruction are sure to come which no political party in the House can well afford to lose. Some men in the House of Commons have been orators and nothing else; some have been orators and instructors as well; some have been parliamentary debaters more or less capable; and a good many have been bores. In every generation there have been a few who are especially regarded as illuminating forces. The House does not think of measuring their influence by any estimate of their greater or less capacity for mere eloquence of expression. It values them because of the lessons which they teach. To this small order of members James Bryce undoubtedly belongs."

Mr. Bryce has always been an open-air man, a mighty walker and climber; president of the Alpine, 1889 to 1901; and has traveled almost everywhere. He is believed to be the only man since Noah who has stood on the top of Ararat. He is 70 years of age and has received honorary degrees from many universities, Dr. Goldwin Smith being one of his old masters at Oxford. He is often styled "Professor" Bryce, having gained this title from his eminence as regius professor of civil law at the great English seat of learning many years ago. He is the author of several widely-known works, among them being "The American Commonwealth," "Holy Roman Empire," "Two Centuries of Irish History," "Impressions of South Africa," "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," and "Studies in Contemporary Biography."



Mr. William Whyte

One of Canada's Most Successful and Popular Railway Men

LOOMING large in the railway world, a thorough master of himself and his duties, a clever diplomat and one of the strongest factors in the great Canadian Pacific System, is Mr. William Whyte, of Winnipeg, Second Vice-President of the road. A Scotchman by birth, he inherited from his forebears, that self-reliant spirit, earnest, active disposition, and sterling worth of make-up,

which ensure the success of so many of the rugged sons of the heather.

Mr. Whyte's railway career dates back some forty-five years. Faithful and true in minor details, the same characteristics have prevailed in the higher spheres of usefulness which he has filled so admirably and efficiently. Mr. Whyte is a man who has risen from the humblest position. In many capacities he served, forming a

ground work of experience and insight, so strong and enduring, that he has for many years been regarded as one of the staunchest pillars in the railway arena. In 1883, after twenty years' service with the G. T. R., he became an official on the C. P. R., his first post being general superintendent of all the company's lines in Ontario, west of Smith's Falls. Later, the Eastern Division was added to his jurisdiction, and in 1886 he was appointed general superintendent of the Western Division, with headquarters at Winnipeg. In 1901 he was made assistant to the President, and relieved



MR. F. W. PETERS

Assistant to Mr. William Whyte.

from all routine work in order to look after the extension of the system in the West, and the development of trade, particularly the Great Northwest. In furtherance of this duty, in 1901, he made a trip through Russia, over the newly-constructed Trans-Siberian Railway, and two years later was appointed Second Vice-President of the C. P. R.

Some idea of the influence, popularity and tact of Mr. Whyte may be gained by the reproduction of an article which appeared in the Toronto

press on September 24th, 1904, from the pen of Mr. Nelson R. Butcher, who accompanied the Railway Commission on its first trip to the West. In the course of an interesting outline of the jaunt, Mr. Butcher said: "The work accomplished during the first trip of the Railway Commission will be of great interest to the people of Western Canada, and, in fact, to the whole Dominion. Having traveled with the Commissioners throughout the whole journey of between 7,000 and 8,000 miles, covering the whole of the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia it occurred to me that it would be but fair to volunteer an account of the business transacted, and again to point to the vast possession of this great Dominion, and the place it will eventually occupy as the backbone of the food supply of the British Empire.

The business of the Commission divides itself into two branches—first, the hearing of complaints regarding railway matters; second, visiting the whole territory with a view to getting, as nearly as possible, a practical knowledge of the farming and ranching industry in Manitoba and the Territories, and the lumber, shingle, mineral, coal, fish and fruit interests of British Columbia and the Coast.

On the whole, with the exception of a few specific instances, there exists a friendly feeling between the people and the railway companies. Through the whole Western country, there was constantly coming up the influence for good by William Whyte, of the C. P. R., whom the people describe as a "big man."

In many of the towns visited where complaints had been lodged for hearing, it was found that his diplomacy has effected an amicable settlement, and the Boards of Trade would announce, since the filing of their complaints, that things had been arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. Most of the trouble complained of had been the result of some careless subordinate, or by the blocking of traffic at stations where the business had grown faster than the shipping facilities.

ties, but everywhere was to be seen immense improvement works which must be costing the railways many millions of dollars. On the whole, those who addressed the Board as complainants or on behalf of the railways, treated the subjects in a manly way. There was very little bickering and the meetings closed with amicable feelings as between the companies and the people. . . . One of the most important questions brought before the Commission, and one which required extensive investigation, was the subject of fire-guards throughout the ranching districts be-

Winnipeg. At the recent gathering in Ottawa, when representatives of Canadian Clubs from far and near met to consider the plan of His Excellency, Lord Grey, to preserve the Plains of Abraham as a national park, he had the signal honor of presiding over the gathering. Mr. Whyte is a member of several other clubs, and is identified with a number of leading financial institutions and railway corporations. He is a director of the Imperial Bank, the Confederation Life Association, and the British Columbia Southern Railway. He is also Vice-President of the Winnipeg



Residence of Mr. Wm. Whyte in Winnipeg.

tween Moose Jaw and the Rockies. The railways cannot operate without their engines emitting sparks which cause fires. The heavy winds on the prairies cause these fires to spread, burn hundreds of miles of grazing country. Great herds of cattle are sometimes lost; the cattle have either to be driven great distances, or perish of starvation. Mr. Whyte took much interest in this question and asked that the Commission give this subject their earnest consideration.

Mr. Whyte is a most enthusiastic and wide-awake Canadian, and is the President of the Canadian Club at

Street Railway, and the Standard Trust Company.

Of a jovial disposition, possessing a warm heart and generous nature, Mr. Whyte has hosts of admiring friends in all parts of Canada, who confidently predict that he is the "coming railway man of the Dominion." In private life he is an ideal husband and happy father. His beautiful residence in Winnipeg is the centre of much culture and social interest. Mr. Whyte spends the greater part of his leisure time at home. Rarely does he take an extended holiday, but, when he finds time to steal

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away from his strenuous duties, he frequently passes several days with a party of congenial friends in a hunting expedition at their shooting-box in the fertile Qu'Appelle valley.

Mr. Whyte's name has freely been mentioned as one who would in every way be acceptable as a member of the augmented Board of Railway Commissioners, but it is doubtful if he could be induced to relinquish his connection with the C. P. R. and take the relatively small stipend given to a commissioner.

The able assistant to Mr. Whyte is Mr. F. W. Peters, who has been with

the Canadian Pacific Railway since 1881. Mr. Peters has filled a number of positions with efficiency and zeal, his last post being assistant general freight traffic manager of all Western lines. He has been in railway life since 1874, when he began his career as an operator on the Intercolonial.

Another important change which went into effect last month was the appointment of Mr. J. W. Leonard as general manager of the company's lines east of Fort William, with jurisdiction over all matters relating to the maintenance of way and operation.



MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE

Whose familiar countenance has appeared in the columns of the daily press more frequently during the past month than that of any other man in Canada. This has been brought about, not only by reason of his prominence as a railway builder and shrewd financier, but by his securing practically absolute control of the Electrical Development Company.



Mr. Robert W. Service

Popular Young Poet who will write a Canadian play.

THE bank clerk poet, whose verses "Songs of a Sourdough," have given him a powerful lift on the road to fame, is about to write a play, at the request of Mr. Ernest Shipman, the widely-known theatrical man.

Mr. Robert W. Service, who is a servant of the Bank of Commerce, never knew he had such genius, such a gift to wrench, stir, quicken and

enthuse even the most listless and lethargic, until his friends prevailed upon him to issue some of his productions in book form. This, he consented to do, but reluctantly. Previous to the appearance of this volume, he had written solely for his own amusement and the entertainment of friends—in fact, had thrown into the waste-basket more meritorious productions than have appeared. Of the

"Songs of a Sourdough," over 10,000 copies have been sold to Canadians.

Mr. Service is English by birth, the proud town of Preston, in Lancashire, being his natal spot, nearly thirty-one years ago. When six years of age, his father, Mr. Robert Service, moved to Kelvinside, Glasgow. There the young poet attended the High School, Glasgow University, and also entered the employ of the Commercial bank. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, Robert, who is the eldest son in a family of seven boys and three daughters, came to Canada. His parents followed in 1905, and reside at 709 Dufferin Street, Toronto, along with several members of the family. Mr. Service has not seen his son for many years, but says that, as a boy, Robert was intense either at work or play. He wrote much, especially in the evenings. His parents gave little heed to what he was penning, although his father distinctly remembers that one or two of his prose productions appeared in the Glasgow Herald and two or three other papers. At the Hillhead High School, in Glasgow, the headmaster called young Service the "cock of the walk," and was very proud of his efforts in verse.

Since coming to America, the author of "Songs of a Sourdough" has followed many occupations and undergone varied experiences. He has traveled through all the Western and Southern States, and, at different times, was a tutor in influential families on Vancouver Island. He is a noted swimmer, an enthusiastic bicyclist, and a keen lover of the drama. He has roughed it in all sorts of places, and for some months in the Southern States voluntarily "tramped it." He enjoyed the life, and says it was perfectly free, careless and happy. In various pursuits, he has gained an intimate acquaintance with human nature, particularly in studying different classes of people from the level of a common hobo, as well as from the view point of a rancher, a teacher, and a traveler. If Mr. Service succeeds in producing a Canadian play of such splendid spirit,

stirring sentiment, enthralling a character and heroic a nature as that which marks his verse, he will have an exceptionally bright future as a playwright.

Strange to say, the request to write a Canadian play comes from an eminent Toronto boy, Mr. Shipman, who, in the theatrical world is a recognized leader. Mr. Shipman's conception of a Canadian play, staged by a Canadian manager, with a Canadian lady as the star, may soon become a reality.

The story of how Mr. Service happened to be requested to write a Canadian play is interesting. Mr. Shipman was ill for a few days in Toronto, and a friend dropping in, left a copy of "Songs of a Sourdough" with the theatrical man. Mr. Shipman handed the book to his wife (Miss Roselle Knott) to read to him. She began with the "Law of the Yukon," which is the first poem in the volume. Mr. Shipman's interest was immediately quickened and aroused. He inquired, as to the author, and, finding the name, soon learned his address and wired the young poet at White Horse, in the Yukon district, asking him to write a play. Mr. Shipman's observation is happy and timely. He prophetically declares "if Mr. Service can write a play in the same spirit that he wrote these poems, he will make himself famous as well as me."

And there is no reason why Robert W. Service should not do so. When seven years old, he asked permission of his father to attend a play in one of the small booths in Glasgow, and was allowed to go. A few months later the boy told his parents that he wished to take part in an amateur presentation of "Roy Roy." He went and entered with verve and spirit upon the character which he impersonated. Thus, at an early age, did he give evidence of talent and latent genius, a genius which is now fully developing and may bring him higher honor and wider recognition in the great dramatic world than he has already attained in the poetic.



Dr. A. S. Vogt

Who has made great sacrifices for an ideal.

WILL Dr. Augustus Stefan Vogt, the brilliant leader of the famous Mendelssohn Choir, have the honor of Knighthood conferred upon him when birthday honors are distributed by His Majesty on Victoria Day next? Dr. Vogt richly deserves such distinction. He has accomplished more than many a Canadian who has been decorated with a K.C.M.G., and it will not surprise his thousands of friends and admirers if he is soon known as Sir Augustus Vogt. A Canadian who realizes the value of an ideal, he is prepared to make any sacrifices for its accomplishment. All fellow countrymen are proud of him. He has

done more in perfecting choral art than any other person, and has made Canada in this respect envied of all nations. Dr. Vogt is a master, a genius, a wizard, at the art of teaching music.

Born in the little Village of Elmira, Waterloo County, forty-eight years ago, his father, Mr. George Vogt, was a skilled organ builder, and many church organs in use to-day in Western Ontario are evidences of his proficiency and handiwork. The son inherited the love of and knowledge for the organ which his father had. He believes that it is the "instrument of the soul." When only twelve years of age, the lad presided at the instru-

ment in St. John's Lutheran Church, Elmira. He has held many important posts, but has yielded up his connection with all to test and prepare voices for his famous choir. Strange to relate, while he thinks his celebrated organization is excellent, yet he believes much remains to be attained. Probably one of the secrets of his signal success as a conductor is that he has been strictly guided by Goethe's words:

Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Faellen
Wenn du lange dich gequaelst
Weisz er gleich wo dir es fehlet
Auch auf Beifall darfst du hoffen
Denn er weisz wo du's getroffen.

The recent concerts in Massey Hall in this city and in Convention Hall in Buffalo have once more added to the laurels of singers, and a conductor who is universally recognized as being without a peer. As a well-known writer has remarked, "a musical ensemble body must ever be the reflection of its controlling head, the dominating influence which fixes its direction and purpose."

Dr. Vogt presents a rare interesting character study, whether in the role of a master musician or an estimable and exemplary citizen. He possesses to a marked degree a truly artistic temperament, coupled with splendid executive and administrative ability—a most unusual combination. He has set at naught all misgivings about Canadians not being a musical people.

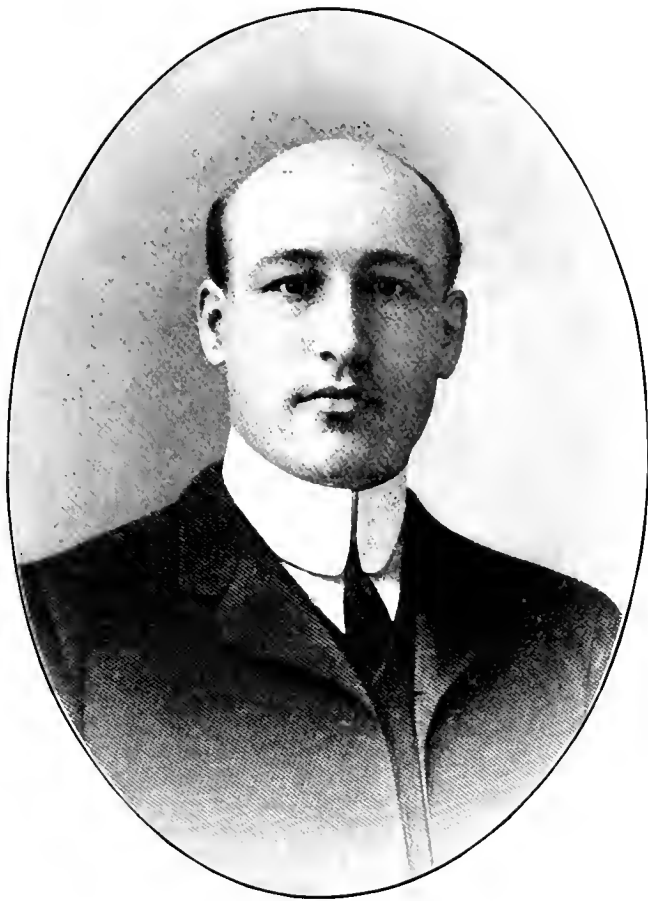
Dr. Vogt is a deep and conscientious student of untiring energy, and high motive. He has an all pervading admiration, love and respect for exalted musical ideals. An enthusiast himself, he inspires this commendable attribute in others. His choral organization has won such renown that it may possibly go to England and Germany at no distant date, to compete for supremacy with the leading musical bodies of the Continent.

The Mendelssohn Choir is facile princeps, the pre-eminent musical body in America. This distinction

has been freely bestowed upon it by the ablest critics of New York and other cities. In no unmeasured terms have they paid glowing tributes to Dr. Vogt and his splendid choir, which, in all the largest and most discriminating centres, have carried all before them and aroused scenes of enthusiasm—the like of which are unprecedented and unparalleled. Each succeeding year the receptions are of the most spontaneous, warm-hearted character. On the occasion of the recent visit to Buffalo one critic said: "It is a revelation to me. I had no idea such a perfect choir existed on this side of the Atlantic. Toronto should be proud of Dr. Vogt and his choir, which is, I venture to say, the finest in the whole world."

Fellow-Canadians are deeply appreciative of Dr. Vogt's work. His heart is completely bound up in his "labor of love." The Mendelssohn Choir has, the public believes, attained perfection as fully and genuinely as any human agency can, and, as a distinguished New York authority expressed it on the occasion of the visit to the metropolis a little over a year ago, "It is not only worthy of all praise, but is almost beyond praise. The members are the most finished exponents of choral work that I have ever heard."

Such were some of the bouquets of acclamation last year. One more word may be added ere concluding. Each succeeding year the choir, which may be described as cosmopolitan in character, embracing nearly 300 voices, arouses more enthusiasm and admiration even when all declare that the limit of public appreciation and perfection of effort have been reached. No other choir in the world quite compares with this one in the complete expression of universal choral music. Each cycle marks an epoch in musical attainment and achievement that stands out more loudly, more lustroously, in the melody and harmony of the great musical world of which Dr. Vogt is such an illuminative and commanding figure.



Mr. Herbert C. Cox

Who is Recognized as an Authority on Insurance

COMING from a family long identified with life insurance business in Canada, Mr. Herbert C. Cox, in the words of Shakespeare, the world's greatest dramatist, is "to the manor born."

His father, Hon. George A. Cox, began life in Peterborough—then a small town—in the late sixties and early seventies, as a modest, earnest, active agent of the Canada Life Assurance Company. He was animated by an unconquerable ambition, and that was to attain the honorable and responsible position of president of the company. It seemed, while in every way laudable, a lofty desire—a mere Utopian dream—but in the year 1900 that dream was realized.

Mr. Herbert C. Cox gives abundant promise of following in the footsteps of his illustrious parent. Although he has not yet celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday, he has scaled high the insurance ladder until to-day he is not only a leading figure in one of the oldest and most reliable companies of the Dominion, but a recognized authority on insurance, both in Canada and across the boundary line.

Mr. Herbert C. Cox is president of the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada, and first vice-president of the National Association of Life Underwriters. Both bodies held their annual conventions in Toronto last August.

The Canadian Association was or-

ganized in June, 1906, Mr. G. H. Allen, of Montreal, being its first president. He was succeeded last year by Mr. Cox. This association is affiliated with the National Association which is the representative organization of all companies over the border.

After receiving his education in the Public Schools of Peterborough, the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute and Toronto University, Mr. Cox, in 1894 began his career as correspondence clerk in the Eastern Ontario branch office. Rising step by step he has reached the position of manager of the company for Eastern Ontario and Michigan branches. Under his jurisdiction and progressive oversight, this territory has shown splendid results. He is exceedingly popular with his business associates, and sets those under him an example at all times worthy of emulation in industry, zeal and energy.

Mr. Cox has devoted study, thought and research to all insurance legislation and financial problems. He is an authority of widely recognized reputation, and during the past few months has addressed influential gatherings of insurance agents and State associations in Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburg, and other leading cities in Uncle Sam's domain, as well as in Canada. As president of the Life Underwriters' Association of Canada, with a membership of over 500 of the most aggressive and wide-awake agents in the Dominion, the executive of which embraces representatives from twenty-three local associations, Mr. Cox recently appeared before the Banking and Commerce Committee at Ottawa. He delivered before the

members, a thoughtful and comprehensive address in which objection was taken particularly to clause 53 in the Insurance Bill. This clause deals with the limitation of expense beyond which no company can legally go, and for several reasons the underwriters are asking for the elimination of this and subsequent relative sections of the bill. They contend that such a limitation would bear primarily upon the canvassing agent, and place upon him an insupportable burden. Section 53 fixes, not only the sum which may be spent under the heading of expense, but stipulates the manner in which it may be used. The companies maintain that this would be inimical to the best interests of the policy-holder and his-beneficiaries, as well as to the agent and the company. A year or two ago, Mr. Cox was one of the representatives of the association to appear before the Royal Commission on Insurance.

Vigorous and alert in every move, Mr. Cox possesses a pleasing personality and an affable disposition. In addition to his wide connection with insurance, he is identified with several other organizations of national prominence. He is vice-president of the Provident Investment Company, a director of the Central Canada Loan & Savings Company, the Toronto Savings & Loan Company (of Peterborough), the Imperial Accident & Guarantee Company, and the Dominion Securities Corporation. He is also a director of the Robert Simpson Company, of Toronto, a trustee of the Toronto General Hospital, a member of the committee in charge of the erection of the proposed million dollar building, as well as director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

There is something better than making a living,
—making a life.—Abraham Lincoln.

The Founder of the Canadian Clubs

The idea of such a splendid organization was put forth on the evening of December 6, 1892, by Mr. C. R. McCullough of Hamilton — Great growth of the movement.

THE honor of originating Canadian Clubs in their present form really belongs to Mr. Charles R. McCullough, who is a native of Bowmanville, but has resided in Hamilton for a score or more years. He was the moving spirit in establishing on December 6, 1892, the Canadian Club in Hamilton, and from that date the movement has gained such strength and influence that similar bodies are now formed in nearly every city and town in the fertile Dominion.

The central feature of their policy is the fostering and developing of national sentiment, appreciation and loyalty, the cultivation of public spirit and higher ideals of duty and citizenship.

The Hamilton Canadian Club recently made Mr. McCullough an honorary life member. Previous to the organization of the Hamilton club, there had been associations of a national character, but not founded on the same permanent and enduring lines as the present progressive organization which listens to addresses by representative Canadians and distinguished visitors on history, art, literature, forestry and resources.

Mr. McCullough has always taken a deep interest in the cause of education. He is a member of the Hamilton Board of Education, and for several years conducted a successful business college in the Ambitious City. He was previous to that engaged in the teaching of commercial subjects in Belleville, Ontario. Mr. W. Sandford Evans, who is now a member of the Board of Control, Winnipeg, was one of those associated with Mr. McCullough in forming the club, and was made its first president.

Some of the other pioneer mem-

bers of the club were Adam Brown, A. T. Freed, F. R. Hutton, Lieut.-Col. J. S. Hendrie, A. H. H. Heming, W. A. Sherwood, F. M. Pratt, Senator Sanford and Rev. J. H. Long.

Although inaugurated on an unpretentious scale, the club soon had over 700 members, but these figures are now reduced. Its earlier speakers



MR. C. R. McCULLOUGH

included many local men of high standing, and, later on, men of the rank of Sir Oliver Mowat, Hall Caine, and Sir Gilbert Parker addressed the organization. An exhibition of Canadian pictures was held, various essays were read covering a wide range of subjects, a steel flag-staff was presented to the city, and Mr. J. H. Smith initiated a plan for the flying of flags upon the school-houses of Wentworth County.

He Rendered the State Good Service

The career of the late Judge Killam marked by earnest endeavor and high ideals — An inspiration to fellow Canadians, his loss is a national one — A man of untiring zeal and industry.

PLODDING industry, legal erudition, intellectual ability, infinite patience, and incorruptible integrity—such were the salient characteristics of the late Judge Killam, chairman of the Railway Commission of Canada, whose sudden death from pneumonia is, in more than one sense, a national loss.



THE LATE JUDGE KILLAM

Possessed of an infinite capacity for hard work, and an excellent grasp of detail, he soon became a thorough master of the whole railway situation in Canada. Mr. Killam was a bright and active member of society. He inspired confidence in men; he aroused the true in them. They felt that he was strong, earnest, tactful, firm, and alert. He was one of Nova Scotia's most brilliant sons, and although he had not at-

tained the age of sixty years, his labors as a lawyer, a judge, and a public commissioner, will long be remembered with gratitude by his fellow-countrymen.

In 1905, he succeeded the late Hon. Andrew G. Blair as presiding officer of the Railway Commission. Mr. Blair's work had been a success for he had acquired much experience and special training when occupying the portfolio of Minister of Railways and Canals. The record of Judge Killam has been equally as satisfactory, if not more so, than that of his painstaking predecessor. Mr. Killam kept matters well in hand; he saw clearly and quickly the merits of a case, and gave his decisions without delay, partiality or prejudice.

The success, usefulness and necessity of the Railway Commission is now generally recognized. The amount of work under the jurisdiction of that body is constantly growing, the Railway Commission now having supervision of telephone and telegraph companies. The membership is being doubled, so that the multifarious character of the work can be apportioned.

Of Judge Killam it may be said, he rendered the State good service; he enjoyed the confidence and closest friendship of his colleagues and associates. They felt that in his integrity and good intentions, both the public and the railway companies had implicit trust.

An ornament to the judiciary of Canada, a thoughtful, public-spirited citizen, a Canadian of that too rare type of doing "with all his might whatsoever his hand found to do"—such is an epitome of the career of the late Alfred Clements Killam.

A Valiant Leader and Vigorous Fighter

Is Hon. J. D. Hazen, the newly elect Premier of New Brunswick
—A public spirited man who has progressive ideas and has
steadily forged his way to the front in his native province.

“A YOUNG man of ability and promise.” This is the way the friends of Mr. John Douglas Hazen enthusiastically described him a few years ago; to-day Mr. Hazen is the Premier of his native Province—New Brunswick—so certain has been his progress. Of his advancement it may be said that it has always been characterized by a high conception of duty, steadiness of purpose, and loftiness of aim. He possesses public spirit, and has served in many capacities. For some years he was alderman and Mayor in the Capital city of New Brunswick. In 1900 he removed to St. John and represented that city in the House of Commons for a term. In 1896 he was defeated, but three years later entered the Legislature and became leader of the Conservative party in New Brunswick in 1903.

Mr. Hazen is a man of affairs, an incisive and impressive speaker, a far-seeing and studious politician, a hard campaigner, but a fair, open fighter in every combat.

Eleven premiers had been at the helm in New Brunswick since Confederation, and Hon. J. D. Hazen makes the twelfth. He succeeded in ousting a Liberal Government that had been entrenched in power for a quarter of a century, and captured the Province by a splendid majority. The new Premier has promised the people an enlightened and economical administration, and it is believed that he will implement every one of the twelve planks on which he appealed for public support and confidence.

From one end of Canada to the other, Mr. Hazen had been felicitated upon his magnificent victory, which he asserts, is in no sense a



HON. J. D. HAZEN

party triumph, but simply the sincere, earnest desire of the electors to have a new order of things ushered in, the people having decisively declared in favor of the cry, “It is time for a change.”

Some Things About Some Men

NO county in Ontario is more proud of a native son than is the County of Waterloo over Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King. The people up there yield to no one in their admiration and love for the talented and brilliant Deputy Minister of Labor, who has just been entrusted with another important mission of State. Some few weeks ago he presented an



MR. MACKENZIE KING

exhaustive report to the Federal Government on Oriental immigration in the West. Now he has gone to England to confer with the Imperial Indian and Colonial Offices respecting the immigration of Hindoos and other British East Indians to Canada. He will lay before the Imperial authorities the views of the Canadian Government, Canadian opposition, especially in British Columbia, to the influx of Orientals, will be explained and the interchange of views, it is expected, will result in the reaching of some sat-

isfactory agreement between the two Governments.

HON. ADAM BECK, who is so much in the public eye in Ontario on account of the position he occupies as leader in the movement for cheaper power, was once a working blacksmith. He is now a cigar box manufacturer. Although, since politics became his vocation, the making of cigar boxes has practically become an avocation. He has a hard task before him to weld the different interests together in regard to the power question. The sparks are flying and a great many people are watching the process.

HON. FRANK OLIVER, the Minister of the Department of Interior, has been a prominent figure in Parliament ever since he entered the House. He is a man of considerable ability, but it was not always ability which brought him into the public eye. He is a sincere man and like most sincere men when they are crossed in their purposes, impetuously say and do things which had better been left unsaid or undone, but whatever faults he may have he has deserved his success. Less than a generation ago he was an ordinary working printer, but he had ambition as wide and as boundless as the prairies. He was in Winnipeg when he married, and his honeymoon was a trip across the prairies from Winnipeg to Edmonton by horse and wagon, a journey which occupied no less than three months. This journey not only gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his wife, but he doubtless then learned some things about the boundless prairies which assisted to make him the good Minister of Interior that he is.

A Study in Optimism

By Charles Battell Loomis in the American Magazine

IT was a gorgeously bright sunny day in early summer. Yellow and red honeysuckles peeped in at the open window of a brightly papered nesting place of a room from the tasteful box on the ornamental fire-escape, and three tremendously happy golden canaries sang as if their hearts would burst with rapture from their golden cage just over the handsome bird's-eye maple desk of Ned Merryfield, one time a bachelor, but now a happy husband of a week.

Dressed in a kimono of cherry blossom pink, his wife, Nelly, danced around the room filled with the joy of life. A week ago she had been living in a luxurious home with her parents, but she had thwarted their wills and run away to be married to Edwin Merryfield, who had nothing save expectations from his exceedingly rich father.

"Oh, love," said she, running over to him and imprinting a kiss on his incipient bald spot, "I am just as happy as I know how to be."

"Well, dear," said he, "then I would advise no one else to try to be as happy, for I know they couldn't. I think, though, I am a close second, for I have you."

He turned as he spoke and catching her plump, soft, pink cheeks in his two strong hands he gave her a lover's kiss.

"I expect a letter from father to-day," said he, "and I'm quite sure that he will tell me that he is glad I married you and that we may come and live with him until I get something to do."

"What do you intend to do?" said she, and burst into a fragment from the grand opera they had heard the night before (from orchestra seats).

"I'm sure I don't know," said he,

laughing gaily. "I can draw a little, I can write a little, I can sing a little; but I have never done anything for money. Never had to, you see. As for going into business, that's too hard work."

"Ugh," said she, "how I hate business. Father was in business until he retired and mother never saw him except in the evening and Sunday. I want a husband who will be with me all the time. We shall celebrate our golden wedding in just fifty years, dear, and I want you to promise me that you will never leave me for more than three or four hours in all that time."

Just then the postman's whistle sounded, and Ned rose and lifting his little wife in his arms he held her high above him as he promised.

"I hope, my dear," said he, as she pinched his face playfully, "that father will write, for I have just seventy-five cents in the world and we must live somehow. If he invites us to make his home our home I will use the seventy-five cents to wire him for money to pay our way there."

Nelly laughed infectiously. "Isn't my dear boy just a little bit improvident—isn't that the word I want?"

"I suppose it is, but what's the use of being provident when I have you?"

"And the canaries," said the girl, going to the cage and chirping to the yellow songsters.

Down one flight went Ned and the postman handed him a letter that bore the post-mark of his father's town.

Three steps at a time he raced up the stairs and sitting down in an easy-chair (the reckless souls had handsomely furnished their apartment with no thought of the future), he said: "It has come, dear, and I am

almost sure that that rich father of mine is going to forgive you for not being the girl he had chosen for me."

"I hope so," said Nelly, perching on the arm of his chair like a pretty bird. "I think I could like your father, dear, because he does look so like you."

"He's a little sterner than I am, dearie," said Ned, and then with his girl wife stroking his beautiful chestnut hair he opened the letter and read it out loud. It ran as follows:

"Ned: I disown you absolutely, as I said I'd do if you married Ellen Marsh. You are no longer a son of mine and I will never help you to the extent of a single cent.

"Yours not at all,

EDWIN MERRYFIELD."

"Oh, my dear Ned," said Nelly, slipping off her perch and burying her golden head in her husband's lap, "we will starve."

"I have seventy-five cents," said Ned bravely, but the future at that moment looked very black. And then both caught sight of the fragrant honeysuckles, glorified by the sun, and the three beautiful canaries broke into ecstatic song, and Ned, rising brought his hand down on his leg and said:

"I am young and the world is before me. My father made a fortune with no capital to begin with but a broken shovel and high spirits. I will write a story."

Nelly danced around the room, clapping her hands. "I knew it would come out all right," said she. "Oh, I'm so proud of you. Have you any writing paper?"

"Not a bit, but I have seventy-five cents and I will buy paper, pens, ink and pencil, and perhaps I will illustrate the story as well as write it."

"Oh, how splendid!"

Pride was in every lineament of the beautiful child-wife, and she hugged handsome Ned to the point of suffocation before she would let him begin his career.

A half hour later the sun was shining in at two windows, the honeysuckles were sweeter than ever, and

the three canaries were singing to beat the German band that was playing merry music in the street outside.

And Ned sat at the desk and wrote his first story. Sheet after sheet fell on the floor just as they used to do in Walter Scott's time, and Nelly sat on a stool at his feet and admired her brave young husband who had taken up the struggle of life so heroically.

"May I read it?" said Nelly.

"Yes, dear," said he, a writer's nervousness struggling with his love for her, "but please don't talk again or you will put to flight all my ideas. And don't criticize it harshly." His busy pen ran over the page as the white-hot thoughts gushed from brain to willing hand.

"My love, do you think I would ever criticize a single clever word that you wrote? I know beforehand that it will be the best story I ever read. Did you ever write anything before?"

"Only letters to my friends, dear, but I have studied human nature for nearly a year." A scowl darkened his brow. "And now I hope my pet will not talk, because I must concentrate or else the story will never sell, and then we would starve and starving is so painful."

"Goose!" laughed the merry girl and ran to the window to smell the honeysuckles. Then she poured out fresh water for the canaries and sat down at her husband's feet resolved to be as still as a mouse in order not to spoil the masterpiece that he was forming so swiftly.

For two hours Ned wrote, and as it was his first story there was no rehashing of his old ideas. It was imaginative and told of life among the East Siders. He knew very little about them, but he knew there was a good market for such stories and so he gave his imagination free rein and wrote like one possessed.

Then when the story was finished he looked at the beautiful being who had been reading the sheets as they fell and said, "Dear, how do you like it? Has it merit?"

She waited until she had read the last sheet which he had just thrown

down and then she said, "I think it is the best story I ever read."

"Do you really?" said he, feeling that praise from his wife was praise indeed.

"I certainly do," said she, very gravely. She felt that in a way she too had helped him create it. She knew as little of the East Siders as he did.

"Do you think it will sell?" said he.

"Why, of course. Where will you show it first?"

"To the leading magazine. Now, dear, be quiet once more and I will rewrite it."

"You'll do no such thing. You'll send it just as it is. It couldn't be improved."

"I believe you are right, little one," said Ned, taking his young wife up in his arms and tossing her in the air before he kissed her.

The canaries sang, the luscious honeysuckle scented the sunny air, and the cool breezes of early summer breathed through the apartment where dwelt so much happiness.

"How do you know so much about those poor people Neddy, dear?"

"Imagination, my love. They say Shakespeare never went to Italy, and yet in his opera of 'Romeo and Juliet' that we heard last night think how true to Italy it all was."

"Yes, love, only I think that Shakespeare didn't write the opera. He wrote the play from which the opera was made."

"That doesn't injure my point in the least. I believe you are right, but the point is that imagination sees through walls and across seas. Imagination——"

He broke off suddenly.

"Shall I illustrate it?"

"Oh, to be sure. You'll get more then, won't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I will."

"I didn't know you could draw, Ned, dear."

"One never knows what he can do until he tries," said the sanguine young fellow. "I used to do caricatures at college that everyone said were pretty bad, but I don't think

they knew what they were talking about."

"Of course they didn't," said she indignantly. "Do make a lot of drawings. The more you make the more you'll get, won't you? They say Christy and Gibson draw every day."

"I think I'll do a dozen," said he.

He sharpened a pencil and full of enthusiasm he began the work of illustrating the story he had just written.

"Can you talk while you're drawing?" said his wife, standing at his side and watching with admiration the funny little East Siders that seemed to drop from his rapid pencil.

"Yes, I don't have to concentrate as I do when I'm writing. It is easy to draw!" He felt that he had been writing for years—so much of himself had he put into his work.

"They don't really look like East Siders, but they are awfully funny and they're so delightfully sketchy. They don't look as if you'd been horribly conscientious about them. They're so spontaneous."

"Do you know, dear," said Ned, not seeming to have heard her remarks, "if they don't take this story I'm going down to Keith's to see whether I can get an engagement to sing ballads."

"I didn't know you sang ballads," said she.

"I don't, but they're easy to learn. Don't you think I have a good stage presence?"

"You could stand before kings," said she, unconsciously quoting something she had heard somewhere.

"Well, I don't suppose there'll be many kings there, but at least I have several strings to my bow. We won't starve."

In less than an hour he had done twelve illustrations and then he put on his hat, and while his wife made a funny little package of the illustrated story he washed his hands, whistled gaily to the canaries, sniffed the honeysuckles and looked buoyantly out at the fleecy clouds flecking the deep blue June sky.

"Well, dear, you may expect me in

an hour. But wait; let's have some lunch before I start."

He looked at his watch. "It is one o'clock. I imagine most of the editors will still be out to lunch. We'll go too and I'll blow in my last penny on it. It won't be more than a bite, my dear."

"Oh, won't it be romantic and bohemian, dear?" said Nelly with a delicious little wriggle of her body. "Oh, I'm so glad I married you. And I'm so glad your father cut you off because it brought out all that was big and noble in you. I think those are the best illustrations I ever saw. You'll probably rival Gibson himself before very long."

"Yes, only it's easier to do East Siders than it is to do handsome girls—like you, for instance."

In a few minutes they were tripping down the stairs like a new Paul and Virginia, and were soon seated in a picturesque and exceedingly bohemian lunch room where they spent their last cent. Then Nelly, full of life and hope, ran back to her canaries and her honeysuckles and Ned bent his steps to the editorial rooms of one of the leading magazines.

"Yes, he is in and will see you if you'll wait a few minutes."

"My time is very precious," said Ned. "Tell him he'd better see me now."

"Very well, sir," said the boy and departed with the message.

In a minute he came back and said, "Follow me, please."

Ned followed him to the editorial rooms and saw an intellectual-looking man talking to a lady who was rising to go.

"I'm sorry we can't take it, but we are only taking what we are positively compelled to accept."

He bowed the lady out and then shook hands with Ned.

"Haven't we met before?" said he.

"Never," said Ned, shortly. He did not want to hold any more conversation than was necessary. He had come to sell his story, not to exchange reminiscences.

The Edwin Merryfield of set purpose who was in the editorial room

was a different fellow from the genial, loving husband of the honeysuckled, canary-haunted bower.

"I have here a story which I have myself illustrated."

"Oh, will you leave it?" said the editor, fumbling among his papers to show that he was busy.

"You evidently don't understand the circumstances," said Ned. "This morning my father absolutely cut me off. I am newly married. I intend to live. I have written this story and illustrated it myself and I want it read—now. If not by you then by one of your rival editors."

The editor saw that he was dealing with no ordinary man and he motioned Ned to a seat and began to read. Sheet after sheet dropped from his hand and in half an hour he had finished the story.

"It's a good story. The public is interested in the submerged tenth."

"That is not the point," said Ned coldly. "Do you accept it?"

The editor hesitated. Ned rose.

"Yes, we will take it."

"Good. Now will you look at the pictures?"

"I don't think we would care to illustrate it," said the editor.

"Well, I don't care to divorce it from its illustrations," said Ned calmly, reaching for the manuscript. "I will take it to some editor who wishes to have a harmonious whole."

"Let me see the pictures," said the editor, realizing that this was no ordinary man who sat in front of him.

He took the pictures and looked at them one by one.

"They are unusual," said he.

"Certainly. It is unusual for me to draw," said Ned proudly. "Well, my time is limited. Do you wish them?"

"I will take them. Now if you will excuse me I'll be glad to see you some other time. I have all this correspondence to attend to."

"I'll be gone in a few minutes," said Ned, in a more pleasant tone of voice because he was glad to have sold the story, "but you have forgotten the most important thing. I wish to be paid for my work. The laborer is worthy of his hire. You have

bought my story and my pictures and yet you would send me away without payment. Is that just? Is that the way you would buy a horse? I must have my money at once or I will carry the story and the pictures to a rival establishment."

The editor saw that he was dealing with no ordinary man and he rang for a boy. While the boy was coming he said, "How much do you think we ought to pay you? Would a cent a word be enough for the story and three dollars apiece for the pictures? That is what we ordinarily pay. It would be about sixty dollars."

Ned thought rapidly. Sixty dollars would be soon spent at the rate at which he and his wife preferred to spend it, and he might not care to write another story for some time.

"What do you pay your star contributor?"

"Ten cents a word," said the editor, "but——"

"And your star illustrator?"

"Fifty dollars a picture for that size. But——"

"And you were going to put me off with the beggarly pittance of a cent a word and three dollars a picture," said Ned, his color rising. "My work is worth as much to me as Kipling's or Gibson's work is to them. There are 3,000 words in my story. That will be three hundred dollars; and there are twelve pictures; that will be six hundred more. Let me tell you en passant that I think artists have a cinch. It did not take me as long to draw the pictures as it did to write the story. Kindly have them draw me a check for nine hundred and I will go at once. Otherwise I'll have to take my wares to a rival establishment. You gave me a speedy reading and I am eminently fair. I would rather you had the story than another. But I am not a sentimentalist. Please decide at once."

Nine hundred dollars for an East Side story seemed a good deal to pay, particularly as Edwin Merryfield was a new name, but the editor saw that he was dealing with no ordinary man, and when the boy came in response to his call he said to him:

"Take this order to the cashier and bring me the money at once."

A few minutes later the boy came back with a large roll of bills and asked Ned to count them and let him know if it were all right, as no mistakes could be rectified after leaving the establishment.

"It is quite right," said Ned. He had always been used to carrying large sums of money before he had married Nelly, and it was no trouble at all for him to count nine hundred dollars.

"I would like you to accept this ten-dollar bill," said he generously to the boy.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy smiling. "This is most unusual."

The lad took the money and went away, and then Ned, taking a fifty-dollar bill, said to the editor, "I beg of you to accept this."

"Sir," said the editor, reddening, "you mean well, but this is the magazine that first exposed the wickedness of Wall Street, and what you have offered me is nothing less than a 'rake off.' Invite me to lunch some time if you wish to, but never tempt me that way again."

Ned shook hands with the editor. "You are a good fellow," said he.

Then he pursued his way toward home with a light heart. On the way he passed Keith's.

"Shall I stop in and have my voice tried?" said he to himself. "No, it will be time enough to do so when our money is exhausted. It is awfully easy to make a living. This money ought to last us a good month if Nelly is economical, and then I will write another story or sing a ballad or perhaps paint a scene for a theatre. What man has done man can do, and I am a man."

He ran up the stairs, four steps at a time, and burst into the room. Nelly was singing a merry song and accompanying herself on a mandolin and the canaries were mutely listening. The honeysuckle still scented the air and the sun was peeping in at the third window. All the breezes sang of love and the world seemed young.

"I know you sold it," said Nelly.

laying aside the mandolin, "from the look of your face. I hope you got plenty for it. It was certainly the best story I ever read."

"I could only make him give me a beggarly nine hundred for it," said Ned.

Nelly's face fell. "And how much did you get for the pictures, my love?" said she, coming to him and twining her arms around his neck.

"That included the pictures, my dear," said he.

"They cheated you shamefully, my dear," said she. "Gibson gets a thousand dollars for every one of his pictures. But never mind," she added, upheld by her beautiful optimism. "You can draw more and we'll be very economical and make this last at least a fortnight."

She looked lovingly into his eyes.

"Oh, I'm so glad you aren't a horrid business man."

The Professor's Awakening

By Frederick Walworth Brown in *Smith's Magazine*

PROFESSOR MEIGS was stout, middle-aged and retiring. His specialty was paleontology, and what he didn't know about six-toed horses and flying reptiles and that sort of thing was the part that hasn't yet been dug up. So engrossed in this study was he that he practically lived in the reptilian age, only rarely descending so far as the tertiary period, and never coming really in contact with the quaternary era and modern life.

It follows of course that he was very highly valued by his university. He was of no mortal use in a faculty council, where he was likely to sit stolidly and muse on Eocene shell-fish; and his lectures put even the chosen few who elected his courses to sleep. But the name Augustus Xenophon Meigs, Ph.D., D. Sc., etc., etc., added untold weight to the catalogue, and his book called "The Upper Silurian Trilobites," or something like that, was the recognized authority. He was a great man with any quantity of uncommon sense and not an ounce of the ordinary horse variety.

On a morning in the latter part of

May, Professor Meigs was walking along High Street in what for him was an uncommonly hilarious mood. The reason was distinct enough, being nothing less than a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars which he had that day received, out of the clouds as it were, a long-forgotten uncle having died and left him this legacy.

He was considering whether he should invest the money in a pleasure trip to Europe or on a fossil-hunting expedition to the Bad Lands, when he encountered his colleague, Professor Chisolm, in his motor-car. Professor Chisolm, by some oversight of fate, was possessed of an income which made his professorial salary seem like pin-money for his wife. His car was a very neat little machine, a thirty horse-power runabout, capable of making fifty miles an hour. He drew up at the curb and hailed Professor Meigs.

"Come take a ride, Meigs," he said.

Now Professor Meigs had never ridden in a motor-car. When his paleozoic mind had taken cognizance of their existence at all it was with a shade of disapproval. They were en-

tirely too modern for his sympathies. Accordingly he now held back.

"Oh, come on," cried Chisolm. "It'll do you good. You stay indoors too much."

Perhaps if the truth were known Professor Meigs with seven hundred and fifty dollars to his credit in the bank did not feel much like work that morning. At any rate Chisolm ultimately prevailed. For an hour Meigs would ride, since his friend evidently desired it, but he must be back at the end of that time, and with this agreement he donned the goggles Chisolm held out to him and took his seat in the car.

Once out on the road, with the wind singing past their ears and the motor turning off forty miles an hour with the ease of a transcontinental express, even Meigs found it impossible to concentrate his mind on either the delights of Europe or the reptilian horrors of paleontology; and somewhat against his will and better judgment descended to luxurious enjoyment of the present.

They had made a run of something more than twenty miles, when Chisolm turned the car and started back, mindful of his agreement to return Meigs in an hour. A mile or two on the back track he detected something wrong in the smooth action of the motor. It was such an infinitesimal something that it made no difference in her speed or power, but Chisolm was one of those unfortunate motorists who can get no pleasure unless their machine is in absolutely perfect order.

Accordingly he stopped the car by releasing the clutch, and climbed out to investigate. The motor continued to run, and Chisolm squatted beside the forward wheel with his ear close to the hood, listening for the tiny "clack" which had disturbed him. It was not apparent now, and without looking up he called to the professor:

"Push that spark-lever forward, will you, Meigs?"

Now the eminent authority on the silurian trilobites had no more idea what a spark-lever was than would a new-born babe. He looked helplessly toward Chisolm. The latter's head

was turned away as he listened intently to the whirring of the machinery. Meigs fancied that something terrible was about to happen. Perhaps the thing was going to explode, and only the instant pushing forward of the "spark-lever" could avert catastrophe.

Accordingly he looked eagerly for anything which might be called a lever. The little affair on the steering-wheel wholly escaped his eye, which however caught gladly the sight of the large brass handle projecting beside the driver's seat. This undoubtedly was the thing Chisolm meant. No other contrivance which could be called a lever appearing, he reached over with anxious haste and—jammed in the clutch.

Chisolm narrowly escaped. He admitted later in private that he deserved death for making such a request of such a man. As the car sprang forward the hub of the wheels took him in the bend of the leg and pitched him spinning in the ditch. By the time he could gather himself up the machine was fifty yards away. He started in pursuit and instantly ascertained that his leg was damaged beyond the possibility of anything but a slow and painful walk.

With this discovery our interest in Professor Chisolm ceases. Henceforth the point of action centres on Professor Meigs.

The forward lurch of the machine as the clutch took hold had the effect of paralyzing the mind of the master of paleontology. For an instant he thought the anticipated catastrophe had arrived. He did not observe Professor Chisolm's hurried exit from the road, and it was some seconds before he awoke to his awful situation.

Meanwhile the car gathered way, and when Professor Meigs' groping mind finally laid hold of realities, she was bowling merrily along with the cheerful hum of well-lubricated machinery and heading almost imperceptibly but none the less surely towards the right-hand ditch.

Now in boyhood the professor had at one time owned a boat. He therefore recognized the wheel of the mo-

tor-car as the steering contrivance. Goaded by the absolute necessity of action, he gingerly transferred himself to the driver's position and laid shaking hands on the wheel. So far everything was lovely, but here experience failed him.

Summoning all his resolution he twisted the wheel to the right, which as every yachtsman knows is the way to turn a boat to the left. Not so, however, with a motor-car, and the machine beneath the professor instantly made for the right-hand ditch with horrifying celerity.

Desperately he rolled the wheel to port, and even as the front tires grazed the edge of the ditch the car responded and returned to the highway. With spark retarded she was now making perhaps twenty miles an hour, but to the anguished professor her flight seemed as precipitous as that of a bullet from a gun.

When he finally got her straightened out in the middle of the road, after numerous and almost despairing attempts, he breathed a sigh that seemed to rise from unplumbed depths and be expressive at once of satisfaction over this initial success and of the most profound despair concerning the ultimate outcome.

Imagine his predicament. One of his pet silurian trilobites—whatever they are—would not have been more out of place. Here was a mind trained since youth to the formulation of ideas along the single line of the organic remains to be found in the various strata of the earth crust, now suddenly called upon to solve the problem of stopping a twentieth century, petrol motor-car. It was like asking an Andaman Islander for a synopsis of Hegel's philosophy, or requiring an average citizen to give on the spur of the moment a correct list of the Presidents of the United States.

True, the problem was simplicity itself. A solitary minim of common-sense would have told him that if pushing a lever forward started the machine, pulling said lever back would stop it. But common sense was Professor Meigs' absent member.

For some time his whole mental ac-

tivity, working at fever-heat, was absorbed in keeping the machine in the middle of the road. After a mile or two, however, he attained sufficient proficiency in the art of steering to venture now and then to turn his gaze on nearer objects. He discovered two levers to his right, three pedals at his feet, and a small brass lever close to his hand on the wheel.

This last, owing to its conspicuous position, he judged to be most important and dangerous. With the utmost care he avoided touching it. As he was considering these matters the car struck a sandy bit of road and the front wheels slewed wickedly, wrenching the wheel in his hands. Agitated beyond conscious thought, the professor flung out his left foot for a better brace as he labored with the twisting wheel.

Instantly there broke forth close beneath and below him a horrid wail that rose to a shriek of dolor, died to a groan and anon rose again. The professor's nerves were cocked and primed, and with the first wild note of his own siren he jumped like a scorched cat. In so doing his thumb came in contact with that little lever on the wheel and shoved it a notch or two forward. Unwittingly he had now obeyed Professor Chisolm's command and advanced the spark. He did not notice the occurrence, but what he did notice was an immediate acceleration in the car's motion.

Meanwhile the siren wailed and wailed, rose and fell, shrieked and groaned, howling his situation over hill and dale, for it was some minutes before he discovered the connection between the lugubrious sound and his own toe.

The car was now traveling close to thirty miles an hour, and the professor felt that he was riding on the whirlwind.

Luckily the road ran straight for miles, and despite the increased speed he found it not difficult to keep the machine in its course. Somewhat reassured after a time, he fell to considering his condition. To jump was obviously suicidal. He recalled that runaway horses were sometimes

THE PROFESSOR'S AWAKENING.

stopped by heading them into a fence. Should he try this method with the ramping Titan beneath him? A glance at the rail fence beside the road answered that question. No fence yet built would stop this creature for a moment. There seemed nothing to do but sit still and keep the thing in the road till it stopped of its own accord. He realized that he might strike New Orleans or Boston before this happened, but there seemed nothing else to do.

Presently the car topped a hill, and before him the professor saw a long straight stretch of road descending at what seemed a fearful gradient to the river and the bride. Horror of horrors! Suppose the draw was open? Down the long hill the machine dropped like a lead weight from a balloon while he clutched the wheel with aching fingers and struggled to hold her true.

She shied like a wild horse, viciously, and without apparent cause. Only by nerve-racking vigilance could he keep her from climbing the clay banks on either hand. Despair cankered his soul. The narrow approaches of the bridge grew momentarily nearer, and to the perspiring professor it seemed an impossible feat to guide this plunging projectile between the flanking railings. The thing seemed not within reason. No car could pass through such a space.

But the debouches of the bridge widened as he neared, and when he arrived the car sprang between them with ample space on either side, and with the utmost ease he shot her out on the rattling planks of the bridge.

Near the middle was the draw, and by the mercy of Heaven, closed. A sign admonished all vehicles to move slowly across this span, but the professor had no slowness at his command. The car struck the draw with a thump that made it teeter on its centre, and the draw-tender rushed from his shanty waving a green flag. He saved his life by leaping the railing to the footpath, for by some unconscious act of cerebration the professor's hand followed his eye and he

guided the machine straight at the man.

"I'll take your number," yelled the latter as the car shot past, and the professor heard him with satisfaction. If Chisolm got in trouble over this it would serve him right.

Meanwhile the car had cleared the bridge in a stupendous bound and was racing toward a right-angled turn in the road. Everything was forgotten in the awful question whether or not he could round it successfully. He braced himself for the ordeal, and in his agitation wrenched the wheel too soon. The car shot up the slight bank, struck a fence on the corner, and tearing irresistibly forward, ripped up some fifty feet of pickets before he could turn her again toward the road. The pointed palings filled the air, and to the professor seemed coming his way like so many javelins. He escaped untouched, however, and regained the road after a dizzying plunge in the ditch.

Half a mile farther a covered wagon loomed suddenly ahead. The professor shouted at top-lung, and, of course, his voice was swept away behind him in useless, vapid sound. The wagon stolidly held the middle of the road, and there was not room to pass on either side had he possessed the skill for such a nice calculation of hubs.

In this awful moment the secret of the siren, discovered earlier in the mad flight, recurred to him. Without looking down he jammed his foot hard on the pedal. Unfortunately there happened to be three pedals, and the one his foot struck was the throttle. With a full head of gasoline the machine fairly leaped into the air, and the terrified professor removed his foot as though the pedal had been hot.

The distance between the vehicles lessened appallingly. Something must be done. He glanced down. One of those pedals controlled the siren. Which, was the question. Gingerly he tried the second. The siren remained mute, but a fearful grating sound broke out beneath and behind him. He had applied the brakes without releasing the clutch. The

car's speed slackened, but with such a thrashing and pounding of its vital parts as seemed to threaten instant dissolution into jagged bits of iron for which he would prove a most inviting target.

His fears diverted by this new menace, he released the pedal with alacrity. The grating ceased and the car quickly regained its former speed. It approached its unsuspecting victim as a lion stalks his prey. Another minute and wagon, horse and driver would be hurled in devastating ruin in the ditch.

But the professor was learning, and without much delay he planted a substantial foot on the third pedal, and the response of the siren was a shattering, deafening shriek. It galvanized the horse ahead, and he got off the road of his own accord. In his relief the professor forgot to remove his foot, and as the horrible sound persisted the animal made frantic endeavors to climb a rail fence.

A red-faced farmer raved alternately at the horse and the professor as the machine surged past, and again the unlucky driver hoped his victim would take his number.

Things went smoothly after that for some miles, and Professor Meigs tabulated in his memory the results of the recent experiments. First pedal—more speed. Second pedal—retarded motion, but sounds of imminent disruption. Third pedal—horn. The fact that he knew so much filled him with a certain fearful elation.

So far as he could see there were but three things now that he had not tried; the two long levers at his side, and the little one on the wheel. One of the long ones had produced his present predicament, and he was afraid to touch it again. The other controlled the reverse, but, of course, he did not know it. He put a hand on this second lever and tried gently to move it, but it seemed locked, as indeed it was till the forward clutch had been released.

The only remaining thing was that conspicuous and therefore probably dangerous little brass lever on the wheel. He was considering the ad-

visability of risking sudden death by manipulating it, when he became aware that he was approaching a town. The first evidence of this was a huge red and white sign beside the road admonishing the traveler that the automobile speed law would be strictly enforced within the limits of said village.

The lettering was large, the wording concise, and the professor had no difficulty in reading it. For the first time since the ride began a smile touched his lips. He had no idea what the law was, but he had a very certain idea that he was breaking it. The point was, how were they going to enforce it?

By taking his number? Good! By arresting him? Better yet, since it presupposed the stopping of the machine. With rare presence of mind he turned on his terrible siren, and raged into that village at thirty miles an hour.

All the dogs and all the children hailed him gladly, answering the bellows of his horn. Once a perspiring gentleman in his shirt-sleeves rushed out in front of the machine waving his hand like one in authority and displaying a glittering nickle-plated shield attached to his left suspender. As the machine neared he leaped to the safety of the sidewalk.

"Stop!" he yelled.

Sadly the professor shook his head and left him fuming. In the centre of the village he executed a double turn, first to the right and then to the left, with the dexterity which surprised him, and he was instantly frozen with horror. Two hundred yards away a freight-train stood solidly across the road.

There is something absolutely final about a freight-train blocking a public highway. The occurrence is exasperating enough when you have your vehicle under complete control. The train may move the next minute and it may stand still for half an hour. Whatever it does it is sufficient unto itself. You cannot butt it out of the road, and usually you cannot circumvent it in any way. It is a law unto itself, and you await its pleasure.

Consider, then, the situation of the professor; two hundred yards away, moving at something like thirty miles an hour, and unable to stop! He rose to jump, and as he did so the train started with a jangling of couplings and a bumping of box cars. The caboose appeared in leisurely progression across the field of vision, and the machine scraped past, so close he might have touched the brakeman gaping on the rear platform.

Limp with the reaction from that tense moment the professor lapsed in his seat behind the wheel, and was only roused by the appearance of another machine coming swiftly toward him. Promptly he took to the ditch. There was a rush of conflicting air-currents as the cars passed, and instantly he was plunged in a blinding cloud of dust.

It was a trying experience. Unable to see and guessing at the road, he could only hold the wheel motionless and wait for light. The cloud thinned quickly and he breathed again. He was still on the road; and after the experience, guiding the car in open sunlight seemed an easy task.

It was perhaps ten minutes after this encounter that a great white light broke on the paleontologically clouded mind of Professor Meigs.

"Oh, he-l-l-l!" he said slowly and impressively.

It had at last dawned on him that reversing the process of starting the machine ought, by all the rules of logic, to stop it. He grasped the lever that had been his undoing. It worked hard, and his first tentative pull did not release it. He thrust out his foot for a brace and by great good fortune it fell upon the second pedal.

With a heave the professor pulled back the lever, thereby releasing the clutch, and at the same time the thrust of his foot applied the brakes. The car jarred to a full stop within two lengths.

For some seconds the professor could not believe his senses. One instant he had been traveling like the wind; the next he was standing still. Then for a time he feared either to release his hold on the lever or to

raise his foot from the pedal. Slowly he executed these manoeuvres, ready on the instant to apply his suddenly acquired control if the creature showed any signs of further motion.

None appearing, he rose hastily and alighted, staggered to the side of the road and sat down heavily. The motor whirred on, and he eyed the machine as though expecting it at any moment to make off by itself. Presently he found a tree, arranged his back comfortably against it and closed his eyes.

Just what went on in the professor's scientifically trained mind cannot be set down. Enough, that at the end of ten minutes he arose, and walked valiantly to the machine. With minute particularity he went over the levers and pedals, enumerating aloud the attributes of each so far as he had learned them.

"At least I can stop it," he said finally, and forthwith climbed in and looked about him.

He was in the midst of a straggling village, the streets of which were mainly flanked by vacant lots. Across these open vistas the professor was able to see his way to what he had in view. Carefully he shoved the lever at his side. There was no sudden jamming of it forward as far as it would go, as in the case which had produced the disaster, and the result was that the low-speed gear was enmeshed instead of the high, and the car started slowly forward.

The professor was delighted. The machine crawled along at the gait of a shambling horse, and the professor grasped the wheel with a triumphant smile. At the first corner he turned to the right, and by continuing to turn to the right, presently came out on the main road once more and headed back upon his trail.

For a time he was quite satisfied with the shambling horse gait, but with the straight road before him, he presently began to chafe at his speed. He tried pushing down the pedal which had given more speed before, but this time it did not respond.

Next he glanced at the lever. Perhaps he had not pushed it far enough.

Accordingly he gave it another shove, and as the high-speed gear took hold the car gathered way with a rush.

"I can stop it any time," said the professor, with the air of a small boy playing with fire.

A little farther on, doubts beginning to assail him, he did stop it just to satisfy himself that he could. With that all hesitation ended, and he drove her along at the best pace he dared, even venturing to press the throttle now and then on straight stretches of road.

Ten miles back he came upon Professor Chisolm wearily limping along and examining every rod of the way for trace of his wrecked machine and mangled colleague. As the car came to a handsome stop abreast of him, his mouth opened in amazement and then closed in anger.

"I didn't know you could run it," he growled. "Why didn't you come back sooner?"

"I came back as soon as I learned how," said Meigs mildly.

He surrendered the wheel to Chisolm, who turned the car round—Meigs watching every motion intently—and they started back.

"It isn't as difficult as it looks, is it?" said Meigs presently.

"What?" asked Chisolm shortly, his leg hurting him.

"Running it," said Meigs. "But what's this little lever for?"

"Spark control," answered Chisolm.

"How does it work?"

"Push it forward to increase your speed and pull it back to decrease it."

"I believe that's the only thing I didn't find out. No, I didn't discover how to back it, either."

Chisolm looked at him in puzzled surprise.

"Do you mean to say you found out how to run it by yourself?" he demanded.

"Well," said Professor Meigs, "I had to. It ran away with me, and I had to find out how to stop it."

"How far did you go?"

"Within five miles of town."

"And then turned around and came back?"

"I went round a block to turn it."

Chisolm was silent for a moment.

"I beg your pardon, Meigs, for being so short back there," he said then.

"I didn't understand. It took me a week with a man sitting beside me. I don't see how you did it."

As they drove into town Meigs roused from a reverie which may have had to do with prehistoric mammals and may not.

"How much does one of these things cost?" he asked.

"I paid twelve hundred for this one," said Chisolm. "I'm thinking of getting another. If you want to buy a machine I'll sell this one cheap. The engine's in good order and I've just put on two new tires."

"I'm afraid they're too expensive for me," said Meigs. "I didn't know they cost so much."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do," said Chisolm. "It's practically as good as new, but you can have it for seven hundred and fifty. And it's really a bargain at that price."

"I could pay that," said Meigs weakly. "I suppose my health would be better if I got out more."

"No doubt about it," cried Chisolm. "It's really wonderful how much better work a man can do if he gets outdoors regularly. I've proved that."

They pulled up at Professor Meigs' door.

"What do you say?" asked Chisolm as his colleague alighted.

For a moment Meigs hesitated, looking at the machine before him, palpitating like a live thing. After all he didn't care much about a trip to Europe, and if he requested it the university would pay for the expedition to the Bad Lands. Then there was the question of his health. And it was a bargain, for Chisolm said so.

"I think I'll take it," he said. "I'll give you a check to-morrow." And he entered his house to repent at leisure.

Early Struggles of Canada's Rugged Pioneers

How the United Empire Loyalists built their homes on Canadian soil. Hardships and privations which would cause many a stout heart to-day to quail — The inner life of the rude cabin homes vividly pictured.

By Maude Benson

LITTLE else than stout and loyal hearts, and willing hands, were the Loyalist pioneers able to bring to the Canadian wilderness, when they left behind them their comfortable homes in the States, and braved the unknown for love of king and country.

Life, for them, resolved itself into the problem, as old as the ages, of providing food and shelter. Their base of supplies consisted of the small assistance given them by the Government, and the natural resources of the country. However, they were not weaklings, and grim necessity was their captain. With what few tools they had been able to bring with them and to secure from Government, they, both men and women, went to work cheerfully, and with great perseverance, not only laid the foundation of their new homes, but of a new nation as well.

Primitive and crude now became the lives of these former children of plenty. Makeshifts took the place of ordinary conveniences, man power of domestic animals, inventive genius the place of money, for as the saying went: "Money was as rare as a wild goose in January," and money, after all, could buy nothing, when there was nothing to be purchased.

Co-operation was the order of the day, and by this means a bit of land was chopped over, logged and burned, a log cabin built, and the few precious seeds of grain and vegetables they possessed, carefully planted. One of the most important considerations in locating a lot was the water supply. The selection being made, if possible, near a spring or

stream, a clearing was made, and all fallen timber burned, except the smooth, straight logs that were saved for the house. An expert axeman was next required to cut the notches in the logs, in order to have them fit well at the corners, and a man with a "plumb head" to build the fireplace, chimney and bake-oven, and mix clay to the proper consistency for mortar. Often "hollows and rounds," made from hollow trees split in halves, and put on alternately as tile is placed to-day, formed the roof. All crevices were tamped with moss or mud. The two small windows, when glass was not to be had, were covered with the skin of some animal, tanned and rubbed thin. The bare earth sufficed until boards for floor and door were sawn in a saw-pit, then the floor was fastened to place with wooden pegs, and the door hung on wooden hinges, a wooden latch with string attached, which admitted of being drawn in through the door, when the family retired for the night, formed the fastening. The latch-string hanging out denoted hospitality, hence the saying, "The latch-string hangs out for you."

VERY LITTLE FURNITURE.

The houses were generally small and required little furniture. Benches took the place of chairs. A table and corner cupboard, made of boards left from the floor, and pegged together, were important items in the furnishing. A bedstead made of small poles about six feet long, driven into augerholes bored into the logs, and supported at the lower ends by a crosspiece, resting on an upright from the floor, and the log wall, when

covered with cedar or hemlock boughs, made a luxurious and healthful sleeping place. Later, when linen was manufactured in the homes, a feather bed took the place of the scented boughs. Berths were placed along the walls for the children whose numbers generally reached a dozen or more, for new land was conducive to large families, and well for them that this was the case, for every soul was needed.

Their supply of crockery was scanty, and pewter plates, platters and mugs were much in evidence. A certain Ontario family that has contributed a premier to one of Canada's provinces, besides professional men, and the like, possessed so few dishes when they reached the wilderness that a large log was flattened, and hollows scooped out, from which each member of the family received their allotted portion of food, each one keeping to his own hollow. Another family, less noted, built their house around a large hardwood stump, thus providing themselves a table without further effort.

Spoon and bullet molds were in much demand, so, also, were pots, and they passed from family to family.

The waters abounded with fish, and pigeons, deer and other edible wild animals supplied food. Bears, wolves, lynx, foxes, raccoons and squirrels thronged the woods, and the howling of wolves at night formed the lullaby of many of Canada's best known men.

When sheep were brought into the country, wolves caused so much distress, the Government came forward with an offer of four dollars per head bounty. Money was scarce, as has been said, and the young men thus spurred on became veritable nimrods and a wolf hunt was one of the most excitable pastimes afforded the exiles.

WARDROBE OF SETTLERS.

Wool was then almost the only article available for the manufacture of clothing. This, together with buckskin, and the pelts of certain fur-bearing animals, went to make up the scanty, but durable wardrobe of the

settlers. The culture of flax was not undertaken for some few years, until sufficient land had been cleared to allow space for it, as well as for the more necessary wheat and corn. Flax added variety, and linen and linsey-woolsey became in time as common as homespun flannel. Now the tiny flax-wheels took their place beside the larger spinning-wheels, and were more conducive to sociability, as they permitted of being carried from house to house, where work as well as visiting could be indulged in. Besides manufacturing their own garments they had to make their own shoes, and tan the leather as well. Buckskin was chiefly used. Later a son of St. Crispin went from house to house "whippin' the cat," as his work was called. His "stint" was to "box the craft," and erecting his bench in some favorite corner, this knight of the awl would proceed to make and repair shoes for the entire family. These men took the place of newspapers, as their necessary intimacy with the daily life of the people supplied them with whatever item of news was afloat. Added to this they were usually good story-tellers, consequently their advent in a home was always a welcome occurrence.

The fireplace was the centre of not only the family, but also of the social life of the people. Heat and light it supplied. Its great blazing back-log and pine fore-sticks rendering dim and inconsequent the "witch," rush light or tallow dip. The great black throat was necklaced by an iron crane, ornamented by trammels and hooks, and dinner pot, or singing, blackened kettle, and, perhaps, flanked by bake kettle and shining reflectors. Jealously was the "altar fire" of the home guarded, for all did not possess flint and tinder, or a lens, and if the covered fire in the fireplace proved to be not "alive," when examined in the morning, the head of the house must of necessity "pack himself afoot" to the nearest neighbor, perhaps a mile or so distant, to borrow a few coals.

A story is told of a man, a great hunter, who could never be trusted to go after coals, for forgetting his

EARLY STRUGGLES OF CANADA'S RUGGED PIONEERS.

family shivering in the cold, and their unbroken fast, his hunter's blood would invariably blot all memory of his mission from mind, and with musket and powder horn, he ranged the woods until positive hunger brought the laggard home, with the precious, needed fire. On one occasion he returned laden with wild ducks, the borrowed coals in a borrowed dinner pot.

Before the fireplace the "courting" was done, and many a timid swain has told the old, old story, to a blushing maiden, cheered on by the fire's sparkling light. Shovel and tongs stood silent listeners, each keeping their own side of the hearth, for it was never considered safe or prudent to stand them together, as they always quarreled, and the tongs, having two legs to stand on, always knocked over the shovel, hence the saying, "they quarrel like shovel and tongs."

One evening a widower came to woo a comely young woman, and after the old folks had retired, the lovers seated themselves before the fire as was customary. Some mischievous boys knowing this, captured a large goose, and quietly climbing to the roof, hurled it down the chimney. The soot flew, the fire flew, and the goose flopped about and squacked. The young woman fainted, and the widower fled from the house. Recovering from his fright and thinking his sweetheart near by, he called out: "Mariar! Mariar! Come back, I ain't afraid o' spooks."

THE EARLY SCHOOLS.

The Israelites longed for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," but the Loyalists, as their children grew up, longed for the schools left behind, but until 1799 there was absolutely no school in all Upper Canada. In this year, 1799, Bishop Strachan, started his renowned grammar school in Cornwall; then by degrees other schools were slowly established. In these the "three R's" were the only branches taught—"Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmatic." To these schools, all those who could pay for board and tuition, cheerfully sent

one or more of their children, and the following story is characteristic of the times. An old Dutchman at the close of his life, in attempting to make up to his one son, what the other had gained by attending school, carelessly inquired of his elder son, "Hans, vot iss your larnin' wort to you?" "One hundred pounds," promptly replied Hans, and the father accordingly bequeathed to his younger son an additional one hundred pounds.

Logging bees, sugar making, quilting and spinning bees supplied what few amusements were to be had. With the establishment of schools came "spelling bees," and the planting of orchards brought about the famed apple pareing bees. Itinerant ministers and incoming settlers brought apple seeds into the country, and these seeds being carefully planted resulted in the first orchards. Gradually the wilderness receded, greater space was cleared for the sowing of the grain brought with such hardships from Lower Canada. No longer was it planted with a hoe and thrashed out with the hands. A brush drag covered it and a "poverty-club," or flail thrashed it out. Instead of a hollow stump and boulder for crushing the grain, mills were established, which same were reached by the settlements fringing lake or stream, by means of canoes bearing the precious burden. When the clearing had grown into a number of fields, the primitive shanty was replaced by a more commodious house. Cattle were brought into the country, horses also, but sparingly, at first, for many years elapsed before they replaced "Buck and Bright" in the lives and work of the settlers.

Ministers of the Gospel at regular intervals began to visit the settlement, on their arduous rounds of circuit riding, and performed the rites of marriage and baptism. However, the Methodist ministers were not granted the privilege of performing the marriage ceremony in Canada for a number of years after their advent among the settlers. With the opening up of roads came the more rapid development of the country.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

FAITHFUL TO DUTY.

True to their day and generation, the early pioneers lived; under many disadvantages they toiled, with unflinching perseverance, and a fidelity to duty amid hardships and inconveniences difficult at this time to be realized. The inner life of their rude cabin homes would reveal such a struggle to meet the crying demands of the hour that the stoutest-hearted among us to-day could we but know, would stand appalled. Through imagination alone can we catch a glimpse of what they bravely and cheerfully endured. Making the best of their surroundings, and contented

with the possibilities that confronted them, they toiled on laboriously; and now, shame to the younger generations, even the places in which mother earth received them to her bosom, are neglected, and, in many instances, forgotten.

Theirs, not ours, is the glory of this great Dominion. They laid the foundation broad, and strong, and true. We are but building the superstructure, guided therein by the rich heritage of pride in our citizenship, equality of opportunity, faith in God, and love of our fellows, bequeathed us by them—the early pioneers, Canada's first nation builders.

Success lies in grasping every opportunity presented, adopting every appliance, system or device that will save or earn more money, thus keeping abreast or a little ahead of competitors.

The man who is satisfied with his business—satisfied to go on in the same old way, allowing others to take the lead—is in a dangerous position.

It pays to be a leader, for then you can be doing new things while others follow along at the old pace.

A Debt Discharged

By Mary L. Commins in the National Magazine

THE doctor was dying. For a week the "road-side club," as a "summer boarder" once dubbed it, had given their evening sessions solely to the topic, each man occupying his own particular niche among granite boulders and stunted berry bushes, in nature's forum.

The hitherto absorbing question of whether a right-of-way through old Peter Lonson's land, skirting the "sea-rocks," could be kept open now that Peter—the only one who had knowledge of its existence for the period of time which law demanded—was dead, was abruptly dropped in an unsettled condition when this calamity loomed upon the horizon of Winter Cove.

"'Twill be forty-eight year, come tomorra, since he paid his first visit here on the Cape—so old Capen Lufkin was tellin' me," Donald Perlie, a brawny Nova Scotian with eyes red rimmed by twenty years dawn-fishing, said reflectively.

"I mind the night well"—James Orr took up the tale. "I was only a little fella at the time, about high enough to hold up a drill for my father—he worked over to the Blood Ledge quarry in them days—but I mind 'twas blowin' a livin' gale from the nor'east when the new doctor went along by."

"Aye, an' tis many the gale o' wind he's tramped through since," young Rowe's voice ground a little in his throat. His big fore-finger still thrilled from that first clasp of a tiny hand which the doctor had saved for him. "There aint his match on the north shore, nor in Boston itself, for that matter."

"I misdoubt that there is, Martin

b'y, an' he keepin' so hearty up to a week ago to-night."

Donald's red lids blinked as he felt for a fresh supply of tobacco, and rubbed it between his palms. Each man pulled on his pipe in silence. The ready and dogmatic expression of opinion, which had characterized discussion concerning the right-of-way, was noticeably lacking in the present conclave. When the curfew sounded, their inexorable knell for d'sbanding, they drifted homeward, and no one noticed that the usual trail of prognostication concerning the morrow's weather had been omitted. A greater compliment could not have been paid to the man they were about to lose.

Within the doctor's cottage things went on much as usual, save for the advent of his only living relative, the son of a dead sister. John Mayhew had hastened from Boston with his newly-made wife, temporarily dropping a budding law practice, when he heard of his uncle's illness. Three days of enforced inaction, chiefly spent in striding from room to room, or around the little garden with slow, measured tread, had driven him, with avidity, to an examination of the doctor's account books, which he found on a shelf in the sitting-room. More than once his strong mouth relaxed into softened lines as he bent over the entries.

"Received from Mrs. Lonson five young pullets, in full payment for medical services rendered."

"Received from Donald Perlie, one kit of salt mackerel, in payment for medical services."

"Received from Debby Watts three dozen fresh eggs, on account."

This book bore a date many years

back. John Mayhew came suddenly upon an entry which blurred the yellowing page before his eyes.

"Received from Captain Olsen one sword-fish's sword, on account."

He had it still, that sword, hanging in his den in Boston. It had come to him in answer to a clamoring, boyish letter. Now, for the first time, he learned that it represented the labor of an over-worked man. He got up and stood looking out of the window at the deepening sunset.

His wife turned her fair head, while rocking softly near another latticed pane, as her eyes followed him. He had strong, aggressive shoulders and she liked a strong man. A soft little hum of contentment came from her lips. But her rapt gaze, which also sought the purpling sky, merely meant speculation as to the probable length of time they would be detained at Winter Cove. The place, stripped of its summer festivity, did not appeal to her.

And yet it was a scene upon which the doctor, in spite of his forty-eight years residence on the Cape, could not have looked without a soul-upheaval. Under a riot of purple and gold, made more vivid by the cameo clearness of an early October day, a dying north-west breeze had left the sea deeply indigo. From a valley, where the ground fell steeply to the west of the doctor's house, the earth-shadow was already rising, dark and mysterious, turning the trees, which it enwrapped, to black against a hill still softly green where the light touched it. It was no wonder, John Mayhew thought, that in such environment his uncle's soul had grown to be what it was, that it had found in the strength and passion of nature fine soil for its human pity.

When the sun dipped behind a low-lying line of coast he turned back to the books.

"Money seems to have been about the last thing Uncle Robert was ever paid in," he remarked to his wife, taking up one of more recent date. "And yet there must have been some, for here is an entry. 'Paid to Doctor West, fifty dollars for operation.'

What operation, I wonder? I did not know he had been ill."

Elizabeth Mayhew lifted her fair head from the piece of fancy work in which, by the waning light, she was taking desultory stitches.

"Ask Sally; she'll know," she counselled, astutely.

A tall, raw-boned, Nova Scotian woman entered the room carrying a lamp. Sarah McKenzie, or "Sally Mac," the only name by which she was ever known in Winter Cove, was half-sister to Donald Perlie's wife, and had been the doctor's housekeeper for over twenty years. For one swift instant her shrewd, gray eyes fastened on the soft, fair beauty of the woman near the window. Men never wondered why John Mayhew had married his wife. A few women did, and Sally Mac was among the number.

In the brief moment that it took Elizabeth to lay down her work and turn her fair head, there descended over the face of the doctor's housekeeper a vague and vacant look, that annihilation of all expression which the true Celt can draw, as a veil, over the features, and which so often hides an almost uncanny insight. Sally put down the lamp and stood waiting. Her brother-in-law, in describing her feelings at the moment, would have said that with John she knew herself to be sailing in deep water, clear and free. With his wife she was not yet sure whether it was deep water or shoal—but she strongly suspected shoal. Therefore she kept little "weight" on and took frequent soundings. Elizabeth, since her arrival, had treated Sally with that mixture of condescension and graciousness which she deemed the proper manner to servants, and therein she had wasted time with a woman whose ancestors, hundred of years before, had fought, covenanted and died among their heather-clad hills.

"Here is an entry which I can't make out"—John was tracing the line with his pencil when the brass knocker on the front door rose and fell, as though someone had reached it with a finger tip. Elizabeth, craning her head to see out of the window, beheld

a small girl, in an outgrown gingham dress, carrying a tray. Sally answered the knock.

"Mother says—perhaps the doctor—could take this—for his supper."

The child made her speech with little, breathless pauses and bounded away like some wild, primeval thing. Sally's face was twisted, as though by sudden pain, as she entered and placed the tray on the table.

"What china!" Elizabeth rose quickly and bent in ecstasy over the priceless old cup and saucer. There was a poached egg, like a ball of white fluff, on a delicately browned piece of toast, and a little cheap stone teapot of tea.

"'Twas Ellie Watson's great-grandmother's," Sally volunteered, "but that's all the childer's left of it; there's nine of them."

With a shrug, which conclusively settled the relative values of children and china, Elizabeth dropped into her chair. Sally took up the tray.

"He'll not be able to take it—but he'll like to know," she said a little thickly, as she left the room.

John was looking out at the deepening twilight when she re-entered. She stood beside him for a moment before he seemed aware of her presence. Then he bent again over the books.

"This, Sally—'fifty dollars to Doctor West for operation,' do you know what it was?" he asked.

She stooped to examine the page.

"What's the date?" she asked, slowly.

"June 10, 1900."

She was distinctly conscious of the far-seeing blue eyes across the table, regarding her intently. Deliberately she straightened herself and faced them. Elizabeth Mayhew saw only the blank stare and dropped jaw of a dull woman vainly trying to recall something.

"'Twill be the summer I was down home to Prince Edward's Island," Sally said at length. "If 'twas sick the doctor was, I didn't know it."

John did not raise his head.

"She's stupid," his wife said, con-

clusively, when Sally Mac had left the room.

He threw a quizzical glance.

"If I had a tenth part of her 'stupidity' the Massachusetts bar would have gained a valuable acquisition," he said, with a wary smile.

He was perfectly well aware that Sally knew all about that fifty dollars, but for some reason, probably unexplainable to herself, did not wish to speak of it just then.

"As far as I can make out," he went on, "there is about twelve thousand dollars owing to Uncle Robert for medical services."

"Really?" A bright spot of color leaped into Elizabeth's cheeks. Her breath came unevenly.

"Of course much of that is of such long standing that it is practically outlawed, but some of it is undoubtedly collectible."

She turned away that he might not see the too evident exultation in her eyes.

"Perhaps I can do something to help Sally," she said, rising, with a sudden access of graciousness.

Within the sick room Sally, having taken the precaution to lock the door, moved about making the doctor comfortable for the night. His eyes followed her, eyes like the sea without, under the dying northwest wind; as keenly blue, as suggestive of depth, though, like it, shadowed by coming night.

"Sarah," he said, when she approached the bed—he was the only person in the village who never called her Sally—"you're a rare woman . . . you've never talked."

It was the highest meed of praise he could offer, and she knew it. The blood flashed to her rugged cheeks. To hide the sudden smart of rare tears she turned and busied herself with the sick-room accessories on a little table near the window.

But half an hour later, when John stood alone in the small garden, Sally belied the doctor's good opinion. A sickle moon hung over the valley where the earth-shadow had deepened into night. Save for the chirp of a belated cricket the night was intensely

still. John started when she touched his arm.

"'Twas for Jane Watson," she began, without preliminaries. "'Twas the time she had the appendicitis."

"The little girl who brought the tray this evening?"

"No, the next older'n her. The doctor, he give his services free, but that's neither here nor there. 'Twas what he was doin' most o' the time. But there had to be a surgeon got from Hillport an' that cost fifty dollars, an' where would the Watsons get that money, God help them?"

"So Uncle Robert paid the surgeon?"

"Yes, he paid. But Alvin West never knew whose money he was handlin', I'll say that for him!"

"It was like him—Uncle Rob, I mean."

"Like him!" Sally brought her hands together in a suddenly unloosed passion of woe. "What'll they do without him at all, at all? The men—God help the quarrymen now, when the granite gets in their eyes—and the women and the childer! An' 'twasn't their bodies but their souls he saved. There's many the man an' many the woman livin' here on the Cape to-day, happy an' hearty, that he's steered through the ups an' shoals!"

Her whole body quivered. Again she was feeling the wrench of that current, so cruelly strong, from which, twenty-five years before, the doctor had saved her. She turned away but came back to lay a hand on John's arm.

"He always liked ye—fine," she said, chokingly.

He nodded. The clear cut edges of the sickle moon, in its deep bed of starlit blue, merged and wavered before his eyes. When he entered his wife's room a little later, there was that in his face which she half feared—the touch of human kinship which seemed to separate him from her so immeasurably.

The brush, with which she had been grooming her abundant fair hair, fell unheeded to her lap. For the first time there rose within her a throb of desire to be the woman John Mayhew

thought her. He stooped to kiss her through the veil of falling hair, for it was his turn to keep vigil beside his uncle. With a sudden impulse she put up both hands and held his face close against her own, and John was surprised to find that the cheek which pressed his was wet with tears. He never before had seen her cry. The room was very still, but in that stillness a woman's soul awoke, and another instance of redemption by love was begun.

It was plain to Sally, when she entered the doctor's room the next morning, that he had passed a poor night. His eyes followed her with vague unrest. When John had gone up stairs she bent over the bed.

"What is it?"

"Get them—out of the way—Sarah. John—is all right—but——"

He did not need to finish the sentence. Sally Mac nodded her complete comprehension.

Her manner to Elizabeth that morning was such a subtle mixture of deference and subdued admiration, that the latter unbent sufficiently to chat with her about John, all of whose boyhood summers had been spent on the Cape. Somehow, she knew not quite how, Elizabeth found herself by noon, confirmed in an opinion which she had modestly held for some months, that John Mayhew was a lucky man when he married her. Her estimation of Sally Mac underwent a change. She decided that these Cape people only needed to be known in order to be liked.

It was a luncheon fit for an epicure which Sally, in spite of sick-room duties, served for them that day. While it was in progress she made a suggestion.

"Sammy Tarr sent up little Timmie to say ye could have the buggy an' horse any time ye liked, an' I was thinkin' ye might be takin' yer wife for a bit of a ride round the Cape. 'Tis needin' a breath of air she'll be."

Sammy Tarr was the village teamster who, beside two wagons, boasted an ancient vehicle, termed by courtesy a "buggy." Sally did not think it necessary to add that his offer

had been stimulated by a gift on her part, of two dozen freshly fried doughnuts and several pies to his numerous family.

John looked in uncertainty from the housekeeper to his wife's eager face. Elizabeth felt that any break in the monotony of the last few days would be welcome.

"Would it be safe to leave?"

"Dr. McAleer says we needn't be lookin' for any change for the next twenty-four hours." Sally quoted the morning bulletin of the young doctor from Hillport. "An' 'tis losin' her pretty color yer wife is with so much anxiety."

Again the glance of both women clashed, if anything could be said to clash with the ingenuousness of Sally Mac's gray eyes at the moment.

"I should like to go," Elizabeth said; and John's, "very well, you shall, dear," decided the matter.

When she had watched them drive away Sally entered the sick room.

"They're gone," she said, concisely.

A wave of relief swept over the doctor's face.

"The books—Sarah!"

She brought them from the shelf in the sitting-room, where John had replaced them. He pointed to one and she laid the other aside.

"Now—the pen—and ink."

Again she obeyed in silence. He motioned to a seat beside the bed and she took it, keeping her eyes intently fixed on his face that she might miss nothing of what he wished. With a shaking fore-finger he drew a cross in the air. Sally opened the account book and scored a similar mark on the first page. Then her glance went again to his face. A light had broken over it.

"You're—a rare woman—Sarah!" he said, with unction.

For some time there was no sound in the room but the scratch of Sally's pen, the little clink of steel against glass as she dipped it in the ink, and the rustle of turning pages. The doctor lay with closed eyes. Not sleeping, she knew. Nothing would have induced him to miss the music of that scoring pen.

"'Tis done."

His eyes came open in a flash, almost before the words had left her lips. He stretched out one hand.

"Can you—lift me?"

She did so with a strong arm, putting the pen between his fingers. At the foot of the last page he wrote, with infinite difficulty, "Paid in full. Robert Lee."

A week later, when John Mayhew had helped his wife on board the electric car, which was to take them to the railway station at Hillport, he said:

"I find that I was mistaken about Uncle Robert's accounts. The people around here do not owe him anything."

"Are you sure?" Elizabeth's voice was shrill with disappointment. Her full, red lip drooped.

"Quite sure."

He thought again of the group of weather-beaten faces, quarry-laborers and fishermen, which had encircled the open grave; of the sunlit road along which the funeral procession had passed, where each cottage gave forth its dole of weeping women, the children, every one of whom the doctor had ushered into the world, clinging in sturdy soundness to their mother's skirts. Martin Rowe's young wife, with the abandon of her race, had knelt down, her tiny baby hugged close in her arms, her white face lifted in prayer, as the hearse went by.

Even now, John's eyes turned to the roadside, where the wife of a Finn quarryman, her fair skin and hair tanned to one dull yellow from exposure to wind and sun, stood arrayed in her poor best. Two small children were with her and each of the three carried a bunch of nasturtiums. Instinctively John Mayhew knew that they were waiting for a car bound in the opposite direction, and that their destination was that newly-made grave in the little cemetery by the sea. He turned again to his wife with the look which, while she loved, she still half feared.

"I am quite sure," he said, quietly. "It has all been paid in full."

How Young Married Folk Should Finance

By Marion Harland in the Home Magazine

BEFORE marriage some young men stand in respectful and loving awe of the woman they want to marry, as if she were ever daintily gowned, perched on a pedestal and could not be communicated with in a confiding way about material things until after the nuptial knot had been tied. And some young women are so very, very happy in their love and the getting ready for the triumphal procession into and out of church that it seems a perfect shame to discuss problems of living until they are to be met. Consequently, the problems do come after marriage, and they are financial problems, many of them, that the woman should understand and the male member of the household should explain, fully and frankly.

Having studied this matter long and seriously, I offer you, as the result of my observation in various walks of life and careful calculation of labor and expense, the bold assertion that every wife who performs her part, even tolerably well, in whatsoever rank of society, more than earns her living, and that this should be an acknowledged fact with both parties to the marriage contract. The idea of her dependence upon her husband is essentially false and mischievous, and should be done away with, at once and for ever. It has crushed self-respect out of thousands of women; it has scourged thousands from the marriage altar to the tomb with a whip of scorpions, driving many to desperation and crime.

If you—our generic “John”—shrink from coming down to “cold business” before the echoes of the wedding bells have died in the ear and in the heart, call the discussion a “matter of marriage etiquette” and

approach it confidently. And do you, Mrs. John, meet his overtures in a straightforward, sensible way, with no foolish shrinking from the idea of even apparent independence of him to whom you have intrusted your person and your happiness.

It is, of course, your part to harken quietly to whatever proposition your more businesslike spouse may make as to the just partition, not of his means, which are likewise yours, but of the sums you are respectively to handle and to spend. Do not accept what he apportions for your use as a benefaction. He has endowed you with all his worldly goods, and the law confirms the endowment to a certain extent. You are a co-proprietor—not a pensioner. If while the glamor of love's young dreams envelops and dazes you, you are chilled by what seems sordid and commonplace, take the word of an old campaigner for it that the time will come when your “allowance” will be a factor in happiness and comfort.

A BUSINESS PARTNER.

So, John, set aside from your income what you adjudge to be a reasonable and liberal sum for the maintenance of your household in the style suitable for people of your means and position. Determine what purchases you will yourself make, and what shall be intrusted to your wife, and put the money needed for her proportion into her care as frankly as you take charge of your share. Try the experiment of talking to her as if she were a business partner. Let her understand what you can afford to do, and what you can not. If in this explanation you can say “we” and “ours” you will gain a decided moral

HOW YOUNG MARRIED FOLK SHOULD FINANCE.

advantage and pride of power. Impress upon her mind that a certain sum, made over to her apart from the rest, is hers absolutely, not a present from you, but her honest earnings, and that you would not be honest were you to withhold it. And do not ask her "if that will do," any more than you would address the question to any other woman. With what cordial detestation wives regard that brief query, which drops like a sentence of the creed from husbandly lips, I leave your spouse to tell you. Also, if she ever heard of a woman who answered anything but "yes."

Carrying out the idea of co-partnership, should your wife exceed her allowance, running herself, and consequently you, into debt, meet the exigency as you would a similar indiscretion on the part of a young and inexperienced member of your firm. Treat the extravagance as a mistake, not a fault. Not one girl-wife in one hundred who has not been a wage-earner has had any experience in the management of finances. The father gives the daughter money when she (or the mother) tells him that she needs it, or would like to have it. When it is gone he is applied to for more. She has been a beneficiary all her life, usually an irresponsible, thoughtless recipient of what is lavished or doled out to her, according to the parental whim and means.

Teach her business methods tactfully, yet decidedly. This can be accomplished in various ways, and quite often without her becoming conscious that you are making an effort to show her that even love in a cottage is not without its mathematics, and the addition and subtraction, multiplication and division of any other business. It is well to inquire now and then how the household books are balancing, and the wife should not hesitate to let the husband know just how the books are kept and what the items are that count for or against her allowance.

One young wife I know of began keeping the expense book presented to her by her husband with these entries:

"January fourth—Received \$75.

"January sixth — Spent \$70.25 shopping, etc.

"Balance—\$4.75, set down to profit and loss."

After fifteen years of married life her husband died, bequeathing the whole of a large estate to her, and making her sole guardian of three children—a confidence fully justified by her conduct of the affairs thus committed to her.

"My husband trained me, patiently and thoroughly," she said to one who complimented her financial sagacity. "I was an ignoramus when we were married." Then laughingly she related the "profit and loss" incident.

My attention was called to another case in which a young man with a small salary married a charming young lady—she was only a girl, in fact—to whom money had been freely given by her parents whenever she had asked. When she married the young man she knew absolutely nothing about the value of money. He taught her by turning over to her his entire salary and having her pay to him what they considered a reasonable allowance. With the remainder she "managed" the house. There were periods of self-denial and heart-aches, but she became a practical little woman, and, with her assistance, he became a very successful man.

Should your wife play with her allowance, as a child with a new toy, let censure fall upon those who have kept her in leading strings, but teach her gradually to comprehend her responsibilities. The sense of them will steady her, unless she be exceptionally feather-brained. Be she wasteful or frugal, the allowance you have made to her is as honestly hers to have, to hold or to spend as the third of your estate which the law will give her in the event of your death.

It is a fact that may have much significance—or none—that the bride makes no mention of endowing her husband with all or any portion of her worldly goods. It is likewise significant that laws (of man's devising) take it for granted that her property goes with her, so that in most of our States it is his without other act of

gift than the marriage ceremony. The man who marries for money has no scruples as to the acceptance and the use of it. Sometimes it is squandered; sometimes, but not often, it is hoarded; most frequently "it goes into the husband's business" and is invested by him for the benefit of himself and his family. No investment should be made of his wife's money without her knowledge and full consent. In all that he does where her funds are involved, he should be her actuary, and what profits result from "operations" with her funds should be settled on herself and children. By this course alone can he retain his self-respect, his reputation as an honorable man, and certainly disabuse his wife's mind of any possible suspicion that his affection was not wholly for her.

The arrangement between husband and wife concerning money matters should be no more definite and businesslike than that subsisting between father and children. To be taught early the real value of money is a distinct assistance to financial integrity in later life. To have in one's possession, even as a child, a sum wholly one's own conduces to a feeling of self-respect and independence. As soon as a child is old enough to know what money is, and that for money things are bought and sold, he should have an allowance, be it only a penny a week. Suggestions, but not commands, as to its expenditure should accompany the gift. Gradually the weekly or monthly amount should be increased, and instructions should be given as to its possible use.

A child may be advised properly to divide his small funds between pleasure and charity, or between the things bought solely for his own benefit and those for the benefit of others, the value of the expenditure in each case being dependent on the freedom of his choice. As he grows older he should be taught to expend money for necessities. He should be trained to buy his own personal belongings. This sort of training, often disastrously neglected, is of far more practical value than many things taught in

the schools. The feeling of responsibility engendered in children or young people by trusting them with a definite amount of money for certain general purposes can scarcely fail of a happy result. It binds them to a performance of duty, while it confers at the same time a delicious sense of freedom. An allowance for necessities gives its recipient liberty of choice in expenditure, but the choice must be judicious or the recipient suffers. This it does not take him long to find out.

Many a man who refuses his sons and daughters allowances permits them to run up large bills at the various shops where they trade. Exactly what the amount of these bills will be he never knows, except that it is sure to be larger than he wishes. The children of such a man never have any ready money. They do not know what to count on, and, in consequence, not being trusted, they exercise all their ingenuity to outwit the head of the family and to trick from him as much money as possible. A young woman with somewhat extravagant tendencies, who belonged to the class of the unallowed, begged her father for a new gown. She pleaded and pleaded in vain. Finally he said if she had anything that could be made over he would stand for the bill. This word to the wife was sufficient. She took the waistband of an old gown to her modiste, who built upon it a beautiful frock, for which she likewise sent in a beautiful bill. Fortunately, this daughter had a father who was a connoisseur in wit, and who could appreciate a joke even at his own expense. But the example will serve, as well as another, to illustrate the lengths to which a woman may resort when not treated as a reasonable and reasoning creature about money matters.

THE NECESSARY ALLOWANCE.

"I would rather have one-half the amount of money of which I might otherwise have the use, and have it in the form of an allowance," said a young woman who was discussing with other young women the subject

of expenditures. "If I know what I am to have, I can spend it to much better advantage. I can exercise some method in my purchases. If I don't know, I am likely to spend a large sum on some two or three articles, with the hope 'hat more is coming. Suddenly and unexpectedly father sets his foot down on further bills, and there I am with a dream of a hat but no shoes, or with a ball gown and not a coat to my back."

Money plays some part in the life of every human being belonging to a civilized nation. The question of successful and skilful expenditure is a vital question for the majority of people. It is not a question that can be solved without training. Yet we educate our children in various unimportant matters, and for the most part leave this of money untouched. In no way can a child or a young person be

taught so readily and so quickly the proper use of money as by limiting his expenses to a certain sum, which sum he nevertheless controls.

The failure to properly educate children in the economics of home management is, of course, the principal cause of so many problems which arise after marriage. It is not expected that each girl, regardless of her station in life, must know house-keeping and its economic management down to its smallest detail, but they should be aware of the fundamentals in any instance. They should be taught by the fathers and mothers of those who have learned until they understand not only what is expected of them, but what they can expect. Given such a basis, they will understand that marriage is, after all, a co-partnership, which is a happy, blessed state when rightly appreciated.

When a business girl is a failure, the reason often is that she regards the work she has taken up as only a temporary thing—something to fill up the years that lie between leaving school and the husband and home that she hopes sooner or later will fall to her lot. This is an utterly wrong principle. Even if the chances are that the girl will marry, she must work hard and gain all the knowledge she can of her calling, so that should marriage not come her way, she may, instead of developing into a complaining old maid, become an interesting and charming woman, leading a busy life—too busy even ever to think much of self, but never too busy to do a kind action or help on younger women beginning life.—Notions.

• Took Him for a Farmer

How a new page boy made a sad mistake but
was freely forgiven by one of Canada's greatest sons.

By James George Ternernt

A WAY back in the early eighties when that veteran statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, was in power, and when, on the opposite side of the chamber sat such distinguished lights of the old Liberal party as Mackenzie, Blake, Laurier, Cartwright and others—a ludicrous incident took place one afternoon showing the childish innocence and credulity of a new page boy, while at the same time it illustrated the beautiful humility and kindly nature of one of Canada's greatest sons.

The new boy whom we shall call "Mac," for the purpose of our story—had come on duty for the first time about an hour or so before the Speaker took the chair.

He was a good looking youngster of nine or ten, and dressed like the other pages in a jaunty little suit of black. His face was red with suppressed excitement at his surroundings, and his coal black hair shone with a lustre due to a plentiful rubbing of oil.

Now the newness of "Mac's" position and everything pertaining thereto had the very natural effect of the boy keeping pretty much to himself for a while. For as he moved with slow, uncertain steps about the broad, green carpeted aisle of the chamber, he wore that air of mystery and abstraction to be reasonably expected from anyone in the same circumstances.

Congregated about the two steps of the Speaker's chair, the other pages were busily making poor "Mac" the butt and target for all sorts of random shots, each of which

was followed by either a giggle or subdued laugh.

Presently the group became very quiet, and seemed to be holding a sort of private conference. Then the biggest boy of the bunch suddenly turned round, and, catching "Mac's" eye, gesticulated for him to approach.

"Say," he began, assuming a grave face and whispering in the ear of the novice, "see that farmer over there? You'd better go and tell him the members are coming in and that the Speaker will take the chair in a few minutes."

The person indicated occupied one of the front seats on the Opposition side and not very far from "Mr. Speaker." He was a big man, his burly form bending over the desk in front of him completely hiding it from view. His face was buried between his hands, while a huge slouch hat crushed in a shapeless mass over the back of his head made a picture that, to the unthinking stranger, might have been easily taken for an intruder who had forgotten himself and unwittingly fallen asleep.

It was, therefore, little wonder that poor "Mac" thus sizing up the situation, and without a moment's doubt or suspicion crossing his mind—at once crossed over, and, tapping the gentleman lightly on the shoulder, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but the members are taking their seats and the Speaker will soon be here."

He stood expectantly waiting. Then a low, muffled voice—a voice that seemed to come from the innermost recess of the desk—answered him.

"I'm very glad to hear it, my boy."

TOOK HIM FOR A FARMER.

The words were spoken without the slightest move being made, and "Mac" returned to the other boys a little disappointed.

"He just said he was glad to hear it."

"That so!" chorused some of the pages, feigning surprise.

"Well," began the big boy, resolutely, "we'll give him a few minutes more to get a move on. You see we page boys are supposed to watch that no strangers get into the chamber by mistake. And when anyone does, it's always the youngest page who sees that he must go."

Poor "Mac" was learning fast. He now realized a duty devolved upon him and that duty was, to his sensitive mind, a very delicate one.

It wasn't long before he was again urged to tackle the supposed farmer.

"The Speaker will take the chair in just five minutes, sir."

Again came that deep, muffled voice—this time in four simple words:

"The sooner, the better."

Puzzled and chagrined to think his broad hints should have failed, he once more retreated, wondering what course to pursue next.

Meanwhile, the chamber was rapidly filling with members—particularly on the Government side. The low hum of conversation, the opening and shutting of desks, the rustling of newspapers, etc., all combined to impress "Mac" that he was a small but quite important factor in the machinery of the house. Especially so as he noticed how very clever the other pages were darting hither and thither in answer to a whistle or snap of the fingers from the members.

When the big boy returned from one of these calls, "Mac" explained his second failure to move the big man.

"Just go over again and tell him the Speaker's coming right in and that he must go—or we'll have to get him put out."

"All right!"

For the third time "Mac," nerving

himself for this last stroke, and feeling the responsibility of his position, approached the cumbrous figure in the same reposeful attitude.

"I'm sorry, sir; but you must really be going now. The Speaker will be here in less than a minute."

The boy had spoken more firmly this time, and his hand leaned a trifle more heavily on the gentleman's arm. At last he was to be rewarded. The supposed stranger showed unmistakable signs of moving—at least from his position. He raised his head slowly and sat back in his chair. There was a broad, amused smile on his rotund, genial face, as, re-adjusting a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, he inquired, kindly:

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Mac—, Sir."

"My name's BLAKE! Do you think you will know me again?"

Poor little "Mac's" surprise can better be imagined than described. He stood for a moment feeling shaky and very much humbled at his mistake. But the soft voice and affable manner of Mr. Blake quickly put him at ease.

"I hope you'll forgive me, sir? I'm sorry I made such a mistake."

"Certainly, my boy—you have my forgiveness. When did you come on as page?"

"Only this afternoon."

"Ah! I suppose your mistake was a natural one. However, you will soon become familiar with the faces and names of the members."

Saying a few other nice things for "Mac's" guidance, the Honorable Edward Blake dismissed him, telling him not to feel badly over it, and that he was a good boy.

Although it was a cruel hoax to put up on a new page boy—one that might have caused the dismissal of several pages had it not been for Mr. Blake's kindly nature—the incident was soon forgotten. And though (boyish like) "Mac" wanted to "get even" with the big boy, the opportunity never came.

Co-Operation and Some of its Beneficial Results

How the system has worked in a leading Canadian departmental store—
Employees taught to save and acquire financial interest in the business
— Some practical lessons attained— How those employed view the plan.

FOR the amelioration of the condition of those who toil, several projects have been devised, many plans undertaken and numerous reforms suggested. Some have partially accomplished the object sought; others have proved a complete disappointment.

The study of economical problems is always interesting; sociological questions will always be an absorbing subject. As the world progresses, as civilization advances, new theories present themselves and are frequently put into practice. Once the experimental stage has been successfully passed, they generally become part and parcel of our social fabric.

The relations of the employer and employe in the great world of labor are often strained. Perhaps in the past there has been too much suspicion, too much luke-warmness, jealousy or prejudice on either side. But that day is passing, and greater confidence, more of the spirit of co-operation and unity of purpose are being manifested. Where radical moves have been tried, and apparently revolutionary plans put into execution, from these there is no turning back if the ventures meet with reasonable success. On all sides to-day the truth of the maxim, "Unity is Strength," is recognized—equally as much as the Biblical reference that "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Within the last decade the hours of toil have been shortened, wages materially augmented, and the conditions that contribute to human comfort and happiness greatly improved. The weekly half-holiday is an institution that has come to stay. It has become

wide in its popularity, beneficial in its results, up-lifting in its influence, and general in its observance. With all these changes—shorter hours, weekly half-holiday, higher wages—what has been the result? The amount of work, the output of raw material and finished product, has increased. In large industrial or mercantile establishments employes, under the altered and better state of affairs, are generally conceded to accomplish as much or more as when the old order of things prevailed.

To trace the process of the evolution would be most interesting, but so many phases are involved that only one can be considered at a time, if adequate justice is to be done within ordinary limits on the subject. Welfare work, savings departments and co-operative plans have evidently worked well, where tried in the land across the border, and in Canada, too, the results have proved satisfactory, although such movements as yet are comparatively few. In the City of Hamilton, often termed the "Birmingham of Canada," by reason of its great industrial activity, and the varied character of its manufactures, a large departmental store has for five years carried on a Co-operative Plan, and Employes' Savings Department. It is interesting and instructive to view the results and allow them to speak for themselves. The firm in question is that of Stanley Mills & Co., Limited. They have been in business for a score of years. About fifteen years ago they took up the departmental store idea and added many new lines of merchandise. Five years ago fire wiped out their build-

CO-OPERATION AND SOME OF ITS BENEFICIAL RESULTS.

ing, which was re-erected on a much larger scale. A limited liability company was formed with a capital stock of \$100,000, of which \$25,000 was preference stock, and \$75,000 common stock. The former was retained by the old company, and the latter all assumed by the new company, of which Stanley Mills is president, Robert Mills, secretary-treasurer, and Edwin Mills, managing director.

It was then resolved to allow the employes of Stanley Mills & Co., Limited, the new firm, to take a financial interest in the business, and accost per annum. This departure was guaranteed to bear 8 per cent. interest per annum. The departure was decided upon—not from any financial pressure—but solely in order to give employes an opportunity to obtain an interest in the business and to inaugurate a co-operative plan, which, it was believed by the promoters, would be mutually advantageous. One thousand shares were set apart, each share representing \$25 par value. An eight per cent. dividend was guaranteed by the firm; the accrued interest thereon being payable in quarterly instalments.

In 1903 this plan was introduced, and at the annual meeting of the company, held the other day, the benefits to be had from co-operation in business were strikingly illustrated. The old directors were re-elected, and it was decided to increase the stock of the company from \$100,000 to \$500,000, which, in itself, is a concrete argument of a very convincing character of the growth and prosperity of the firm. Mr. Mills strongly advised employes to take up more of this preferred stock, saying it was an absolutely safe investment, and that he would like to see more of the employes interested in the scheme if only to the extent of one share.

HOW IT HAS WORKED.

In 1903, the co-operative plan was introduced. At first the number of shares taken by the employes of the firm was small, but the following year an Employees' Saving Department was started, where sums of 10 cents per

week and upwards were received, and interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum allowed on all deposits. The practice of regular systematic saving was encouraged and the jingling rhythm, "every little bit added to what you got makes just a little bit more," became a principle practised in daily life. As soon as the sum saved amounts to \$25, it has to remain at this figure, drawing interest at six per cent., or else it can be exchanged for one share of preferred stock of the company, bearing eight per cent. interest. Thus were the employes afforded a safe and profitable investment for any portion of their money or earnings that they might see fit to lay aside from week to week. Other simple conditions governing this feature of the co-operative plan were:

When a deposit is exchanged for a preferred share, the employe may then open up a new account in the savings department. Deposits in the savings department may be withdrawn at any time, and interest will be paid to the date of the withdrawal. The savings department is open every day (except Saturdays) from 8.30 to 11.00 a.m. Employes severing their connection with the firm, and having deposits in the savings department, will be paid such deposits with accrued interest on the day of their leaving.

The success or failure of any move after it has passed the probationary period, has to be gauged by results. Although not yet five years in operation, out of the 1,000 shares of preferred stock—each share being \$25—496 shares, or practically one-half, have been taken up by the employes, and the number is constantly growing, so favorably do those in the service of the firm regard the co-operative plan and the savings bank department. Fully one-third of the employes are now shareholders in the firm and the number has never fallen below one-quarter. Of course, it varies in number in much the same manner as do savings deposits in chartered banks. In times of prosperity and abundance of employment, deposits in the country's monetary in-

stitutions naturally grow, but, when a wave of depression comes and there is a stringency, the savings are withdrawn in a greater or less extent to meet pressing conditions or tide the depositors over a period of uncertainty.

The same order of things holds true in connection with the shares and savings bank accounts in Stanley Mills & Co.'s establishment. Sickness at home, some member of the family out of work or totally unforeseen demands result at times in an employe converting his or her share, or shares of preferred stock into cash or withdrawing a portion or all of his or her savings. It might here be mentioned that the preferred stockholders have not only received the eight per cent. guaranteed interest on their holdings, payable in four equal quarterly instalments since the system was begun, but during the past two years the stock has carried a bonus of two per cent., so satisfactory has been the outcome. The stock can be held only by an employe, no outsiders being allowed to participate. Many of those in the service of the company have, by systematic saving, increased their holdings in five years from one or two shares, to ten, fifteen and twenty shares. Some lay up ten cents a week, others twenty-five or fifty cents, while older employes and heads of departments, who are in receipt of good salaries, set aside one, two or three dollars or even more.

SOME MANIFESTATIONS.

In four years there have been 89 depositors whose savings have aggregated \$2,600. On June 30th, 1903, there were 296 shares held by employes; to-day, as previously stated, 496 shares are held. Since the system was started only one shareholder has attempted any dishonest act, and only one employe who was a shareholder, has left the firm to take another position. A number of lady shareholders have resigned and have been paid the amount of their savings, as well as selling their holdings in stock to the firm, but the positions

they have secured have been as queens of households, or, in other words, they have become happy, contented life companions of honorable, industrious husbands.

When interviewed, several clerks, representative of every department, unhesitatingly expressed approval and appreciation of the co-operative plan. They all remarked that it had been helpful, beneficial and useful in every particular. One prepossessing head of a department observed: "Before the system here was begun I was in the habit of spending all my spare money on ice cream, candy and trolley car jaunts. To-day as a result of this easy, simple and practical method of saving something every week, I have nineteen shares of preferred stock. I consider the co-operative plan a grand one, indeed."

Another clerk, who occupies a subordinate position, said: "I have been saving thirty cents a week out of my salary. It seemed like a mere pittance—so I thought at first—but with the interest added it is now quite a tidy sum. I feel as if I had a personal interest in the firm, and I hope the system will continue. I have been here two years now, and during that time I have not heard one word of unfavorable criticism or any fault finding with the plan or its administration."

A manager of another department—the head of a household and a large family—said that he had recently received two advances in salary, and that he drew only the old figure. "I leave the raises," he remarked, "to be put in the savings department, and if there was not such a department to encourage saving, I do not know what I would do. I feel certain I would have been but little better off. Now, I have something tangible to show—these stock certificates."

One of the apprentices in the dress goods branch modestly observed that he was getting \$5 a week, yet he was depositing 40 cents out of this sum in the savings bank each pay day, and he confidently added: "I will soon

have enough there to own a share in the business."

And thus the story ran varied somewhat in manner of expression, but the voice of one was evidently the voice of all—a chorus in unison and harmony in praise of co-operation.

There are two sides to every story, and the promoters of the proposition—the members of Stanley Mills & Co., Limited, declined to discuss at any length their version of the economic problem. "We are, never have and do not intend to, seek publicity over what we have seen fit to carry out," declared one of the proprietors. "We simply feel that we are getting a little more in direct touch and contact with our employes than the average business establishment. It has brought our employes nearer to us and has increased their interest in the business so that not only they, but we have benefited by it."

"What about results?" was asked of another member of the firm. "We are perfectly satisfied. Our trade in five years—since this plan was undertaken—has nearly doubled in volume. We have no grievance or misgivings whatever. We have simply tried to do by others as we would like to be done by in the event of our positions being reversed."

One or two more points and the story is told. There is neither red tapeism nor technicality about the co-operative plan or savings bank department. Everything relating to their

management, control or operation is simple, direct and plain. Only the good and welfare—individual as well as collective—of the employes is the animating motive or underlying principle of the enterprising departmental establishment in the Ambitious City.

Lest it might be pointed out by some one, that favoritism or partiality might be exercised by the promoters of the co-operative plan, in dismissing, promoting, or giving increases to employes, and some discrimination practised in favor of those who are not shareholders, one fact may be plainly stated. The person who engages, advances or dismisses the employes, has nothing whatever to do with the savings bank or preferred stock features of the business. He is not even aware who are or who are not stockholders, and, consequently, all increases in salary or elevations in position are based solely on efficiency, qualification and faithfulness in the discharge of duty—and on no other ground.

The Busy Man's Magazine in future issues hopes to present in a strictly fair and impartial manner other features along industrial and sociological lines, such as Welfare Work, Employes' Mutual Benefit Associations, etc., believing a dispassionate discussion of such matters and the presentation of concrete facts—exemplification of the practical working out of plans—are far more forceful and impressive than all the theses or theorizing that may be offered.

Be thou not held in thrall of Yesterday.

Fling off his rusting chain of tyrannies.

Then up! Draw breath in freedom; and away

To rule thy servant,—the strong Hour That Is!

Seed for French Canned Peas Raised In Canada

Thousands of bushels grown for the foreign trade — Soil and climate favorable for propagation of seed — Beans are cultivated for French canneries — New varieties constantly introduced.

PICTURES and bon-vivants may not know that seed for peas, which are canned in France, is largely raised in Canada, yet such is the case. From the Province of Ontario fully 50,000 bushels of fancy peas, embracing some sixty or seventy varieties, are annually shipped across the Atlantic. The climate and soil of Ontario vary to a degree sufficient to allow the raising of even tropical fruits; vegetation is, indeed, of a diverse character. For several years in what is called the Midland district of the Province, extending from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe, and from Durham County to Frontenac, including Peterborough, Northumberland, Hastings, Victoria and other counties, hundreds of farmers have been raising fancy seed peas for the French market.

In the City of Peterborough the firm of Houedry & Sons, whose headquarters are at Dol-de-Bretagne, France, have for the last decade and a half received from across the ocean consignments of fancy peas which are distributed to progressive farmers. Varieties suited to the quality of the soil are given, and deliveries must be made to the storehouse by September. Some of the peas are of the late variety, some early and others medium. Some are sweet, juicy and tender, while other kinds are firmer and not so delicious.

The firm will this year extend their operations and begin the cultivation of seed beans in the vicinity of Chatham, Ontario, the soil and climate in that district being propitious for the propagation of this leguminous plant. Thus will Canada not only supply the seed for French canned peas, but for

canned beans as well. In France the seed raised in Canada for the firm of Houedry & Sons is, after being thoroughly hand picked, given out to farmers and gardeners, who raise crops for the large canneries in that country, while some peas are sold for immediate table use. The French are noted for relishing the pea, and the industry in that land is a highly important one. Houedry & Sons have a large estate at Dol-de-Bretagne devoted to the culture of fancy peas, beans and all kinds of vegetables and their seeds. They also have employed specialists who devote their time to improvements of the seeds by methods known only to experts in this particular art.

The company do not sell their peas on this continent. Europe is their market, and an immense yearly business is done with Germany, Belgium, Norway and other countries.

Seed from France does well in Canadian soil, and the business of growing for the foreign canneries is greatly increasing. In Algiers, Africa, the members of the firm have another large warehouse, and distribute seed there for cultivation.

It may be asked why the seed peas raised here are not canned in Canada instead of being sent to France. The reason is that the latter climate is more favorable for raising green peas. They ripen more slowly. Two crops can be gathered in the one season from the land, while in Canada only one could be harvested. In the country of the Gaul seed is sown in January and the first yield of green peas for the canners is gathered about the middle of March. A second crop is immediately put in and garnered

during the latter part of May or early in June. After that, if he desires, so mild is the climate, the farmer can still raise a crop of buckwheat on the soil. Peas raised for canning factories in Canada are planted early in May and must be harvested about the middle of June, as they ripen rapidly. In France the process of maturing is very slow and peas can be harvested for several days and taken to the canning factories without any perceptible difference in consistency.

In France labor in the canneries is cheaper than in Canada, and French canned peas are shipped to many places in the Dominion and sold at a less figure than the output of some of the pea factories in this country.

The Frenchman dearly loves green peas, either from the garden or canned, and judging by the augmented output each year other people also find that this succulent delicacy goes a long way in tickling the palate and satisfying gastronomic desires.

How Hardships Were Made Easy

By George McRobert in the Young Man

HOW frequently it has happened that lads and youths of outstanding powers, and even genius, have had to undergo great hardships in early years. Owing to circumstances, they have been obliged to toil for a livelihood, engage in labor which, though affording sufficient whereon to live, dwarfed their energies, and retarded their mental growth.

Many a promising youth, whose coming greatness was unmistakable, through the crushing weight of that over which they had no control, have been deprived of the blessings of education and the privilege of following after their heart's desire. Instead they have had to turn early to toil and been doomed to serve a hard apprenticeship to the plough, the loom, the anvil, and stool.

It is very cheering and encouraging to note how that in a large number of instances lads of genius, notwithstanding hardships and disadvantages, have had a patience that refused to be conquered, and a diligence that never tired. Through the seemingly hopeless jungle that blocked their early hopes and aspirations, they made a clear path to success and even fame.

Another thing worthy of note is

the fact that they were invariably hard workers. Laborare est orare, said the old monks, "Work is worship." In this sense they were truly religious. Meeting the stern necessities with a faith and purpose that possessed them, they brought, as it were, honey and oil from the flinty rock. Thus they triumphed.

Theirs was no slack hand, but the hand of the diligent. Believing in the dignity of toil, and manifesting a worthy independence, they faced it like men, and made it a stepping stone to higher things. In their hardship and obscurity, patience and labor, they were men in the making. The end, however, was not yet. Therefore they diligently toiled.

It is also noticeable that almost all such youths, however obscure, and whatever their toil, maintained their life's idea. "Hard lines" and even "short commons" nourished their purpose or fanned it to a purer flame. Was it scholarship to which they aspired? then they read and thought the more. Did their mind go towards being a capitalist? then they were careful of everything, leaving nothing to take care of itself. Or was their heart set on some nobler course? then body and mind were bent in that direction.

The story of Hugh Miller's early battles is an eloquent illustration. Though weak physically and in poor health, he toiled in a quarry among strong men. His boyish visions, day-dreams, and amusements, were exchanged for hard work. Yet he cheerfully buckled to the labor, the while keeping eye and heart open for everything that would minister to his higher hopes and purposes. Whilst he plied the hammer he was also bringing to light the wonders of the earth. Whilst acquiring a knowledge of his trade, he was also cheerfully and earnestly fitting himself for the great mental toil which he afterwards overtook.

The renowned missionary-traveler, Livingstone, was another who could not command the full benefit of even the common school, but was early earning his bread by hard toil. He, too, faced the situation with a stout and cheerful heart. Dirt and drudgery had no terrors for him. Difficulties did not intimidate, but rather stimulated to wholesome endeavor. His growth physical, mental and moral came by way of hard work. His success emphasizes the remark of a noted writer: "It is not that which is done for a young man that is most valuable to him and others, but that which he is led to do for himself." Many, because they were afraid of the toil that soils, and neglected doing that which

would have been their making, have been relegated to uselessness and obscurity.

The other day the writer stood on a bridge at which the famous engineer Telford toiled as an ordinary mason, and also traversed some of the scenes of his struggling apprenticeship. Even yet tradition tells how that, amidst all, he was a rollicking and a thorough lad. He had privations and difficulties many, but he had also a heart above them all. Thoroughness, patience, and perseverance were features in his life. The smallest piece of work was undertaken with care. What was given him to do was done heartily. No scamping or shoddy work with Telford. Thus he laid the foundation for the great work he afterwards accomplished.

But cases like the above might be indefinitely multiplied. Men of this class, many in the firing files to-day, have experienced hardships, but made them easy because of their will to work. They had little regard for ease or dignity. Their very hardships were privileges, promotive of happiness, and brought them success of the noblest and purest kind.

"The brae, I brawly ken, is steep,

But steevly plant your rung:

An' bear in mind when ae door steeks

Anither's open flung."

There is a democratic soul of truth in every stubborn aristocratic prejudice. "The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not; but the Good Shepherd lays down his life for his sheep." And the cogeny of this principle loses nothing by lapse of time; the man that works because he wants to, is bound to have a better earth-grip than the fellow who takes hold because he wants to let go. There isn't a ghost of a show for the Hired Man, when once the Master of the House shall have decided to make an issue.—Charles Ferguson.

The European Business Man in Retirement

By Andre Tridon in the *American Review of Reviews*

THE fondest dream of every European mother is to marry off her daughters and to see her sons provided with government positions. When the first of those wishes is left unfulfilled, a convent may conveniently open its doors to the forsaken wallflower. But when the heir either decides to be a free lance or fails to come up to the requirements of a civil service examination, lamentations are the response of the entire family. As a makeshift, and if the father happens to be a prominent merchant, his son may succeed him in the management of his affairs. To the average European mind, however, nothing is sweeter to think of than a desk and a stool for life in the offices of some public or semi-public organization.

Why should such "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood," as Lamb puts it, appeal so strongly to Europeans, or, to be more exact, to Continentals, for the British have remained comparatively immune against the civil service microbe? The answer is: Because of the old-age pension. Almost every one on the Continent who is able, physically and mentally, to pass an examination, may in time become a pensioner, for not only the governments, in most of the European countries, but banks, railroads, large business houses as well, pension off their employes after twenty-five or thirty years of continuous services.

When an American realizes the exact amount of these old-age pensions he may express some surprise. Few are above \$800 a year, and the majority are below \$200. That paltry \$200, however, is a thing perfectly assured, a pittance which cannot possibly fail to be doled out to whomsoever has held a steady position for a

quarter of a century or so. This pittance does away with all the worries concerning the future, and the humblest office holder may sleep peacefully, satisfied that after years of toil he will be able to rest and enjoy life, if life then be granted him.

It is at this point that Anglo-Saxons and Continentals have disagreed radically since the days of the Reformation. Puritanism taught that profitable suffering and work were the foremost accessories of a Christian life, work being not only a necessity, but a duty as well. Catholicism, with its Greco-Roman tinge of paganism, has steadfastly refused to forget the carnal deities, and while countenancing suffering of a rather unnatural sort, such as asceticism, has permitted contemplative anchorites to set an example of indifference to strenuousness, an example of blessed idleness. Of course, it will be understood that I do not oppose Catholicism to Protestantism, but to Puritanism, for, although England and North Germany are both Protestant countries, they differ as much on the subject as pre-Shakespearean England differs from the England of, say, George Bernard Shaw.

The result of such widely different teachings is that to Anglo-Saxons work is an end in itself, praiseworthy and even enjoyable. To the Continental it is only a means to an end, the end being an independent life of idleness, or, as we might prefer to put it, elegant leisure. According to Continental views, whoever can secure for himself a daily pittance without toiling for it, ought not to toil, and no credit is given to the wealthy young man intent on increasing his capital by engaging in some trade, nor to the man of fifty or fifty-five

who remains at work after amassing a small competence.

Therefore, we meet in every Continental city a large class of idle men, who, having dismissed for the balance of their life the care of money-making, have no ambition beyond that of living and enjoying life. That their enjoyment includes but a meagre dole of life's material comfort is evident, but this gives them a peculiar charm.

There is, however, a real value to the state in their view of life. Many devote themselves to intellectual pursuits which routine work made an impossibility in the preceding years. A large number of interesting works on military matters, science, history, biography, and memoirs, are due to the pen of "retraites" from the army or navy, who, owing to the importance the army plays in European life, form a large contingent of the retired class.

Some of the retired Continentals engage in minor political activities. Town councillors are in the majority of cases retired officers or former civil service men, who, with their indifference to money questions, make perhaps rather poor administrators, but public-spirited and of an unimpeachable character.

The influence of this great leisure class in the shaping of the nation's tastes and ideals is a thing an untraveled Anglo-Saxon can hardly realize. Thanks to this "idle" class, literary and artistic salons after the fashion of the eighteenth century are still a possibility on the Continent of Europe. In the late afternoon the "retraites" gather either around the marble tables of some cafe and play cards, or preferably meet at the fireside of some hospitable hostess. These men of a mature age, who have ample leisure for thoughts of the past and can observe the present without haste, make the most delightful conversationalists.

The retired army man, to whom a wandering garrison life or cruises on the seven seas have revealed every part of his fatherland and its distant colonies; the clerk, who has scribbled many sonnets on official note paper and is busy publishing them; the

financier, who, from the battlefield of the money market, has brought perhaps only his knowledge of human psychology; the college professor, who, forsaking the teaching of one specialty, may look at life from a broader angle, and apply to actual events his critical faculty, the diplomat who has bid an eternal good-bye to lands afar off—all those men, from whose minds and from whose lives hurry and bustle are definitely exiled, make the European drawing-room an intellectual paradise.

What peerless advisers they become for the young! The Anglo-Saxon grandfather is generally the exhausted ploughhorse, which pity alone keeps housed and fed in a back stable. He is not and cannot be "up to date." He is rarely exhibited to strangers and his opinions are usually held in scorn. The Continental grandfather, leisurely and serene, is the educator of the young and often the arbiter of the family's destinies. This makes for conservatism. Not infrequently, it must be confessed, it blights useful initiative in the younger generation. But those men who take their time before deciding and acting give the family life a wonderful balance and repose.

The man who, in order to earn the pension granted to employees of twenty-five or thirty years' standing, has been compelled to stick to one line of work, and put up silently with all the little worries of his position, is not likely to yield very often to temporary excitement. The "retraites" are, indeed, to the active business workers of Continental Europe what the Senate is to the Chamber of Representatives.

Much of the quietness, mellowness and unconventionality of European life can be traced to the influence of the care-free, independent, slightly cynical "retraites." And the artistic life of the country cannot but thrive under that influence. What a blessing it is for the actor to play before men who have not come in quest of relaxation, but simply with a desire to give their minds some literary exercise. Painters and novelists have some one to cater to besides prudish

old maids, and their art fears not to become a thrall to women's effete taste. Poets find patient listeners to whom no pressing business affords an excuse for hurrying away.

If the European mother's dream of a thirty-year desk servitude for her

son explains many of the Continent's shortcomings in the business field, it is also responsible to a large extent for the development of civic cleanliness and of art, refined and manly, among the Latin, Germanic, and Slav nations.

The Man Without a Chance

From the Young Man's Magazine

THERE is a peculiar fascination attached to the beginning of successful commercial enterprises, but it is always the personality of the founder which rivets our attention. How did he conceive the idea? Where did he obtain the necessary capital? Was he a born genius? and a thousand other questions crowd into our minds and demand a satisfactory answer.

With few exceptions the great newspapers of to-day had as humble origin as the men who started them. Their capital was brains and perseverance, their genius was the genius of hard work, of doing one thing well.

A bankrupt shipper and coal merchant is a fair specimen of "the man without a chance." One hundred and twenty-two years ago John Walter was reviewing his career on the banks of the Thames. He was ruined—irretrievably ruined, according to the beliefs of his friends. The fleet which had brought him wealth had been captured by a rascally French gunboat; he was practically penniless.

Water has a peculiar fascination for those who find fortune a fickle mistress. Every little wavelet seems to beckon to them and whisper, "Come, we are Nature's tears; we will weep for you, and the winds will play a funeral requiem over your grave."

But John Walter had a stout heart. He determined to plunge into the thick of the fight for existence once

more, and not into the Thames. Moreover, he made up his mind to seize the first opportunity for employment that came his way.

"Birds of a feather" flocked together in the eighteenth century as much as they do in the twentieth. One of the first men John Walter met was Henry Johnson, a poverty-stricken printer with an invention that was "bound to make a fortune." As is the case with most inventors, he believed in the child of his brain as implicitly as ever when capitalists dubbed it "impracticable."

Johnson's logotype was the father of the modern linotype. Instead of setting up a number of single letters to form words he had conceived the idea of casting the words complete.

The two men managed to raise a sufficient sum to have the process patented. Now began the weary struggle against prejudice and precedent. A type foundry was started and proved fairly successful, but something was needed to bring the logotype to general notice.

They decided that the best advertisement would be a newspaper composed by the new process. In 1785 the Universal Daily Register made its appearance, and was continued for three years, when its title was changed to The Times, No. 1 of which appeared on January 2, 1788. It was a single small sheet, and contained one column of home news, half a column of domestic news, and a number

of advertisements of more or less efficacious pills.

Walter's editorial chair was upholstered in thorns. His fiery paragraphs about members of the Royal Family and the aristocracy in general won for him not a baronetcy but the pillory.

To-day the Times is the most influential paper in the world, and its editor is a monarch amongst his journalistic brethren.

The publication of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper was a no less daring venture. At sixteen years of age Edward Lloyd, another man "without a chance," set up in business for himself as a news agent. He turned author and wrote a booklet on shorthand, which he printed on his own press, inscribing the signs with a pen because he had not sufficient money to have them engraved.

This was but a step to higher things. He began to publish all kinds of popular books, to culminate in the production of Lloyd's Illustrated London Newspaper, on November 27th, 1842.

Edward Lloyd had brains and used them to the best advantage. To-day "Lloyd's" has a circulation of over a million and a quarter per issue, and is read in every part of the world where a Britisher is to be found.

America's greatest and most influential daily was started with £100 in ready cash, the savings of twelve long years of assiduous toil, and unlimited capital in the way of ambition. The paper was born in a cellar, but is now housed in a palace, and its proprietor, the son of the founder, is a millionaire.

Here is another instance of a man "without a chance." A young fellow in a large city entered the building

of its chief newspaper to inquire if he could rent an office.

He obtained his information and something else—his dormant ambition was kindled by the magnitude of the undertaking. Here was a practical example of the pen being mightier than the sword.

Meeting the proprietor on the steps a short time afterwards he said: "Some day I would like to buy your paper." The man was profoundly astonished at the audacity of the youth, but ventured to reply: "You'll have gray hairs before you do."

Day and night, every week and every month, the youth kept his mind fixed on his great purpose. For twenty-eight years he toiled. It was slow and depressing work at first, but as he found his pounds, shillings and pence growing he took fresh courage. Looking at his bank pass-book one morning he came to the conclusion that it was time for him to have a second interview with the proprietor of the newspaper. Thirty minutes later the prophecy he had made in his youth was fulfilled, and the elder man left the building with a cheque for £200,000 in his wallet.

How often, in speaking of a man who has achieved conspicuous success, do we hear the remark, "Ah, well! He was fortunate, his opportunities were greater than mine. True, his opportunities may have been greater, but this should not be attributed to fortune. The successful man prepares for, and makes, his own opportunities. He leaves nothing to chance. What may seem to others his good fortune, is the certain result of previous preparation. Depend upon it, the man who becomes "famous in a single night," has spent months or years preparing for the event.

Another "Original" Has Been Shattered

Samuel Jackson of Maine, who claimed to be "Sam Slick the Clockmaker" the famous production of Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia, is no more—How the quaint story was written.

EVERY few months one reads in the press about the death of the final survivor of the Battle of Waterloo, the sole living representative of the famous "Light Brigade Charge," or the last existing link of the War of 1812-13.

Now comes a despatch from Bangor, Maine, to the effect that Samuel Jackson has died, and that he was the original of Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, a shrewd Yankee, portrayed in a series of sketches by Judge Haliburton. The despatch contained further intelligence that this alleged "Sam Slick" had died of heart disease, that he was 87 years old, and had been a seller of clocks for years.

But, alas, for many "originals," how quickly they crumble to dust when brought under the search-light of investigation. Judge Haliburton wrote the articles, which depicted the Yankee peddler in 1835, and if Samuel Jackson was the original Sam Slick, he would, at that time, be only 14 years old, a rather juvenile creation for such a shrewd, humorous and important personage as Sam Slick.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, on December 17, 1796, and became famous as a humorous, descriptive writer, never expected that his name would become known in connection with Sam Slick. On visiting England, Lord Abinger remarked to Judge Haliburton: "I am convinced there is a veritable Sam Slick in the flesh, now selling clocks to the Bluesnoses."

"No," replied Judge Haliburton, "there is no such person. He was a pure accident. I never intended to describe a Yankee clockmaker or Yankee dialect; but Sam Slick

slipped into my book before I was aware of it, and once there, he was there to stay."

Thus, the story in the newspaper paragraph, that Samuel Jackson, of Bangor, Maine, was the original of Sam Slick, is wide of the mark, and so far as can be ascertained, not founded on fact.

Yet, strange as it may seem for a story that has become famous, and has been read with interest, amusement and instruction, in nearly every land, in the hovels of the poor and in the mansions of the great, Judge Haliburton, its author, received nothing from its publisher.

Sam Slick first appeared in a series of anonymous articles in a Nova Scotia newspaper in 1835, then edited by Mr. Joseph Howe. Judge Haliburton made use of the Yankee peddler as his mouthpiece. The character proved to be a "hit," and the articles greatly amused the readers of that paper, and were widely copied by the American press. They were collected together and published anonymously by Mr. Howe, of Halifax, and several editions were issued in the United States. A copy was then taken to England by General Fox, who gave it to Mr. Bentley, the publisher. To Judge Haliburton's surprise, he found that an edition, that had been favorably received, had been issued in England. For some time, the authorship was assigned to an American gentleman in London, until Judge Haliburton visited England and became known as the real author.

Since Sam Slick's day, the itinerant vendor of wooden clocks has moved far west, and when met with there is a very different personage from Sam Slick. Within the past forty years,

however, the veritable Sam Slick has occasionally paid a visit to Canada. One of them sold a large number of wooden clocks throughout Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. They were warranted to keep accurate time for a year. Hundreds of notes of hand were taken for the price. The notes passed by endorsement into third hands, but, unfortunately, the clocks would not go. Actions were brought in several counties, by the indorsees, and the fact that Seth's clocks had stopped caused as much lamentation and dismay as a money panic. The first case that came up was tried by Judge Haliburton, much to the amusement of the public and the edification of the Yankee clockmaker, who had a long homily read to him on the impropriety of cheating Bluenoses with Yankee clocks that could do anything sooner than keep time.

Speaking of Sam Slick, the Illustrated London News, of July 15th, 1842, says, in part: "Another reason for Sam Slick's popularity is the humor with which the work is overflowing. Of its kind it is decidedly original. In describing it we must borrow a phrase from architecture, and say that it is of a 'composite order,' by which we mean that it combines the qualities of English and Scotch humor—the hearty, mellow spirit of the one, and the shrewd, caustic qualities of the other. It derives little help from the fancy, but has its groundwork in the understanding and affects us by its quiet truth and force, and the piquant satire, with which it is flavored. In a word—it is the sunny side of common sense."

Will Teach Young Men Housekeeping

"**W**OMEN folks no longer have a monopoly on domestic science." This is what casual visitors to the Harlem branch of the New York City Young Men's Christian Association say when they see the score and a half "benedicts" and "prospects" hard at work on the problem of "How to Make a Happy Home." As for the men who are particularly interested, they say: "There is nothing like it."

This is something like the way it came about. It occurred to the educational director, who, like all of those men in that interesting profession, are casting about to find out what men need most, that surely they could stand some "coaching" in the rudiments of housekeeping.

After looking up statistics about how late men marry these days, and what the difficulties evidently are, he quickly came to the conclusion that it was mere lack of intelligence. The

result was a course of instruction and the idea was received with open arms. Enrollment began with a rush. These are some of the subjects they are studying: "The Ideal Husband," "The Ideal Wife and Her Characteristics," "How to Save on the Gas Bill," "What Kind of Furniture Lives Longest," "How to Entertain Company," "What to Do With the Dog," "How to Behave in Case of Emergencies."

Seriously speaking, this is an attempt to meet a real need to-day. There is no reason why young men, especially young men of the city who are not fully acquainted with the problems of home keeping, should not have an opportunity to inform themselves on matters which in establishing a new home are important. Thousands of young men marry without having any adequate idea of the demands upon them, financial and otherwise, in the new way of living.

The Humanity of the Canadian Indian

A tale of devotion, privation and sacrifice.

By Elbert Hubbard in the Philistine

AT Winnipeg a man came down from Edmonton to attend my lecture. Edmonton is eight hundred miles from Winnipeg. It takes two days and a night to come and the same to go back. The man's name is Vance. He said he didn't want to miss the chance when I was so close. He was an Irishman. "Doubtless," I hear the merry chorus chime, "the Irish are such a fond, foolish and impulsive people!"

Vance arrived the day before the lecture so as to make sure of securing a ticket and get accommodations at a hotel. He had no trouble in getting his ticket, and was accommodated all right at a hotel. An hour before the lecture was to begin Vance was there holding down a front seat. The church seats twelve hundred—only eight hundred were at the lecture.

Many people in Winnipeg did not go. Vance was amazed at empty pews. He thought it stood for Winnipeg empty heads. I tried to tell him that Winnipeg people in point of intelligence were far above the average—that people interested in advanced thought were very few—and that if one's virtue consisted in outstripping popularity, it was quite absurd to expect to be popular. He could not quite see it.

Vance came eight hundred miles to see me, and some day I'll go eight hundred miles to see him. But no matter how far Vance travels, he'll never find a man any finer than he sees when he looks into a mirror.

With Vance was a Scotchman by the name of MacDonald, of course, well turned seventy, who had spent thirty years as agent for the Hudson

Bay Company in the North. These men had met on a literary basis—they both loved Robert Louis and read "Little Journeys." Each had worked out in his own mind a clear-cut scheme of philosophy, a well-defined idea of right and wrong.

The thirty years with the aborigines had not deprived MacDonald of his burr, which was as ripe and choice a specimen as you can hear in Glasgow. But he, too, had grown silent by nature, and had taken on a good deal of Indian reserve. Between many lightings of his pipe and long pauses MacDonald told us this story, as we sat in my room after the lecture. I have too much respect for Vance's old friend to try to imitate his dialect. That is his own. But this is the story. Said the old man after a long, thoughtful pause:

"No, Indians are not bad people if you treat them about half right. They may be savages, but they are not as savage as white men. I never had a gun argument with an Indian. He is a child by nature, and responds to kindness. It pays to tell the truth to children, and I may be wrong, but I believe in keeping faith with Indians. This was always my policy, and Indians for hundreds of miles around were my friends. They even told me their troubles, which is a very unusual thing for an Indian to do.

"The last few winters have been very severe, and my Indian friends have suffered greatly. Two squaws came into the Post last spring, just when the leaves had begun to come out. One of them had a papoose on her back, and with her was an eight-year-old girl. I remembered the year before when she came, her husband

was with her, also a grown up boy and several children beside.

"The squaws sat around all day and said nothing. I guessed they wanted to tell me something. At night they disappeared, but in the morning they came back and told me a tale of hardship that really melted my stony heart, used as I am to suffering.

"Winter had set in early and the snows fell. This woman, with the grown up boy who had just killed his first deer, and, therefore, was a man, had laid in quite a stock of frozen rabbits, but a wandering band of trappers coming along and needing food, she had given them all the rabbits. She was sure that her husband and boy could get more. But the snows kept falling, and the winds blew and drifted the snow so that it was unsafe to leave the teepee. They had eaten the dogs, all save one old favorite. The food was all gone, and after waiting two days the man and boy started forth to hunt. Not a track could be found for the snow was falling and drifting beside. They did not return, and during the night the dog came back alone. The mother left her children and went forth, following the dog to find her husband and boy. They had been famished for food and were overcome by the cold before they had gone a mile. The boy was dead, but the man was

still alive. The woman carried and dragged him home.

"Something must be done. She placed the man upon a toboggan, strapped the five-year-old child on top of him, and, carrying the papoose on her back, and with the eight-year-old girl helping to pull the toboggan, she started for her nearest neighbor's, ten miles away. All day she moved steadily forward. She arrived and entered the teepee of her friend. One glance told all—her neighbor was even in greater distress than herself, for all of her household were dead and the woman was alone, just ready to let the fire go out and lie down and sleep the long sleep. The woman who had just arrived killed the dog, and this kept them alive for a few days. But the man and the five-year-old child died, and then the women, the papoose and the eight-year-old girl were alone. The snow ceased to fall, and they caught rabbits and ate bark for food.

"At last spring arrived and when the ice melted they came to the Post to tell me of their loss. There were no tears—just a plain recital of the facts. They wanted nothing, only that I should know. They did not even wish me to condole with them, for after telling me their tale they disappeared in the forest and I sat there, dumb."

Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and to do your best will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

How a Wife is Kept in the Background

After sacrificing beauty, health, and personal ambition, to help her husband realize his ideals, she is thrust out of the Eden of her dreams, to give place to a silly butterfly, who has done nothing whatever toward making the home or fortune which she is to enjoy.

By Orison Swett Marden in *Success Magazine*

ONE of the most pathetic spectacles in life is that of the faded, outgrown wife standing helpless, in the shadow of her husband's prosperity and power, having sacrificed her youth, beauty and ambition—nearly everything that the feminine mind holds dear—to enable an indifferent, selfish, brutish husband to get a start in the world.

It does not matter that she burned up much of her attractiveness over the cooking stove; that she lost more of it at the washtub, and in scrubbing and cleaning, and in rearing and caring for their children during the slavery of her early married life, in her unselfish effort to help him get on in the world. It does not matter how much she suffered during those terrible years of poverty and privation; just as soon as the selfish husband begins to get prosperous, finds that he is getting on in the world, feels his power, he often begins to be ashamed of the woman who has sacrificed everything to make his success possible.

It does not matter that the wife sacrificed her own opportunity for a career, that she gave up her most cherished ambitions in order to make a ladder for her husband to ascend by. When he has once gotten to the top, like a wily, diplomatic politician, he often kicks the ladder down. He wants to make a show in the world; he thinks only of himself. His poor, faded, worn-out wife, standing in his shadow, is not attractive enough for him now that he has gotten up in the world.

Many wives look with horror upon

the increasing fortunes of their husbands, which their sacrifices have helped to accumulate, simply because they fear that their stooped forms, gray hairs, calloused hands, and the loss of the comeliness which slipped from them while they were helping their husbands to get a start, are likely to deprive them of the very paradise of home and comforts which they had dreamed of from their wedding day. They know that their hard work and sacrifices and long hours and suffering in bringing up a family are likely to ruin their prospects, and that they may even drive them out of the Eden of their dreams.

The world will never know the tortures, a thousand times worse than death itself, endured by wives of prosperous husbands, who prefer suffering to scandal, and who endure a living death rather than expose their husbands, who have been fascinated by younger and more attractive women.

I watched for a long time the treatment a vigorous, stylishly dressed millionaire accorded to his wife, who, though about his age, looked fifteen or twenty years older. I knew them years before, when the wife took in washing, kept boarders, and took care of several children, without any servant, just because she wanted to assist her husband in getting a start in the world. She was then a woman of great charm and beauty; but her hard work and monotonous life (for she rarely went anywhere or had any vacation or recreation) had aged her rapidly.

I have been in the home of this

couple when the husband showed the greatest indifference to his wife, and treated her more as a menial than as a companion. If she complained of a headache, or of feeling unwell, he never showed any sympathy for her, but, on the contrary, appeared to be provoked, and often made sarcastic remarks.

He never tried in any way to lighten her burdens, nor showed her any special attention. He was not even polite to her. He would take no part of the responsibility of training the children or of conducting the household. He said he would not be bothered with such things.

He spent most of his evenings at the clubs, or in the company of women whom he considered more attractive than his wife, and upon whom he spent money freely; but he was extremely penurious with his wife, and made her give an account of what she did with every penny.

He became so brazen in his open association with other girls and women that he often took them to his own home, where his wife, who was suffering tortures, tried to receive them graciously and to treat them kindly.

In short, this man's interest in his wife declined just as his prosperity increased, until a separation resulted. The wife, heartbroken, was actually driven from her home by the most heartlessly cruel treatment.

It would seem as though some of our wealthy millionaires, who have discarded the wives of their youth because they are unattractive, must have strange nightmare visions. Beautiful young brides who gave their lives for years to help them get a start in the world, and who, when the wealth-dream of their early life had been fulfilled, were thrust out of the luxurious homes, which they had made possible, to give place to younger and more attractive women, who never lifted their fingers to accumulate the fortune or to make the reputation, must haunt their slumbers.

Why is it that so few men make mental comrades of their wives? It is because of man's consummate

selfishness and egotism, his conviction that he is a lord of creation, that, in spite of all his vaporings and flattery to the contrary, he is a little better than his wife—is mentally, as well as physically, her superior.

The selfish husband thinks that he should have a clear track for his ambition, and that his wife should be content, even grateful, to be allowed to tag on behind and assist him in every possible way in what he considers the grand life-work of both of them—to make him the biggest man possible.

It is very difficult for the average man to think of a woman's career, except in terms of his own interest. In other words, he has the idea that woman was made to be man's helpmeet, that she was made to help him do what he wants to do. He cannot conceive of his being made as a helpmeet for her, to help her to carry out her ambition, unless it is that of a housekeeper. It does not even occur to him that she could have an ambition welling up within her heart, a longing to answer the call which runs in her own blood, and a yearning to express it in some vocation as well as he.

I do not believe that the Creator has limited one half of the human race practically to one occupation, while the other half has the choice of a thousand.

"But," many of our men readers will say, "is there any grander profession in the world than that of home making? Can anything be more stimulating, more elevating than home making and the rearing of children? How can such a vocation be narrowing, monotonous?"

My only answer would be, "Let these men try this kind of life themselves."

Of course it is grand. There is nothing grander in the universe than the work of a true wife, a noble mother. But it would require the constitution of a Hercules, an infinitely greater patience than that of a Job, to endure such work with almost no change or outside variety, year in and

year out, as multitudes of wives and mothers do.

The average man does not appreciate how almost devoid of incentives to broadmindedness, to many-sidedness, to liberal growth, the home life of many women is.

The business man and the professional man are really in a perpetual school, a great practical university. The strenuous life, however dangerous, is essentially educative. The man has the incalculable advantage of a great variety of experiences, and of freshness of view. He is continually coming in contact with new people, new things, being molded by a vast number of forces which never touch the wife in the quiet home.

I believe most women feel this terrible depression of the monotony of their lives, the lack of that stimulus which comes to the man from constant change.

A stagnant life is never an interesting or a progressive one. Nothing that is desirable will grow in a stagnant pool. There must be action in the water, or there will be no life or purity. Slime, scum, and all sorts of loathsome insects and creatures breed in the stagnant pool. But open it up, give it vent, let it rush down the mountainside through the valley, and it will take on new life, new meaning. The muddy water will clear up and sparkle like a crystal, when it is set to work.

Everything in the whole environment of tens of thousands of American wives is discouraging to growth and tends to strangle a broader, fuller life. There is something narrowing, shriveling in a mere routine life. Monotony is always narrowing, strangling, shriveling.

If the husbands could change places with their wives for a year, they would feel this contracting influence. Their minds would soon cease to reach out, they would quickly feel the pinching, paralyzing effect of the monotonous existence, of doing the same things every day year in and year out. The wives, on the other hand, would soon begin to broaden out. Their lives would become richer,

fuller, completer, from contact with the world, from the constant stretching of their minds over large problems.

"I do not propose to marry," said a young man to me, recently, "until I can support a wife without her working. I do not propose to make a drudge of my wife."

The wives who have been paralyzed by marrying men who do not believe that a wife should work, form almost as pitiable a picture as the wives who have become household drudges.

Multitudes of women in this country to-day are vegetating in luxurious homes, listless, ambitionless, living narrow, ratty lives, because the spur of necessity has been taken away from them, because their husbands, who do not want them to work, have taken them out of an ambition-arousing environment.

Think of the thousands of wives, who live in our great cities, who have no children and no social duties, no great life motive to take up their attention, who, not knowing what to do with themselves, sit or lie around the house all day, waiting for their husbands to come home in the evening! Is this the way sterling character is made? Are these the conditions for stamina building? Is it thus power is generated?

Is it any wonder that, under such strangling conditions, women brood over their ailments, their fancied weaknesses and inherited tendencies, and that there should be hatched in their idle brains a mischievous brood of discontent and dissatisfaction, or that their imaginations should suggest all sorts of unbecoming, unlawful things?

Is it any wonder that women often become despondent and sometimes insane in such a monotonous, ambitionless, listless environment?

Let a man, even a normally active one, feel that there is nothing special to call him up in the morning, that there is no pressing need of his doing anything in particular, that he can do just what he feels like doing when he feels like it, that he can lie abed in the morning or get up when he likes,

go riding, read a novel, or do anything else he chooses to do, and how long will it take him to lose his initiative, his ability to do things, after he has allowed his brain cells to atrophy? How long will it be before his life becomes completely demoralized, before he loses his ambition, before the main zest of living dies? What will become of his originality, his resourcefulness, when he ceases his creative activity? How long will it take him to become a namby-pamby, nerveless, indifferent and indefinite sort of person, without individuality or forcefulness?

A healthy mind must be an active mind. Vigor and strength cannot be built up in man or woman by inaction or a life of indolence. There must be a purpose, a vigorous, strong aim in the life, or it will be nerveless, insipid and stale.

Now, if the aim is personal pleasure, the mere gratification of our vanity or pride, the indulgence of our whims; if life is narrowed to the question of dress, of eating and drinking, and selfish pleasure; if all larger, worthier interests have been shut out of it, how can there be growth or development for the individual?

There is a disease called "arrested development," in which the stature of the adult remains that of a child—all physical growth and expansion stops. Arrested mental development is a form of disease from which many wives are suffering, and they have been condemned to that condition by the mistaken idea of husbands who think that they love them.

Thousands of our divorces are caused by the fact that the wife has stopped growing, and has not kept pace with her husband.

I believe in marriage, but I do not believe in that marriage which paralyzes self-development, strangles ambition, and discourages evolution and self-growth, which takes away the life purpose. Nor is it necessary that the wife should work like a slave in order to grow. There is a certain class of men who go to the other extreme and make slaves of their wives—work

them half to death. But physical drudgery does not develop power. The slave wife is as badly off as the doll wife.

A wife should neither be a drudge nor a dressed up doll; she should develop herself by self-effort, just as her husband develops himself. She should not put herself in a position where her inventiveness and resourcefulness and individuality, her talent, will be paralyzed by lack of motive.

The result of the average husband's repression of his wife's talent is that girls with ambition for art, for literature, for music, for the law, medicine, or business; girls who have especial talent in any particular line which peculiarly fits them for marked achievement are afraid to marry a man who is not willing to be as generous with his wife as he expects her to be with him. A great many girls will not take chances of having their ambitions smothered, their ideals and hopes shattered, by selfish, inconsiderate husbands.

We hear a great deal about the disinclination of the college girl to marry. If this is so, it is largely due to the unfairness of the man. The more education girls get, the more they will hesitate to enter a condition of slavery, even under the beautiful guise of home.

I do not blame a girl for remaining single who feels that she has been peculiarly fitted for a career of her own just as well as the selfish man who wants her to marry him merely to make a home for himself. I do not blame her for hesitating before she takes a step which may cramp her whole life and bring her bitter disappointment, for there is nothing more demoralizing outside of vice itself, than to be obliged to carry through life a stifled ambition.

I believe that the woman who has freedom to express herself in the completest way knows better how to make an ideal home and to be an ideal wife than does the woman who has been repressed and narrowed by her husband's selfish, one-sided views of marriage. I have no sympathy with this narrow view of a wife's duties, this

slavery view of the woman who pre-
sides over the home.

When men get ready to regard the wife as a full, complete partner in the marriage contract instead of as a dressed-up doll, a toy, or plaything, or else a sort of housekeeper for the home and nurse for their children; when they are willing to regard their salaries or their income and property as much the wife's as their own, and do not put her in the position of a beggar for every penny she gets; when men get beyond the idea that a woman must fall in with their plans and opinions without question; that they were not intended for independent expression, no matter how much ability or even genius they may possess, we will have more true marriages.

In his practical relations with his wife the average husband treats her like an inferior, more like a servant than an equal partner; and, when he does condescend to recognize the partnership, it is in the manner he would assume toward an employe who happens to have a share or two of stock in his million-dollar company. He does not recognize the relation of equality.

Not one man in a thousand treats his wife fairly in money matters. If his business partner attempted to treat him in the same way, there would very quickly be a rupture.

I know a man who is poor, but who always manages to get money enough to buy his tobacco and drinks, and to dress well, even when his wife is obliged to go without the necessities of life, and to dress shabbily. He does not seem to think that she needs very much.

It is a rare thing to find a man who does not waste ten times as much money on foolish things as his wife does, and yet he would make ten times the talk about his wife's one-tenth foolishness as his own tenths.

On the other hand, thousands of women, starving for affection, protest against their husband's efforts to substitute money for it—to satisfy their cravings, their heart-hunger, with the

things that money can buy. How gladly they would exchange all of their luxuries for the plainest and humblest home with a husband who loved them!

It is an insult to womanhood to try to satisfy her nature with material things, while the affections are famishing for genuine sympathy and love. Women do admire beautiful things; but there is something they admire infinitely more. Luxuries do not come first in any real woman's desires. She prefers poverty with love, to luxury with an indifferent or loveless husband.

How gladly would these women, whose affections are blighted by cold indifference or the unfaithfulness of their husbands, exchange their liberal allowance, all their luxuries, for genuine sympathy and affection!

The whole attitude of most men toward women is wrong—the idea that they are secondary in the scheme of creation; that they are calculated to walk behind the man, in his shadow; that they are not his equal, but a sort of supplement, to help him do the great things he is capable of, to minister to his wants and comforts and convenience; that they are a sort of expensive necessity to make a family and the rounding out of man's career possible.

For centuries women themselves accepted man's estimate of them, and were content to walk in his shadow. But since the higher discovery of woman in the last century a new order of things is being brought about. Women are becoming less and less dependent upon men and more inclined to live their own lives. They are beginning to see their own possibilities, that they can have careers and ambitions as well as men. The girl of to-day expects a liberal education and looks forward to a career of her own. Women have at last learned that men have not monopolized all the genius, that ability knows no sex. And the wife is beginning to realize that there is one thing she should guard as the very jewel of her soul; that is, the determination to keep pace with her husband.

Wonderful Power in the Advertising World

The brilliant career of Wareham Smith who has startled England with many of his boldly successful schemes—The mission of a man with a purpose, possessing energy, confidence and executive ability.

By J. W. Stannard in System Magazine

SEVENTEEN years ago a youth of fifteen was addressing the envelopes in which were to be distributed the current issues of "The Mining News," a journal published by an outside stockbroker in the City of London. Wareham Smith was beginning his newspaper career.

To-day he is a director of the biggest newspaper combination in the world, and the most aggressive power in the development of modern advertising in Europe.

The combination of publishing concerns familiarly known as "Harmsworths," and officially as "Associated Newspapers, Limited," demands a standard of excellence in its employes that few men ever attain. Like a huge automatic reaper, it sifts the chaff from the wheat, the valuable from the valueless, retaining the former and casting aside the latter.

All the time the sifting process goes on. The man who passes the preliminary test is no more permanent than the man who has yet to pass it. He must come up to the Harmsworth standard, not only before he can become a member of the organization, but so long as he remains a member. And should he at any time fall below that standard he ceases to be "a Harmsworth man."

Herein lies the secret of Harmsworth success. Lord Northcliffe—more familiarly known as Sir Alfred Harmsworth—is a man of tremendous energy, fearless self-confidence and remarkable executive ability; and in the development of his huge business he has sought for the men who could nearest approach his own tem-

perament. The finding of them has been difficult, and the weeding-out process is deliberate and conscienceless. Only a small minority passed the test, but the few represented the best brains and the strongest personalities in the publishing world in Great Britain.

In this Harmsworth organization Wareham Smith, in ten brief years, rose from almost the humblest position to a seat on the directorate. Wareham Smith is an advertising man to his finger tips. No proposition is too big for him to tackle; none too small to deserve his attention. There is no bluster about him, no trumpet blowing. I was one of the first to secure an interview from him. That was in the summer of 1906; and when the interview was written, he stopped its publication because it was too much Smith and too little Harmsworth! It was characteristic of the man.

It was about seven years ago that Wareham Smith became a real power in British advertising. At that time he had reached a position where he could put his ideas into action, and with the Harmsworth organization behind him, he set out to do things. The first difficult proposition he tackled was store advertising. At that time the only London dry goods house using big spaces was D. H. Evans & Company, who, once a year, blossomed out into a single full page in the Standard and the Daily Telegraph. Wareham Smith set himself to change this; and that he did it, and did it thoroughly, the pages of both his own paper—the Daily Mail

—and other London dailies, have amply proven for many years past.

He next began a campaign on the railroads. It was a proposition that few Americans can appreciate; and, further, one that few would care to handle. The inherent conservatism of the Britisher is proverbial, but it is nowhere more rampant than in railroad management. The directorates of British railroads are made up, for the most part, of titled personages, men of the most conservative traits. To even approach these men with an advertising proposition was a feat bordering on the impossible; but not only to reach them, but to prove to them that their whole policy was wrong, was a proposition that British newspaper men believed to be entirely outside the bounds of possibility.

It speaks volumes for the inherent doggedness of Wareham Smith and the trust reposed in him by his employers, when it is known that for eighteen weary months he carried on his campaign for the enlightenment of British railroad men before even the first glimmer of success dawned. Then came his opportunity. It was the first, and had he failed to make the most of it, it would probably have been the last; for railroad advertising at that day was almost inextricably tied up with the regulations imposed on each road by the Railway Clearing House, out of the clutches of which even the most progressive railroad advertising men never hoped to be able to remove the advertising policy of their roads. How it came to pass I have never learned; in fact, I am doubtful if Wareham Smith ever learned the cause, either; but the fact remains that the young Harmsworth assistant one day received an invitation to appear before the directorate of one of the leading English railroads for the purpose of expounding his views on railroad advertising.

What happened at that meeting only those who were present ever learned. But the results were evident, for Wareham Smith returned to the Daily Mail office with the first full page railway advertisement ever published in England! Since then

such announcements have been frequent, especially in the holiday seasons; but more to the unremitting energy of one man is due the progressive policy of railroad advertising in Great Britain to-day, than to any other cause.

Nor is that all. To those who have been able to keep a finger on the pulse of British advertising conditions during the past few years, the columns of the Daily Mail, the leading Harmsworth daily, have been a continual source of surprises. Wareham Smith believes in big spaces. But he also makes everybody else he comes in contact with believe in big spaces, too. Firms who have never advertised before; industries that nobody ever thought would break out into advertising; conservative houses that have persistently refused to even consider advertising propositions of any kind; magazine advertisers who could not be persuaded to enter the newspaper advertising field—the Daily Mail has had them, not in small two or three inch spaces, but in quarter, half and whole pages at a time.

An old established, conservative tobacco house which rarely, if ever, advertised its products, and which no publication ever hoped to get any business from, appeared one day last year in the Daily Mail with a whole page advertisement on the front page. \$1,750 for a single insertion! Advertisers, agents and newspaper men alike, gasped with astonishment. It was unbelievable. Wareham Smith got that advertisement. It was written, set and thousands of copies were printed in the Harmsworth offices weeks before it appeared. And many, many times its cost had been taken by the advertisers in profits from increased sales to dealers before it occupied the front page of the Harmsworth daily. It had done its work before publication. Everybody in Great Britain knows the Daily Mail, its enormous circulation, its tremendous influence. And the circulation of advance proofs of this advertisement among dealers throughout the country brought orders for increased stocks so fast that long before publi-

cation the advertisement had been paid for over and over again.

That is but one instance. They occur almost every week; and behind the scenes is the man who is doing more for the development of British advertising than half the advertising organizations in Great Britain combined.

Slowly—yet how very slowly—

British publishers are awakening to the fact that under modern commercial conditions success is not built up on conservatism, but initiative. Alfred Harmsworth knew it long ago. That is why he is the outstanding character in the British publishing field to-day. It is why he has been able to gather around him men of the calibre of Wareham Smith.

Your Swelled Head Will Ache

By Bert Kennedy in Chicago Tribune

SUCCESS is by no means the greatest test of talent. The man who wins the race is not always the swiftest man, nor does it always follow that the battle is won by the best fighter.

I have known so many good and sound and clever men who have gone under, and I have seen so many bluffers and fakers come up on top, that I am forced to the conclusion that success is mainly born of qualities that are not the best in a man's character. You may be as talented as you please, but if you lack push and brag and bounce you will find yourself in a poor way. You must be ready with the quick and skillful lie at the psychological moment, you must be an adept in the fine art of double dealing, and, above all, you must have the faculty of explaining how wonderfully clever you are to other people.

CUTE LIAR WINS OUT.

I have watched the game through the whole of my life. I watched it when I was a laboring man. And even then, when my head was thicker than it is now, I noticed that the finest and the best men were never picked out for promotion. Rather was it the ready and swift and cute liar. Indeed, I have watched the thing that

is called success through the whole of my varied career.

And I think I can afford to say a word or two about the matter, for I am not a soured failure. I have achieved success myself. You may think that my labeling myself as a success is indiffident and not quite modest. It is. And let me tell you that if you are to become a success you must leave diffidence and modesty far behind, indeed.

My ambition was never to make money. My ambition was to become known and to live without injuring myself with rude toil. To be successful is to do what you want to do in the world. And being a moneyed nobody would not have suited my book.

Real success has sometimes a good effect upon a man's character. For, curious to relate, there are some decent fellows who have been successful. If you are a decent fellow people won't be so apt to be jealous because you have beaten them in the race. And if you have fairness enough and humor enough not to be continually making it out that you are successful simply because of your transcendent talent, the world will be grateful.

For the world knows as well as you know in your heart that it wasn't altogether your talent that did the trick.

The fact of your being a shrewd, smart, unscrupulous fellow helped you immensely. But for your ability to handle people you would still have been an unrecognized genius. You were able to please people. You were able to make people feel how wise, and clever, and noble they were. And so you got your chance.

All this the world knows. For the world is wiser and shrewder than the wisest and shrewdest man. It has lived longer. And it, therefore, likes you to take your success easily. It likes you not to put on airs about it. It likes you to be courteous enough to realize that likely cleverer men than you have never achieved success.

If you act fairly about your success the world will be pleased and grateful. And here let me break a lance on behalf of worldly people. I so often hear them run down by noble and lofty and good and pure people that occasionally I feel vexed.

Worldly people are often blamed for going on the other side of the street when they see the woful and broken down failure coming slowly along. Noble philanthropists are apt to call these worldly people snobs and cads. But the reason that people go on the other side of the street when they see the abject failure coming along is not mainly because they are snobs and cads.

It is rather because the abject failure has upon them the effect of cold water being poured down their backs. They are afraid of him. Just as they would be afraid of anything cold or wet or miserable. I am not talking now of the man who is merely unsuccessful. I am talking of the abject failure.

Worldly people like a successful man who is a good sort. For there comes from such a man a stimulation. It is good to know him, to see him, to shake hands with him. His success has made his personality bigger

and broader. There is something in his eye and in his smile that is likeable. He is a man of sense and fairness. A good, jolly, fine, generous fellow. And he is all the better, and is liked all the better, because he looks the reason why he gained success straight in the face.

A successful man who is stuck up and unpleasant about his success is really half a failure. People perhaps kowtow or have to kowtow to him, but in reality they hate the sight of him. For he is one who is not fair and honest. He does not play the game. He is that worst liar of all—the liar by implication. His manner implies that he is a big and wonderful person, who honors the world just because he lives in it. He has the discourtesy to be forever making people feel that he has beaten them in the race. He knows how he won the race, but he is not honest enough to own it.

For such a successful person I have the most utter contempt. Yes, I have it, even though he were a man of genius.

DON'T FORGET YOUR CROOKEDNESS.

So if you are that rare person, a successful man, take it easy. Don't go along without noticing people. If a man wants to talk to you, let him. And try to realize that you are not altogether successful because of your lofty and commanding talents. Try to realize that you would be nowhere did you not possess within you sharpness and cuteness. Try to realize that were you an exactly scrupulous and honest man, you would never be where you are. You had to master the art of blowing hot and cold.

You owe a great deal to the devious side of your character. Had you been a finer and a better and more honest man you would have failed.

So don't give yourself airs. Don't be stuck up.

How Nominations for President are Made

By Victor Rosewater in the American Review of Reviews Magazine

EVERY fourth year the national committees of the great political parties meet, usually in Washington and usually in the month of December, to formulate the calls for the Presidential nominating conventions. Almost before the signatures to the calls for these conventions are dry the State committees and the district committees of the various parties are called together to arrange for State and district conventions to select national convention delegates.

As soon as the calls for these State and district conventions are out the party committees of the different counties, or other sub-divisions of the State, get together and provide for the choice of delegates from their respective counties to the different State and Congressional conventions. The calls of the county committees are issued to the different precinct committees or precinct heads, who in turn summon the voters of their respective voting districts to assemble in caucus or at primary election to choose the delegates who are to speak for them, and to instruct them how they want them to speak.

The promulgation of the calls of the national committees, therefore, like the pressing of an electric button, starts up the whole gigantic machinery of party organization, communicating the motion from the top down, from wheel to wheel and cog to cog, until it reaches the individual elector of each party, who in theory, at least, decides the destinies of candidates as well as of the nation.

Every intelligent American citizen knows that he never casts a vote for President or Vice-President. He knows that the President and Vice-President are chosen by Presidential

electors, bound by some sort of unwritten law to vote for the nominees of their respective parties. But few realize just how the force of public opinion is centred and fixed to bring about this result—namely, that all the Republican Presidential electors shall vote for one and the same man, and that all the Democratic electors shall vote for one and the same man. The power behind this unwritten law is the party organization representing the great political divisions of the people, made effective by their nominating conventions.

When the national committee, which is the board of directors, of one of these great political parties convenes to arrange the details of the nominating convention, great emphasis is laid upon the fact that the Republicans are to meet in Chicago on June 16, or that the Democrats are to meet in Denver on July 7, yet the time and place of holding the convention are the least important points to be determined.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

These nominating conventions of the great political parties are institutions peculiar to our American Republic, gradually evolved to meet the exigencies of the unique method provided by our Constitution for choosing a new President and a new Vice-President every four years. Our first Presidents were not formally nominated at all, but received the votes of the Presidential electors of their respective parties by a sort of spontaneous common consent. Later the nominating machinery consisted of resolutions of indorsement of a "favorite son" by the Legislature of his State, or its delegation in Congress, empha-

HOW NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENT ARE MADE.

sized by repetition in other legislatures or mass meetings; and still later it consisted of a caucus to which all the members of Congress of the same political affiliation were invited. The Congressional caucus could at best poorly represent the rank and file of the party, because it included only members from those States and districts which were represented in Congress by members of that political faith, and left entirely unrepresented those States and districts whose Congressional delegations were made up of members of other political parties. That these crude methods of choosing a party standard-bearer should prove unsatisfactory and eventually break down was inevitable.

The genesis of our national nominating convention, modeled after similar conventions in the States, dates from 1832, when the first Democratic National Convention was held, in which each State was given representation and was allowed the same number of votes as was accorded to it in the Electoral College. The first Republican convention was held in 1856, without any uniformity of representation or manner of choosing delegates—in reality a mass convention with few of the Southern States participating. Not until the convention of 1860 did the Republicans give a voice to the Territories and to the District of Columbia, which were still excluded from the Democratic organization. To-day both the great political parties are truly national organizations to the extent of participation by all who profess allegiance to their principles without regard to residence in the States of the Union, which alone have votes in the Electoral College.

BASIS OF REPRESENTATION.

It will be found, however, on close inspection, that the theories of organization back of the two great political parties differ precisely as do their theories of government. The Republican party is centralized in structure, yet with individual responsibility, while the Democratic party places emphasis upon State sovereignty and leaves to the subordinate organiza-

tions of the different States a large measure of autonomy. Mere reading of the calls issued by the national committees will show, in spite of similarity in the apportionment of delegates, a certain significant divergence. The ratio of apportionment adopted by the Republicans is four delegates-at-large from each State; two, delegates for each Representative-at-large in Congress; two delegates from each Congressional district, each of the Territories, each of the insular possessions, and the District of Columbia. The Democratic apportionment entitles each State to double the number of its Senators and Representatives in Congress, and each Territory, the District of Columbia and insular possessions, except the Philippines, to six delegates. This makes the membership of the coming Republican convention consist of 980 delegates, with 491 the necessary majority to nominate, and the membership of the coming Democratic convention to consist of 1,002 delegates, with 668 the necessary two-thirds majority to nominate.

This basis of representation has never been completely satisfactory, and is admittedly open to serious criticism. This is particularly true with respect to the Republicans, because, in almost all the States known as the "Solid South," the Republican organization is chiefly a paper organization, maintained by federal office-holders and those who aspire to federal office, together with a few negro Republicans, who are not permitted to cast a ballot in the election. It has been mathematically computed that the vote of a Republican in certain Southern districts in its proportionate influence upon the party nominations is equal to from ten to fifty Republican votes in the Northern States. This situation is likewise prolific of double-headers and contests, and charges and counter-charges of corruption, which would be largely avoided if the basis of representation were more in conformity with the numerical strength of the party in the different States and districts.

Repeated but unsuccessful attempts have been made to remedy these de-

fects by changing the basis of representation. The most serious attempt came in the meeting of the Republican National Committee, held in 1883, where two propositions were presented for consideration—one, retaining the four delegates-at-large for each State and one delegate for each Congressional district, and giving an additional delegate for a certain number of votes for the Republican candidate at the preceding Presidential election; the other, retaining the four delegates-at-large and one delegate for each Congressional district, and giving an additional delegate for each Republican member of Congress. The last proposal of this kind was submitted at the meeting of the committee in 1899, but it was not pressed, and the committee four years later took another step toward further over-weighting the provinces by increasing the representation of the Territories and the insular possessions from two delegates to six delegates—a step which was retracted by the committee at its meeting last December.

It should be explained that the proportional basis of representation thus contended for prevails in both parties within the States in the make-up of State conventions, although no party has had the courage to apply it to its national convention. It should further be explained that the defense of the present disproportionate basis rests upon a plea that in those States and districts where the party is in the minority participation in the conventions is the only privilege which its members enjoy, and that in this way alone are they able, by indirectly influencing the selection of the party nominee, to have anything to say in the choice of a President.

The unit of representation in the Democratic national councils is the State, and each State is left untrammelled to choose its delegates as it pleases and to subject them to such instruction as may be desired. The State is the unit of representation in the Republican convention only for delegates-at-large, and the Congressional district is the unit of representation for the district delegates. The

Republicans, furthermore, insist that whatever method of choosing delegates may be adopted, the Republican electors of each Congressional district must be permitted to choose the delegates to represent their district without interference by Republicans of other districts.

All this was fought out and definitely established in the Republican convention of 1880, when what is called the "Unit Rule," which has prevailed in Democratic conventions from the first, was rejected, and the principle of individual responsibility affirmed. Resolutions of instruction, therefore, adopted by a Republican State convention apply only to delegates-at-large, chosen by that convention, and not to the delegates chosen to represent the various Congressional districts of the same State, who are subject only to the instructions duly given by the Republican electors of their respective districts. While the delegates-at-large or the district delegates are answerable to the Republicans of their respective States or districts, for fidelity to instructions, the Republican National Convention will not assume to enforce obedience to instructions by any delegate who seeks to break away from them. In a word, a delegate to the Republican National Convention may vote his personal preference on any question and have it so recorded, irrespective of conditions imposed upon him by his constituents.

In the Democratic National Convention precisely the opposite rule prevails, and the convention itself will require the execution of any mandate properly given by the Democratic State Convention by which the delegates are commissioned. To be more explicit, the unit rule which governs in the Democratic organization requires all the votes of any State, which has so ordered, to be cast as a unit as the majority of the delegates may decide, and the only record which an individual delegate is entitled to have is the record of the poll of the delegation that determines whether he is in the majority or in the minority.

Hon. James Dunsmuir

Who recently gave his assent to the Natal Act.

A MAN of homely ways and plain speech is Hon. James Dunsmuir, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, who, after vetoing the Natal Act last year, quite recently gave his assent to the measure. The Natal Act imposes an educational test upon all immigrants entering the Province and was especially designed to shut out the Japanese and Hindus from the Pacific province. It has, however, been declared ultra vires by the Supreme Court of the Province.

But apart from his refusal to sign the Act and his assent subsequently, the occupant of the gubernatorial chair in British Columbia is an interesting and somewhat picturesque figure. He is a multi-millionaire, a shrewd, progressive man, a most hospitable host, and eminently practical in all things. He is fifty-seven years of age, and has lived all his life in the West. By a curious accident he is American born, first seeing the light of day on the rocky coast of Oregon. His father, Hon. Robt. Dunsmuir, and his mother were en route from Scotland to the coal mines of Vancouver Island, when their ship was driven for shelter into one of the harbors of the coast of Oregon, and the future Governor was born in that State.

As a politician, as a former premier of the Province, he was not a shining success; and was never regarded as a partizan. At best he is but an indifferent speaker, and, while occupying the office of first minister, gained the sobriquet of "The Silent Premier." He had a most pronounced dislike to appearing on the public platform. Mr. Dunsmuir has immense commercial and railway interests. He lives quietly at the Govern-

ment mansion at Carey Castle. He married the daughter of a well-known Southerner, and is the happy parent of a large family.

Mr. Dunsmuir was appointed Governor of British Columbia in 1906, succeeding Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere.

A recent despatch from Victoria



HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR
Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

conveys the following information: Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir gives categorical denial to rumors afloat to the effect that he intended to ask to be relieved from duties of Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. He states that within the next few days he will ask for four months' leave, when he intends going to England to take possession of the new steam yacht Dolaura, which is building for him there. He will then go on a yachting tour to the Mediterranean, returning here early in August.

The American Invasion of Canada

The reason that hundreds of thousands from across the border seek new homes in the fertile Dominion—Americans and Canadians are the best of friends—Prosperity and plenty abound on all sides.

By J. Olivier Curwood in *The Circle Magazine*

IT was in 1901 that I first came into personal intimacy with what was then popularly called the "Yankee invasion of Canada." I traveled 2,000 miles in a "colonists' car" crowded with men, women and children from Iowa and the two Dakotas; drank coffee boiled over a "community" stove, ate with them, became a partner to their new hopes and new ambitions, and for many weeks after that lived among the thousands of Americans who had already settled upon the fertile prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta. When I returned to the States, it was with the conviction that the "Yankee invasion" was inevitably tending toward annexation. Everywhere I found the old home love among Americans; I saw Fourth of July celebrated as enthusiastically in little communities of the almost unsettled prairies as in the villages and towns of my own State; I came in contact with the unpleasant rivalry existing between the "true subjects of the king" and the patriot invaders from beyond the border—and I was satisfied then that there was more truth than romance in the argument of the Conservatives that the Liberal policy of "drumming up immigration" was bound, sooner or later, to swamp Western Canada in an inundation of Yankees whose politics and "American tendencies" would act like a boomerang upon the destiny of the Dominion.

Twice during the next five years I went over the same scenes. I saw the log homes of 1901 turned into cattle-sheds and my friends of the emigrant-cars happy in the possession of

modern homes; I saw hustling villages and towns where before had been only mile-posts, gazed upon thousands of acres of wheat-land where before were only rolling prairie and forest. For hundreds of miles I rode horseback through regions settled only by Americans and Canadians. There remained little of the prejudice and rivalry of five years before. A new "political idea" was taking root in the West—an "idea" that brought Americans and Canadians together in fraternal neighborliness, and made their interests one. For the third time I returned to the States, and this time with a modified conviction. There would either be annexation or a new nation would rise in the North.

Once more I have viewed the results of the "invasion," and this time, after having witnessed its various phases for a period of seven years, there is but one conclusion to arrive at: The "new idea" has taken firm root. A new form of co-education is, and has been, at work in the Canadian West, and in every phase it spells the birth of a new nation. Unnumbered thousands of Americans—not bankrupt and indigent people seeking easily acquired homes, but industrious and ambitious farmers from the West and Middle West, with their deep-seated ideas of independence and their inborn hostility toward anything that smacks of "allegiance"—are mingling in general prosperity with other thousands of Canadians, whose ideas of citizen government, of law, and of social ethics can not but meet with their approbation; and these two

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forces dovetailing in every-day life, meeting in the schoolroom, the church, and the home, are bringing about that "mean level" of thought which looks neither to Great Britain nor the United States for its trend, but which, in the words of an American mayor of one of the new towns of the West, "is digging out a channel of its own." Half a dozen years ago there was a powerful opposition in Canada to the Government's immigration policy; to-day, from the provinces of the East to the Pacific coast, that opposition is practically gone. The "Yankees" were feared before they came. Throughout Quebec and the East they were regarded by half of the population as the "American peril." Now the situation is vastly different, and can be realized fully only by those who have watched this gradual change in the sentiment of a nation. The Americans have come; they have built towns and villages, and have populated the prairies, but they have proved themselves pleasantly disappointing. And just as "pleasantly disappointing" have they found their Canadian brethren.

These facts, as I will attempt to show, have built up a condition in Western Canada which exists nowhere else in the world to-day, and to see which one must travel beyond the border towns and cities. It is in these border towns that numerous writers, and especially newspaper editors, gather that "material" which never fails to portray a feeling of jealousy and resentment on the part of Canadians toward Americans, and which has gradually engendered an apparent feeling of unfriendliness between the peoples of the two countries. This is eminently unfair. It gives a wrong picture of conditions as they are actually working out in Greater Canada. The border towns of the Dominion have always been jealous of the border towns of the United States, and there are very natural reasons for this.

Before describing conditions as I recently found them in the Canadian West, it may be best to give some idea of that great human mechanism which

is now working to attract settlers from the United States, and the results it is achieving. This human mechanism works directly from Ottawa. Its campaign in America is carried on as cautiously and with as much strategy and thought as though an actual war was being waged upon the Yankees; the movement has its commander-in-chief, its "cabinet," its generals, and its officers and men of the ranks. Its "fight for people" is centred in the United States. Canada is now unanimous in its desire for new citizens—and especially for Americans. They are even preferred to the English, as one will discover in almost every town or settled community of the great West. Consequently the campaign has never been more effective in the United States than at the present time. In the chief cities of eighteen States of the Union are situated the "great captains" of the Dominion Government's campaign for settlers. In other words, in each of these cities is a chief agent, and under these captains are a host of lieutenants, who are working ceaselessly in the building of the new nation. Every moment these men are on the watch for new ideas, new opportunities. Millions of copies of descriptive booklets, millions of maps and finely illustrated brochures, are circulated among the farmers. Alluring and costly exhibits of Canadian farm products are shown at the State and county fairs. Stereopticon lectures, in which the vast opportunities of Western Canada are graphically described, are given in rural places. Thousands of dollars are spent in newspaper and farm-journal advertising. And the campaign does not cease here. From the Far West prosperous farmers are induced to make visits among their friends in the States. Their transportation is paid by the immigration department, and, in return, they tell these friends of the free homes, the plenty and prosperity, that await them in the new land. There is no fraud about this remarkable campaign for American settlers. The Canadian West is a land of great opportunity, and, consequently, the

immigration department can go to almost any length in its inducements. One of its favorite schemes is to form a party of half a dozen or a dozen representative farmers in a certain district and send them through the West, where they are royally treated and their expenses paid. Nine times out of ten these parties return to the States enthusiastic about the new country and its people, and new settlers are the result.

Not until one has traveled from end to end of the Canadian West, not until one has actually lived among the settlers, eaten with them, talked with them, and slept under their roofs, does one realize that this campaign of the Dominion Government in the United States is not what I might call indiscriminate. In other words, Canada is, in a way, selecting her new citizens from across the border. The policy of the immigration department is to work in the most prosperous farming communities—to send into the West settlers, not poverty-stricken and indigent, but with flocks and herds, and chattels of their own. Statistics go to prove this. During the years ending June 30, 1907, 56,652 American settlers went into Canada, and with them they took property valued at fourteen million dollars, an average of more than \$250 for every man, woman and child who left the States.

In view of this apparent prosperity of the majority of those who leave their American homes for a new West the questions naturally arise: Why do they go? What are the reasons or the attractions that induce hundreds of thousands of Americans to seek new homes across the border?

There are several "popular" and easily understood reasons for the exodus. The Dominion Government gives a settler absolutely free 160 acres of land, and that settler may choose the location of his own home; and when these 160 acres of land are under cultivation, with good barns and a residence upon them, this man's taxes will not exceed \$10 or \$15 a year. If there is but one settler living in a certain district, and that settler possesses

eleven or more children, the Government will build a school for him. In other words, there must be a school in any district that boasts of eleven children; and, moreover, if this school has an average attendance of six during the year, it is entitled to an annual grant from the Government, a grant which covers teacher's salary and nearly every other expense of the school.

There are other and potent reasons for the emigration. While traveling westward from Winnipeg in a "colonist" car, I became very well acquainted with a family of seven from Iowa—three strapping sons, two daughters and the parents. They were of the most intelligent class of farmers, unusually prosperous, and there seemed to be not the slightest reason in the world for their leaving their fine old farm back in Marshall County, less than fifty miles from Des Moines. I asked the head of the family for his reason, and he said:

"Well, you see, it's this way: As long as the boys were young, the old farm was big enough. But now all three of them want to start out for themselves. I didn't want to see them go to work as 'hired help,' and the farm wasn't big enough to split up into four shares. So we figured that if we sold it for \$5,000 and went up into Canada, every one of us would have a 160-acre farm with homes on them, and we'd all be together."

This is one reason that I found in almost every Western community that I have visited. In Western Canada the eighteen-year-old son is given a big farm free, and, by emigrating, the father at once sees him on the road to prosperity. The opportunities now open in the West are tending toward bringing about another interesting condition—the stemming of the rush of rural young men into American cities. Last year 14,000 of those who crossed the border were young men, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and during the coming year the immigration department of the Dominion plans on making a powerful effort to draw twice that

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA.

number of farm boys into Saskatchewan and Alberta.

I have found among Americans in Western Canada another reason for their emigration, and one which it is not pleasant for an American to dwell upon. I have found considerable dissatisfaction with the States. "Back in the States the farmer has to raise five dollars' worth of produce in order to earn one dollar for himself," said an Ohio man who emigrated to Manitoba four years ago. "It's constant graft from the time you take your potatoes or your fruit to the station until you receive your check; and while apples, for instance, are selling at panic prices in the city, the farmer isn't offered enough to pay him for picking them up from the ground. The American farmer who is near enough to a big city to market his own stuff can make a mighty good living, but it's hard for the fellow who has to ship. Up here it's different. Every man owns his own farm, and it is big enough to enable him to make a good living even if prices should go low." But the dissatisfaction of American colonists in the Canadian West does not go beyond conditions. I do not wish to imply that our emigrating people, the expatriates in the true sense of the word, have lost a whit of the love for the land they are leaving. But, at the same time, one will not find five settlers in a hundred who favor annexation, and I do not believe there is one out of fifty of the older settlers but who would vote against it were such a proposition put before them. This is not because they prefer British citizenship, which in reality is a thorn in their side. I do not believe that it is generally understood in the States that the American emigrant who takes up a homestead in Canada must become a British citizen. This, however, is true. Before a settler is given his patent or deed, he is compelled to discard American citizenship and swear allegiance to the crown, thus becoming, in word and fact, "a subject of the king." As a result of this, the voting power of Americans in Western Canada is becoming tre-

mendous. For nearly 1,000 miles westward from Winnipeg, along the line of the Canadian Pacific, the population of the towns and country is more generally American than that of the State of New York, and Alberta, especially from the border northward to Edmonton, might be regarded as a typical American State. Between Calgary and Edmonton, a distance of 200 miles, one may travel along the line of the railroad from house to house and five out of every six people encountered are Americans. Forty thousand people from the States have settled the country between these two towns. Both Calgary and Edmonton are hustling American cities, and so are a score of smaller towns ranging northward from the Montana border. Many of these places, from Winnipeg to the Far West, have reeves and councils made up of men who four or five years ago were tilling the fields or keeping store in the States, and in church and school life, as well as in politics, American influence is everywhere apparent. There are at the present time between 375,000 and 400,000 American settlers from Winnipeg west, with a possible voting population of 120,000, a percentage which is naturally high because of the fact that thousands of men without families are seeking their fortunes there. Of these 120,000 males above 21 years of age, it is estimated that at least 40,000 have already become British citizens, and the others will undoubtedly "swear allegiance" as soon as their three years of residence in the country expires and they are ready for their patents.

And what does this great army of American voters in Western Canada signify? What will be the ultimate result of the controlling influence they are now exerting in Western Canadian politics, and which they will continue to exert more and more each year? These are questions of tremendous interest to the people of the States, and they bring us at once to the unusual condition which now exists beyond the border. The hundreds of thousands of Americans in the

West do not consider that they have merely adopted a new country; instead, the sentiment is general among them that they are making a new country, and that they are co-partners, on equal terms of ownership and rights, with their Canadian neighbors who have emigrated from the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion. They do not regard themselves as aliens, but as pioneers—the first conquerors of the soil; and, singular as it may seem, they even now speak of the foreign immigration that is coming in a steadily increasing flood from Europe into their country. Their Canadian neighbors have ceased to regard them as invaders, and both are unanimous in the opinion that the immigrants from Europe are the most undesirable of all that are coming into the country. The Canadian prefers an American, and the American a Canadian, to any other neighbor—unless it is one of their own people.

Everywhere through this new West one finds prosperity and plenty. In no better way is this proved than by the building of railroads. In 1881 there were only seventy-five miles of railroad in Manitoba and the West. To-day 8,000 miles are completed and in service, and despite the fact that her railway mileage per capita is already greater than that of any other country on earth, there are to-day 9,000 miles of new lines under contract or construction in Canada, and most of it in the West.

All along these lines new towns and cities have sprung up, and are springing up, with remarkable rapidity. And these are "colonist cities" in every sense of the words. They have little in sympathy with the Eastern Provinces, and even less with the States. Their "builders" already regard the West as Greater Canada; the towns and cities are of their own making, and the work has aroused a new national sentiment in both Americans and Canadians, that sentiment which will ultimately give birth to a great republic on our north. Municipal ownership is triumphing to a marked degree, and the liquor question is being handled as in no other place in

the world. Every American and Canadian townsman and farmer in the West is interested in this liquor question, and, as a result, the traffic is absolutely in the control of the people. From Manitoba to the Rockies, a distance of 800 miles, there is not a single saloon! The only place where one can get liquor is at a hotel bar, and a hotel must be of a certain size, with a certain number of rooms, before a license will be issued to it.

Perhaps the most striking proof that I have encountered of the amalgamation of the Canadian and American colonists into one people, with the same interests, and to a great extent the same ambitions, is in their social intercourse. When I went into Western Canada seven years ago, the national prejudice, bred and encouraged by the Eastern newspapers of both countries, was very manifest, and I found Canadians preferring the English, and the Americans mingling socially almost exclusively among themselves. Such things as "American clubs," Fourth-of-July cliques, etc., were quite common, and the Canadian sons of the soil were prone to regard the "Yankees" as aliens, immeasurably less to be preferred than their English cousins. During the course of seven years, however, this feeling has completely changed, and I have met scores of colonists, both American and Canadian, who believe that they should join in setting aside a "great day," to be celebrated in the manner of Fourth of July or the Queen's Birthday, but which should be exclusively typical of the West. In many of the towns there are now business and social clubs made up both of Canadians and Americans, and in the rural districts neighborhood organizations promote good fellowship.

I believe the strongest and the truest epitome of the situation in the Canadian West to-day was given to me by a Canadian settler at Moose Jaw. For five years he had lived in the States, and he said to me:

"If they say back in the States that Canadians and Americans are not the best of friends out here in the West,

ANOTHER BAND OF STEEL ACROSS THE DOMINION.

tell them that they are mistaken; and if they won't believe that they are mistaken, tell them that they are fools, or—that they lie!"

This is pretty strong, but it paints the picture as it exists to-day—the

picture of a great nation in the making, a nation which will neither crave annexation nor pride itself on allegiance to a crown, but which will, sooner or later, take a front seat among the republics of the world.

Another Band of Steel Across the Dominion

Trans-Canada railway project has by no means been dropped
— Character of the country through which this road will
pass — Place and traffic for more transcontinental lines.

THE railway development of Canada has been enormous. Great as have been the ramifications of the lines of steel in the past, it is confidently expected that the total mileage will double in the next ten years.

The Dominion has now over 22,000 miles of railway lines, and some figures relating thereto may not be amiss. The C. P. R. mileage in Canada, according to the last return, was 10,830; the G. T. R. mileage in Canada is 5,228 miles; the Intercolonial Railway, owned by the Government, is 1,859 miles in length, while the Government owned road in Prince Edward Island is 287 miles. One-third of Canada's railroad mileage is in the West. In addition to the foregoing, there are numerous other lines, notably the Canadian Northern, not taken into consideration, except in the aggregate. Think of over 22,000 miles of road to-day, and only 3,000 at the time of Confederation, forty-one years ago.

In a few years the broad Dominion will be spanned from ocean to ocean by three great railways. One has been completed for several years, and two others are being pushed rapidly forward—the Grand Trunk Pacific, which will be 3,600 miles long, and will cost \$125,000,000, and the Canadian Northern, which two years ago had 2,100 miles of road in operation. While we may talk of tariff policies, fiscal reform, and legislative measures

of various kinds, yet, after all, the most important problem, which Canadians have to face to-day, is that of transportation. Men, who gaze into the future, who descry beyond the horizon, believe that there will be business a-plenty for all the transportation systems now finished, in process of construction, or in contemplation. The vast yield in the West will keep all lines busy, and furnish business faster than promoter, capitalist or government can provide railways.

In an address recently delivered by the Canadian Prime Minister, he declared that another road to the Pacific Ocean would be commenced before the Grand Trunk Pacific was completed. This is believed to be the Trans-Canada. A few years before the Grand Trunk Pacific policy was announced, the Trans-Canada road was originated. The line has by no means been abandoned, although in a rather quiescent state for some years.

By an Act of the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, passed in the year 1895, a charter was granted for the construction of this railway from a point at or near Quebec to the Pacific Ocean at Port Simpson or Port Essington. This charter was amended in 1897, chapter 65, so as to provide for the commencement of the works not later than 29th June, 1901, and for their completion within ten years from the passing of the Act, and

granting power for the construction of a branch line to Montreal.

In February, 1901, the president and other representatives of the Quebec Board of Trade and of the company, had an interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and submitted a memorial, setting forth the advantages of the railway at considerable length.

The Government recognized the merits of the project and submitted to Parliament a subsidy bill, which was duly ratified, granting a subsidy of \$3,200 per mile—or \$192,000—in aid of the first sixty miles of the railway from Roberval westward, to be increased to \$6,400 per mile, should the cost be in excess of \$15,000 per mile to that extent.

In a recent interview, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Quebec City, one of the original promoters, declared that the Grand Trunk Pacific had not dealt the Trans-Canada project a death-blow as many supposed. Mr. Scott is most enthusiastic and optimistic over the enterprise, and remarked: "If carried out, as we hope it will be, it will form another steel band uniting Western and Eastern Ontario, thus helping to prevent the breaking apart which the influence of a railway system concentrated on the United States boundary at Winnipeg might otherwise bring about."

"We are asking Parliament to extend the time stipulated for the expenditure of fifteen per cent. of the capital, it happening that our expenses, although very considerable for surveys and other matters, have not yet reached the amount fixed by the charter," added Mr. Scott. "If Parliament accedes to our demand, we hope that the Trans-Canada will be built, and as the route selected by its promoters is from one to three hundred miles to the north of the Grand Trunk Pacific, it will consequently be the shortest one between the head of navigation on the Saguenay and the Pacific Ocean.

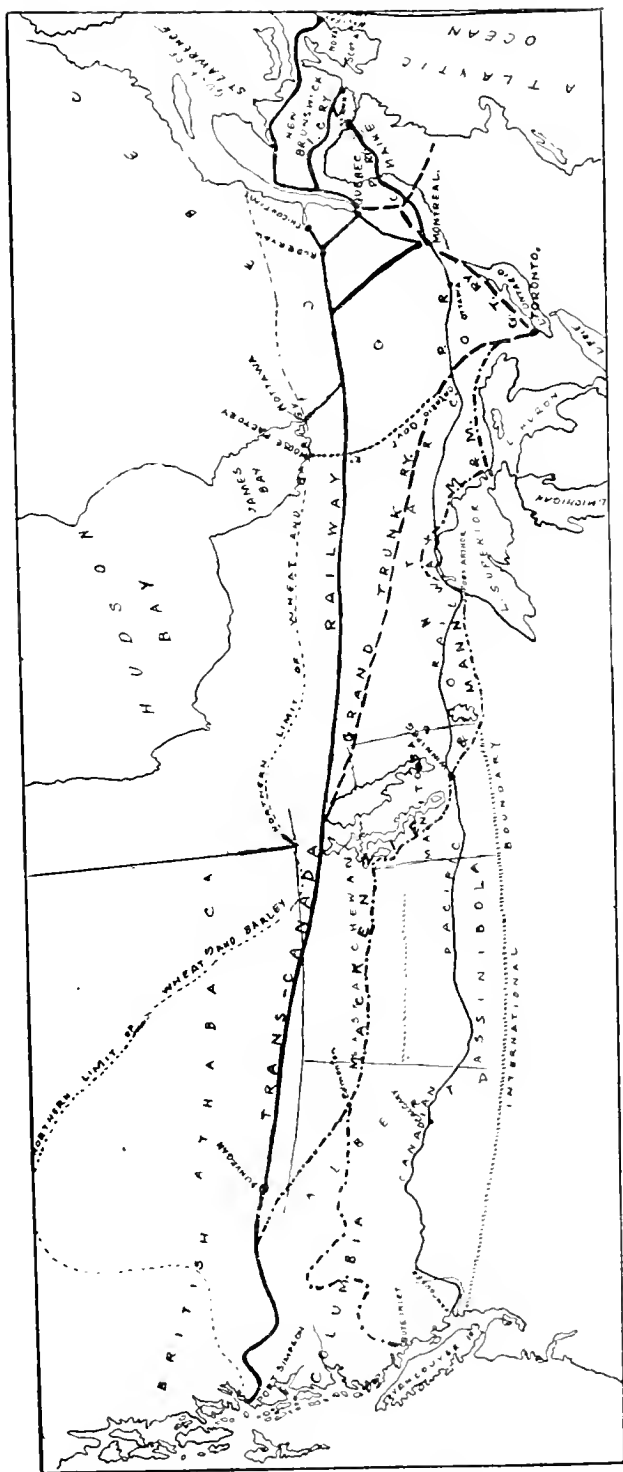
"It may seem extravagant to talk of another transcontinental, but we are assured that there is still a place and traffic for another. As a matter

of fact, the wheat zone in the Canadian Northwest extends four hundred miles north of the proposed line, which passes to the north of Lake Winnipeg and some three hundred miles from the American frontier, so that, as a military line, it would be surer than any other means of communication between the east and west of our Dominion."

The promoters have agreed to construct the road with steel rails and steel bridges of Canadian manufacture, and, in a petition to the Dominion Government seven years ago, on certain financial conditions being stipulated, they further covenanted to carry wheat from all points on its line in the Province of Manitoba to the ocean steamer at Chicoutimi or Quebec for nine cents per bushel, thus saving the farmer of Manitoba about seven cents per bushel on present freight rates to the seaboard, and also to give free transportation from Quebec to any point on its line for all immigrants and bona fide new settlers and their effects.

Other interesting facts have been set out in the prospectus of the company. Regarding soil, recent explorations prove in the James Bay territory the land is equal to that of the St. Lawrence valley. That of the immense Peace River valley is well known for its fertility, and present information goes to show that the country between James Bay and Lake Winnipeg, and between Lake Winnipeg and Peace River, is also excellent. So that it may be said that the whole country from the Saguenay to the Rockies is fit for settlement and for the raising of cereals, and could support a population of many millions, sufficient, in fact, if the zone between this line and the C. P. R. were settled, to raise breadstuffs for the British Isles, and make them independent of all foreign countries.

The reports of the Geological Department indicate that this country is rich in minerals. The best of iron is found in the James Bay country, together with lignite coal and copper. The district north of Peace River



The Proposed Route of the Trans-Canada Railway.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

abounds in petroleum, and the country between the Rockies and the Pacific coast in bituminous and anthracite coal, gold and copper, and a branch from this line would offer the shortest route on Canadian soil to the Yukon gold fields should a railway ever be needed to that country. The James Bay district and the country east and west of Lake Winnipeg are timbered with the best of spruce, and the rivers abound in water-powers to convert this timber into pulp and paper.

In the event of hostilities with our neighbors, which it is sincerely to be hoped may never occur, the present C.P.R. line could be broken in twenty places in a week, and communication would never be restored. The proposed line being from 300 to 600 miles from the frontier, protected by fleets at Quebec, Saguenay, Nottaway and Port Simpson, would be impregnable, and for this reason should receive the support of the British Government. This support need not be costly, as the price of a battleship per annum would pay the interest on the cost of the whole undertaking.

The distance from Quebec to Vancouver, B.C., by the C. P. R., is 3,078 miles. When the Trans-Canada road

is undertaken and completed—as those who have faith in Canada believe it will be before the next decade—the distance from Quebec City to Port Simpson will be 2,830 miles, or from Chicoutimi to Port Simpson, 2,705 miles.

The main feature in connection with the presentation of the foregoing facts is that Mr. J. G. Scott, acting general manager of the road, as well as the original promoters, do not intend to allow the project to drop. Its benefits and advantages might be more fully pointed out, but enough has been presented to demonstrate that the undertaking—vast as it is—is not visionary in character or impossible of achievement. The scheme is still very much alive, and, ere many years roll by, another band of steel will traverse a portion of Canada, of whose possibilities too little has been learned.

New agricultural, mineral and forest regions will be opened up, and each year we will know more of that great heritage with which we have been so richly endowed, and the blessing of which succeeding generations should enjoy and more fully appreciate.

You must originate, and you must sympathize ;
you must possess, at the same time, the habit of
communicating and the habit of listening. The
union is rather rare, but irresistible.

—Beaconsfield

The Place Where Your Money is Made

The Royal Mint at Ottawa now in full operation — Machinery is of most modern type
— Different processes through which coins pass before they are put in circulation.

THE new sandstone and granite Royal Mint, surrounded by a fence of regulation height, is now in operation. All the machinery is the best that money can buy, and the accuracy of each machine is its strong point. The machinery is of the most modern type, and embraces many improvements which are not to be found in any other similar institu-

lated to melt nickle or aluminum. Fig. 1 is a view of the melting furnaces showing condensing chamber and acid and water tanks. Before melting, the metal is granulated by being heated and poured into tanks of water, which are situated under the iron plating at the left of the foreground. The condensing chamber baffles the gases, reduces their veloc-

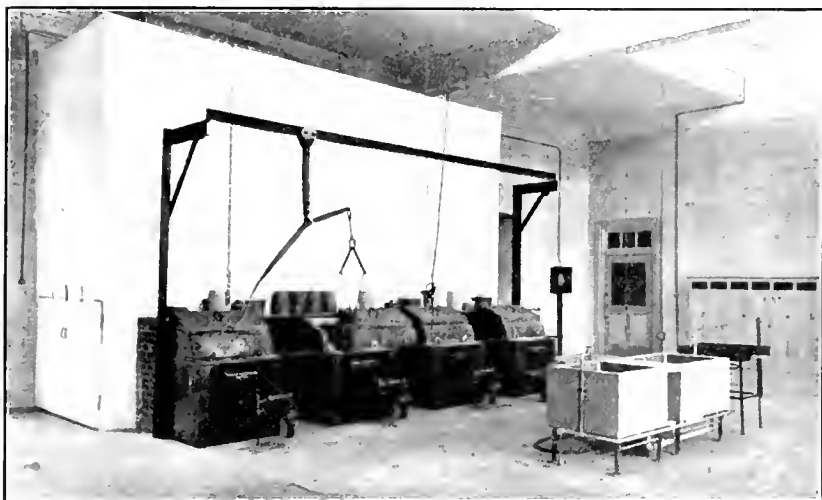


Fig. 1—Melting Furnaces; Condenser Chamber; Acid and Water Tanks.

tion in the world. The ideas of A. H. W. Cleave, mechanical engineer and mint superintendent, have been incorporated in their design.

As the material is required it is weighed on scales which weigh accurately to one one-hundredth part of an ounce, mixed in proper proportions, and is placed in a crucible in one of the four Rockwell furnaces. These crucibles are made of clay and plumbago, and hold ninety pounds. The furnaces burn crude oil with a steam blast, and the temperature can be reg-

ulated to melt nickle or aluminum. Fig. 1 is a view of the melting furnaces showing condensing chamber and acid and water tanks. Before melting, the metal is granulated by being heated and poured into tanks of water, which are situated under the iron plating at the left of the foreground. The condensing chamber baffles the gases, reduces their veloc-

ity, and the dust is deposited and the particles of gold and silver which have been carried from the crucibles are recovered. At the mint in Philadelphia no less than \$12,000 was saved in this way last year. A trolley above the furnaces facilitates the handling of the metal, which is poured into a set of molds. These molds are plunged into nitric acid and then into water. The molds are trimmed by shears and rotary files and each one is tested before operations are proceeded with. Fig. 2 shows the

interior of assay department and the furnaces where the tests are made. After the crucibles and their covers have been used about twenty times, they are ground up, and the precious metal adhering to them is recovered.

THE ROLLING PROCESS.

The bars, when approved by the analyst, are sent to the rolling mill, made by Taylor & Challen, and passed through fifteen ton rolls from eight to ten times. This rolling mill is a great improvement on some of the cumbersome machines

right of Fig. 3. They are carried on three revolving chains and become red-hot. The fuel is crude oil, with steam at sixty pounds pressure. When the bars emerge from the furnace they pass under a sheet of water and do not oxidize. They are then passed through a thinning mill, shown in the foreground in Fig. 4. Adjustments on these rolls allow the machine to be adjusted so that the coins do not vary more than two ten-thousandths. The bars are then drawn through small rolls to an accuracy of one ten-thousandth of an inch. This machine

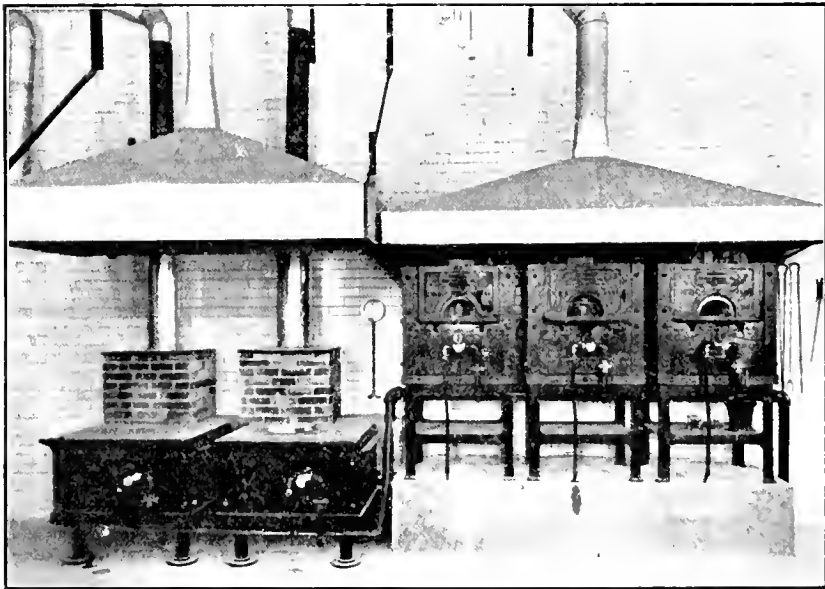


Fig. 2.—Cupel and Melting Furnaces in Assay Department.

now in use in some mints. The rolls are fourteen inches in diameter, sixteen inches long and run at forty revolutions per minute. This rolling mill is shown in Fig. 3. The greatest possible care was taken in the design and manufacture of this massive machine, and rolls to within five ten-thousandths of an inch. A thirty horse-power motor furnishes the power for the operation of this machine.

The rolling renders the metal brittle, and the bars are passed through an annealing furnace, shown on the

is known as a fillet, and is shown in the foreground of Fig. 5. It is supplied by Greenwood & Bately, Leeds, England.

The coins are then ready to be blanked. A trial blank is made and if satisfactory this work is proceeded with. Fig. 6 affords a view of the three automatic blanking presses, each of which has a capacity of three hundred per minute. The machine shown in Fig. 7 raises a ridge around the coin to protect the impression and has a capacity of six hundred per minute.

The punching hardens the metal,

THE PLACE WHERE YOUR MONEY IS MADE

and it is passed through another Rockwell annealing furnace with oil as fuel. The coins are passed through the heat by means of a rotating screw

THE COINING ROOM.

The finishing operation is in the coining room proper, where the impressions are made on the coins.

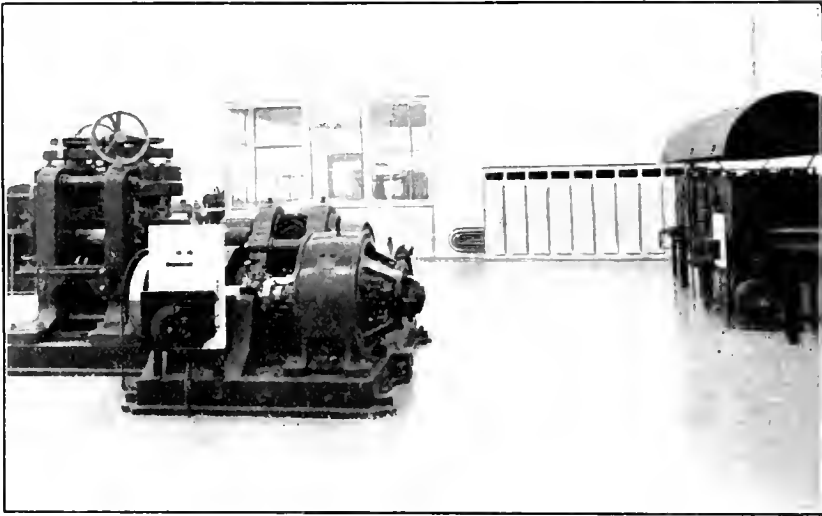


Fig. 3 Breaking-Down Mill and Fillet Annealing Furnaces.

and drop into water, so do not tarnish.

The next operation is to revolve them in a solution of sulphuric acid in a pyramid revolving mill and then passes them through hot and cold water baths. They are dried by roll-

There are three Taylor & Challen presses, shown in Fig. 8, running at from thirty to one hundred revolutions per minute, the speed being controlled by electric controllers. They can be run by gear or belt drive from

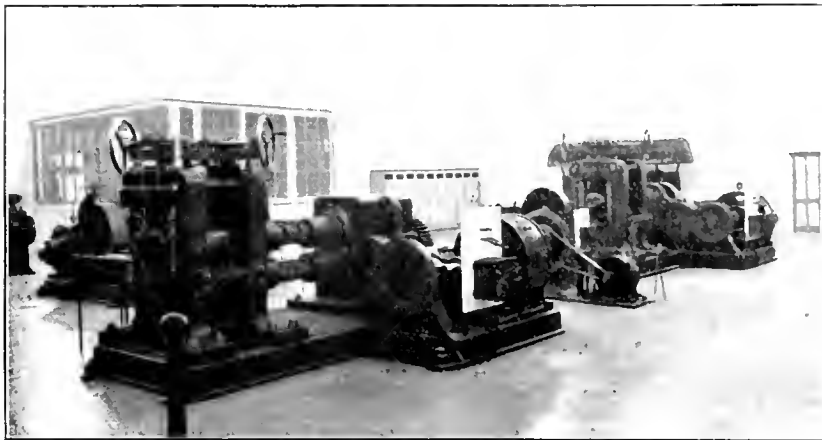


Fig. 4 Rolling Mills; Fillet Annealing Furnaces on Right.

ing in sawdust in a rotating tumbling barrel for ten minutes, and are then separated by screens and the sawdust is dried and used again.

their motors, and a five horse-power motor furnishes the power to each. In machines of this kind, built previous to these, if the blanks ran out the

dies would come together and be destroyed. The Canadian coining presses

machines are automatically stopped. This press is the first of its kind ever

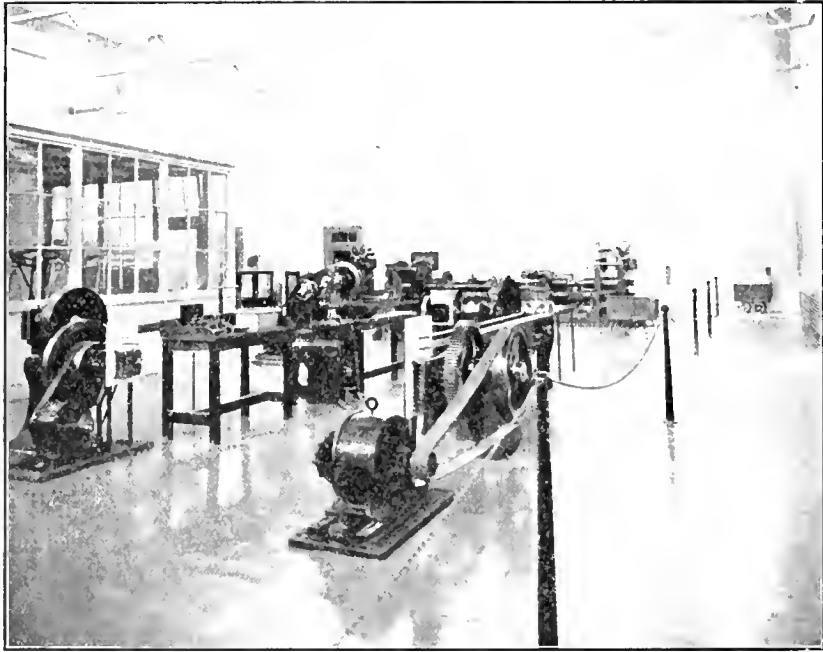


Fig. 5—General View of Rolling and Adjusting Room, Showing Draw-Bench, Automatic Trying, Cutter and Scale Room.

to avoid accidents of this kind, have been fitted with non-clashing attachments, the invention of Superinten-

used in a Government mint. The capacity is one hundred coins per minute.

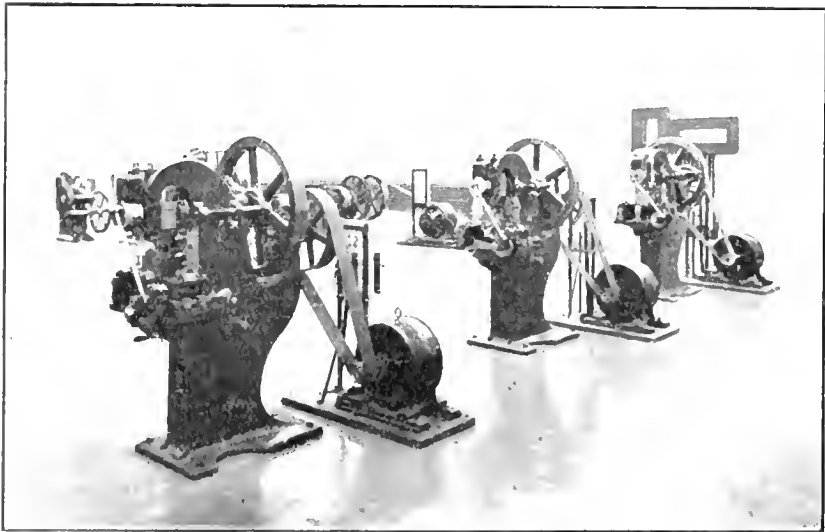


Fig. 6 Machines in Cutting, Adjusting and Marking Department.

dent Cleave, so that should the supply of blanks accidentally give out, the

After the impression has been given to the coins they go to the testing

THE PLACE WHERE YOUR MONEY IS MADE

room, where every coin is separately weighed to one-hundredth part of a minute, and those of proper weight are dropped in one compartment,



Fig. 7 Marking Machine and Stronghold Door.

grain on automatic weighing machines. There are four and they are of a very delicate character, mounted on a solid bed of concrete ten feet

while the others are dropped into another to go through the process again. These are passed through the defacing machine shown on the right of

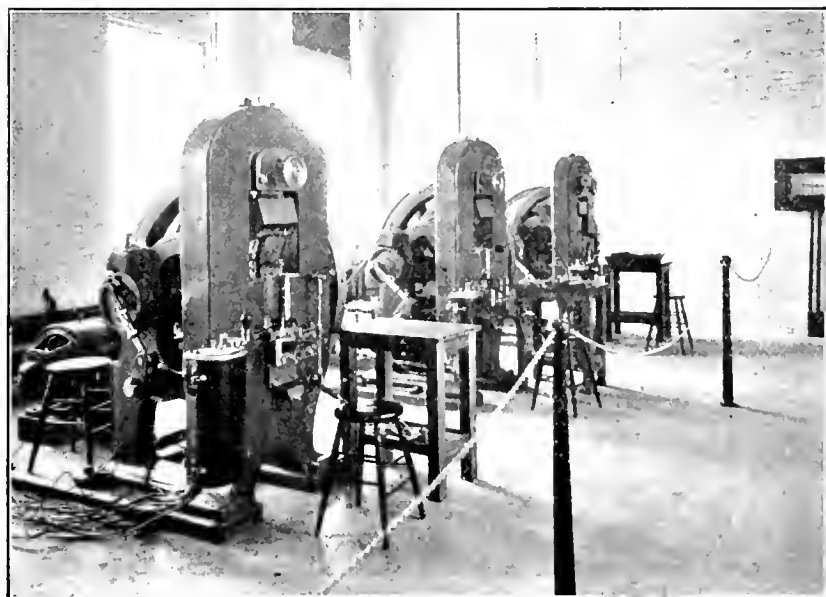


Fig. 8 The Coining Presses.

thick to prevent vibration. Each machine will weigh twenty coins in a

Fig. 9, so that they cannot by any mistake become current coin. Be-

fore being weighed they are placed on the revolving belt shown in Fig. 9. This reverses the coin and an

separate combinations open the doors. The doors, though they weigh 7,600 pounds, swing easily. A counting

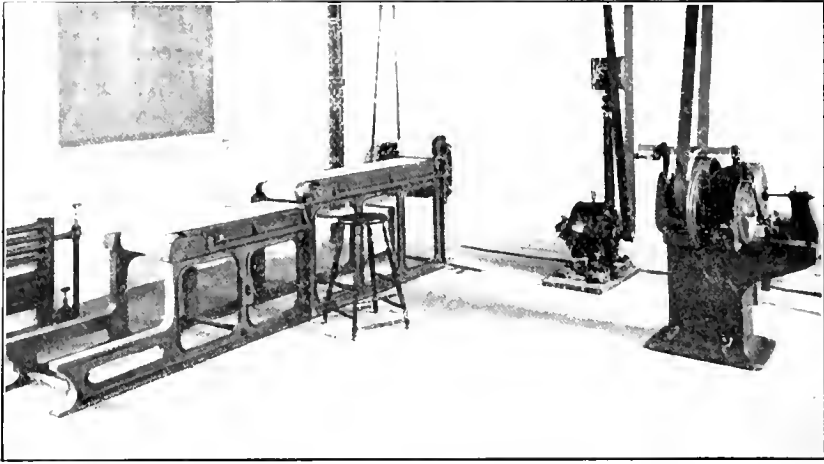


Fig. 9 Overlooking and Defacing Machines in Weighing and Examining Room.

operator can see that both sides are perfect before they go to the weighing machines.

The good coins, when weighed, are dropped into bags ready for deposit

machine counts the coins into bags; and this is unique, as in London the coins are counted by weighing.

Power is received from the Ottawa Electric Company at 2,140 volts, and

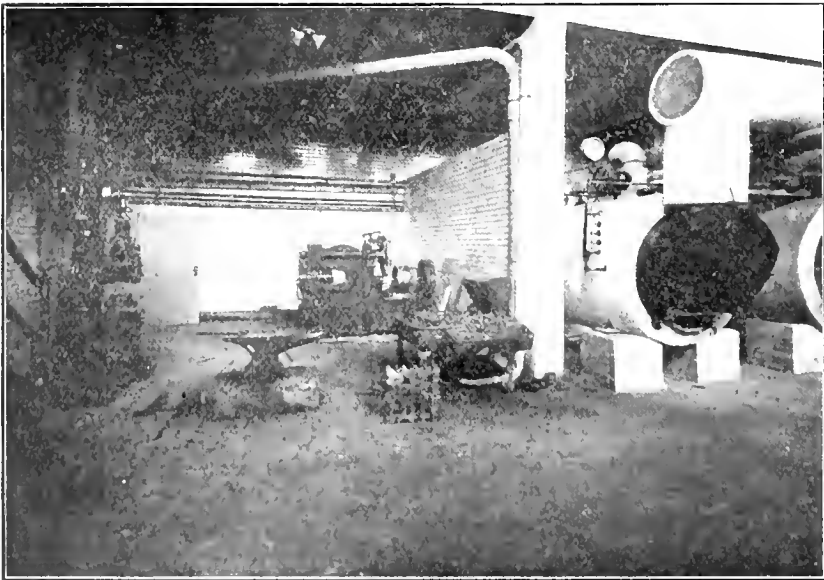


Fig. 10 Boiler House and Smith's Shop.

in the vaults. A vault door may be seen in Fig. 7. The combination is a double, triple time. Two men, with

is reduced through oil transformers to 500 volts. The current is reduced to 110 volts for lights, and by a two-

THE PLACE WHERE YOUR MONEY IS MADE

phase Canadian Westinghouse motor-generator set is changed to 220 volt,

generated by two Leonard multi-tubular boilers. These are shown in

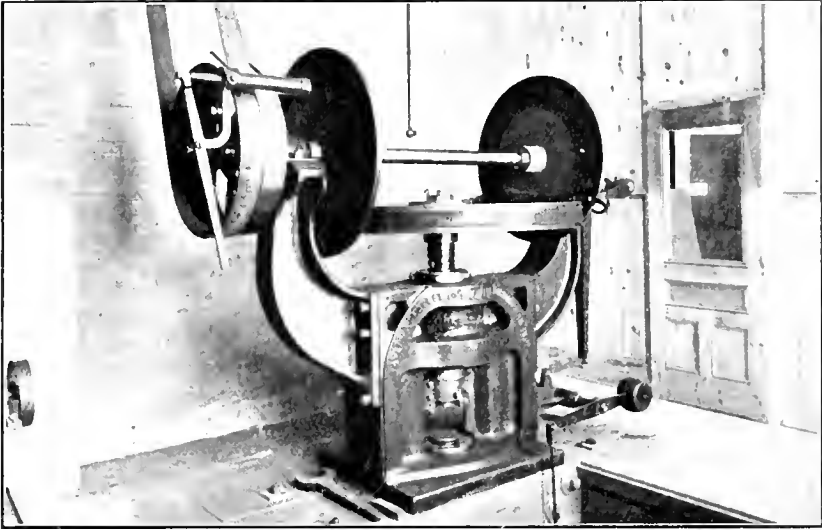


Fig. 11 - Die Sinking Press in Die Department.

direct, for the motors. All the machinery, except in the machine shop, is driven by individual motor drive.

Fig. 10. Water is fed automatically by a Fairbanks-Morse pump. An injector and feed from city mains are

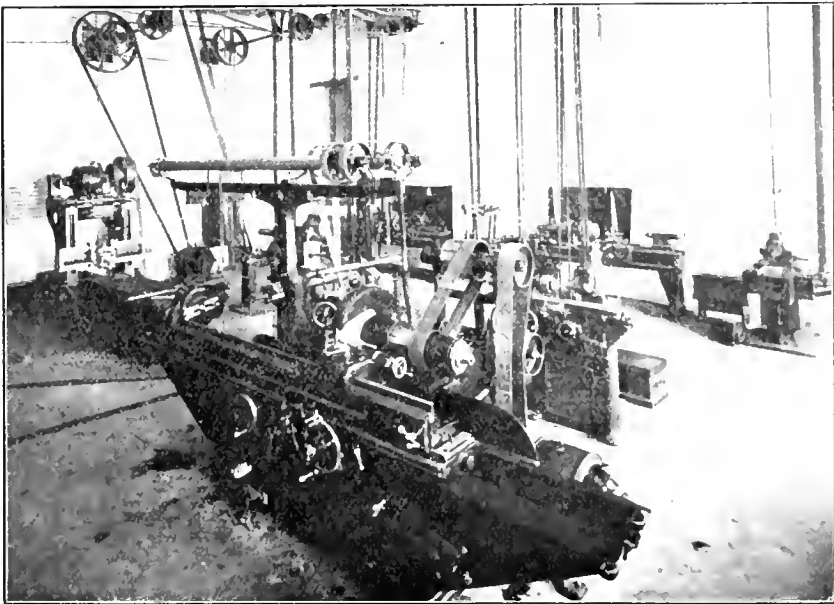


Fig. 12 Machine Shop, Showing Grinder in Foreground.

The steam used in the annealing and die-hardening furnaces, as well as that for heating the buildings, is

also attached, forming three independent sources of boiler feed.

Adjacent to the boilers in the base-

ment is the smithy, where is located a one-hundred-pound Fairbanks hammer, a Buffalo forge and a Bersch shears, all shown in Fig. 12.

A forty-ton Taylor & Challen friction reversing die-sinking press, shown in Fig. 11, is used for making the dies. Each die is given three blows and after each blow it is annealed in an oil furnace. The die room is in an apartment alone. This press reverses automatically and is the only one yet installed where the operator does not have to watch the return motion. A light or heavy blow, as desired, may be struck with this friction screw press. Adjustments can be very accurately made and provision is made by means of collars for the wear of the screw.

In another department is the machine shop. This includes a Norton wet grinder, which is shown in the foreground in Fig. 12. This machine grinds accurately the rolls for the rolling mills and will grind a roll seventy-two inches long and fourteen inches in diameter. It is built especially for the work in the mint, as are

all the machines in the various departments. The equipment also includes a No. 13 Brown & Sharpe universal grinder, a No. 2 miller with a dividing heel, a Bertram five horsepower planer, an automatic hack saw, Barnes 21-inch drill, a Hamilton Tool & Optical Co. sensitive drill, McDougall heavy 16-inch gap-lathe, Pratt & Whitney 14-inch light lathe, and an R. A. Kelly shaper.

In each department special precautions are taken. The locks are of a special character, and the walls are two feet thick, reinforced with layers of steel, and even dynamite will not be able to disturb them.

Those in charge are Dr. D. Bonar, deputy-master; Mr. A. H. W. Cleave, M.I.M.E., superintendent; Mr. P. S. Roe, foreman of mechanical department, who installed the machinery; Mr. T. Mansell, foreman coining department, who has had twenty-seven years' experience in the Royal Mint, London; Mr. D. P. Bateman, foreman of melting department, who has had twenty years' experience in this line of work.

If thou wouldst fathom how love may
 Its greater heights and depths reveal,
 Ask neither joy, nor offering,
 Nor service of another's zeal.

But give, give always, hour by hour,
 No matter what the pain or price,
 So shalt thou gain love's strongholds, since
 The heart of love is sacrifice.

—Charlotte Becker

Lively Reminiscences of the Backwoods

Narrative touching on the life of some sturdy specimens of manhood
- Rough of speech and uncouth in manner their hearts are in
the right place - Most thrilling experience at a funeral.

By F. M. Dela Fosse

IT is to be regretted that no novelist or descriptive writer has as yet treated in a really intelligible manner the life of that sturdy specimen of manhood, the Canadian backwoodsman. From the days of Marryat and of Mrs. Moodie, down to the present, tales purporting to be descriptive of life in the backwoods have indeed emanated from the press, but they have dealt to a large extent with the doings of isolated families, and little is to be gleaned from their pages of the trend of existence in the forest homes of the Dominion.

Although the settler, to those who know him best, is a being somewhat below the heroic level where certain hysterical rhapsodists have tried to place him, he is, in the main, a fair representative of what is physically, if not morally excellent in man. His character partakes of the nature of his surroundings. He is often rough of speech and uncouth in his manner and bearing, and can, on occasion, run amuck of the Ten Commandments with as great skill and address as any of his more civilized brethren of the towns and cities; but his kindness and hospitality are proverbial, and in his daily battle for a livelihood he stands forth, the very incarnation of the twin virtues, Perseverance and Pluck. I know him well, for force of circumstances more than inclination caused me, at the outset of my career, to pass many years in the northern woods, where actual experience taught me something of the vicissitudes and trials of a settler's life. Fresh from England, and with insular ideas and prejudices deeply

rooted within me, the new life was a revelation. The section of land allotted to me was in a free grant district. It was situated forty-five miles from the terminus of a railway, and could only be reached on foot or by ox-waggon over the most villainous



A TYPICAL EARLY SETTLER

Who used to think nothing of carrying a bag of flour on his back for twenty miles. His wife ran away from him several times but he always gave her as he expressed it, "a lovin' welcome 'ome."

road in existence. Many of my neighbors, new arrivals like myself, were in a state of the deepest poverty, and subsisted as best they could on a fare in which bread very often did not form one of the component features. Turnips and tea were the daily sustenance of more than one family, and

in order to procure even these necessities, the poor souls were obliged to tramp seven miles through the woods and carry them in on their backs. Often this task was allotted to the lady of the establishment, the husband being too busily employed in clearing the land to spare time for the errand. Women, also, and young girls chopped in the woods alongside their husbands and fathers, and helped, together with the smaller children, in the heavy labor of logging in the burnt fallows. But in every way possible, the settlers formed a community of interest, working shoulder to shoulder in the erection of their humble shanties and in getting small acreages ready for crop. In certain cases, two or three families shared one domicile and the filth and degradation engendered by such close association almost passed belief. One shack, at a liberal measurement, not more than six feet by twelve in size, held a family of seven. Their only furniture was a stove and the culinary outfit was limited to a frying pan, a pail with a hole in it and two or three cracked cups and saucers. The domestic arrangements of this household may be well left to the imagination.

ILLNESS ALMOST UNKNOWN.

Doctors very rarely penetrated to our section. Illness was uncommon and even when the need arose for the services of a practitioner there were individuals in plenty living amongst us ready and eager to fill the gap. There is nothing that appeals so much to the taste of your true backwoodsman as prescribing for another's ailments or participating with him in his woe. Some of these forest gnomes have been known to apply hoof ointment to a cancer and to practice dentistry by the simple but effective use of a hammer and a three-inch nail. Men acted as obstetrical experts to their wives, and here and there a woman was to be found who dabbled in occult science and exorcised "the evil eye." Their diagnoses and prescriptions were of a nature to make an undertaker smile.

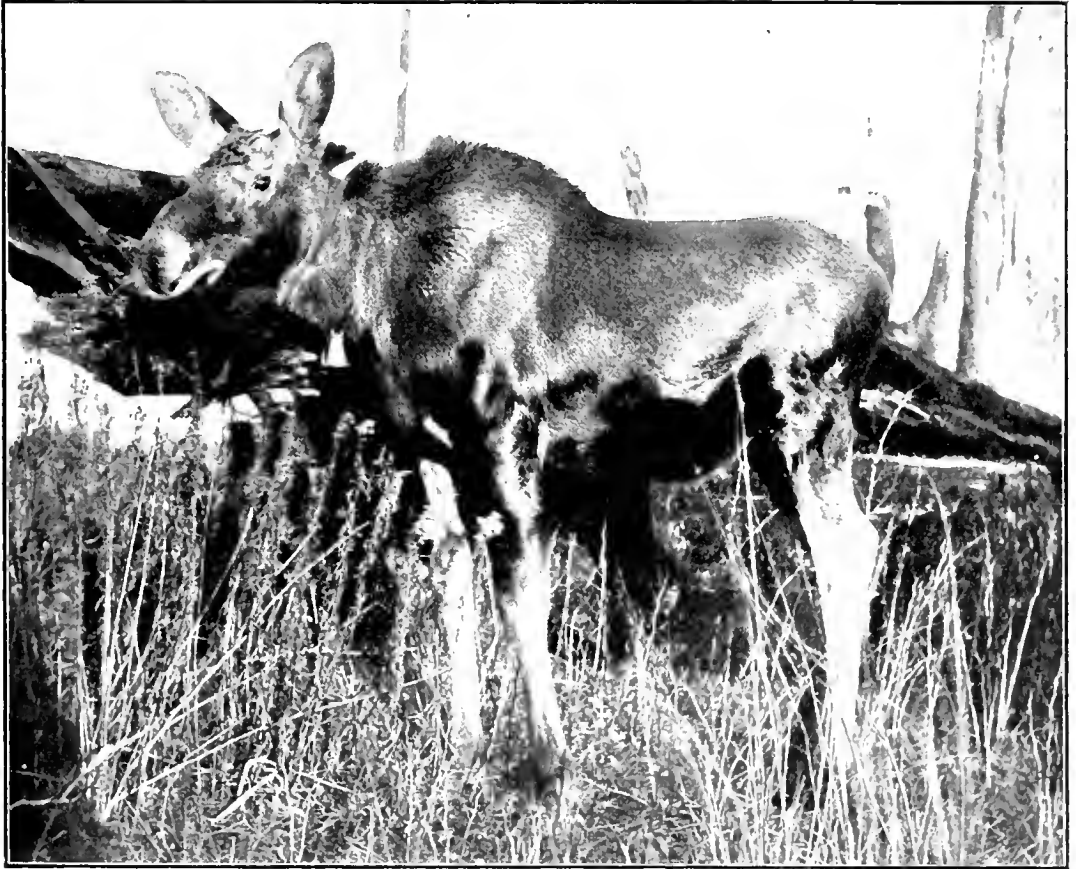
Many of them were hopelessly ignorant. Sprung from God knows where, many of them went to God only knows where, but here and there amongst them there certainly shone forth spirits of a superior type—men and women of education and refinement—for whom it was only a question of time ere the wretchedness of poverty should be transformed into the brightness of a prosperous and happy farm life. They were flowers of fragrance in a wilderness of weeds. That there were criminals and fugitives from justice living amongst us was early made evident. One quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, in particular, whose amiable disposition had made him a favorite in the section, caused quite a sensation by suddenly disappearing. But it was nothing to the excitement caused by the subsequent discovery that he had been spirited across the border on the charge of murdering a fellow workman, found guilty and executed.

Sunday services used to be held in different shanties which were generally well attended, and a certain wild-eyed being of heterodox ideas used to preach in the open air, and baptize his victims in the river, leaving them to dry themselves as best they could by a brisk walk through the woods. Amongst his flock was a shrivelled-up old hag who pretended to a knowledge of witchcraft and for a small consideration offered to remove the baleful influence of the "evil eye." The "evil eye" in one particular section was supposed to be operated by a certain Mrs. Patrick O'Brannigan, a detestable creature, who could have held her own in cursing and blasphemy with any blackguard in Christendom. If lovers proved faithless, butter refused to churn, children died, or husbands levanted, Mrs. O'Brannigan was supposed to be at the bottom of the trouble, and the old bel-dame already mentioned was the one to whom sufferers turned for succor in their different afflictions. Her mode of procedure was a simple but horrible one. It consisted in the tying of knots in a rope and in the muttering of mysterious incantations dur-

LIVELY REMINISCENCES OF THE BACKWOODS.

ing the process. Every knot tied was supposed to cause a spasm of pain in the offender's diaphragm, and poor, disreputable Mrs. O'Brannigan would have had a hard time of it, indeed, had there been any virtue in the charm. There is much pathos, much humor in the settler's existence. How can it be otherwise when he leads a life of such unimaginable incident?

hillocks. But under those storm-worn crusts of earth lie also the remains of many a noble and heroic man, many a patient and long-suffering mother, who fought the battle of life prayerfully and well, and sank peacefully to their slumbers after the successful struggle. Unmarked by monument or inscription these graves stand on the bleak hillsides bearing



A young and vicious moose who got tangled up in a neighbor's wire fence. It was captured and kept in a small enclosure for a long time.

One has but to travel along any of the northern roads to note in many a clearing a little grass grown plot surrounded by a picket fence. These mounds contain the tragedies of the backwoods. Heartbroken mothers of a bygone day, little infants, and suicides who found the strain too great for their strength and perished in their despair, lie under those desolate

eloquent testimony to the storm and stress of forest life.

HUMOR AT A FUNERAL.

Occasionally the pathos and humor get so intermingled that it would be hard to distinguish which of the two preponderates. It was my fate once to be a participant in a funeral in which, although I could not see where

the humor came in, others held a different view altogether. A young fellow who had been married only a short time had died of consumption. It was in the early spring, the lakes and rivers had only been free of ice a few days and the lowlying lands lying between the cemetery and the late habitation of the departed, were deeply flooded. In one particular place the lake had overflowed its banks to such an extent that there were from six to eight feet of water covering the road. Feeling that the mourners knew nothing of the real state of affairs, I rowed across the lake and poled my boat through the bushes to the flooded portion of the road to await the funeral cortege. Long before it came in sight the rough lumber waggon bearing the remains could be heard bumping over the rocks as the horses were driven slowly down the steep declivities. At last it came in sight with three or four mourners holding on to the coffin in order to prevent it jumping out on the road. When the party arrived where I was stationed, consternation sat on every face. At least one hundred yards of flood lay between them and the dry land on the opposite side. The horses could not possibly attempt to ford it; the only thing to be done was to transfer the shell to the boat and have it ferried across. The boat was a small one, and after some hesitation the party asked me to ferry the remains across. It was one of the hardest tasks I ever encountered. In some places the road had to be abandoned for a course through the bushes fringing it, owing to the presence of little raised ridges which caused the craft to strand in mid-stream. Submerged stumps and fallen timber obstructed my progress, but by constant use of an axe and by dint of alternate poling and pulling at the bushes, I managed at last to strike the opposite bank. Now came the great difficulty. It had taken four men to lift the shell into the boat and only one man was available to help me get it on shore.

Placing the boat alongside the bank we got each at one end, and with one foot on shore and the other in the boat lifted the shell. Just as we did so the boat shot away from the bank. There was no way out of it. It was a case of throwing the coffin into the water or going in ourselves, and we naturally chose the latter alternative. In we went, up to our necks, much to the joy of certain small urchins and men who had arrived on the hillside just in time to see the mishap, but to the dire indignation of the mourners who looked upon the misadventure as a gross indignity to the dead. The man who had helped me scrambled out as quickly as he could and the first words he uttered, as soon as he had recovered from the shock of the cold water, were not words of Scripture.

Shivering as though seized with fifteen agues, I, too, got out and looked ruefully at the boat now some twenty feet away from the roadway. "How are we going to get it back?" I inquired. "Blamed if I know and blamed if I care," said the man wrathfully. "I wouldn't go into that water again, not if there was twenty coffins." No help was to be got from my friend, so, plunging into the icy water again I swam to the boat and towed it ashore. The hillside watchers had now arrived on the scene, and with very little trouble we unloaded the craft. Four separate trips had still to be made to fetch the mourners across, and when this task had been successfully accomplished there was still a walk of half a mile to the little wayside cemetery, partly along the road and partly through the forest, sometimes through wet snow that took us to our knees, and at others over fallen pines and brushwood that lay thick in our pathway. But we got to the cemetery at last, and after the impressive funeral ceremony had been concluded, left our late companion to his long repose.

The Only Mound in the Dominion

Located on picturesque shores of Rice Lake—Visit paid to this interesting spot—Did race of Mound Builders ever exist?

AMONG archaeologists, antiquarians and even among the ordinary business men of to-day, much interest is centred in the history and development of the past. From time to time, there have appeared in the columns of the news-

Mr. David Boyle, referring to mounds, says: "There is apparently no more fascinating belief than that which attributes the construction of our American mounds to a semi-civilized and peacefully disposed race, which was ruthlessly exterminated by



THE OTONABEE SERPENT MOUND

Located at Mizang's Point, Rice Lake, and the only known mound in Canada. The serpent's tail is seen to the extreme right.

papers, announcements from various centres, that traces of the original Mound Builders have been discovered.

The history of mounds is an interesting one, has never failed to excite curiosity and to stimulate study. In an archaeological report for Ontario,

the savage Indian. It is a poetic belief. It affords material for homilies on man's inhumanity to man, and those who are fond of repeating the silly saying, that history repeats itself, find here a new world parallel to numerous old world events. It gratifies the survivors among us who de-

plore the departure of the good old times, and affect to regard with deepest grief present-age degeneracy. It appeals to man's mythologic sense very powerfully; and it pleases people who are morbidly minded to picture to themselves the awful horrors that must have been inflicted on the poor, industrious, and happy mound-builder whose reeking scalp was torn from his head by blood-thirsty human fiends, who also destroyed houses, farms and gardens, and drove away herds of domestic cattle.

It seems vain to explain that the mound-builders could not have had cattle, for they knew not how to temper copper, that in mechanical skill they were not superior to Indians as we know them, and that a similar statement may be made regarding them as tillers, that morally and socially they do not appear to have been a superior people, and that they did not possess at all an elevated kind of religion.

It is probable that the majority of those who entertain so much reverence for the mound-builders and corresponding regret for their disappearance will die in the faith, and, indeed, it seems a pity to deprive them of what yields so much comfort.

Even, however, some of those who agree that the mass of evidence favors acceptance of the view that Indians were the mound-builders, write and speak as if the mounds were constructed by the same tribe of Indians. There is no more reason to believe this than that all the mounds were built at the same time. Face to face, as we are, with facts accumulated mainly during the last half century, if, indeed, it would not be more correct to say during the last quarter, we conclude that American mound-makers were not of one nation, nor were they of one way of thinking, even in the construction of the tumuli.

The making of mounds, cairns and pyramids seems to be inseparable from human nature, embodying ideas of safety, strength, advantage, superiority, dignity, honor or worship, con-

nected with the living or with the dead.

In the pyramids of Egypt, we see the most marvelous examples of a proclivity which is typified in the children's game where one takes possession of a bank or sand heap, announcing that he is "king of the castle," and each of the other players is a "dirty rascal."

It is, perhaps, safe to affirm that the largest number of mounds have been made for burial purposes which were supposed to be the original motive, in the construction of such earthworks, yet some of us are very much puzzled to account for the other very large number that do not appear to have had anything to do with human interments, and here, of course, are excepted such as were most probably defensive entrenchments. But there are people who without much hesitation prate fluently about "beacon mounds," "sacrificial mounds," "temple mounds," "sacred mounds," and so on, as if by the book. There are only two kinds of tumuli respecting which it is sometimes possible to speak with assurance as to their purpose and one as to its appearance. The former are burial and fortification works, and the latter what is known as "effigy," respecting an animal of some kind, man, beast or bird.

OTONABEE SERPENT MOUND.

The Busy Man's Magazine has much pleasure in presenting its readers with a picture of the Otonabee Serpent Mound, which is beautifully situated on Mizang's Point, near the mouth of the Indian River, on the north shore of Rice Lake, about ten miles east from Peterborough. This is the only mound of its character known in Canada, and has attracted widespread interest, not only from local residents, but from outside points. Mr. Boyle tells of a visit to this mound some years ago. He says the situation is one of the most commanding on the shore, the land rising with a sharp acclivity to a height not less than seventy or eighty feet from the water. Mr. Boyle says, as a

THE ONLY MOUND IN THE DOMINION.

summer resort the situation is unsurpassed, and the laying out of a small park enclosing the Serpent Mound would add materially to the natural attraction. The interest that attaches to such work is of a general character. It extends even beyond the country in which they are found, and it would be shameful to either neglect them utterly or to let them remain in private hands. Unique as this Serpent Mound is, as far as the archaeology of Canada is concerned, there can be only one opinion with respect to its maintenance from disfigurement, and, perhaps, from demolition.

Mr. A. F. Hunter, M.A., in speaking of the widely-known Rice Lake Mound, says: "I visited Serpent Mound at Mizang's Point in Otonabee Township. A brief inspection was sufficient to convince me that Dr. Boyle's identification was the true one. Its artificial origin is quite obvious, because the surface of the ground in the neighborhood is regular and undisturbed by any glacial agency. Some questions might arise as to whether the zig-zag stretches which are equal in length were intended by the builders as the convolutions of a serpent, or were the result of accumulations of burial. This question was soon answered satisfactorily. First, the head is broadened and the tail is narrowed and ends in a point. Second, the entire mound is easily seen to be homogenous, having all been made at one time, and, therefore, not the growth of burials made at different times. So that every feature points to the conclusion that a serpent was the design intended to be formed. Fortunately, the mound is in a good state of preservation, and its chief features may be recognized without difficulty. The serpent appears to have been quite a common idea among the mound-building Indians. They often made use of the design in their ornaments, and there are several well-known effigy mounds. It should be added that one of the adjoining burial mounds is placed in front of the serpent so as to have the appear-

ance of an egg, the usual accompaniment of the serpent in aboriginal representations of that animal. The serpent mound is 138 feet long. To one feature in connection with all the Rice Lake mound groups, attention is directed to the fact that they are at the important points on the water-courses. To the question who were the builders of these Rice Lake mounds, Mr. Hunter says he can give no satisfactory answer. The only aboriginal occupants of this Province in historic times have been the Huron and Algonquin nations. If the mounds were the work of either, it is more probable that they were made by the pre-historic Algonquins amongst whom we may look for traces of the Mound-Builders, either as being direct descendants or as incorporating remnants of that lost race. In the Rice Lake region, I saw indubitable proof that there had lived in this Province aborigines who attempted construction of mounds having other shapes than the ordinary conical burial mounds or than earth-work fortifications.

As to the mound at Mizang's Point, Otonabee Township, taking the form of a serpent, it seems that a phenomena of the lower civilization was the spectacle of a man worshipping a beast. For various motives, the inferior animals, says a well-known authority, have become objects of veneration, ranking among the most important in the lower ranges of religion. Serpents held a prominent place in the religions of the world, as the incarnations, shrines or symbols of high deities. When it comes to be closely examined, the worship of the serpent does not seem so strange as it might, at first sight, appear. As was well remarked by an ancient author, the serpent alone of all animals, without legs or arms or any of the usual appliances for locomotion, still moves with singular celerity, and he might have added—grace, for no one who has watched a serpent slowly progressing over the ground with his head erect and his

body following apparently without exertion, can fail to be struck with the peculiar beauty of the motion. There is no jerk, no reflex motion, as in all other animals, even fishes, but a continual progression in the most graceful curves. The general form, too, is full of elegance, and their colors varied, and sometimes very beautiful, and their eyes bright and piercing. Then, too, the serpent can exist

for an indefinite time without food or apparent hunger. He periodically casts his skin, and as the ancients fabled, by that process renewed his youth. Add to this his longevity, which, though not so great as was often supposed, is still sufficient to make superstitions forget how long an individual may have been revered in order that they may ascribe to him immortality.

The Greatest Inventor in the World

Brief Glimpses into the marvellous career of Mr. Edison—
Trials of his boyhood and repulses in early life
— His wonderful perseverance and indomitable pluck.

THE dominancy of mind over matter, the eternal persistence and stick-to-itiveness of an energetic nature under most trying and untoward circumstances are strikingly demonstrated in the marvelous career of Thomas Alva Edison, who a few weeks ago, celebrated his sixty-first birthday.

Edison is known by many names: "The Wizard of Menlo Park," "The

stock-ticker, expecting \$5,000 from his invention, receiving \$40,000, fainting for the first time in his life, getting the cheque cashed, and stuffing every pocket full of money; at sixty-one, the highest honors conferred upon him—such is the record of the "famous American magician."

Edison flung an arm Titanic into the Everywhere and snatched that which none understood. That Great Mystery—electricity—which none can touch, nor see, nor hear, nor smell, nor taste, Edison harnessed. He made it yield light and heat and power for all the civilized world.

He first saw the light of day in the little town of Milan, Ohio. It is not generally known, perhaps, that his father, Samuel Edison, was a Canadian, being a native of Nova Scotia. He emigrated to Ohio in 1838, having, as a recent biographer says, "fled thither from Canada where he had fallen into disgrace through taking too active a part in the Papineau Rebellion. He owned land in the Dominion which he had received as a gift from the British Government, and when it became known that he also was among the rebels, the grant was forfeited, and Mr. Samuel Edison found it wise to make hasty tracks for the St. Clair River. In his flight



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

Electrical Genius," and "The World's Greatest Inventor."

A pocket edition of his life would read something like this: "At twelve a newsboy; at fifteen, telegraph operator; at twenty-one, inventor of the

THE GREATEST INVENTOR IN THE WORLD.

from Canadian territory he walked 182 miles without sleep, for his powers of endurance were no less remarkable than those which afterwards characterized his son.

On reaching Milan, Samuel Edison found that it was a town which would serve him well as a retreat, and he thereupon decided to adopt it as his future place of residence, eschew rebellions, and live in harmony both with government and neighbors. A few years later he married a pretty school teacher named Nancy Elliot, whom he had known in his Canadian days, rented a small house, busied himself in various enterprises and settled down to a peaceful, industrious and contented life."

Canada has, therefore, the honor of being the birthplace of the renowned inventor's parents, who did much to shape his character and mould his destiny. It is said that his father was fond of a good story, and that Edison inherited the humorous phase of his nature from him. The serious side came from his mother, for, during his early years he was always with her.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"I did not have my mother very long," he said on one occasion, when talking to a newspaper representative, "but in that length of time she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience I should very likely never have become an inventor. You see my mother was a Canadian girl who used to teach school in Nova Scotia. She believed that many of the boys who turned out badly by the time they grew to manhood would have become valuable citizens if they had been handled in the right way when they were young. Her years of experience as a school teacher taught her many good things about human nature, and especially about boys. After she married my father and became a mother, she applied the same theory to me.

I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental calibre, I should have probably turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never sympathized with me and that my father thought that I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her all my difficulties at school, for fear she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

"One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'addled' and that it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt with this last straw that I burst out crying and went home and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother was. She came out, as my strong defender. Mother love was aroused, mother pride wounded to the quick. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he did not know what he was talking about, that I had more brains than he himself, and a lot more talk like that. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then and there that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced. My mother was the making of me; she was true; so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

BOYHOOD PURSUITS.

When he was about eleven years of age it occurred to him that he might assist the family exchequer by engaging in some work, and after considerable opposition on the part of his parents he applied for and obtained the privilege of selling newspapers, books, magazines, candies, etc., on the

trains of the Grand Trunk Railroad. Even at this early age his inventive genius was to the front, and he appropriated an unused compartment of the train for a printing office and chemical laboratory, and here he published the first newspaper printed on a train. "The Weekly Herald," described as a little bit of a thing about the size of a ladies' handkerchief. This portion of the book, treating of the inventor's early upward career, though, perhaps, not the most important, it certainly was most entertaining. The author's chatty and agreeable style renders the record very interesting indeed. One day Edison unfortunately set fire to the compartment in which his printing office was, with the result that he, his laboratory, and printing press were chucked out on the platform.

John Thomas, a well-known telegrapher, and a former resident of London, Ont., who died some time ago in Detroit, gave the "electrical wizard" his first start in life.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Thomas told the story of his acquaintance with the great inventor, a story that is of peculiar interest. The two first became acquainted when Thomas was a telegrapher at Fort Gratiot, now known as North Port Huron. Edison was about 15 years of age at that time and was selling papers on trains.

GAVE EDISON HIS FIRST LESSONS.

"He would run in and out of the station," said Thomas, "and in that way I grew to know him and to like him. I always called him Al and he called me Johnny. One day while I was copying a message, I noticed that he was observing my work with more than ordinary interest. I asked him if he would like to be a telegrapher and he replied that he was very anxious to learn.

"I gave him a few lessons and he learned the game like greased lightning. I saw that he had the making of a first-class telegrapher and I informed the superintendent of my discovery. Edison was at once given a station at Stratford, Ont. That was

his start as a telegrapher. In 1878 I visited him at his home in Menlo Park, N.J., where he was living with his first wife. I was there for three days and he was the same old 'Al' we boys had used to know. The last time I visited him was at his home in Llewellyn Park, Orange, N.J. He had just completed the phonograph at that time and I remember what a comparatively crude affair it was.

HIS FIRST INVENTION.

"The first serious thing I invented," says Edison, "was a machine which would count the votes in Congress in a very few moments. It was a good machine, too, but when I took it to Washington they said to me:

"'Young man, that's the last thing we want here! Filibustering and the delay in counting the vote are the only means we have of defeating bad legislation.'

"My next practical invention was the quadruplex telegraph. I started in to work it on the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph line between Rochester and New York, but there was a chump at the other end of the wire, and the demonstration ended in a fizzle. It was years before the quadruplex was adopted.

"That landed me in New York without a cent in my pocket. I went to an operator and managed to borrow a dollar. I lived on that for a week, but I had to 'park it' a little. Oh, I didn't mind it and I never did care much about eating, anyhow.

"Then I hustled for something to do. I could have got a job as an operator at \$90 a month, but I wanted a chance to do something better. I happened one day into the office of a 'gold ticket' company which had about five hundred subscribers.

"I was standing beside the apparatus when it gave a terrific rip roar and suddenly stopped. In a few minutes hundreds of messenger boys blocked up the doorway and yelled for some one to fix the tickers in their office. The man in charge of the place was simply flabbergasted, so I stepped up to him and said:

THE GREATEST INVENTOR IN THE WORLD.

"I think I know what's the matter."

"I simply had to remove a loose contact spring which had fallen between the wheels. The result was that I was employed to take charge of the service at \$300 a month. I almost fainted when I heard how much salary I was to get.

"Then I joined hands with a man named Callahan and we got up several improved types of stock tickers. These improvements were a success.

"When the day of settlement for my inventions approached I began to wonder how much money I would get. I was pretty raw and knew nothing about business, but I hoped that I might get \$5,000.

"I dreamed of what I could do with big money like that, of the tools and other things I could buy to work out inventions; but I knew Wall Street to be a pretty bad place, and had a general suspicion that a man was apt to get beat out of his money there. So I tried to keep my hopes down; but the thought of \$5,000 kept rising in my mind.

AN EXCITING MOMENT.

"Well, one day I was sent for by the president of the Gold & Stock Telegraph Company to talk about a settlement for my improvements. He was General Marshal Lefferts, colonel of the Seventh Regiment.

"I tell you I was trembling all over with embarrassment, and when I got in his presence my vision of \$5,000 began to vanish. When he asked me how much I wanted, I was afraid to speak. I feared if I mentioned \$5,000 I might get nothing.

"That was one of the most painful and exciting moments of my life. My, how I beat my brains to know what to say! Finally I said:

"Suppose you make me an offer."

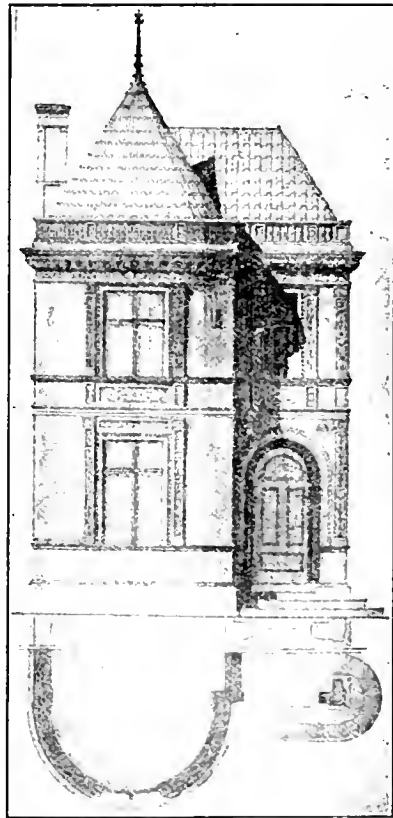
"By that time I was scared. I was more than scared, I was paralyzed.

"How would \$40,000 do?" asked Gen. Lefferts.

"It was all I could do to keep my face straight and my knees from giving way. I was afraid he would hear my heart beat.

"With a great effort I said that I guessed that would be all right. He said they would have the contract ready in a few days and I could come back and sign it. In the meantime I scarcely slept. I couldn't believe it.

"When I went back the contract was ready and I signed it in a hurry. I don't know even now what was in it. A check for \$40,000 was handed me and I went to the bank as fast as my feet would carry me.



Detail of Edison Concrete House.

"It was the first time I was ever inside of a bank. I got in line and when my turn came I handed in my check. Of course I had not endorsed it.

"The teller looked at it, then pushed it back to me and roared out something which I could not understand, being partly deaf. My heart sank and my legs trembled. I handed the check back to him, but again he

pushed it back with the same unintelligible explosion of words.

"That settled it. I went out of the bank feeling miserable. I was the victim of another Wall Street skin game. I never felt worse in my life.

"I went around to the brother of the treasurer who had drawn the check and said: 'I'm skinned, all right.'

"When I told him my story he burst out laughing, and when he went into the treasurer's office to explain matters there was a loud roar of laughter at my expense. They sent somebody to the bank with me, and the bank officials thought it so great a joke that they played a trick on me by paying me the whole \$40,000 in ten, twenty and fifty dollar bills.

AN ENORMOUS PILE.

"It made an enormous pile of money. I stuffed the bills in my inside pockets and outside pockets, my trousers pockets and everywhere I could put them. Then I started for my home in Newark. I wouldn't sit on a seat with anybody on the train nor let anybody approach me. When I got to my room I couldn't sleep for fear of being robbed.

"So the next day I took it back to Gen. Lefferts and told him I didn't know where to keep it. He had it placed in a bank to my credit, and that was my first bank account. With that money I opened a new shop and worked out new apparatus.

"My automatic telegraph, which handled a thousand words a minute between New York and Washington, was brought out by Jay Gould and the Western Union Company. It is in litigation yet.

"Then the quadruplex was installed. I sold that to Jay Gould and the Western Union Company for \$30,000. The next invention was the mimeograph, a copying machine.

"When Bell got out his telephone the transmitter and receiver were one. Prof. Orton, of the Western Union Company, asked me to do something to make the telephone a commercial success.

"I tackled it and got up the present transmitter. The Western Union Company eventually made millions of dollars out of it. I got a hundred thousand dollars for it.

"At last President Orton sent for me and said: 'Young man, how much do you want in full payment for all the inventions you have given the Western Union Company?'

"I had \$40,000 in my mind, but my tongue wouldn't move. I hadn't the nerve to name such a sum.

" 'Make me an offer,' I ventured.

" 'How would a hundred thousand dollars seem to you?' he asked.

"I almost fell over. It made me dizzy, but I kept my face and answered, with as much coolness as I could muster, that the offer appeared to be a fair one. Then another thought occurred to me, and I said that I would accept a hundred thousand dollars if the company would keep it and pay me in seventeen yearly installments.

"I knew that if I got it all at once it would soon go in experiments. It took me seventeen years to get that money, and it was one of the wisest things I ever did. By putting a check on my extravagance I always had funds."

DISCOVERY VS. INVENTION.

The commonly accepted idea of Edison is that by brilliant flashes of intellect inventions spring fully developed from his brain, or that he has the singular good fortune to be the instrument whereby Nature communicates her discoveries. Neither of these views is correct. Edison draws a broad line between "discovery" and "invention." In his parlance a discovery is a "scratch"—something that might be disclosed to any one, and for which he thinks little or no credit is due. Invention, on the other hand, is the result of that peculiar faculty which perceives the application of some phenomenon or action to a new use. As an inventor, therefore, Edison possesses two qualifications pre-eminently. First, the inventive faculty, or the special intuition by which the adaptability of some observed result to a useful end is pre-

sented; and, secondly, the physical energy and patience necessary for the investigation by which that result may be ascertained.

Edison once made a comical experiment on a German boy employed by his father at Port Huron. He liked chemistry and his father's woodshed was filled with bottles filled with about everything of any value in that study. One day he called the boy to the woodshed and gave him two glasses, one containing the white portion of a scidlitz powder and the other the blue portion. He ordered the boy to drink one at a time. The result is best left to the imagination. It was a long time before Edison tried another experiment in chemistry."

Mr. Edison's deafness is directly due to his early love of science. When he was a newsboy on the train he used to carry on experiments at leisure moments.

One day a bottle of phosphorus became uncorked and set the car on fire. The indignant conductor boxed the ears of the youthful scientist and threw the boy and his paraphernalia off the train. It was this box on the ears which caused the deafness which has troubled him ever since.

To Edison nearly a thousand inventions are credited, and as a famous writer so well expresses it, "To tell of his inventions in a few lines is like seeking to condense a library into an epigram; but mention must be made of multiplex telegraphy, incandescent electric lighting, the phonograph, moving pictures, the microphone, the tasimeter, the odoscope, electric pen, his storage battery, the megaphone, which list faintly suggests a host of others.

EDISON'S CONCRETE HOUSE.

Edison's latest invention is a plan for producing concrete houses for working men to cost \$1,000 each.

"Rent strikes" in the cities, inspired by overzealous agitators, at least serve this purpose: they bring the housing problem home to the minds of the people. Fortunately, too. The old story of eviction, as true and poignant

as ever, lacks life as it is written briefly in the day's newspapers. The reader passes it over with the trite reflection that the poor we have always with us. But wholesale evictions, following a "rent strike," make better copy; they rouse the jaded interest anew.

One thinks of the pertinence of such happenings just now, when Thomas A. Edison is perfecting his plans for building in wholesale lots concrete houses for working men for \$1,000 apiece. Mr. Edison is clear in the statement of his purpose. He wants to make his \$1,000 concrete houses successful for the single reason that they may help to abolish city slums. He does not claim an inventor's credit for working out the idea. "There's nothing essentially novel in my plan," he says. "It's like making a complicated casting in iron, with the difference that concrete is not so fluid as molten iron. Some one was bound to work this idea out, and I thought I might as well be the one."

It is fortunate that Mr. Edison took up the problem. Once he demonstrates that habitable, well-appearing houses can be built by use of his molds for \$1,000, he will license without cost any responsible builder who wants to use his patents to build such houses. Again, Edison's mere announcement that he can build good houses to rent for \$7.50 a month will set many a man to wondering if he might not live decently at the same price he now pays for squalor.

When asked in what particulars his idea was novel, Mr. Edison said: "There is nothing particularly novel about my plan; it amounts to the same thing as making a very complicated casting in iron, except that the medium is not so fluid. Some one was bound to do it, and I thought that I might as well be the man, that's all."

The method consists in the use of molds, costing \$25,000 the set, made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cast iron, planed, nickel-plated, and polished. The different pieces vary in size, some of the interior parts being but two feet square. When in position, the units are held

in place by trusses and dowel pins. Into the top of these molds concrete is pumped continuously by compressed air, using two cylinders. The concrete itself acts as a piston, and the two cylinders are alternately filled and emptied. The delivery of the mixture must be continuous, for wherever it is stopped a line appears. To secure this rapid and continuous flow, at the rate of 175 cubic yards per day, a very efficient mixer is required. It has not yet been decided whether a Ransome or a specially designed machine will be used. No rubbing up is necessary, although a few flaws may be present, owing to the difficulty of expelling all air. The escape of air is permitted by the special design of the house, or, when necessary, by a temporary pipe, which may be removed later.

The concrete used is mixed according to the ordinary proportions of one part of cement high in lime, three

parts of sand, and five parts of crushed stone. The cement is so finely ground that it readily takes up the requisite quantity of water to make it flow. Another result of the fine grinding, to which the possibility of reproducing minute details is due, is the absolute water-tightness of this material, since there are none of the intergranular openings that are present when coarse ingredients are used. Great strength is assured at the points of stress by wire reinforcements set in the body of the material.

Bath-tubs and similar fixtures will be cast in place. Pipes for the steam heat, conduits for the electric wiring, and the iron tubing through which the lead pipes for the plumbing are to be afterward drawn, are all set in the molds before the cement is run in. The only wood present will be the doors, window sashes, and, perhaps, a few strips to which to attach carpets.

Some Old Proverbs

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

Deeds are the fruits ; words are but leaves.

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

Business is the salt of life.

Better to be alone than in bad company.

Conscience is the chamber of justice.

Dependence is a poor trade to follow.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

A fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to save it.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

He laughs best who laughs last.

Honest confession is salve to the soul.

Do not whistle till you are out of the woods.

A Scholar, a Statesman and a Diplomat

Sir William MacGregor, the esteemed Governor of Newfoundland—A brilliant man, who takes the deepest interest in the affairs of Canada's "Cousin to the East"—His splendid services on behalf of the Empire.

By A. J. Clark in the *Westminster Magazine*

THAT many Newfoundlanders chafe under last year's renewal by the Imperial Cabinet of the *modus vivendi* with the United States, governing the West Coast fisheries, was shown by the recent debates on the question in the Colony's Legislature.

Whether an era of internal development for the island, to which other acts of the same body seem to point, will serve to detract, in some measure, from the importance of an issue so long paramount in her political life, remains to be demonstrated. The most sanguine cannot expect that this matter of when, where, how and by whom Newfoundland's fish may be taken, is likely to suffer an eclipse in the near future. There are those, however, who hope that a greater exploitation of the Colony's vast resources, other than those of her coasts, may serve as the best of all arguments in the securing for her of greater recognition in the future councils of the Empire.

At the beginning of this latest effort to reach out toward a more evenly balanced and consequently a more thoroughly prosperous condition of her affairs the colony is extremely fortunate in having as her Governor one of the most distinguished men in the British Colonial Service.

That the splendid qualities which have made Sir William MacGregor so valued by the Colonial Office have not escaped the notice of royalty was once more pleasantly shown when His Imperial Majesty's list of birthday honors in June, 1907, an-

nounced that to the elder colony's Governor had come, as an added honor, the bestowal of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. An added honor it may well be termed for he received his C.M.G., in 1881; his K.C.M.G., in 1889, and his C.B. in 1897.

Though possessed of an enviable intellectual breadth of view, Sir William is, at the same time, an Imperialist of the most practical class. He believes that where British authority has assumed control of territory; to indicate which a part of the world's map has been marked red (and he has done his share in such marking) that territory should in its every need be so intimately understood, so practically assisted toward making the most of its resources, in a word so well governed and protected in its rights, that no other color will ever be thought necessary.

Much of the widening of his experience in matters of Colonial Government was gained in the hard school of the Empire's South Sea possessions and dependencies. There he came face to face with humanity emerging from the dark shadows of barbarism. There he saw hitherto untrammelled races introduced to the restraints of organized rule and thus at first hand he imbibed, as it were, the very elements of government from the problems and difficulties to which the strange transition gave rise. Among the coral-reefed islands he also learned the greatest of all diplomatic lessons; that of unswerving and never-ceasing vigilance on

behalf of his sovereign. He learned it, too, at a period when the political geography of the South Pacific was undergoing rapid changes; when unclaimed territory was the prize and governments the contestants, and yet so linked were his official acts with coolness of judgment and urbanity of temper, that not in a single instance did they cause a breach of that great world-desideratum, the amity of nations.

The broad foundation upon which this practical knowledge rests was laid at the great seats of learning at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Berlin, Paris, and Florence, and in the field of scientific research no less than in that of diplomacy has he won many of the most coveted awards. To enumerate these it is necessary to go back to 1872, for which year he was the Watson gold medallist. The same year brought him his M.B. at Aberdeen, and two years later at the same university he received his M.D. At later dates have come in varied succession a fellowship of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow; LL.D. from Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and D.Sc. from Cambridge. Among scientific bodies he holds honorary membership in the Royal Anthropological Society of Italy, the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin, and the Royal Geographical Societies of England (of which he has Founder's medal for 1896), Scotland and Australia. Nor do his honors end here for as a memento of his Southwest Pacific service he wears the Albert medal (the civilian counterpart of the Victoria Cross) of the second class, and the Clarke gold medal of the Royal Humane Society of Australia for saving life at sea on the occasion of a wreck near the harbor of Suva Fiji.

At the close of his university life the future empire-builder served for a time as resident surgeon and resident physician at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary and was later resident physician at the Royal Lunatic Asylum, at Aberdeen. From that time for-

ward his career has been a colonial one.

Starting with his appointment as assistant Government medical officer at Seychelles, the Colonial Office list records an almost bewildering array of positions held at such Imperial outposts as Mauritius, the Fiji Islands, Tonga, New Guinea and Lagos, which, with the other British West Africa protectorates, he represented at His Majesty's coronation in 1902.

Standing out prominently among the services performed for King and country in these various fields of labor is the part he took in 1876 in the suppression of the native disturbances in the mountains of Viti Levu, Fiji, for which he was voted a gratuity of £200. After ten years of intimate connection with the administration of the affairs of the West Pacific Islands, of which at different times he was Receiver-General and Administrator and Acting High Commissioner and Consul-General, he represented the Fijian group at the first session of the Federal Council of Australasia, held in Hobart, in 1885. On Sept. 4th, 1888, he declared Queen Victoria's sovereignty over British New Guinea, with its area in square miles of almost double that of England. He was later made administrator of this new territory, and then its first Governor, and so well did he succeed in the latter difficult post that he was recently asked by the Australian Commonwealth, under whose control it is, to return and resume the gubernatorial duties there. His appointment as Governor of Lagos was made in 1899, and his coming to his present station dates from July 23, 1904.

With his accustomed grasp of his surroundings, Sir William has taken an active interest in Newfoundland affairs and that, too, in a helpful way, as was evidenced by his address at the opening of the Newfoundland Agricultural Exhibition, at St. John's, in October, 1906. While by no means ignoring the importance of the Newfoundland fish-



SIR WILLIAM MacGREGOR
Governor of Newfoundland

eries, he predicted a great future for the colony in grazing and general agriculture. His suggestions were those of a man who gets much of his information by personal inquiry. Among these were the outlines of a plan for securing a better quality of oats by the import of basic seed from Scotland; a plea for cultivation of the native strawberry; an

appeal for the adoption of the Torrens System of title registration; a hint as to the advisability of some form of State advances to rural industries, and a strong recommendation for the employment of traveling agricultural teachers.

On Newfoundland's summer his striking comment has an interest for those unfamiliar with its pe-

cularities, and displays at once his interest in agriculture and his keen observation. He said: "I must frankly confess that I did not in the least understand the Newfoundland summer climate the first year I was here, owing to the fact that I spent the most interesting part of the season in Labrador. The summer just past was thus both a surprise and a lesson to me. At the end of June and up to quite the middle of July it seemed to me that every crop in the country was to be a total failure. The growth that suddenly set in then was comparable only to what one sees in a well-conducted forcing bed. The whole country seemed to be transformed in a few days into an enormous green-house. The contrast between the beginning and the end of July was such that I doubted that I had ever seen greater vegetable growth in the same time in the tropics. There can be no doubt whatever that the vegetables grown in this country for human food are of very superior quality. This they probably owe to some extent to the extraordinary rapidity of their growth, which favors the development of the cellular elements, and gives little time to the fibrous tissue to toughen and harden. From the point of view of health, on the other hand, the climate gives an atmosphere of something like arctic purity, to which is added the aroma of extensive pine forests." Following this has come an exhaustive report of the Foreign Trade and Commerce of the Colony for 1905-6, and other official papers.

Along entirely different lines and thus demonstrating the versatility of the scholarly Governor, was an address on Bible history delivered at the 1906 meeting of the Newfoundland Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In reply to a vote of thanks on that occasion, Sir William told of his part in the sequel to the well known story of the presentation of a Bible by the late Queen Victoria to an African potentate as her answer

to his inquiry: "What is the secret of England's greatness?"

Four years ago Sir William had the honor to receive the command of the King to present an African chief to His Majesty at Buckingham Palace. The King received the African Prince in state, seated on the throne, and during the audience addressed him in words of approval and encouragement. The chief made a brief reply couched in loyal and picturesque terms, and among other things mentioned the fact that the King's royal mother, Victoria, had presented a Bible to his (the chief's) father, and that the gift had been treasured by the recipient and his people. It later occurred to Sir William that it was strange that though he had often visited the chief in his own home he had never seen the Bible. Inquiry revealed that it had been burned during an invasion of the chief's country by the King of Dahomey. This became the subject of conversation shortly after between Sir William and the Hon. Maude Stanley, sister of the late Dean, and Miss Stanley remarked, "Why do you not ask the King to give a Bible to this chief also?" To this Sir William gallantly replied by stating that his questioner was just the person to bring the matter to the King's attention. That she not only undertook the mission, but was also successful was later proven. The chief was to leave for Africa four days after this conversation. Sir William and the chief were in their seats in the railway carriage at St. Pancras Station, London, ready to start for Liverpool, when a parcel containing a Bible was handed to the former. It was suitably inscribed and was accompanied by the following note:

"General Sir Dighton Probyn, Keeper of the Privy Purse, presents his compliments to Sir William MacGregor, and sends him, by command of the King, the accompanying Bible, which His Majesty requests Sir William will be good enough to give to the Make of Abeokuta as a present from His Majesty to replace

the Bible given to the Alake's father by Queen Victoria, and which was destroyed by fire some twenty years ago. July 7, 1904."

The Bible, it may be added, was formally presented by Sir William to the chief when they arrived in Liverpool, and it is now treasured as the most valuable possession of the Alake and people of Abeokuta.

Sir William was born in Scotland in 1847, and is consequently in his 61st year. He is a man of splendid physique; so commanding, in fact, that it has been hinted that his stature, coupled with his strength, has frequently contributed in no small degree to impress the savage peoples over whom he has been called upon to exercise control, with a due sense of the magnitude and power of the British Empire.

In 1883 he was married to Miss Mary Cox, and his home life is a singularly happy one. His family consists of one son and three daughters.

A glimpse behind the official scenes at Government House, St. John's, reveals that books, the scholar's treasure-houses, are favored possessions. A well-stocked library finds place on its shelves for a goodly assortment of works in Italian, French, German, Latin and Greek, in addition to those in English, while on the sitting-room table the traveler or literary visitor may find not only all the familiar English and American periodicals, but as well the best of similar publications from France, Germany and Italy.

Sir William, as Governor of Canada's "Cousin to the East," has so far devoted much of his time to her internal betterment, but he has by no means been uninterested in her foreign relationships. He may accordingly be safely trusted to give good account of his Imperialism under any circumstances which the future may unfold, for while a son of Scotland, he is in the broadest sense a citizen of Greater Britain.

To-night, before you retire, when the fire is burning low, you are to sit down and count all the people who have helped you, just as a miser opens his chest and takes out his gold and lets it clink, clink, piece by piece.—Ian Maclaren.

In the Matter of Reading

By Edith L. Hodge in Putnam's Monthly

IT may perhaps seem like an extravagant statement to say that three persons out of five do not know how to read, but there are many long-suffering individuals who would subscribe to it, nevertheless. This does not, of course, refer to the people who are able to recognize the letters of the alphabet in whatever order or combination they may be placed, but to the general reading public. That dear, discriminating public that is ever ready to give its ultimatum on any piece of literature in a careless and artless manner. Up to a certain point it is amusing. A high-school pupil, not a hundred miles from Boston, in setting forth her views on "The Merchant of Venice," wrote: "Portia's father left it in his will that she should abide in three caskets, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead."

A child, forbidden to read "The Scarlet Letter," lost no time in procuring a copy of the book and secreting it under the mattress, to be dragged forth in moments of delicious solitude. It was not to be expected that she should understand it, but after pondering deeply she surmised that Hester Prynne had committed some absolutely original sin. She was, therefore, labelled A. The next person to offend in like manner would be ticketed B, the next C, and so on.

Such things as these make life worth living. Even to a point beyond this we are hardened to endurance, and can bear to hear the works

of George Eliot called immortal and those of Browning obscure. But the next stage is almost insupportable. The people who approach Jane Austen as they would approach Anna Katherine Green, and complain because they are not thrilled; the readers who go conscientiously through the Celtic Revivalists with a diagram, and insist upon explaining every curve and angle; the sleuths who ferret out historical inaccuracies in "The Tale of Two Cities"; the monsters who chortle if they can discover a grammatical lapse in Mrs. Deland—upon these and such as these how may we wreak our vengeance? No one looks for a plot in a dictionary, or insists upon discovering the meaning of a glorious sunset; and we have not yet discarded Lewis Carroll because he narrated improbable adventures. Why cannot these dullards worship their own gods, if worship they must, and cease to profane our temples?

Books should be dispensed like medicine! The man with certain mental symptoms should be restricted to such printed matter as the symptoms indicated, and prohibited the use of any other. Or the people with these symptoms should be quarantined, and not let loose upon more sensitive organisms. If they could be shown, gently but firmly, how to take a book for what it is, and not for what it was never intended to be—then indeed might existence be tolerable.

Old Poets Amended

GOLDSMITH—

"Man wants but little here below,"
But this was written long ago.
The saying now has little worth,
For in these days man wants the earth.

TENNYSON—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."
If this is true, how very few
Care to be noble if they could.

SHAKESPEARE—

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."
Great pity 'tis; if he could only see,
The world would hold far less of misery.

DRYDEN—

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own."
But by the time he gets his title to it,
'Tis out of date; next day he must renew it.

CONGREVE—

"Thus Grief still treads upon the heels of Pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."
A better plan, and one that saves much sorrow;
Repent to-day; leave marriage till to-morrow.

—A M. MACY.

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 West Point Before the War. Gen. S. W. Ferguson.—Metropolitan.
 A Modern Robinson Crusoe. D. Morrison.—London.
 Royal Winchester. L. Willoughby.—Connoisseur.
 Venice. Stephen Chapin.—Travel.
 A Summer's Walk in Switzerland. F. B. Sheaffer.—Travel.
 A Reminiscence of Edinburgh. Dr. Geo. T. Stephens.—Travel.
 Strassburg Cathedral. M. N. Hyde.—Travel.
 Some Brittany Crosses and Calvaries. E. R. Paen.—Travel.
 A Caravan Trip. G. Phillips.—Travel.
 The Spell of Egypt, as Revealed in Its Monuments.—R. Hichens.—Century.
 Glimpses of Japanese Village Life. C. Lorimer.—Overland Monthly.
 A City of Ethiopia.—Chambers's Journal.
 In Search of an Arctic Continent. A. H. Harris.—Geographical Journal.
 The Gorge and Basin of the Zambezi. G. W. Lamplugh.—Geographical Journal.
 Lieut. Comyn's Survey of the Pibor River.—Geographical Journal.
 Wall Street in the Days of the Dutch. F. T. Hill.—Harper's.
 The Courtyards of Paris. V. H. Bailey.—Harper's.

Woman and the Home.

Women in Business Life. R. W. Sears.—Am. Business Man.
 The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. G. M. Gould.—Smith's.
 What Makes a Woman Charming? F. Augustine.—Smith's.
 The Girl Who Comes to New York. James L. Ford.—Success.
 The Engaged Girl—and Others. J. Fields.—Success.
 A Woman's Success with Bees. C. J. Sheppard.—Suburban Life.
 Divorce or Devotion: The Wife Must Decide. L. M. Saunders.—Appleton's.
 A Woman's Adventures in a Balloon. Mrs. J. P. Thomas.—Metropolitan.
 More Thoughts About Mothers. M. R.—Irish Monthly.
 Mrs. Ellen Woodlock.—Irish Monthly.
 Styles in Hairdressing. Sarah Stacey.—Home Mag.
 Spring Hats.—Home Mag.
 Bubushka. Mr. Durland.—Woman's Home Comp.
 A Woman Crew—An English Emancipation.—Overland Monthly.
 The Working Woman and the Ballot. J. Adams.—Woman's Home Comp.
 How I Learned Light Housework. N. S. Stowell.—Woman's Home Comp.
 A Complete Easter Dinner. F. M. Farmer.—Woman's Home Comp.

Has Great Fear of a "Mad President"

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S North American Review has prepared an article by Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the well-known expert on insanity, in which the expert makes a most sensational outline of what may be feared from a possible insane president.

The evil of attempting reforms is spoken of as "Paranoia Reformatoria" and the writer discusses the great leaders of the world who have been afflicted with it and whom he believes to have been insane.

Dr. Hamilton apparently believes that the man who attempts to work reforms against the will of certain classes of society must be afflicted with this peculiar form of insanity. Most people, according to the learned doctor, think such a person a bore.

Dr. Hamilton says:

"His ideals may be high enough, and he may strive to cultivate a personal altruistic life, yet his studied desire to help and reform others often ends in mischievous disregard of those who do not need development or protection or correcting, and he may be even looked upon as a mischievous meddler.' Should he be invested with power, he may imperil the peace and safety of those over whom he rules.

This kind of altruism is in some ways quite as offensive and dangerous as actual self interest or immorality, and as detrimental in some instances to the welfare of the community as actual wrongdoing. It would, therefore, seem that the apparent unselfishness of the mentally unbalanced is almost as much fraught with danger to a people as corrupt self-interest. Persistent effort, energy and fixedness of purpose, even for the accomplishment of seemingly important results, of

course do not in themselves of necessity indicate sanity. An erroneous fixed idea, no matter how lofty, if irrational and obstinately entertained, may be highly dangerous in its consequence, as all psychiatrists know.

"No longer does reasonable contentment prevail. The strenuous and extreme life of excitement and unrest is expressed in general discontent, and the alleged interference with the rights of the unreasonable workingmen who in turn find warm sympathizers in high places. What is really wanted is an example of unquestioned dignity, and the logical and unvarying administration of justice which requires absolute mental lucidity and poise.

"The power vested in a President of the United States is so great that if there be not sanity, self-control and self-respect, and a regard for the rights of every one, its immoderate and irrational use may be easily directed in a way which may be compared with the tyranny of any of the worst monarchs of other ages. President Roosevelt has elsewhere said:

"The President of the United States occupies a position of peculiar importance. In the whole world there is probably no other ruler, certainly no other ruler under free institutions, whose power compares with his. Of course, a despotic king has even more, but no constitutional monarch has as much."

"The investiture, therefore, of power in an unstable person is likely to lead to an abuse of privilege and a quasi-delusional assumption of the right to regulate in an arbitrary way the affairs of a great nation with a total disregard of individual rights."

What Men of Note are Saying

EFFECT OF GOOD ROADS.

By Baron Speck von Sternburg, German Ambassador to the United States.

“THE real basis of German prosperity is the energetic exploitation of Germany's traffic possibilities, and primarily of the possibilities of production afforded by natural conditions.

“The situation relative to the world's traffic on the high seas is sufficiently favorable to greatly further and advance German economic conditions, if the proper amount of labor and capital is expended.

“The favorably located natural waterways of Germany have been improved and supplemented at great expenditure of money. The number of post offices and the extent of her postal traffic have grown enormously and take second rank in the world. Her telephone and telegraph systems have also been rapidly and efficiently developed. The statistics confirm this.

“Based on natural foundations, and furthered and supported by the excellent system of traffic upon an efficient banking system, and extensive and technically superb equipments for production and means of production, the German people so pursues its labors that it has developed to the uttermost the two main branches of the production of wealth, the agricultural and the non-agricultural.”

THE AIM OF EDUCATION.

By Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador.

“ALL education has two sides. It is meant to impart the knowledge, the skill, the habits of diligence and concentration which are needed to insure practical success. It is also meant to form the character, to implant taste, to cultivate the imag-

ination and the emotions, to prepare a man to enjoy those delights which belong to hours of leisure and to the inner life, which goes on, or ought to go on, all the time within his own heart.

“Every one of us ought to have a second or inner life over and above that life which he leads among others for the purpose of his vocation. He ought to have some pursuit or taste to which he can turn from the daily routine.

“Whatever the taste or pursuit may be, whether of a higher or commoner type, it is good for him, but, of course, the more wholesome and elevating the taste or pursuit is, so much the better for him.”

THE CREDIT OF CANADA.

By Byron E. Walker, President of Canadian Bank of Commerce.

“IT must be plain that the credit of Canadians as borrowers rests upon the opinion held regarding us by the lender, and not upon the opinion we have of ourselves. And this lender or investor in our securities is in the main advised by his banker, his broker or his lawyer. All of these are greatly influenced by the press; indeed, it is largely through the press that opinions regarding foreign countries are formed by most people in Great Britain.

“As our expansion has been coincident with a great rise in prices everywhere, the man who works for a stated sum, whether a daily wage or a yearly salary, too often finds himself no better off when the wage or salary is increased, and worse off when it is not. These things have brought us labor troubles and some of that bitterness toward all success which, when

encouraged by the press, leads toward the most violent aspects of democracy. If the press attacks franchise-holding companies for violating the conditions of their franchises, or wealthy men for wrong-doing, or wealth generally for being blind to its duties, we cannot blame our journalists; indeed, if they do it fairly and temperately, they deserve every good man's praise.

"But if we desire to maintain the splendid credit we now enjoy, and if we reflect on the quantity of new capital we shall require year after year as we build our country, then it behooves every good citizen to see that this incipient hatred of success which is being encouraged every day by hundreds of daily inexperienced writers in our daily press be stopped, otherwise we must certainly suffer severely in credit."

SOCIALISM IS A LUXURY.

By H. C. Wells, the widely known novelist.

"**I** LIVE in comfort and as pleasantly as I possibly can, so that I can work without stress. I want everybody to have at least as much ease, leisure and freedom as myself, and that is why I am a Socialist.

"I cannot see the sense of making myself and wife uncomfortable and inefficient and risking the lives and education of my children by going to live in some infernal slum or other at a pound a week. What possible good would that do? I don't believe in any one living like that. Why should I make the example?"

A HEAVEN ON EARTH.

By Prof. W. B. Elkin, of University of Missouri.

"**T**HE earth during the coming century will become many times more fruitful and finally 'a heaven and new earth will appear.' Every village, town and city must have a public physician, who must not only cure people, but keep them well; the government must supply lawyers who will give legal advice free; the clergy must take a brace and quit imitating; the colleges should print and

edit the newspapers; insurance should be a function of government; railroads should charge no more than one-fourth of a cent a mile; the cook question must be solved by gigantic eating clubs, and labor must keep on organizing."

TRUSTS ARE NECESSARY.

By Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator.

"**W**HEN we stopped the robbery of the nation's forests the robbers called it paternalism; when we stopped the sale of poisoned food and diseased meats, the sellers called it socialism; when we are trying to stop stock juggling, criminal rebates and the like, the jugglers call it a raid on prosperity; when we try to stop government by graft and politics by purchase, those who grew rich by graft or get high places by purchase call our work interference with private affairs in the one case and assault upon respectability in the other case.

"Yet such of these things as we have already done are now agreed to, and it is found that nobody is hurt, but that everybody is helped by them. Even those businesses which for the moment sold less of their goods soon sold more of their goods than ever, and instead of selling hurtful things they are now selling wholesome things. Months ago when certain men were saying that we had gone too far, I pointed out that these very men did not even suggest a repeal of any of these statutes. The moral making of the nation is catching up with the physical making of the nation. If we have gone too far, is it not strange that nobody proposes that we shall go back?"

"All students now know that the big businesses called 'trusts' are necessary and that trade can hardly be carried on without certain railroad and business combinations. The law must be changed to permit these when they are reasonable and honest.

"We must have a law that will stop the watering of stocks. Ultimately all interstate railroads—that is, all national highways—must come under

WHAT MEN OF NOTE ARE SAYING.

exclusive national control, but the necessity for this is only ripening. Our labor legislation must be brought up to date. We are a quarter of a century behind Europe in the matter of laws for the safety and general benefit of workingmen."

EFFECT OF FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS.

By Francis Marr, noted French Food Expert.

"**I** WARN my compatriots against over-indulgence in the five o'clock tea habit. I admit that tea arouses intelligence and aids conversation, but stomach and heart troubles follow. In France so alarming has been the growth of tea drinking that in the last 24 years its consumption has increased by 150 per cent. Plants, like men, are obliged to get rid of certain injurious products which they cannot assimilate. These residues reach extreme parts, like the bark and leaves. In tea plants they are alkaloids and are comparable with uric acid in their effects on the system. Nevertheless, feminine Paris continues to feed at 5 o'clock or any other hour that it feels like it, and to drink tea."

ONLY THE TRUTH IN TRADE.

By John D. Rockefeller, jr.

"**O**NE of the highest standards for us to follow is truthfulness. Shall we tell the truth, regardless of consequences, because it is right to tell the truth, or shall we, like the young man in business, who finds his competitors getting on by misrepresenting the goods they are selling, be tempted to tell lies? We must always tell the truth whether it is expedient or not, whether it is to our advantage or disadvantage, whether it brings upon us success or ruin.
"Business honesty of the present

age is a pretty low grade of goods. Unfortunately, it is true that there are always men and women who yield to the desires for success and power and resort to dishonest methods, but for you and me there can be no question as to the standard which we are to take on this subject. Our high standards should not be laid away like Sunday clothes, to be worn only at church and Sunday school. They should be like the workingman's overalls—used during the whole week."

VALUE OF FREE SPEECH.

By Hon. William Jennings Bryan.

"**F**REE speech is more elementary than free government, for without free speech there cannot be a free government, and with free speech there can be no despotic rule. We assume that a man in office strives to do what is right. If so, he needs the help of his enemies as well as the help of his friends. Enemies are much more frank with us than our friends, and the man in office need have no fear. For truth can defend itself in any controversy with evil, and this free speech is one of the first ideals I want to introduce in my talk to you."

POTTERING OF POLITICIANS.

By Dr. George R. Parkin, director of Rhodes Scholarships.

"**D**ON'T get too local in your politics, is a warning I would give Canadians. I heard the other day in Ottawa that a man in a remote part of the country would not be appointed to office until inquiry was made as to what side of politics his father was on. Do not allow yourselves to become as small as that.
"The little pottering of politicians that are made in the village drink shops is the result of such a system."

Science and Invention

AN UNPATENTED FENDER.

PROJECTING car fenders have met with little favor in Europe, either from companies or from public authorities, because they have been found to do more harm than good by tripping people up and injuring them. The best protection appears to be afforded by covering the dasher with some flexible guard, which will cover up sharp corners and afford something to grasp, as in Berlin, and, if one is knocked down, to depend on the Liverpool plow wheel guard to push the person to one side off the rails. This Liverpool fender is an unpatented device, adopted six years ago by the late tramway manager, Mr. Bellamy, and since its introduction 415 persons have been pushed off the track without a single failure and seldom with any injury. It consists simply of boards completely boxing in the truck, with belting below the bottom edge, and rubber hose on the rounded ends of the long plows.

FROM INVISIBLE RAYS.

OUR eyes need protection from the invisible rays of our lamps, as shown by Drs. Schanz and Stockhausen at the recent Congress of German Naturalists and Physicists. Dr. Stockhausen was made seriously ill by the ultra-violet rays from electric arcs, and investigation has proved that with increasing intensity and temperature our artificial illuminants have acquired a greatly increased percentage of such rays, although sunlight itself is not very rich in them. In the tests made, ordinary eyeglasses cut off only the least active portion of these rays. The lens of the eye

protects the retina to a large degree, but reasons have been found for concluding that the lens itself is slowly altered, while it is possible that the cataract of old age is hastened by ultra-violet rays, and the front of the eye is doubtless irritated. An efficient safeguard seems to be still lacking, although an improved glass absorbs an increased amount of ultra-violet rays.

ELECTROLYSIS OF PIPES.

ELECTROLYSIS of pipes is now prevented by insulating from the ground. The pipes are covered with a specially prepared asbestos paper, coated with a water-proof insulating compound, and joints are made tight by trips and insulating cement. The protection is claimed to be permanently durable.

MACHINE TO BRING SLEEP.

"ICALL it a sleep mill," said the manufacturer, as he led the way to his huge plant. He opened a door into a long room where two rows of girls were boxing instruments like electric fans, the wings of the fans being studded with small, round mirrors.

"Many insomniacs," he said, "can sleep at the window of an express train. The sight of the landscape rushing by them invariably brings on a refreshing nap. Well, this machine, with its whirl and glitter of revolving mirrors, acts on the eye and brain in the same soothing manner, and the insomniac whom a train ride helps is invariably helped by this.

"Here," he said, entering a smaller room, "we turn out slumber balls."

A number of young men were

rounding and polishing balls of bright metal, and he took one in his hand.

"Fixed high above the head," he said, "so that it strains the eye to stare at it, this ball frequently brings sleep to insomniacs of a melancholic type.

"In the next room we make a small machine for clamping the arteries leading to the brain. It is easy to adjust and it very considerably diminishes the flow of blood to the brain centres. To certain nervous, feverish insomniacs—authors, actors and so on—the clamp often brings sleep in a few minutes.

"And here we make a very simple battery that while the patient lies in bed sends a mild current up and down his spine. The battery treatment usually succeeds best with female insomniacs.

"We employ," he concluded, "five hundred hands here. It is a tribute, isn't it, to the hectic activity of our twentieth century civilization, a great mill like this, devoted to production of sleep for those who are too tired and nerve-worn to rest naturally?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

TAKING COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS.

AFTER years and years of experiment, perfection has at last been obtained in the art of photography. What has been declared impossible by chemists and scientists has been accomplished. It would take columns of space to fully explain the process by which the wonderful accomplishment has been made, and an adequate account of it would be far beyond the ability of the writer, and above the comprehension of the casual reader.

To Mr. Antoine Lumiere, of Paris, France, belongs the credit of having solved the problem of taking a colored photograph. The colors in the photo are reproduced by the process employed in the actual taking of it, and not by any tinting or other means. In an hour after the shutter has closed, the photograph is finished and the result is at once pleasing and wonderful. Special plates and

chemicals are used for securing the photograph. The photos are beautiful and artistic, and one never gets tired looking at them. They are perfect reproductions in the minutest respects, every bit of color being shown, even to the color of the sitter's eyes. A necktie, a flower in a buttonhole, a plume in a hat, the shade of a suit of clothes, all are given by the new process with a correctness of detail and color that even the best artists would be unable to obtain.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

THE Navy Department of Great Britain has been carrying on experiments with the object of ascertaining the radius within which a watch on board a battleship from which a searchlight is playing on the waters around, can sight a torpedo boat. The average distance is 781 yards, and the greatest distance is 1,000 yards. A torpedo can be launched with effect at 550 yards so that under normal conditions a torpedo boat would have to travel about 300 yards under fire before launching her missile. This means that from the instant of sighting to the firing of the torpedo the men on the battleship would have an interval of about 40 seconds for the issuing of orders, training the guns and firing.

"DOTTER" MARKSMANSHIP.

CHARGES of inefficiency marksmanship made by Commander W. S. Sims against the United States navy on account of the results of the Spanish-American War, were repeated before the Senate Committee on naval affairs by Prof. Philip R. Alger, of the Naval Academy. The results of an examination of the Spanish ships made by Prof. Alger, following the battle of Santiago, showed that out of 9,000 shots fired the percentage of hits was less than four.

"The only reason for the poor showing," said Prof. Alger, "was the inaccuracy of the men on the Ameri-

can ships. The men did not know how to shoot at Santiago."

Mr. Tillman expressed surprise that the navy should make such a poor showing in battle compared with its record for target practice. The witness replied that the reason for the improvement in marksmanship by which our vessels now made 90 per cent. of hits at target practice was due to new methods.

"These methods were first introduced in the British navy by Commander Scott. Commander Sims, while he was stationed in England, became acquainted with these methods through his acquaintanceship and friendship with Commander Scott. He was so certain of the method known as the 'dotter' that he urged its introduction into the American navy."

A HUMAN HEART METER.

A MACHINE which has been brought to great perfection is the "orthodiagraph," made in Germany, by means of which accurate and reliable records of the state of human hearts can be obtained. The outlines of the heart may be plainly observed, but as yet it is not possible to see the structure of the heart.

The movements are shown in a shadow picture by means of the Rontgen rays. The fact that this can be done is not new, but the application of the idea to medical science has developed wonderfully. One of the great English hospitals has added a heart meter to its equipment. It is called an orthodiagraph, because it gives in exact relative dimensions a tracing of the object disclosed.

The machine has four arms, one of which holds a small circular greenish-yellow screen, one the little reservoir that acts as a pencil for the tracing, one a wire black ring, and one a wooden case. The one who wants to see his internal organs at work stands in the dark against a tall canvas screen. The arms of the apparatus are lowered until the greenish-yellow screen appears in front. The electric current is then switched on, a circle

of light appears and the motions of the heart may be traced by the reflection upon the screen. Attached to the front of the machine is a bulb which is in association with the "pencil," behind, and as it is pressed a drawing of the heart is traced upon the screen at the back in little blue dots.

SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY

SHEEP-SHEARING time brings to the fore another interesting class of men—the shearers. These men begin their work in the south, where the shearing is early, and work north through the season, finishing their work in Montana and Canada. The shearing is done by contract, in pens that are equipped with costly machinery. Formerly sheep were clipped by shears, but the modern shearing knife, run by steam or electricity, is used nearly altogether to-day. The machine is not much faster than the old fashioned shears, but it does the work in much more cleanly fashion, and leaves less wool on the sheep. The saving of from a quarter to half a pound of wool on each sheep amounts to a great deal of money when so many millions of sheep are sheared in a season.

A TRANSLATING MACHINE.

DONALD H. MILLER, a Columbia student, has invented a machine to translate mysterious Chinese into English by the mere touching of keys resembling those on a typewriter. Miller also says it will translate any other language. Professors of Oriental languages at Columbia have had scores of midnight conferences in young Miller's rooms, investigating his remarkable discovery and experimenting with it. As a result they yesterday announced that they believed the machine practicable and that it would eventually revolutionize trade with China. The contrivance resembles an adding machine. It has keys bearing Chinese characters.

When the key is struck type on the other end leaves on the paper an impression of all the possible meanings of the character. Miller has been a student of Chinese for two years. He was graduated from Columbia last summer, but is continuing his work in order to obtain a degree of Ph.D.

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S new aerodrome, the Redwing, in the presence of a committee of the Aerial Experiment Association and a number of other spectators, recently flew a distance of 318 feet 11 inches at a height of from ten to twenty feet. The machine is equipped with an eight-cylinder motor, and together with its operator weighs 560 pounds. It sailed through the air at a speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. After having covered the distance mentioned, a portion of the tail gave way, and the aerodrome was brought down for repairs. This is declared to be the first successful public flight of a heavier-than-air flying machine in America.

A WONDERFUL ANAESTHETIC.

A NEW anaesthetic has been used in Canada for the first time. The experiment was conducted in the Toronto General Hospital last month on a young man who had been kicked by a horse and was painfully injured in the intestines. The man was operated upon three times before "stovaine," the new anaesthetic, which is designed to change materially the methods of surgical operations, was used.

Stovaine was invented by Dr. Foreneau, an eminent chemist of Paris. It contains no cocaine and has the power to render the patient's body insensible to pain, but at the same time leave the mind free and clear.

Dr. Duncan Anderson, of Wellesley street, Toronto, who performed the operation, says that while the anaesthetic had been used with very satisfactory results by Prof. Barker,

of University College, London, England, it was a new departure in the use of anaesthetics in Canada. Prof. Barker had only failed in eight cases in 200 in which he had employed the anaesthetic. The value of the form of treatment was very great in cases where patients could not be operated on under the usual conditions owing to weakness. The new anaesthetic eliminated the dangerous after effects of the completely paralyzing kind.

CLOTHING MADE OF PAPER.

Emil Claviez, a manufacturer in Saxony, has invented a new yarn resembling paper. It is made of wood fiber and is used exclusively in weaving. Nyolin, the product, is said to be non-shrinkable, impervious to moisture, and to cost one-third as much as cotton and one-tenth as much as linen.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TELEGRAPH.

Edward Berlin, a French engineer, has invented what is said to be a wonderful method of transmitting pictures by telegraph. A large photograph can be transmitted in half an hour by the new process.

A NEW CLOTHESPIN.

A double clothespin has been patented and should be of service in cold weather. The pin may be fastened to the clothes and later to the line. The freezing of clothes to the line may thus be avoided.

A MOTOR ICE BOAT.

Thirty miles an hour has been made with an ice boat propelled by a four horse-power motor and an aerial screw.

ACETYLENE FOR MOTOR POWER.

It has been found that an automobile may be run with acetylene gas. In case of the exhaustion of gasoline the acetylene used for running the lamps may be connected with the carbureter.

Improvements in Office Devices

NEW FLASH CALCULATOR.

THERE was exhibited at the recent National Business Show in Chicago a flash calculator.

It is a most rapid calculator of wages and interest, computing a pay-roll in one-fourth the time of the ordinary method. It is at least a saving of seventy-five per cent. There is no figuring or reading of columns. As an example, take a 260-hour scale, figure the pay due a workman who has put in 150 hours' time during the month at the rate of thirty-five cents an hour. The arm of the calculator, which is a swinging arm on a pivot, is flashed upwards until the number "150" is reached in the calculator at either of the side columns. Then run your eye along the arm to rate "35" and the calculator tells the exact amount due—\$52.50.

MORE POTATO PENCILS.

THE latent appetite for potato lead pencils, which evinced itself most eagerly down East a few weeks ago, passed away as rapidly as it came. When the announcement was first made that a German concern had found a way for utilizing potatoes in the manufacture of lead pencils the Eastern gormund was quick to satisfy his appetite. But when he was deluged with potatoes (not pencils) he hurriedly cried—enough!

THE NEW CALCULAGRAPH.

THE new calculagraph is manufactured in New York City and is a device for computing and recording elapsed time. In other words, it mechanically subtracts the time of day a workman begins from

the time of day he stops work and prints the difference—the actual working time. Such records are most useful in learning the labor cost of manufactured products and for other purposes as well.

It cannot be used in a business office as an adding machine.

A COIN HANDLER.

A MACHINE which actually does sort, count and deliver coin, is the Doldt coin handler. It consists of a hopper and four or more delivery tubes. There is no need to sort the coins whatever. No matter their denomination, the coins are poured into the hopper from the top. The handle at the right side is turned and the coins revolve in the hopper follow each other down the shutles or tubes. These tubes are so finely adjusted that each coin readily seeks its rightful tube. In reaching the foot of the tube the coins are pushed along flatwise by the revolving fingers seen below the machine. The channel way is enclosed in glass so that they are in plain view. On reaching the front of the machine they drop into four other tubes. The machine automatically locks itself as soon as 40 quarters, 20 half-dollars, 40 nickels, or 50 dimes have dropped in their respective front tubes. A small door is then opened in the front of each tube, as shown in the illustration, and the coins are transferred to Detroit coin wrappers.

The machine will count forty coins a second. The coins are within touch from the time they enter the hopper until they come out counted and sorted in the front of the machine, so that the machine cannot jam. The coins are also in sight all the time. A cyclo-

meter is attached to each counting apparatus in order to afford a double check and to count any odd number of coins more or less than the usual wrapper will hold.

FOUNTAIN PEN FILLER.

A NEW fountain pen filler has been produced. The outfit embodies an octagon-shaped glass holder $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter which rests on a felt mat. In the holder is a bottle fitted to the space it occupies, which is about one-half the holder, the remainder of the space forming a receptacle for a piece of chamois skin, which serves as a proper wiper and cleaner for fountain pens. The ink bottle is filled with the fountain pen ink and is fitted with a large curved dropper, and an extra large balloon bulb—one pressure of which is sufficient to take up enough ink to fill the largest fountain pen. A glass dome cover protects the contents from dust and dirt, and adds to the symmetry of the outfit's fine appearance.

The filler is made by L. H. Thomas & Co., of Chicago.

A USEFUL ADDING MACHINE.

A N adding machine, now in use in a large number of offices, will take over the receipt stubs from the cashier and by printing the account number, the amount of discount allowed and the cash received at one operation is certainly marvelous. It soon has the day's receipts neatly tabulated on loose leaf cash sheets, and by pressing the key marked "total," the machine automatically prints the total of the discount column and at the same time the total of the cash received for the day. This machine, which has been placed in the office of the Toronto Electric Light Co., by the Burroughs Co., is operated by an electric motor attached to its base. A machine of special interest to insurance men is one for printing policy numbers and adding at the same time the amount of policy and premiums. This kind can, if de-

sired, be fitted up with electric drive attachment.

AUTOMATIC TYPEWRITERS.

A NEW automatic type writer is on the market. The interior apparatus is very similar to any typewriter and the part that does the actual typewriting is practically the same in general principles as on any machine. The machine is about to be manufactured by the McCall Automatic Company.

The keyboard is a separate part of the mechanism. It is used in making the original when duplicate letters are to be written. A roll of paper passes through it and the operator proceeds to write exactly the same as when using any typewriter. Instead of printing characters, however, the machine punches holes in the continuous roll. The working of the carriage and all of the other essentials resembles the ordinary typewriter so much that it is a simple matter to operate it and anyone familiar with the typewriter can make the record.

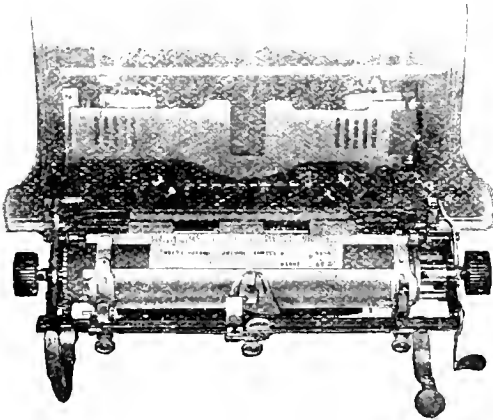
After the record is made it is inserted in the transcribing apparatus. This consists of the writing machine itself with the key characters on it that make the actual imprint on the letter paper, wrappers or envelopes. A roll of letterheads automatically feed through the machine and roll around the platen the same as a single letter would on an ordinary typewriter. The perforated roll is placed in position in the machine and the machine starts. The power that actuates the operation of the characters is compressed air, and as the holes in the perforated roll pass over the crest of the cylinder through which the air is forced, the releasing of the air causes the characters to print, the same as a similar operation in an automatic piano causes a sound to proceed from the piano. For names and addresses a separate roll is used. This is perforated in the same manner and is put into the machine in the same way. This roll may contain the entire mailing list that the firm desires to reach and can be used any number of times.

SHOW POSTPONED.

THE Cleveland Business Show has been postponed until November 23rd. This was occasioned by the requests from exhibitors that owing to the present rather unsettled business condition it would be wiser to hold the show at a later date.

CARD INDEXING.

ARE all the old familiar stock book, address book, quotation book, installment account book, to say nothing of countless other books so familiar in business to disappear and be replaced by the card index? This is a question of opinion which we cannot presume to answer,



but, in many features, the superior value of the card indexing system is beyond dispute. Among its recognized merits are its elasticity, the ease with which new matter may be inserted in its proper place, and dead matter removed, its convenience for purposes of quick and ready reference and its ready adaptability to all classes of work.

The general tendency among business men to-day is toward a wider use of the card index. Our purpose is to point out the medium through which the advantages of this system may be realized to their fullest extent. The Remington Typewriter Co., always progressive, ever ready to meet the exacting demands of busi-

ness of to-day, have perfected a card device.

The illustration shows the new, improved shield which holds the card very securely, writing close to the top and to the bottom of the card and which enables the operator to turn out nothing but the neatest and most legible work. Another important exclusive improvement is the annular scale which locates the first line of writing on each card absolutely accurately and at the same distance from the top of the card. The second illustration shows a card ruled in columns for tabular work, and which one might think would be difficult to write on the typewriter. This equipment is a device which enables the operator, with a single motion, to move the carriage to the exact position desired on any part of the scale.

| Name | | Address | | Occupation | | Age | | Sex | | Marital Status | | Religion | |
|---------------|----------|-----------------|-------|-------------|----------------|----------|------------|----------|----------|----------------|--|----------|--|
| John Doe | | Hartford, Conn. | | Richard Roe | | | | | | | | | |
| 1000 Main St. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Index No. | Card No. | Address | Age | Sex | Marital Status | Religion | Occupation | Business | Block | | | | |
| 2522 | 2522 | Actra | 5,000 | 15 | 1 yr | 3 | 1 | 1 | Brick | | | | |
| 12532 | 12532 | H. F. d | 5,000 | 15 | 1 yr | | | | Business | | | | |
| 4857 | 4857 | No. Am | 5,000 | 15 | 1 yr | | | | Block | | | | |
| 1857332 | 1857332 | U. L. AG | 5,000 | 15 | 1 yr | | | | | | | | |
| 2592029 | 2592029 | Royal | 5,000 | 15 | 1 yr | | | | | | | | |

With such equipment the Remington will write cards with any arrangement of special rulings or with figures in any number of columns, as easily and as rapidly as ordinary straight away writing.

The two color ribbon device is much appreciated by librarians permitting the writing in two colors at the option of the purchaser. They have no extra charge for the card writing attachments, which can be instantly removed for regular work.

THE USEFUL GLASS TOP.

A new use has been found for the plate glass desk top. Memoranda to which frequent reference must be made may be placed under the glass where they are constantly in sight and yet out of the way.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

THE six best selling books in Canada during the past month were:

"The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker.

"The Shuttle," by F. H. Burnett.

"Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn.

"Red Year," by Louis Tracy.

"Fruit of the Tree," by E. Wharton.

"Satan Sanderson," by H. E. Rives.

The recent best selling books in Great Britain, according to the Bookman, have been:

"The Shuttle," by Francis Hodgson Burnett.

"The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker.

"The Lady of the Decoration," by Little.

"Three Weeks," by Glyn.

"Rosalind at Red Gate," by Nicholson.

"The Great Secret," by Oppenheim.

The title of Winston Churchill's new novel, which is to be published soon, is "Mr. Crewe's Career."

S. R. Crockett's new story, "The Iron Lord," is a tale of Scotland and the sea.

Miss Anne O'Hagan, the magazine writer, and a Canadian, who lives at No. 158 Waverly Place, was married recently to Francis Adin Shinn, a well known decorator of New York.

Justin McCarthy's work, "A Short History of Our Own Times," has been revised and brought to date with special reference to the years extending from 1880 to the present day.

"Carette of Sark," by John Oxenham, gives a life-tale of a strong, true-hearted man of Sark and the maid that he loved and won. Incidents of smuggling and privateering and over all the menace of the French invasion are interwoven.

"The Company's Servant," by Mrs. B. M. Croker, refers to a handsome and distinguished young guard, employed by an Indian railway company.



A CANADIAN AUTHOR
C. G. D. Roberts in Camp Attire

"Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn, portrays an ideal in human affinity between the sexes.

Dr. George R. Parkin, in the "Makers of Canada" series, has completed the history of the life of Sir John A. Macdonald.

"Hypnotic Therapeutics," by Dr. John D. Quackenbos, gives the already established scientific facts of hypnotism, which are followed up with the ethical contention that what it means

is the pure, free man coming to himself, and not the outside influence of another's will power—hence there is no possibility that evil can result from its application.

The fear expressed by a few people that the public lands of Canada were in danger of early exhaustion if the present rate of western settlement continues is met by the publication by the Department of the Interior at Ottawa of a small volume entitled "Canada's Fertile Northland." This book, which was edited by Capt. E. J. Chambers, of the Senate staff, contains in readable form the evidence presented a year ago before the Senate Committee which investigated the resources of Canada's great north-land.

"Before Adam" is the title of a book by Jack Loudon. The story, going back thousands of centuries in man's history, tells of the days when he was a monkey, gradually—very gradually—evolving the higher level of intelligence.

The Duke of Argyll, at one time Governor-General of Canada, has written two illustrated volumes on "Passages from the Past." He gives some letters from Lord Dufferin, Dean Stanley and others on his marriage and his account of his Vice-Royalty in Canada.

"A Hundred to One Chance," by Nat Gould, is a story of the race track.

"Selected Speeches and Despatches Relating to Canadian Constitutional History," is by Mr. H. E. Egerton, the recently appointed Beit professor of colonial history, and Mr. W. L. Grant, his assistant. The volume is confined to such documents as speeches, letters and instructions, having immediate bearing on the shaping and evolution of colonial constitutions.

"The Second Best," by Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken, tells of

the quixotic action of a young girl in confessing to a crime she had not committed. There is also a love story and interesting descriptions of life in society.

"The Factory and Shop Acts of the British Dominions," by Miss Violet R. Markham, gives a comparative survey of industrial legislation in England, New Zealand, Australia, Canada and at the Cape of Good Hope.

"Paths to the Heights," is a treatise on mental healing, by Sheldon Leavitt, M.D. The author forsakes drugs and pins his faith to "Psychotherapy," adducing many cures which have come under his own observation. His methods are not those of Christian Science.

"The Young Malefactor" is a study of juvenile punishment by Thomas Travis, Ph.D. Judge Ben. B. Lindsay contributes an introduction, paying tribute to the investigator's work.

"The Ancient Law," by Miss Glasgow," tells of how a man may redeem himself by serving his fellows.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has written another book of experiences at sea, named "The Call of the Deep." It is a sequel to the story of "Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice," and it carries that youth further on his career until he reaches the highest ambition of sea-faring life, as master of a fine ship.

There is no more pathetic story in the annals of England than that of Lady Jane Grey, who died on the scaffold at the age of seventeen, in spite of her youth and beauty and the fact that she was a mere tool in other and less scrupulous hands. J. A. Taylor has written a book on the unhappy girl.

A book which its authors have named *Hustled History*, sets at naught all ideas of sequence and

chronology in a way that is indescribable.

Mr. J. D. Logan has written an essay on "Democracy, Education and the New Dispensation," which is an argument to show the true meaning of democracy, and education as the means by which it may be established. He addresses a letter of introduction to the Hon. Mr. Fielding and to President Falconer as men in whose careers may be seen the results of a genuine democracy. Their names have been chosen because their talents have been developed "absolutely without aid from caste, privilege or preferment," their careers being "typical of what any native-born Canadian, whatever his social origin or status, may freely achieve."

New novels may be looked for this year from Ralph Connor, R. E. Knowles and Marian Keith, all Canadian writers, whose work is very popular in this country.

A new and enlarged edition of "A Canadian History for Boys and Girls," by Miss Emily P. Weaver, has lately been published. The story is brought down to the present and the book abounds in illustrations.

"Two Royal Foes," by Miss Eva Maden, is the history, written in story form for children, of Napoleon and Queen Louise. Miss Madden, whose home is in Florence, has been writing since she was fourteen."

BRIGHT THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

No self-respecting boy of thirteen cares a straw for anything that is not real except an imaginary pain that will keep him away from school without cutting down his rations.—From the Little City of Hope, by F. Marion Crawford.

People's minds do not improve in an intellectual sense when they are isolated from the world, even though

they are living the wild and happy lives of savages.—From The Blue Lagoon, by H. De Vere Stacpole.

She was persuaded that he was very clever, and a woman always likes to be the confidante of a man who is supposed to be clever.—From A Woman's Aye and Nay, by Lucas Cleeve.

The man that works the hardest keeps his breath for his work. He doesn't tell how busy he is.—From Do It Now, by Peter Keary.

During the opera season the prima Donna dies of stage consumption quite a number of times, and, in accordance with operatic convention, the fell disease has no effect on her vocal chords. She dies generally from the combined effects of unrequited love and degenerate lungs, expiring in the immediate neighborhood of the top note.—From Memories and Music, by Elkin Matthews.

There are only two rules to remember for this life, whatever there may be for the next. The first is to know what you want; the second is to see that you get it.—From William Jordan, Junior, by J. C. Snaith.

United we stand it, divided we re-marry.

Troubles never come singly. Why marry?

All the world shoves a shover.

How far that little scandal throws its beams! So shines a bad deed in the daily press.—From The Quite New Cynics Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1908.

It is not enough to say that the young people think the old ones are fools, but the old ones know the young ones are fools. The pity of it is that the young ones of modernity do not hesitate to say, or hint, to their parents that they think they are "absurd" and behind the times.—From Rubina, by James Blyth.

Humor in the Magazines

Doctor—"I diagnose all sickness from the patient's eyes. Now, your right eye tells me that your kidneys are affected."

Patient—"Excuse me, doctor, but my right is a glass eye."

"Tell me, brother, is it possible to let Robert know that I am an heiress?"

"Has he proposed to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you may be sure he knows it already."

Commercial Gent (traveling in tobacco)—"That, sir, is a cigar you could offer to any of your friends."

Hotel Proprietor—"Ah, yes; I can see that. But the point is, have you got any that I could smoke myself?"

The first slice of goose had been cut, and the negro minister, who had been invited to dine, looked at it with as keen anticipation as was displayed in the faces around him.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever saw, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Where did you get such a fine one?"

"Well, now, Mistah Rawley," said the carver of the goose, with a sudden access of dignity, "when you preach a special good sermon I never axes you where you got it. Seems to me dat's a trivial matter, anyway."

"I promised my husband on his deathbed not to marry again."

"I wouldn't have done that, if I had been in your place."

"Ah, but then, he wouldn't have died."

Thomas A. Edison has perfected a way to build a three-storey house in twelve hours, at a cost of \$1,000.

Now, if he'll perfect a way to houseclean it in twelve hours, he'll be a daisy.

"He'll never take a drink before noon," remarked a railroad agent in the Flood building recently.

"Oh, come off; he'd never refuse an invitation like that."

"All right; try him."

"Very well; come into his office with me."

"Hello, Jack. Come over and have a little drink?"

"Nope, never drink before noon."

"Oh, come on, just one little drink as an appetizer for your luncheon; come along with us, anyway; come."

"Well, what's yours, Jack?"

"Bartender, give me a ticket. I'll be back at 4 o'clock and get my drink."

"Yes, Miss Roxley and I are strangers now," said Tom. "I've been asked not to call there again."

"You don't say!" said Dick. "I suppose old Roxley had a hand in that."

"Well—er—not a hand exactly."

"At last," said the ambitious young novelist, "I have written something that I think will be accepted by the first magazine it is sent to."

"What is it?" his friend asked.

"A check for a year's subscription."

A Northerner riding through the West Virginian mountains came up

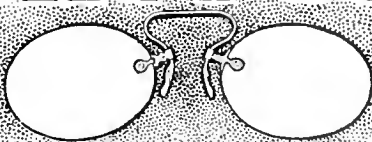


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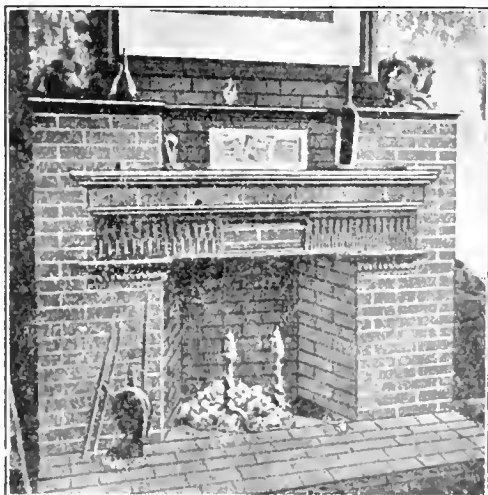
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with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yaas, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But, h—, what's time to a hawg?"

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "there's a colored man and his wife at the door in answer to your advertisement."

"But I advertised only for a laundress."

"Yes, ma'am, they are her."

Tramp—"Please, ma'am, if you'll give me sumthin' to eat I'll shovel the snow off the path."

Lady—"Why, there hasn't been any snow for months!"

Tramp—"Well, that ain't no fault of mine, lady. Won't you give me a sandwich for bein' willing to shovel it off if there was any?"

"When I was connected with a certain Western railway," says a prominent official of an Eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation.

"He decided to spend his time in a

trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes.

"He went to Denver, and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time, and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat.

"Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock-car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows:

"Please Pass the Butter. Thomas J. Meechin, Brakeman, S. S. & T. Ry."

Salesman—"You ought to have a talking machine."

Mr. Grouch—"I have. I married it."

"You seem to find that book very interesting," said Mrs. Henpeck.

"Yes," replied Henry; "it's delightful. I've glanced at the ending, and the hero and heroine don't get married after all."

"Funny thing about Dubley. He said he needed a little whiskey because he was run down."

"Well, wasn't he run down?"

"I don't know about that, but I do know he was run in."

Proud Father—"Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right?"

Farmer's Son—"Yes, father."

Proud Father—"Ye know, I told ye to study up chemistry and things, so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat medder there, for instance?"

Farmer's Son—"Cracky, what a place for a ball game!"



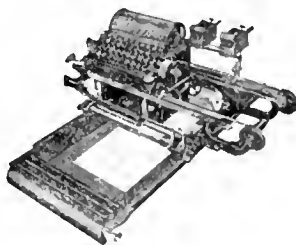
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When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Busy Man's Magazine.

"Is this the best hotel in town?" asked a stranger.

"Well," replied the native, "I dunno as I'd put it as strong as that, but I guess it's safe to say it ain't as bad as the rest of 'em."

"Yes," said Mr. Swellman, "I'm looking for a coachman." "Well, sor," put in the applicant, "shure, I know all about horses an'——" "But have you had any experience with an automobile?" "Not exactly, sor, but I wuz tossed be a bull wanst."

Mrs. Mossy (hobnobbing)—"My respec's; and how's your family settled, Mrs. Dossy?" "Nicely, thank you, mem. Sarah and Alice is in a 'formatory, Bill's been took in a 'ome and Joe's jined a refuge. Ah, they do look after 'em well, those good gentlemen!"

"Haven't you and your friend got through that argument yet?" asked a parent of his youngest son.

"It isn't any argument," answered the boy. "I am merely telling Jimmy the facts in the case, and he is so beastly stubborn that he won't understand."

"Tommy," said mamma (who had noticed severe bruises on his face), "you've been fighting again." "Yes, mamma." "And didn't you promise me that when you wanted to hit anyone you would always stand still and count a hundred?" "So I did, mamma, and this is what Jacky Jones did while I was counting."

"All my old friends tell me the first year is the trying one for married folk," remarked the bride. "They say that if you get through the first year you're all right." "Yes, that's true," said the woman who had celebrated her silver wedding. "You don't mind it much after the first year."

A well-known English bishop some time since lost his third wife. A

clergyman who had known the first wife returned from Africa, and wanted to see the grave. He called at the cathedral and saw the verger.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?"

"Well, sir," replied the verger, "I don't know for certain, but he mostly buries 'em at Brompton."

Old Lady (to taxidermist)—"You see for yourself, man. You stuffed my poor parrot only this summer, and here are his feathers tumbling out before your eyes."

Taxidermist—"Lor' bless you, ma'am! That's the triumph of the art. We stuff them so natural that they moult in their proper season."

Wandering over an old cemetery recently a young man came across a large stone inscribed:

"Turn me over"

After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the under side of the stone the words:

"Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other idiot."

Jack—"That's a fine dog you have, Jim. Do you want to sell him?"

Jim—"I'll sell him for fifty dollars."

Jack—"Is he intelligent?"

Jim (with emphasis)—"Intelligent? Why that dog knows as much as I do."

Jack—"You don't say so? Well, I'll give you fifty cents for him, Jim."

Philanthropic Visitor (to prisoner)—"My friend, may I ask what brought you here?"

Prisoner—"The same thing that brought you here; the desire to poke my nose into other people's business. Only I used generally to go in by the way of the basement window."

Miss Passay—"Yes, and when he proposed I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did."

Miss Peppery—"Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines."



Exquisite Musical Tone

is only one of the perfect qualities of the

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO

It is the standard by which all others are judged for volume, brilliancy, sweetness of tone, responsiveness in action, durability and beauty of style and finish.

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SINFUL WASTE.

Farmer Barnes.—I've bought a barometer, Hannah, ter tell when it's goin' ter rain, ve know!

Mrs. Barnes.—To tell when it's goin' ter rain! Why, I never heerd o' sech extravagance! What do ye s'pose th' good Lord hez giv' ye th' rheumatiz fer?—Puck.

A story is told of a man who was walking beside a railway line with a friend who was very hard of hearing.

A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven.

A smile broke over the deaf man's face.

"Man," said he, "that's the first robin I've heard this spring!"

First Boarder—"There's one thing I hate about boarding-houses, and that is, the partitions are usually so very thin. Why, at the place I put up at last year I could distinctly hear the scratch of the pen on the paper as the chap in the next room was writing."

Second Boarder—"Well, I guess that's nothing to be compared with the place I put up at a couple of years ago. Why, the partitions were so thin there I could distinctly hear the chap next door changing his mind!"

Mother—"I am sorry to hear that Tommy Smith tied a kettle to a poor dog's tail. You wouldn't do such a thing, would you?"

Bobby—"No, indeed, mother."

Mother—"Why didn't you stop him, Bobby?"

Bobby—"I couldn't, mother; I was holding the dog."

"I've come to give notice, ma'am."

"Indeed!"

"And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Kipperts, across the way."

"The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman."

He was a very tired looking man. Dejection was written on every line of his face, and as I was a stranger in the village, with nothing to do and no one to talk to, I relieved my pent-up spirits by expressing my sympathy with him in his troubles, whatever they were.

"Thanks," he said; "my chief trouble seems to be that I am an idiot from Idiotville, and that is incurable. I

just got into a bragging match with a stranger up in the post office. He bet he was richer than I was, and I took him on—just for fun. I told him all I had and more, too, and after a while he gave in, saying he wouldn't have thought it. Then I said I'd swear to it, and he said all right, and I did; and, by thunder, who do you suppose he was?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"The income tax assessor!" he groaned.

It certainly was a case of hard luck.

President Manuel Amador, of Panama, tells this little tale of a certain Cuban millionaire:

"An unfortunate man once obtained access to this millionaire and started to lay before him his woes. He depicted his wretched poverty in most vivid colors. Indeed, so graphic was the man's sad story that the millionaire felt himself affected as he had never been before. With tears in his eyes he summoned his servant and in a quavering voice said:

"John, put this poor fellow out. He is breaking my heart."

An Irishman one day went into a barber's shop to get shaved. After he was seated and the lather about half applied the barber was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time.

The barber had in the shop a pet monkey, which was continually imitating his master.

As soon as the latter left the room the monkey seized the brush and proceeded to finish the son of Erin's face. After doing this he took a razor from its case and stropped it, and then turned to Pat to shave him.

"Shtop that," said the latter firmly. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck and put the soap on me face, but, begorrah, yer father's got to shave me."

"Miss Skylicie appears to have lost her attractiveness for the gentlemen," said one girl.

"Oh, no," replied the other; "she didn't lose it. Her father lost it on the Stock Exchange."

1875

1875

1875

